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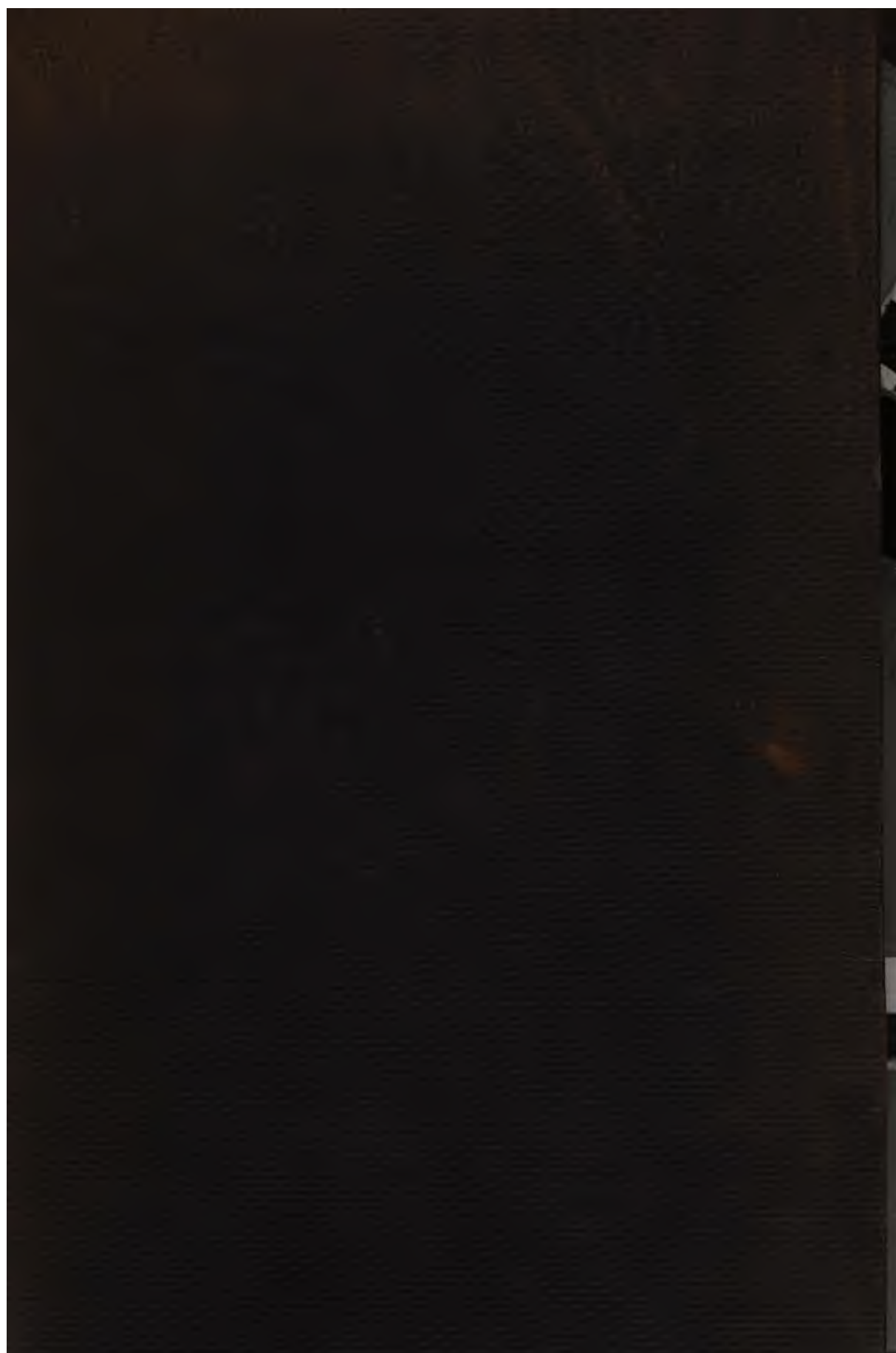
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THE

CHRISTIAN GUEST

A Family Magazine for Sunday Reading.

REVISED BY
THE REV. NORMAN MACLEOD, D.D.
GLASGOW.



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WHAT WE LIVE FOR.

It is one source of the Christian's joy, that he has a definite object in view, and that it is both his duty and privilege to unite all his energies to attain it. Men strive to attain a renown for greatness in intellectual power, in the social circle, in the business world; but it is often an ideal standard to which they aspire.

The Christian entertains no ideal theory as the framework of his religious belief. He aspires after no standard of excellence that exists in the imagination merely. He follows the guide of no exemplar in whose character the worldly element is mingled with the spiritual. A man may be unselfish in his longings after holiness, and in his efforts to subordinate the world to the necessities of his spiritual nature—he may be actuated by love to God and devotion to the great brotherhood of mankind; he may so live in the fear and favour of his Maker, that earth to him shall be the antepast of heaven; but even to such a soul, with all its spiritual culture and discipline, it is the sweetest, holiest joy that finite intelligences can ever know, to look with confidence to One who is exalted infinitely high, who is the perfection of holiness, and all that is lovely and adorable in the Divine nature, and to apprehend the truth, that such a being, himself God, is his pattern in holy living and spiritual attainments. It is then that a foretaste of the joy of heaven dawns upon the mind, when the apprehension is truly felt, that it is possible for man, through grace, to grow into the likeness of this infinitely Holy One, who has been set apart to be a Prince and a Saviour. When we read the story of His wondrous love for our souls, although in childhood a mother's tender love may have made it familiar; when we read of His benevolence, His pity, His sympathy, mysterious because so vast; we wonder that any being, burdened with a single element of humanity, could have attained such an exalted degree of spiritual power. The revelation comes to us, not only to confirm the truth of history, but to impart the assurance that we can tread the same luminous pathway, and

become, in the true meaning of the term, *spiritual beings*.

● He that loveth me, keepeth my commandments." The pervading spirit of this precept is embodied in the words, "Be ye holy, even as I am holy. Crucify the world and all sinful affections. Be clothed in the spirit of Christ. Strive to be assimilated to His lovely character, so that henceforth, it may be no more you that live, but Christ who liveth in you."

Could we always, in the exercise of a living faith, look steadfastly on Christ as our teacher and guide, and recognise as a principle of our lives the inspiration that emanates from Him in response to the longings of the soul, the joyful millennium would be hastened, for that revival which is so much needed would commence in the hearts of the professing disciples of the Redeemer. A renovating and life-giving power, now in a great degree latent, would arise in our Evangelical Churches, vitalised by the warm gushings of piety from Christian firesides, where holy incense has arisen from the family altar as a sweet savour before God.

If we heartily desire to be transformed in the spirit of our minds, and to be conformed to the spirit and likeness of our spiritual Head, He will strengthen our feeble desires, increase and brighten our flickering faith, intensify our love, and thus draw us into a sacred nearness with Himself.

How exalted the happiness of the Christian disciple, to be *like Christ*, even in his poor, feeble longings after holiness. How enrapturing the thought, that one day "*we shall be like Him, for we shall see Him as He is.*"

Let us then, Christian pilgrim, aspire after eminence in holy living. Our commission is a glorious one; to help to build again the walls of the spiritual Jerusalem.

Looking unto Christ, the incarnate Son of God, the author and finisher of our faith, as our great and only exemplar, let us press forward, with stout hearts and unwavering faith, towards the gates of the celestial city.

THE CHRISTIAN'S HERITAGE.*

BY THE REV. JOHN CAIRD.

I SHALL endeavour to illustrate the assertion, "all things are yours," by adverting to one or two of the special blessings here enumerated, as constituting parts of the Christian's inheritance. I shall take, as specimens, these three—"The World," "Life," "Death."

1. In what sense, then, to take the first of these, may the Christian understand the announcement—"The World is yours?" If not literally, yet in this sense may the world be said to belong to the Christian, that he only has a legitimate title to the benefits and blessings he enjoys in it. Return to God, let your soul be brought back into living union with the Father of spirits through His dear Son, and thenceforward the world will become yours, because you are God's. In harmony with the Great Centre, you will be in harmony with all things in His universe. Nature will serve him who serves her God; and all her varied powers and agencies will rejoice to obey the behests and minister to the welfare of one who is the loved and loving child of their great Master and Lord. The earth will be fulfilling its proper function in yielding you bread, and the heavens in shedding their sweet influences on your path. For you the morning will dawn and the evening descend. For you "the winds will blow, earth rest, heavens move, and fountains flow." You will be able to claim a peculiar property in the works of your Father's hand, and the bounties of your Father's providence. You will have served yourself heir to Him who is the Universal Proprietor, and become "heir of God, and joint-heir with Christ." And so "the world" and the fulness thereof will become "yours," because "ye are Christ's, and Christ is God's."

2. Another of the blessings comprehended in this roll of the Christian's possessions is "Life." What, then, let us ask, is the import of the declaration, "Life is yours?" There is a sense most real and true in which the Christian may apprehend it. For if the good do not live longer, they live *more* in the same space of time than other men. Life is to be reckoned not only extensively, but also intensively; not merely by the number of its days, but also by the amount of thought and energy which we infuse into them. Existence is not to be measured by mere duration. An oak lives for centuries, generation after generation of mortals the meanwhile passing away; but who would exchange for the life of a plant, though protracted for ages, a single day of the existence of a living, conscious, thinking man? The briefest life of rationality, again, is worth more, has more of real life in it, than the longest of a mere animal. And, amongst rational beings, that life is longest, whether brief or protracted its outward term, into which the largest amount of mind, of

mental and moral activity, is condensed. It is possible for the longest life to be really briefer than the shortest, and the child of youth may die older, with more of life crowded into his brief existence, than he whose dull and stagnant being drags on to an inglorious old age. But if it be so, surely, estimating life by this principle, it is only the Christian, the man who lives to God, who can really be said to live at all. To that man only who can say with the apostle, "To me to live is Christ," can we make answer in the full significance of the words, Then "life is yours."

3. And if you are Christ's, then, finally, may we add with the inspired writer in the text "Death," too, "is yours." His power over you is gone. He has no right to detain you in his possession. In his hands you shall no more be the weak, but the strong; for your condition will be analogous to that, not of the criminal, but of the innocent, unjustly apprehended man, in the hands of the law. Over the innocent man the law has no power. All its authority, its sanctions, its penalties, are on his side. Its retributive inflictions cannot touch him; they may not injure one hair of his head. He is no longer theirs, but they are his. If wrongfully accused and imprisoned he can demand as a right all the aids and appliances of justice to free his character from stain and his person from unrighteous restraint. Or if he himself be incapacitated from action, his friends, if they can establish his innocence, may demand his person at the hands of the law—may insist on his instant liberation. And so, if "ye are Christ's," if reconciled to God through His dear Son, the stain of guilt no longer rests upon you; then has death no longer any claim to your person, any right to retain you in his hold. It may be still your mysterious fate to submit for a little while to the universal penalty, to pass into the prison-house of the destroyer; but He to whom, body and soul, you truly belong will soon claim you as one who, like Himself cannot be "holden of death," and who must at His summons, be set free. Not one soul dear to Christ will He permit to remain as death's prisoner, or to receive any injury at death's hands. Nay, the very dust of Christ's saints is dear to Him. He guards their very graves with a deeper and tenderer care than that wherewith earthly affection watches over the spot where a loved one rests. At His omnific word, death and the grave shall one day yield up their unlawful captives; and then, when the grave has heard the voice of the Son of God, and death, His servant and yours, has delivered up, unscathed, unharmed—yea, more glorious and beautiful than when they fell for a while into his charge, the bodies of Christ's redeemed, when "this corruptible shall put on incorruption, and this mortal shall put on immortality," then shall the believer discover the full and blessed import of the words, "Death is yours."

* From "Sermons" published by W. Blackwood & Sons.

CRIPPLED WILLIAM.

A TRUE NARRATIVE.

A MINISTER had been delivering a lecture in a village at a distance from his usual field of labour. His homeward walk led him past a little cluster of cottages hidden amongst some green swells and shady slopes. One of the cottages was a mere hut, desolate in the extreme, and shewing unhappy evidences not only of poverty but of degrading neglect. The thatch was hanging in shreds, leaving rugged holes through which, if daylight sometimes penetrated; or the glimmer of a passing star, other less agreeable visitors could make themselves felt; for the rains could pass through the decayed reeds, and the snow fall upon the hard pillow beneath. There were two windows, one above the other—for the wretched tenement owned two storeys; but there were rags and wisps of straw filling the broken panes.

The minister stepped in through the open door, and found himself in the presence of the singular tenant of this miserable home. He was a man of about twenty-nine years of age, but his withered and distorted limbs were no larger than those of a child of ten or eleven. His head was of unusual size, and his whole aspect and proportions were those of distressing deformity. Poor William! His Creator made him other than this; but he was the victim of a drunken mother's neglect, who tossed him about in helpless childhood until scarcely a trace of the noble type of humanity remained. That wretched mother's influence was about him still, and it was her shaking hand which stopped the holes in the windows with some of her own mean rags. So revolting was the aspect of everything, that the minister almost shrank from the poor young man who sat upon the low stool beside the one broken chair and the old rickety table. There was nothing else in the room, except an open book upon the poor cripple's knee, which he was reading intently.

"How do you do? What book are you reading?" said the minister.

"The New Testament of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ," was the ready reply.

The minister determined, before declaring himself, to endeavour to get at the true character of the man. He therefore said, "Do you find it true, as religious people say, that a great deal of good may be got from reading that book? Do you think it would make me better?"

The young man looked up with an expression of serious gravity and earnestness full of meaning, and shewing that that ill-formed body was the dwelling-place of a living, thinking, feeling soul. "If the same Spirit," said he, "that moved holy men of old to write it open your heart, then it will do you good—not else: 'But the natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God: for they are

foolishness unto him; neither can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned.'"

This was wonderful language for such a man and such a place. The minister thenceforth forgot the rude outside, the rough and ragged husk, and felt that he was communing with one of the "chosen generation," the "royal priesthood," the "peculiar people." He was a brother beloved; and instantly the bonds of that blessed fellowship were felt. But in accordance with his original plan of applying a test to the sincerity of the Bible-reader, he said, "How came you to understand this? You surely cannot be a learned man."

The poor fellow gave a searching look in the face of his questioner: "I don't know who you are, sir, nor what brought you here; but this book tells me to be ready to give to every man that asketh, a reason of the hope that is in me; and I pray God I may be able to do it with meekness and fear. You see, sir, what a cripple I am, but you don't know what a sinner I am."

"How is that? You can't get about to drink, and game, and carouse, as others can. How then have you sinned?"

"I am one of the vilest of sinners, for all that. I thought because God had made me such a poor lame cripple, and punished me so much for nothing, as I thought, that therefore I might take liberty to sin; for I said He would never be so hard as to punish me here and hereafter both. And because it was the easiest sin for me to get at, I took to cursing and swearing horridly. However, about three years ago (and blessed be God for it), one day when I was moving on my crutches over to the door to catch a bit of sunshine, I was taken with a terrible pain, and I cried out and fell down. Presently a thought came into my mind, 'What good have I ever done in my whole life? Why, none at all. Then I shall not go to heaven: and if I don't go there, I must go to the other place. For you see, sir, I didn't know any other way to heaven than by my own works.'"

"Well," asked the minister, "is there any other way than doing all the good we can in order to gain God's favour?"

The cripple's face lighted up while he answered, "'By the deeds of the law shall no flesh living be justified, for by the law is the knowledge of sin. Not by works of righteousness which we have done, but according to his mercy he saved us, by the washing of regeneration, and renewing of the Holy Ghost; which he shed on us abundantly through Jesus Christ our Saviour.' But," he went on to say, "in this distress I prayed; and they were the strangest prayers I suppose you ever heard in your life. But God heard them. Somehow they seemed to please Him: praying is just telling God what we feel we want of Him. I then took to reading a Testament we had in the house. At first I could find nothing but what condemned me—awful words

about 'serpents and generations of vipers, how can ye escape the damnation of hell?' Then I took to reading it over again; and when I came to the blessed first chapter of the first Epistle of John, and read those precious words, 'The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin,' I felt that that precious blood healed me, and I seemed as if I were in a new world. I could now repent, I could believe, I could love God; and if I had a thousand lives, I could have laid them all down for Christ."

"Well," asked his visitor, "have you never sinned since that time?"

He shook his head with a mournful smile as he replied, "'If we say that we have no sin, we deceive ourselves, and the truth is not in us.'"

"But if you were to sin so as to fall away after all this, had you not better have remained in your ignorance?"

"Being confident," was the ready reply, "that He who hath begun a good work in you will perform it until the day of Jesus Christ;" and, 'If any man sin, we have an advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous; and He is the propitiation for our sins.'"

This poor afflicted cripple, who had never read any book but the Bible, never heard a sermon, nor crossed the threshold of a house of prayer, was, nevertheless, through the teaching of God's Spirit applying His own Word, evidently wise unto salvation, rich in faith, a child of God, and an heir of His kingdom. He possessed spiritual beauty, however great his bodily deformity; and though clothed in miserable rags, he was covered with the glorious garment of the Redeemer's righteousness.

To test poor William in another direction, his unknown friend asked, "Do you think, then, that it does not signify what sins you commit, or how you live, now that He is become your Saviour?"

But a holy indignation rose up in his face while he replied, "'God forbid. How shall we, that are dead to sin, live any longer therein? For the love of Christ constraineth us; because we thus judge, that if one died for all, then were all dead; and that He died for all, that they which live should not henceforth live unto themselves, but unto Him which died for them, and rose again.'"

Other visits to William's hovel followed; and a scheme was formed for placing him in a much more comfortable position, though he was indisposed for any change. "I can live on the parish allowance (which was only two shillings per week), and perhaps some of God's children who have families are in much greater want than I."

No one knew that the hour was almost come when he should "see the King in His beauty," and "be satisfied when he awoke with His likeness." One evening, a very short time after the discovery of this Bible-taught Chris-

tian, when, seated on his low stool, he was reading his one book to his ignorant mother he suddenly stopped and said, "Mother, I am taken very ill! help me up the ladder (the only staircase) and put me in bed; and then I shall have only one more step higher, and I shall be in my Father's house." She got him up the ladder, and ran out for some gin—he one remedy for all evil! But when she came back, bringing a neighbour with her, the power of speech was gone, and in a few more minutes poor William was sleeping in Jesus.—*Trac Magazine.*

THE CITY OF SIDON.*

THE ride from Beirut to Sidon is one of the most tedious and least interesting in Syria. You wade through leagues of deep sand, flounder over rocky headlands, or wind along the shore with the noisy surf dashing over the horse's heels and your own, to the discomfort of both. And to pass from one to another of these annoyances in endless succession, is the traveller's only relief. The sea at your side never tires. With a monotony that varies not, wave chases wave toward the shore; then hesitate, swell up, and topple over with a heavy fall, which sends them in quivering beds of feathery foam to the beach. In the soft light of a midsummer moon the thing is beautiful; but utter solitude saddens, ceaseless repetition wearies, and the traveller rejoices to escape into the green alleys of old Sidon's fragrant orchards.

It is difficult to realise that yon little city which we are approaching with no more reverence than if it were a village of yesterday on the banks of the Ohio, is Sidon—great Zidon of Joshua.

Ancient cities, like prophets, are not without honour, except in their own country; and yet though Sidon is my home, I never ride along the pretty beach, with the gambolling surf on one hand, tall tamarisks on the other, and the city before, without somewhat of that enthusiasm which glowed and burned within me twenty-three years ago, when first I drew near this venerable metropolis.

As we are in no hurry, let me hear some thing about this home of yours—this "Mother of all the Phœnicians," before we enter it. She looks beautiful enough, sitting in the sea, and blushing with the warm, rosy light of the evening sun.

Must I begin at "the beginning?" The story is long and old, and much is forgotten or mixed with fable. It starts off in this fashion. One morning, soon after the flood—but here comes a lad with golden orange: just gathered from Sidon's luxurious gardens let us buy them to give relish to our dusty narrative. Well, the great-grandson of Noah emigrating westward when men were few

* From "The Land and the Book," by the Rev. D. Thompson, Missionary of the American Board in Syria.

and the earth a wilderness, crept timidly round the low Cape of Sarepta, and gazed earnestly on the plain that stretches this way along the shore. At length he moved forward, and pitched his tent on that castle-crowned Tell, which now overlooks the city.

"Here," exclaimed the patriarch, "my wanderings cease. This mound shall be the stronghold of my future city. It meets my wants in all respects. The surface declines gently northward to the beach, where it falls back eastward, forming a little bay open to the north; and that line of low rocks, parallel with the shore, incloses a quiet basin for ships I mean to build after the model of my grandfather's ark. That long, narrow island affords a secure retreat for the time of danger. This broad plain we will cover with orchards and gardens; and the water of yon limpid stream shall be made to visit, by a thousand rills, every tree, and shrub, and flower of our new paradise. The sea will yield her varied stores in such abundance, that the very art of fishing will take its name—*said*—from our metropolis; while over these eastern hills our sons will hunt boar and fleet gazelle, or snare the feathered fowl, to increase our stores, and enrich our feasts."

The venerable patriarch did not live to see all his prophetic anticipations realised. Sidon, however, soon grew great. Her walls towered high, and were drawn with an ample compass, embracing an area many times larger than the present city. Her harbour was crowded with merry mariners from every coast, and caravans filled her magazines with the treasures and luxuries of the distant east.

None dared molest her, so that to live carelessly, after the manner of the Zidonians, became the proverbial synonym of perfect prosperity. Even Joshua ventured not to attack her; and the flying nations found a safe asylum from his devouring sword within her gates. Her merchant ships sailed over every sea. She built strong cities along the shore—Beirût, Gebal, Arvad, Accho, Dor, and many more. She planted colonies in Cyprus, and the Grecian Isles, in Libya, and in Spain, while by her side she nourished her fair daughter, Tyre, until, like England's modern daughter, she overgrew and quite eclipsed her mother.

Then began her long and sad decline. The streams of her prosperity were dried up or diverted. The proud Pharaohs from the Nile, the stern Assyrian from distant Nineveh, the cruel Chaldean and Persian from Babylon, the rough he-goat from Grecia, and the king of fierce countenance from the Tiber, all helped to lay poor Sidon in the dust. And long after, those locusts which came out of the bottomless pit with Apollyon at their head, completed the work during those dismal days when men sought death but could not find it. And yet Sidon still exists, and has always clung to life with a strange tenacity; her history runs parallel with the march of time,

down the ceaseless current of human generations. Not so Tyre. Long ages have rolled away since continental Tyre sunk beneath the "burden" of prophecy, and the very site where she stood was lost; and there are men yet living who remember when the boar was roused from his lair among the thorns and briars of even insular Tyre.

THE OPENING OF JAPAN.

THE present age is signalised by the rapid succession of striking events in the history of Divine Providence. Nations and continents which had maintained a rigid exclusiveness, or had been enveloped in unbroken obscurity, are now brought into friendly communication with the rest of the world, and doors are opening for the introduction of the gospel where heretofore it has not been allowed a foothold.

Scarcely had the news of the opening of China to the commerce and Christianity of the Western world reached us, when tidings came that a treaty with the United States, granting the fullest privileges, had been ratified by the Emperor of Japan. The empire is composed of several islands, the largest of which is about eight hundred miles in length, some of the others being larger than Great Britain, and has a population of about forty millions. In consequence of the commercial rapacity and fraud of the Portuguese, whose enterprise opened a trade with Japan in the sixteenth century, and of the intrigues of the Jesuits who followed in their train, a fierce persecution arose against the Christians, that did not cease till everything bearing the name was extirpated. For over two centuries the empire has been closed against the nations of Christendom with the exception of the Dutch, who have been allowed a few privileges.

A little over four years ago, Commodore Perry of the United States' navy was sent to Japan, and succeeded in negotiating a treaty. In consequence of that treaty, the first that had been made with any western country, Mr Townsend Harris, a gentleman who had spent many years in the East, was appointed Consul-general of the United States. Though at first regarded with no favour by the Japanese authorities, he soon gained their goodwill, and at length obtained permission to visit Jeddo, the capital city, and had an audience with the emperor, the first obtained by any foreign minister. While at the capital, he received the kindest attentions from all classes. During his residence of about two years in the country, Mr Harris has exhibited the principles of Christianity as far as he was able, steadily observing the Sabbath, refusing to make or receive visits, or to transact business on that day.

In the meantime he was able to arrange the articles of a treaty with the emperor, conferring far greater privileges than the former. In July last, being visited by the United

States' fleet, he thought that a favourable time for having it ratified. Two Imperial Commissioners were sent by the emperor to conclude and sign the treaty, which was done on board the frigate *Powhatan*, with appropriate ceremonies.

The treaty provides for the opening of additional ports to American commerce, for the residence of an American minister at Jeddo, and of a Japanese minister at Washington, for the liberty of maintaining Christian worship, and erecting Christian churches in any part of the empire, for the abolition of the annual custom of trampling on the cross that has existed since 1620, and for the extension of religious freedom to all Japanese. These great and unexpected privileges were gained without resort to force or bribery, by the energy and wisdom of one unaided man, to whom not only his country, but the world, is indebted for thus opening this empire, which, till lately, had been the most exclusive land on the globe. Lord Elgin, the English plenipotentiary who had negotiated the treaty with China, and the Russian ambassador, soon followed, and secured for Great Britain and Russia, treaties similar to that made with the United States.

The people and government of Japan are said to be favourably impressed towards this country. Morally and intellectually, they are superior to the Chinese and the other Eastern nations; they are already advanced in civilisation; their cities though large are cleanly and orderly; and everything seems propitious to the introduction of Christianity. By this unexpected event the Church has a new responsibility laid upon it, to furnish to this interesting people the gospel of salvation.—*American Messenger*.

THE STORY OF FAITH.*

FAITH, I would tell
thy story if I could,
Where thou dost dwell,
or what thou art, behold;
But thou art *faith*, which sense can no more reach
Than death the Deity can praise or preach.

I did ask at
Heav'n's gate for thee, dear grace;
But was told that
there vision held thy place:
Then some infernal fiends said, they could shew thee;
But took thee for no grace, for they did rue thee.

Oh that I knew
thee, precious Faith; and could
Thy real hue,
thy lustre, but unfold!
I should soon draw all eyes from him that hath
Gold rings, to gaze on th' poor, when rich in faith.

Alas! most take
thee for some pebble, they
Do nothing make
to believe any way;
Only those few that have thee, jealous are,
Their faith is not the right, the right's so rare.

* From "Ter Tri," by Faithful Teats, D.D., a work preparing for republication by Strahan & Co. We make no apology for the length of this extract, which, in the language of the late Dr. Brown, breathes the spirit of genuine poetry, and is a condensed statement of pure evangelical doctrine. Its freshness and vigour more than compensate for the occasional uncouthness in rhyme.

Thou'rt a rich stock,
a diadem brought forth
Only by the Rock
of Ages, of such worth,
That who hath thee, although he hath no more,
May well esteem the golden Indies poor.

Of "the household
of faith" I'm sure I've read;
And dare be bold,
they want no household bread;
Faith daily sets on the believer's board
The heavenly bread of th' ever-living Word.

Others look by
their trades to be maintain'd:
Why should not I
to be by Faith sustain'd?
Thou art the calling; man but misapplies
To other trades the name of mysteries.

The mystery
thou art; yet th' *Œdipus*
That dost untie
all doubts and knots for us.
Nothing is hard to thee: where thou canst not
Unriddle, thou'st a sword to cut the knot.

How blind were man
but for thy piercing eye?
Who nothing can,
no, not himself desecry.
Thy clue guides through both labyrinth-like ways
Of mine own heart, and through the Scripture's maze.

Faith makes pray'r know,
where t' have its ammunition,
And teacheth how
to level each petition.
Of clam'rous sin, quick prayer, by faith gains scope,
And brings salvation's tidings back to hope.

In pilgrimage
I went to Calvary,
That bitter stage,
where my dear Lord did die;
Where missing Him, I cried out, "Where is He?"
Faith whisper'd to me, "Go along with me."

Faith brought me to
a door, but it was lock'd;
Faith bade me go
and knock, and so I knock'd;
Then the door flew open, and a Lamb did stand
Crying, "Take both fleeces and flesh." But I had no hand.

But as I thought
to have carried home this gift,
A cross was brought,
which I was bade to lift,
Or leave the rest; I tried, but could not bear it:
Said Faith, "I'll lend thee shoulders, do not fear it."

With much ado
I got this blessed pack,—
Christ and 's Cross too,
by faith upon my back:
But could not go, nor stand, till Faith did meet
Me, just a sinking, with a pair of feet.

Faith having new vamp't
my soul, I then could walk.
Reason's sin-crampt,
and 'tis but idle talk,
To speak of marching in its strength and might,
Till Faith lends Reason legs and sets it right.

"We stand by faith,"
saith Paul; "We stand by reason,"
Whoever saith,
I doubt me doth speak treason.
They shew their reason best that daily beg,
"Lord, give us faith"—Reason's a wooden leg.

In a few miles'
march betwixt this and heaven,
I found some stiles:
not fewer than six or seven,
That, Reason stumbling at, "Faith, Help me over,"
Said I, "till poor lame Reason shall recover."

No sooner said
I so, but Faith did lift,
E'en as I pray'd,
me over with my gift;
Which done, I fell aboard that sacred flesh,
That so I might my fainting soul refresh.

When I begin
to fight, and want supplies;
Faith summons in
heaven's auxiliaries;
And stores with precious promises that are
The very sinews of that holy war:
And, more than this,
brings in a rare commander,
Jesus it is,
not Mars, or Alexander:
But he, that taught all fingers fight, can quell
All foes, ev'n "Christ!" the heart by faith doth dwell."

Jerusalem
above, that city is,
Where David's Stem
reigns and remains in bliss;
Yet, 'tis His royal pleasure here in us
To dwell by faith, as in His country-house.

Faith makes man's heart,
that dark, low, ruin'd thing,
By its rare art,
a palace for a king,
Higher than proud Babel's tower by many a story:
"By faith Christ dwells in us, the hope of glory."

By faith who strives
to walk with God whilst here,
Doth live two lives
at once each day o' the year:
And dying, Joseph-like, commands his bones
To Canaan, there to dwell with living ones.

"Dear Faith," said I,
"my joy, my crown, my treasure!
Tell me whereby
I may do thee a pleasure.
Thou art that lock in which my strength doth lie,
Thou not to tender were self-cruelty."

"If thou wouldst please
me better, work me more,"
Said Faith; "'tis ease
only, that makes me poor."
But I do use to bid my workmen eat:—
Said I, "Dear Faith inform me, what's thy meat?"

Said Faith, "I came
out of the Eastern lands;
Old Abraham
and I have oft shook hands:
My food's an Hebrew root, that gardeners dresse
On Lord's-days mostly, called the Root of Jesse.

"By hearing I
came first; and we are fed
Most kindly by
the things whereof we're bred.
Forget not, if you love me, the church path;
'Line upon line's' the way 'from faith to faith.'

"The careful foot,
that walks by Scripture leaves,
Shall find this root,
which happy who receives;
So nutritive, antidotive, and good,
Who feeds on it need scarce fear any food.

"Good conscience is
an old comrade of mine,
Whom I can't miss;
if thou wouldst make me thine,
And keep me, thou must keep him too; that day
Thou part'st with him, look, I shall pack away.

"Self-confidence,
my nat'ral enemy,
Must be pack'd hence.
A hand, a foot, an eye
Who hath of's own will scorn to be my debtor:
Who parts with these, works, walks, and sees the better,

"Prove that thou art
a pilgrim; daily die;
Of death get the start,
and live eternally.
I, that in Abr'ham's heart dwelt many a day,
To Abr'ham's bosom now shew thee the way.

"Fear always; yet
faint never; eye the cloud,
That doth beset
thee, that triumphant crowd;
Look unto Jesus; watch the word of command,
Which, when thou hast done all these things, is, *Stand.*
"By grace ye are saved, through faith."—Eph. ii. 8.

THE AMERICAN REVIVAL: ITS ORIGIN, METHOD, AND OBJECT.

THE leading features of the work of grace yet in progress should awaken devout gratitude and renewed prayer in all Christian hearts. Both the origin and the manner of the work prove it to be "a glorious work of God." A year ago there was hardly an expectation of such a work even on the part of those most earnestly engaged in seeking and promoting a revival of religion. Thoughtful minds accustomed to watch and study the providences of God in connexion with the dispensation of the Spirit, were indeed expecting some religious awakening to succeed the temporal disasters of the fall; but not even the most prayerful or the most sanguine had imagined a revival as sudden, as rapid, and almost as extensive in its spread as the panic itself. But such it came. Never since the rushing wind and flaming tongues of Pentecost burst upon the amazed disciples, was there a more impressive illustration of that saying of our Lord, "The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh nor whither it goeth; so is every one that is born of the Spirit." From heart to heart, from meeting to meeting, from church to church, from city to city, from land to land, this spontaneous outburst of religious sensibility, religious inquiry, religious faith, religious prayer and praise, was evidence that He who holds all hearts in His hands was moving upon them with the energy of His Spirit.

The *method* of this work, no less than its spontaneous and simultaneous origin, proves it to be of God. It has moved very much outside of the ordinary routine of religious agencies, evoking the faith and activity of Christians into new channels, entering into the heart of business and challenging attention by the side of banks, and exchange and brokers' boards, and there holding its own; entering into manufactories and workshops, and among the labouring masses, and challenging a portion of their time for daily prayer; and at the same time entering the neighbourhoods most devoted to fashionable routine, and there inaugurating the daily prayer-meeting and systematic Sabbath-school visitation, drawing Christians into closer sympathy with each other and into more direct personal labour with the unconverted, making Christians active in their own persons and in particular churches, rather than through secondary organisations—making the daily prayer-meeting as much an institution of New York as is the Clearing-House or the Brokers' Board—this whole method of the religious movement, so quiet, so simple, so remote from human contrivance and yet so weighty and effective, proves it to be of God.

The central object of this religious movement also shews it to be of God. It is *religion*

that is sought; not novelties, not excitement, not pulpit attractions, but religion—a personal interest in the great salvation, sought because it is felt to be a reality and a good, sought because souls hungering and thirsting after righteousness believe that Christians are in earnest to lead them to Christ. We have even been amazed at the numbers who have come forward to avow themselves seekers of religion; for in our lethargy and unbelief, we had almost forgotten that every man has a soul, and that that soul *must* have deep anxieties for its own future. We have concerned ourselves too much with the external apparatus of religion, too little with the *fact* of religion as the first and greatest necessity of every soul. Now therefore, when multitudes whom we have not reached with all our apparatus, of a sudden come to us, saying, "Who will shew us any good?" "Sirs, we would see Jesus," "Men and brethren, what shall we do?"—surely it is God who has awakened them and not we, it is His Spirit that draws them, and not our plans and institutions that attract them. It is the Lord's doing, and marvellous in our eyes. It calls for united and constant praise.—*The Independent.*

THE CHURCH IN THE HOUSE, WITH LIVING PREACHERS.

WHAT IS NEEDED FOR SALVATION.

THERE are three things a man wants for salvation. If there is any ignorant person here, let him learn this to-night from me. There are three things you want for salvation; and if you have got them you will be saved. I will tell you what they are. First of all, all your transgressions must be pardoned; *that* is the work of the blood of Christ. Secondly, your person must be justified; *that* is the fruit of the righteousness of Christ imputed to you. Thirdly, your soul must be sanctified; *that* is the work of the Holy Ghost dwelling in you. These are the three essentials; do not take two out of the three, but take them all. Have you got a reason for the hope that is in you? If I stood before Heaven, and Satan the accuser said to me, "You are a sinner;" I should say, "I am pardoned by the blood of Jesus." "Ay, but you have no title." "I have got the righteousness of Christ." "But you are an unholy man." "No, I am sanctified by the Spirit of God." Satan is then silenced. "Bring forth the best robe." Is there a better? Is there a better robe in the universe than the righteousness of Christ? Search throughout it all. Angels have not got it; angels do not possess what I possess, and you, if you are a believer. They sit not upon the throne as we shall; they are not part of the Bride; they have not the robe of righteousness that we have; they stand in their own righteousness as unfallen beings, we stand in the imputed righteousness of

Christ. Now do you see the beauty of the expression, "Bring forth the best robe?" Again, "Put the ring on the finger." What is the ring a symbol of? Union, marriage. We are the Bride, the Lamb's wife. "Put the ring on his finger." How do we become the sons and daughters of the Lord God Almighty? By union with Christ. You must be one with Christ; then you are a son: the ring is the symbol of it. "Bring forth the ring, put it on his finger, and shoes on his feet." The unfortunate man had no shoes on his feet, any more than he had clothes on his back. But now he wants to tread the courts above, and to tread the paths of righteousness here. "Shoes on his feet." What are they? The preparation of the gospel of peace, the glad tidings in the soul. Do you not know what it is to feel how irksome God's commandments are? I knew the time when I could not endure God's commandments. I thank God I can now say from my heart, "I love thy commandments better than gold, or silver, or precious stones." Why? Because the preparation of the gospel of peace is on my feet; because my heart is filled with joy and peace in believing; because that joy is the strength of the soul; because I love my God. "Bring forth the shoes and put them on him." And once more: "Let us kill the fatted calf, and eat." What! will God leave His son without food and nourishment? No: the fatted calf, the oxen, and the fatlings, wine and milk—what is that? I tell you what it is—it is the fullness of the blessing of the gospel of Christ on earth in the shape of grace, and the fullness of the blessing in heaven in the shape of glory. It is intended to shew that God satisfies the soul to the uttermost; that he that eateth the bread that Christ gives shall never hunger, and he that drinketh the water that Christ gives shall never thirst. He may be the poorest man under heaven, less than the least of all—a beggar worse than Lazarus; but the soul that feeds upon the Lord Jesus has marrow and fatness. Oh, those whom Christ fills He fills completely. The soul that He satisfies knows no want. "The Lord is my shepherd, and I shall not want."—*Molyneux.*

ATONEMENT.

WHAT is the meaning of that word? We pronounce it as one word; but it is really three words, "at-one-ment;" and that is its meaning. By reason of our sin, there are two parties opposed the one to the other; there is no element of union, but every element of antagonism to part and keep us asunder. Christ is the atoning sacrifice, and His atonement is a complete satisfaction. This is because Christ, our Daysman, is both God and man, both natures in one person. To be a mediator, it is necessary to have power and influence with both parties. Christ, as our Daysman, has power with God, for He Him-

self is God; and to obtain influence with man He became a man, and bare our sorrows and endured our griefs: He became as one of us, "sin only excepted." Behold the sympathy of Jesus! a participator in our sufferings, a sharer in our sorrows, and acquainted with our grief. It is true, the majesty of God was unapproachable; no man could approach unto it; the spotless glory of that Presence was too dazzling for mortal sight to behold; His holiness was too pure to come into any contact with sin; the height of that glory was beyond what man had any power to attain unto. Then God in Christ came down to us. Oh, what grace! And whereas the majesty of the Godhead was too august, He left it there upon His Father's throne, and He wrapped Himself for a time in the familiar mantle of our humanity; He became a man as we are. Inasmuch as man could not approach unto God, Christ brought the Godhead to the level of our humanity, that He might raise the human race from death and sin to the enjoyment of the life of righteousness. This is the true dignity of man, that Christ has dignified him and elevated him to His Father's glory. "To him that overcometh will I grant to sit with me upon my throne, even as I also have overcome, and am set down upon my Father's throne." This is the Daysman who lays His hand upon us both. Does not that span the gulf? Does not that bridge over the chasm that exists between God and ourselves? You know, a bridge, to be of use and service, must rest its springing arch upon one bank and upon the other. To stop midway spoils the bridge. The ladder that is lifted up must touch the place on which you stand and the place where you would be. So is Christ the Daysman. He lays His hand upon both parties. With one hand He lays hold upon God, for He himself is God, and with the other He stoops until He lays hold upon sinful man, for He himself is man; and thus laying His hand upon both parties, He brings both to one—He effects an at-one-ment, and "God is in Christ reconciling the world unto Himself." Oh, blessed meeting! happy reconciliation! where mercy and truth met together, and righteousness and peace kissed each other!—*Maguire.*

THE COPY-LINE.

GOTTHOLD observed a boy in a writing school, eyeing attentively the line placed before him as a copy, and labouring by his penmanship to emulate its correctness and beauty. Mark, said he to the bystanders, how all perfection is the offspring of imperfection, and how, by frequent mistakes, we learn to do well. It is not required of this boy that his writing shall equal that of the line. He satisfies his master by the pains he takes, and which are a ground of hope that he will progressively improve, till at last he learns to write with rapidity and elegance. We also have a pattern to copy.

It has been left us by the Lord Jesus (1 Pet. ii. 21), and is His most perfect and holy life. And think not that He exacts from us more than the teacher does from the pupil. No, indeed; if He find us careful in studying His example, and diligent in our endeavours to imitate it, He exercises forbearance towards our faults, and strengthens us by His grace and Spirit daily, to amend. In the school of Christ they are the best scholars who continue learning to the last; I mean they who sedulously keep their Master's example in view, and are always striving to grow more and more like it, but yet are never satisfied with themselves or with the progress which they make. We must, therefore, endeavour to avoid two faults, which are negligence and discouragement. The one becomes eventually the parent of indolence and security; the other of despondency and grief. Heaven is open, not merely to the perfect and strong, but, likewise, to the feeble and erring, if they will only with penitence and humility confess their faults, and seek in the grace of Christ the supply for all their wants.

O my God! despise not my inability. *Remember I am but a learner, and be satisfied with my poor performances.* My good intentions often miscarry. But ought I on that account to desist? God forbid! So long as I live, I will always begin afresh, and in heaven, at Thy good time, will lay my masterpiece at Thy feet.—*Gotthold's Emblems.*

THE SUN-DIAL.

GOTTHOLD, while inspecting the sun-dial, to ascertain if the clocks were right, said to himself: Dials are no doubt most ingenious contrivances, but however ingenious, they are of no use when the sun does not shine. It is the same with us. Destitute of the grace of God, and of the quickening and enlightening influence of the Holy Spirit, we, too, whatever be our natural gifts and talents, are good for nothing. The wise are not wise, and the most prudent counsellors go furthest wrong, when their understanding and judgment are not irradiated by the beams of grace from heaven. The acutest intellects fall into the most fatal errors, unless they humbly acknowledge their inability, and turn to the Sun of Righteousness, and seek to catch its rays. Nay, the most ingenious heads are like the finest watches, which, without constant inspection, are often the first to stop. What, then, must be the consequence of imagining that we know much, when all our knowledge, however great, is not only useless, but even hurtful, both to ourselves and others, unless we also humbly and devoutly imbibe the light of grace from heaven!

My God! cause the light of Thy countenance to shine upon me, that I may be able and willing to serve many.—*Gotthold's Emblems.*

DOMESTIC ARCHITECTURE OF JERUSALEM.

In order to convey an idea of the domestic architecture of Jerusalem, it may be well to give a description of one of the private houses, which will serve as a specimen of the whole. I will therefore introduce the reader into our home, situated in the Jewish quarter, and occupying one of the most interesting localities in Jerusalem. An arched doorway leads into a large court paved with stones, and surrounded partly by a wall and partly by rooms. During the sickly season there may be seen crowds of sick persons impatiently waiting in this court to be admitted into the *hackmâ* or dispensary, which, together with the stable, opens on one side of this square court, while opposite is a little elevated garden of oleanders, rosemary, and other shrubbery, surrounded by a stone wall. The kitchen, however, is the most important and unique feature of the court—it consists of a small room with abundance of *tonjeras* (Arab copper kettles) of all sizes, from a gallon to a pint, and a solitary frying-pan, brought from across the waters. The fire-place is altogether different from our ideas of a fire-place. Built against one side of the room is a projecting table of stone and plaster work in which rows of ovens are scooped out, with grates laid across them for burning charcoal. A staircase leads directly over this unique kitchen into a small upper court opening into a chamber and dining-room. Passing through the latter, we find ourselves on the house-top, surrounded by a wall about five feet high; and how often have I walked on this terrace and plucked a drooping blade—bringing to mind the emblematical allusion of the sweet singer of Israel to its stunted growth and withered appearance.

The flat roofs of Oriental houses afford a most striking illustration of numberless Scriptural allusions, but imperfectly understood by the occupant of houses with pointed roofs. The Orientals spend much of their time on the house-top, which is of easy access by flights of stone steps, and they are generally surrounded by a wall of sufficient height to conceal their occupants from the view even of those on the roofs of adjoining houses. Hence we cannot accuse Peter of giving publicity to his devotions when he resorted to the house-top to pray. Small chambers are sometimes built in the corner of the wall; and in these little kioscos the inmates of the house spend most of their time during summer, but they cannot be used during the inclement season; for, besides their exposed situation, they are lightly built for the sake of coolness during warm weather. But, notwithstanding, they are sometimes very damp and uncomfortable. Solomon says, "It is better to dwell in the corner of a house-top than in a wide house with a brawling woman."

In the middle of the floor is the mouth of one of the tanks or wells—recalling another Scriptural incident. It was in one of these wells or cisterns that the woman at Bahurim concealed Jonathan and Ahimaaz from the messengers sent by Absalom in pursuit of them. In different parts of the house are several wells opening into the courts, and I often recall the narrative on seeing the floor of the court covered with corn or wood spread out to dry in the sun, for the well at Bahurim was in a court, and its mouth was hid by covering it with corn. These cisterns are sometimes dry, and it was at such a time, of course, that this ruse was resorted to.—*Three Years in Jerusalem. By Mrs Sarah Barclay Johnson.*

THE PROBABILITIES OF CONVERSION.

AN accurate examination into the periods of life at which those whose lives of godliness give evidence of true religion first began to be followers of Christ, furnishes an amazing demonstration of the folly and danger of delay. The probability of conversion diminishes as rapidly as years roll on.

Make up a congregation of a thousand Christians. Divide them into five classes, according to the ages at which they become Christians. Place in the first class all those converted under 20 years of age; second class, all those converted between 20 and 30; third class, all those converted between 30 and 40; fourth class, all those converted between 40 and 50; fifth class, all those converted between 50 and 60. Then count each of the five classes separately. Of your thousand Christians there were hopefully converted, under 20 years of age, 548; between 20 and 30 years of age, 337; between 30 and 40, 86; between 40 and 50, 11; between 50 and 60, 3; between 60 and 70, 1.

Just one out of a thousand Christians converted over sixty years old. What a lesson on delay! What an awful lesson! What an appeal is this to the unconverted of every age! To such as are still in the favoured season of early youth it says, Now is the accepted time. Seek early. Those who have passed even the early age of twenty, have demonstrated to them the fact that the most favourable season is gone already, and that the grounds of hope in their case are rapidly growing narrow and more insecure with every additional day of impenitence, to their closing hour.

Need we add a word on the solemnity with which such considerations appeal to ministers of the gospel on behalf of the young among their hearers; and to all Christian fathers and mothers—to all who love the Lord Jesus Christ, on behalf of the impenitent in their families and around them.

LORD'S PRAYER ILLUSTRATED.

Our Father—

By right of creation,
By bountiful provision,
By gracious adoption;

Who art in heaven—

The throne of Thy glory,
The portion of Thy children,
The temple of Thy angels;

Hallowed be Thy name—

By the thoughts of our hearts,
By the words of our lips,
By the works of our hands;

Thy kingdom come—

Of Providence to defend us,
Of grace to refine us,
Of glory to crown us;

Thy will be done on earth as it is in Heaven—

Toward us without resistance,
By us without compulsion,
Universally without exception,
Eternally without declension;

Give us this day our daily bread—

Of necessity for our bodies,
Of eternal life for our souls;

And forgive us our trespasses—

Against the commands of Thy law,
Against the grace of Thy gospel;

As we forgive them that trespass against us—

By defaming our characters,
By embezzling our property,
By abusing our persons;

And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil—

Of overwhelming afflictions,
Of worldly enticements,
Of Satan's devices,
Of errors' seductions,
Of sinful affections;

For Thine is the kingdom, the power, and the glory for ever—

Thy kingdom governs all,
Thy power subdues all,
Thy glory is above all.

Amen—

As it is in Thy purposes,
So it is in Thy promises,
So be it in our prayers,
So it shall be to Thy praise.

—Pierre Bernard.

LEISURE MOMENTS.

WITH RUTHERFORD.

FAITH IN TRIALS.—Faith is the better of the free air, and of the sharp winter storm in its face.

WAITING.—I have gained the victory, and Christ is holding out both hands to embrace me.

THE HOLY CITY.—If we saw our Father's house, and that great and fair city, the New Jerusalem, which is up above sun and moon, we would cry to be over the water, and to be carried in Christ's arms out of this borrowed prison.

THE FOREST TREES.—Build your nest on no tree here; for you see God hath sold the forest to death, and every tree upon which we would rest, is ready to be cut down, to the end that we may flee and mount up, and build upon the rock.

TEACHINGS FOR THE CHILDREN. No. I.

DEPENDENCE ON GOD.

NEBUCHADNEZZAR was king, not only over Babylon, but of many countries which he had conquered with his large armies, and the wealth which he obtained by his conquests was immense; but instead of being ashamed, and humbling himself before God, for thus oppressing his fellow-creatures, he was puffed up with pride, and determined to do something that would cause his power to be seen and acknowledged in every part of his dominions. He accordingly caused to be made an image of gold larger than had ever been seen before, and appointed a day when it should be dedicated, and made an object of worship. Proclamation was made through all the land, that at the time when all the instruments of music should begin to sound, every one should bow down and worship the golden image, and that whoever should refuse to do so should be cast into a burning fiery furnace. The great day came, and was ushered in with all pomp. The command was given, the music sounded, and he looked around with all the pride of royalty to view the universal obedience which should be paid to his command. But what was his rage when he was told that three captive Jews had dared to refuse to bow down and worship the golden image! He ordered them, Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego, to be brought before him, and said to them, "Is it true that you will not bow down nor worship the image which I have set up? I will try you again. If when the music sounds, you obey me, well. But if you do not, that same hour you shall be cast into the fiery furnace; and who is that God that shall deliver you?" Now mark their noble answer. "If it be so, our God whom we serve is able to deliver us; but if not, know, O king, that we will not serve thy gods, nor worship the image which thou hast set up."

Then was Nebuchadnezzar full of fury, and he commanded the most mighty men that were in his army to bind them, and cast them into the fiery furnace. This cruel monarch looked on, hoping to witness the agonies of these men who dared to disobey him, but what was his astonishment to see four men walking unharmed in the midst of the flames! He knew the fourth was no human being, but the Son of God sent to deliver them. Then was he convinced that the Being whom they worshipped was the great, the true God. He at once commanded all the people and nations over whom his government extended, to honour HIM as such, and gave as a reason what all must have acknowledged, that no other god could deliver after this manner. He raised these men to high offices. He must have felt that those who were so faithful to their God, would be true to him. We hear no more of this golden image. It was probably broken to pieces, immediately.

Page for the Young.

AN EXAMPLE FOR BOYS.

AFTER school at night, George joined some boys who were amusing themselves by sliding down hill on their sleds. George had drawn his sled up to the top of the hill, and was riding down again, when one of the boys, to tease him, drew his sled directly in the path, so that when George's sled came in contact with it, he was thrown off into the snow. George was inclined to be angry at first, but he soon recollected himself, and thought—"If I do not get angry now, *this* will be a triumph, I am sure."

All the boys gathered around, and said, "Give it to him, George. Give it to him. I would pay him well for that."

"No," said George. "If he has done wrong, that is no reason why I should do wrong too."

"It is because you *dare not* fight me, that you have grown so wonderful good all at once," said the boy who had thrown him from his sled.

George felt his spirit begin to rise at this taunt, but he knew that he was in the right of it, and he answered calmly:—

"I *dare refuse* to fight, notwithstanding your sneers, and I leave you to judge which requires the greatest courage."

All the boys knew that George was right, and had displayed the best and most difficult kind of courage: so they urged him no more to fight, and even the boy who had thrown him from his sled could not help feeling ashamed of his conduct.

RIGHT IN THE EYE.

A CIRCUS came to town, and everybody knows how the music and the grand tent and horses set all the boys agog. Many a choice bit of money have the circus-riders carried away which was meant for better purposes.

A little boy was seen looking round the premises with a great deal of curiosity.

"Halloo, Johnny," said a man who knew him, "going to the circus?" "No, sir," answered Johnny, "father don't like 'em."

"O well, I'll give you money to go, Johnny," said the man.

"Father don't approve of them," answered Johnny.

"Well, go in for once, and I'll pay for you."

"No, sir," said Johnny, "my father would give me the money if he thought 'twere best; besides, I've got twenty-five cents in my strong box, twice enough to go."

"I'd go, Johnny, for once; it's wonderful the way the horses do," said the man. "Your father needn't know it."

"I can't," said the boy.

"Now why?" asked the man.

"Cause," said Johnny, twirling his bare toes in the sand, "after I've been, I couldn't look my father right in the eye, but I can now."

LITTLE KINDNESSES.

A LITTLE boy has a hard lesson given him at school, and his teacher asks him if he thinks he can get it; for a moment the little fellow hangs down his head, but the next he looks brightly up:

"I can get my sister to help me," he says. That is right, sister; help little brother, and you are binding a tie round his heart that may save him in many an hour of dark temptation.

"I don't know how to do this sum; but brother will shew me," says another one.

"Sister, I've dropped a stitch in my knitting; I tried to pick it up, but it has run down and I can't fix it."

The little girl's face is flushed, and she watches her sister with a nervous anxiety while she replaces the naughty stitch.

"O, I am so glad!" she says, as she receives it again from the hands of her sister, all nicely arranged. "You are a good girl, Mary."

"Bring it to me sooner next time, and then it won't get so bad," said the gentle voice of Mary. The little one bounds away with a light heart to finish her task.

If Mary had not helped her, she would have lost her walk in the garden. Surely it is better to do as Mary did, than to say, "O, go away and don't trouble me;" or to scold the little one all the time you are performing the trifling favour.—*S. S. Visitor.*

THE "GUEST'S" BIBLE QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNG.

WHAT child heard the voice of the Lord calling him by name?

What king said, "I am but a little child?"

What woman said, "Let me not see the death of the child?"

What prophet took his son to meet a king during a time of war?

What prophecy did he utter respecting Christ?

Who knew the Holy Scriptures from a child?

What great king fled into Egypt "when he was a little child?"

What does a child bring who is "left to himself?"

Of whom did God say that he would "command his children after him?"

In what does Paul say we are to "be children?"

What prophecy of Jeremiah respecting the loss of children was fulfilled when Christ was a child?

What does Christ say about our becoming as "little children?"

What does Paul say about "childish things?"

What lessons did Christ teach by means of a little child?

What did He say about "receiving such in His name?"



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{ WEEKLY NUMBERS, 4D.
{ MONTHLY PARTS, 3D.

A CONVENIENT SEASON.

BY B. C. CUTLER, D.D.

"Go thy way for this time; when I have a convenient season, I will call for thee."—ACTS xxiv. 25.

THIS was the answer of Felix, the Roman Governor of Judea, to the apostle Paul, who was his prisoner.

It was extorted from him by a powerful address from the apostle. As Paul reasoned of righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come, Felix trembled, and replied, in substance, It is all true—I must *reform*—but not now—I cannot listen to such a proposal—I am too much involved in a multiplicity of cares—some time hence I shall be differently situated, and then—and then I will hear thee again.

Such, my brethren, were the circumstances under which the text was first uttered. The words themselves require no commentary. Their meaning is readily understood, and the idea they convey is perfectly familiar to your minds. There is hardly an impenitent person present who has not employed them a hundred times, nor one who is not ready to employ them again. I shall then consider them to-day as the reply that all such are ready to make if called to repent and obey the gospel—and proceed to a simple but serious remonstrance. Since we last assembled on this occasion, twelve months ago,

"How many precious souls have fled
To the vast regions of the dead?"

Your pastor has been called to commit the remains of thirty-four persons to the tomb. If we should undertake to classify these, what a commentary would be found on the words, "All flesh is as grass." As you sat here this day twelve months, and thought of the uncertainty of life, did you not hope that with such care as you could bestow, the beautiful buds of infancy would at least be spared—yet twelve little ones, of whom "is the kingdom of heaven," have disappeared. Or did you suppose that the youthful and hopeful, having escaped from the perils incident to in-

fancy, would be allowed to enjoy the banquet of life? But from the lips of six of these, the rosy cup was dashed just as they had raised it to their lips. Or did you flatter yourselves that the experienced and mature would be able to avoid the snares of death? Seven persons, in the midst of life, or past its meridian, have fallen asleep in death. Or was the hope fondly cherished, that those venerable parents of threescore years, would still remain to overshadow your dwelling, and delight you with the rich and ripe fruit of their wisdom? Such hope in nine cases has been fallacious. Were we to enter into an analysis of *characters*, a variety as great might be found as in age; and to the Christian no less than to the pagan eye, the dark and capacious urn would appear to have poured out the names of men promiscuously, and to have taught us, that in this respect one event happeneth to all. So much does it say for the past. And what does it say of the future? It seems to say,—Some score of idolatrous parents should prepare this year to resign their little idols. Some score of persons in middle or mature life, fathers, mothers, sons, or daughters, should gird up the loins of their minds, trim their lamps, and be ready to go out and meet the Bridegroom. More than one of the youths here present, now rejoicing in their strength or priding themselves on their beauty, should pause and reflect that death is no respecter of persons. The young and the old, the merry and the sad, lie down in one promiscuous throng, and repose undisturbed in their cold resting-place, the grave, alike unknowing and unknown. Is this a just reflection? Has there been one year when death exacted much less than during the last? Over six hundred and fifty mortal remains has the minister of this church been called to officiate; and if this sum is divided

by twenty, the number of years during which he has ministered in this portion of the Lord's vineyard, it establishes thirty-two as the average bill of mortality of this congregation. What a procession will then be formed from among us this year, to walk through the valley of the shadow of death; and how many, who, perhaps, now give no thought to eternity, will be summoned to join that procession, and before the return of this day, will have entered on the untried scenes of eternity. But sooner or later, all here present will be included among the dead, and the places which now know them, will know them no more for ever. Is it the part of wisdom for any living man to disregard these monitions? or does it hold out encouragement for the future, for men to say with Felix to the faithful preacher, "Go thy way for this time; when I have a convenient season, I will call for thee." . . .

What was the object of St Paul on this memorable occasion, it is unnecessary for us to state; you are well acquainted with it. It was that nameless object for which this and all temples were builded, and for which we and all other ministers ought to preach—the conversion of your souls from sin to holiness; an object which, if asked, you would say was unquestionably important, and must be attended to at some time or other, but which you cannot attend to now. Nay, it is a deep and disagreeable object; you do not like to speak of it; it is so peculiar and so personal a thing that you beg to be excused; besides it is no man's business but your own—so you wrap it up. But let us unwrap it. What made it so peculiar? so delicate? so disagreeable? Let us look into this matter. If we mistake not, it is because it is an object of paramount importance; it is a duty long neglected; *it is such an object as this and no other*, that if it is any object at all, it is one far above every other; health, family, or even life itself. If out of that deep and dark abyss of an unconverted heart, this object should be allowed to rise up, should come distinctly into view, should spread itself out in all its dimensions, rise in all its altitudes and extend itself in all its interminable length, you could do nothing with it; it would overwhelm you; the whole world would be small in importance; all temporal existence would be counted a moment, and this new and great object would consume your whole time, attention, and affections. This is the reason why you bury it down deep in your hearts; why you think that the little hours of time, and the little days of life are too short in which to consider such a subject. Now this is the very ground of our remembrance—it is the *great value* of the object which you are losing. *You* have only a presentiment of its value, but we think we know how priceless it is. You know that there is a diamond within of inestimable worth—that all the silver and the gold in the world ought not to purchase it; and that if

you were to sell it for the gifts of fortune, you would be accounted a fool in the sight of God—therefore you are silent about it. But it is *our* duty to speak about it: you have made it so; you have called us to speak about it, and it should be our honour and glory to help you to raise it up to view and weigh it openly; to help you to comprehend its value, great as it is, and to join with you in preventing its destruction.

First, then, it is a soul which God has created in His own image. It is a soul which is to live for ever. It is a soul of vast capacities. Its capacity for knowledge is wonderful; the more it acquires, the more it is enlarged. Its capacity for pleasure is boundless; all that comes into it from every quarter during a long life, only excites its desire and stimulates its appetite. Its capacity for goodness is astonishing; it can burst through a thousand allurements, saying, "Whom have I in heaven but Thee; and there is none upon earth that I desire besides Thee?" Its capacity for pain is as great as that for pleasure. The agony, the anguish, the torment it may endure here, are fearful premonitions of what may be awaiting it hereafter. But I stop at the threshold of this contemplation. I bethink myself that the Bible treats the soul just as you do its salvation; it dwells but little upon it. It reasons as if you had a soul, and it provides for you as if your soul required salvation. It sets apart one day in every seven in which you are to hear about it. It sends forth a class of men to treat about it. It holds up a great Saviour to deliver it, and it points you to His precious blood-shedding as the price paid for its ransom. But where is the book or the chapter which goes into a description of its nature, its capacity, and its duration? The only way in which we are to arrive at anything like a knowledge of these is by inference. We there read of the loss of the soul—the cause of the loss, which is sin and unbelief—the great judgment-day at which it is to be tried, and the ground on which its condemnation is to proceed—the very words of the sentence which is to be passed upon it—and some brief reports of the sufferings which it is to endure. We hear the sentence—"Depart from me, ye cursed!" We know that this is to proceed from the lips of Christ, the Son of God—the Lamb changed into the Lion. We know that the soul of the impenitent is to be "cast into outer darkness," that it is to be delivered to the worm that never dies; and that the smoke of its torment is to ascend up for ever and ever! Our Saviour did indeed follow one soul into hell, and describe it as in torment; but He seemed to draw a curtain over it, and the Bible has drawn a curtain over it, and God has let fall a thick veil between us and it, and caused the sunbeams of His mercy to play on this side the veil, and has embroidered it with every possible emblem of His love, and wrought out

with divers colours the heavenly city, with its gates of pearl, and walls of precious stones, and streets of gold; its dazzling throne, its translucent river, its shady groves and refreshing fruit. Nay, He has portrayed His Son on the cross, agonising and atoning, dying and rising, ascending and interceding for man, and saying, "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." "Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money; come ye, buy, and eat; yea, come, buy wine and milk without money and without price." "Ye will not come to me that ye might have life." "Why will ye die, O house of Israel?" "Now is the accepted time, and now is the day of salvation." This, my brethren, is all that is said; but I ask now, Is not this enough? Suppose your dying hour was come; would you wish that anything more should be said? would not that which was living and moving in your mind, would not that which was behind the veil and that which was before it be enough? would not these deep things then have great weight, and, joined with the deep and dark fears which you have long smothered, would they not impel you instantly to decide to submit to God and be saved? I ask then, "Why halt ye between two opinions?" Will the time ever come when you can take a more calm and dispassionate view of this matter than at present? You do not deny that this is a convenient time, but you ask in reality for a *more* convenient season. Permit me to ask you whether in such a matter as this, you can with any propriety speak about convenient seasons? Is God a humble artisan, who presents himself with his account for payment? to whom you say, "Go thy way for this time; when I have a convenient season, I will call for thee." You say these words, it is true, to us your fellow-men, but you say them in effect to God, knowing us to be ambassadors for God. Now, if God the Holy Spirit is saying to you, through me, "To-day if you will hear *His* voice, harden not your hearts"—I put it to your consciences—to your sense of what is right—is such an answer the one that should be made,—“Go thy way for this time; when I have a convenient season, I will call for thee?” Hear, O heavens, when God, the God of the spirits of all flesh speaks, is it not becoming in you to listen? When He does but whisper, when He sends but a message, should you not listen with profound attention? Oh! that great veil which is dropped between heaven and earth, what contrasts within and without does it not witness! Within the veil, all is adoration and worship. Every spirit in the worlds of light or of darkness trembles or adores; angels tremble, and are rapt in praise to God. Without that veil, is blasphemy and contempt of God, despising His gospel and ridiculing His people; or where decency and propriety, and cultivation and cherishing of His great institutions are found, even there

hear we such words as these—"Go thy way for this time; when I have a convenient season, I will call for thee." But we ask again, "Why halt ye between two opinions?" Are the pleasures of sin so sweet, that to enjoy them a little longer, you are willing to endure whatever is to be endured in the world of woe? But we are addressing men who have little to do with the *pleasures of sin* so called—men of belief, men of domestic responsibilities, men of purity, men of thought, men of learning, and we must inquire of such, Why do ye halt between life and death? Are riches so enticing, is business so delightful, are children so lovely, companions so dear, that you should shut your eyes upon the glorious illustrations of God's love on this side the veil, and harden your hearts against the awful consequences of God's wrath on the other? If God were not *God*, yet if heaven were what it is, and hell were what it is, would you, could you, as rational beings, when the one offers itself to you, opening its glorious gates and spreading its costly banquets and tuning its golden harps; and the other uttering its muttering thunders, sending up its murky smoke, or through the thick darkness opening its gloomy gates and allowing to escape some sounds of wailings—could you repeat slowly and intelligently and voluntarily these words, to heaven—"Go thy way, shut up thy golden gates, dismiss thy bright attendants of mercy, hang up thy golden harps, and let God, the God of mercy, wait until it is convenient to me to come?" Or could you stand and look down into that dark abyss, and see the smoke of torment rising up, and hear the groans of the dying, but never dead, and the clanking of the chains that are never to be loosed, and the gnawing of the worm that is never to die, and venture to postpone for a day or an hour the effort, the desperate, convulsive effort to escape? I ask, then, why halt ye between two opinions? I am not speaking to men who have no opinions, no belief; but to men who *have* opinions, and correct opinions, and who mean to follow on to a right and happy end, but who do not mean to do this to-day—at this season—this year;—at this convenient season—at this proper season—but who want only a *more* convenient one! one a *LITTLE* more convenient, with not *quite* so many hindrances to impede, with not *quite* so many earthly pleasures to engross, with not quite so much business to attend to. Ah! my hearers, it was said by one of the martyrs on going to the stake, "Life is sweet, and death is bitter; but eternal life is *more* sweet, and eternal death is *more* bitter." How long then halt ye? how long have you halted before high heaven, and stood and listened and looked and heard and seen, and yet remained in the same position, in the same undecided mind, and uttering the same words to us, and to Him that sent us! You plead for a more convenient season. But is not this season, above all others,

proper to think of such things—to call your ways to remembrance—to cast off the works of darkness, and to put on the armour of light? Why not say heaven is too great a good, and eternal death too great an *evil*, to admit of any halting, any deliberation, any delay. A God of justice! A life of religion! A day of judgment! If these are reasoned out to my satisfaction, so that at times my flesh trembles on my bones, a spirit comes over me in the dead of night, and I start affrighted from my pillow! Oh! if I have such terrors as these now,

"When rising from the bed of death,
O'erwhelm'd with guilt and fear,
I see my Maker face to face,
O how shall I appear!"

Choose you *this day* whom ye will serve.

TWO DYING BOYS.

THE other day, I was requested by a brother minister, who was unwell, to go and visit a dying child. He told me some remarkable things of this boy, eleven years of age, who, during three years' sickness, had manifested the most patient submission to the will of God, with a singular enlightenment of the spirit. I went to visit him. The child had suffered excruciating pain; for years he had not known one day's rest. I gazed with wonder at the boy. After drawing near to him, and speaking some words of sympathy, he looked at me with his blue eyes—he could not move, it was the night before he died—and breathed into my ear these few words: "I am strong in Him." The words were few, and uttered feebly; they were the words of a feeble child, in a poor home, where the only ornament was that of a meek, and quiet, and affectionate mother; and these words seemed to make the world more beautiful than it ever was before; they brought home to my heart a great and blessed truth. May you and I, and every one else, be "strong in Him!"

It is now almost five years since the sufferings of this dear boy ended—since he entered that painless world where the inhabitant shall no more say, "I am sick," but where all are "strong in Him." Many times, in the interval, has a vision of that death-scene passed before us; many times has it brought to painful consciousness the weakness of our own faith, in contrast with the strength of that patient little sufferer; but many times has it made us "strong in Him" whose strength was thus made perfect in weakness, and who enabled that dying child to breathe forth, though but in whispers, those last strong words of faith and hope. Those words have been wafted to these western shores; they have been repeated on the islands of the sea; they have doubtless been spoken in languages of which that dear boy had never heard. We would not detain them from their blessed mission of strength to the weak, of patience to the suf-

fering, and of hope to the dying. Nay! rather will we again intrust them to the winds of heaven, and speed them on in their errand of peace and joy—to visit yet other shores, to speak in yet other tongues, and to enable yet many departing souls to feel, if not to whisper, "I am strong in Him!"

The scene changes from an obscure chamber in Glasgow, to the still more secluded wigwam on our Western border. Again the minister of Jesus is present to cheer a dying boy, as he looks down into the dark valley, and timidly reaches forth his hand to grasp the staff of the Good Shepherd. The little Testament, which his kind teacher had taught him both to read and to love, lies by his side. With an earnestness which cannot be denied, but with a reach of purpose which his teacher cannot fathom, the meek child of the forest makes one last request: "When you lay me in my coffin, I want you to place my little Testament at the side of my head, and bury it with me." When asked why he desired this, he replied: "In the resurrection, when so many shall appear before the Saviour, I am afraid He will not notice me. I will take my little Testament in my hand, and hold it up, and when He sees that, I am sure He will receive me."

We love to think of this meek and lowly child. We love to follow him through the river of death, and along the farther shore, until he stands before the gates of the celestial city. He bears in his hand a passport, on which the watchful sentinel at the pearly gate needs not to write his name, for it hath already on it a name which is above every other. It is the same passport which was sealed by John at Patmos, and which alone has admitted to the New Jerusalem every one of its blood-bought and ransomed inhabitants. He moves forward towards the burning throne, all unconscious of inferiority of age, or race, or present rank; all unmindful of former doubts, and fears, and conflicts; wrapt in the vision of glory which surrounds him; filled with a fulness of joy which his tender thoughts had never conceived; and joining already, without waiting to be taught the strain, and with a sweetness which no practised cherub can surpass, in the new song which is sung in heaven. Standing, at length, before Him who sitteth on the throne, and laying his passport at His feet, he feels a gentler than a mother's hand laid upon his head, and hears a voice, sweeter than that of his earthly teacher, saying to him, "Of such is the kingdom of heaven!"

Dear boy! You, too, are now safe in the tender Shepherd's arms. We would take up the passport which you have laid down. We would bear it with us through all the wanderings of our earthly pilgrimage, until we, too, are guided safely home to the loved fold, where there shall be one flock and one Shepherd.—*Rev. N. M'Leod.*

HAGAR.

A FEW WORDS TO YOUNG WOMEN.

THE history and character of many of the women mentioned in the Scriptures furnish most instructive matter for meditation, together with many hints for warning, encouragement, and consolation. One of the women whose history is given most in detail in the holy volume, is Hagar, a poor slave. The first angelic visit recorded in God's Word was paid to her. Surely these facts teach us Divine condescension, and should lead to simple trust in an ever-wakeful Providence. Let no saint of God say after this, "I am overlooked; my way is hid from the Lord."

We do not purpose dwelling upon the history and character of Hagar generally, but would contemplate her on the occasion of her flight from the tent of Abraham: consider the dealings of God with her, and the way she acted after this wonderful manifestation. The part of her history to which we refer is contained in Gen. xvi., to which we direct the reader; and taking it for granted that the touching incidents therein recorded are before the mind, observe that Hagar is there presented as doing *one* very foolish thing, and *four* wise ones.

The foolish thing was, *to leave a good home because there were some troubles in it, and going forth to wander she knew not whither.* But we are reminded that her mistress was unkind and unjust. Perhaps so; but had not Hagar first shewn herself to be proud, and acted in a very unbecoming way? No one can deny this. Frequently the troubles which we find hardest to bear are those we bring on ourselves by our misconduct. Then we have the reproaches of our own consciences to trouble us, in addition to the affliction or trial.

The home which Hagar left was a house of prayer; a home visited by God himself, and one upon which His special blessing rested. How many young people have left such homes because something has chafed or offended them, instead of staying and using such trials as a means of discipline, as part of their education for future life! We are all too ready, in the presence of one thing that annoys, to forget or overlook the many things which are valuable and useful. Perhaps a change of place may relieve us of the one troublesome thing; but in the next situation there may not only be the absence of the fancied evil, but also of many advantages before possessed, and the presence of several things much more trying than that which we ran away from. Hagar's situation certainly was not very comfortable in Sarah's tent, but if she had been left to spend a few lonely nights in the desolate wilderness, no doubt she would soon have wished herself back again.

But we will not stay any longer to *blame* Hagar, but proceed to notice the wise things

which she did. And here observe that before she did anything right, *God appeared to her.* "The angel of the Lord found her by a fountain of water in the wilderness." She was as desolate and miserable as a human being could be. Sad were her reflections on the past, and mournful her musings as regards the future. God, who knew her sorrows, visited her just at the needed time. We must not stay to make inquiries respecting this heavenly visitant, who speaks as one having authority, and who is referred to afterwards by Hagar with feelings of deep reverence, but will confine our attention to the person addressed, and the effects produced upon her.

I. *She listened to what was said to her.* How many are now spoken to by God who give no heed to His words! They will attend to the advice of parents and friends, but what God says goes for nothing with them. "Having ears, they hear not." God counsels all, and the young especially, respecting "the life that now is, as well as that which is to come;" and how much happiness would there be in this life, and what peace in its various relations, as well as a good hope of a better life, if His words were listened to and heeded! Some one may be ready to say, "If an angel spoke to me I would attend!" Has not this, and more than this, been done? Oh, think of the Divine sanctions appended to that book by which God addresses you! Listen to His words who speaketh to you from heaven, and "*attend to know understanding.*"

II. *Hagar told the simple truth.* The angel said, "Hagar, Sarai's maid, whence comest thou, and whither wilt thou go?" To this plain question she replies with equal plainness, "I flee from the face of my mistress, Sarai." What a recommendation it is to a young person to be *simply truthful!* How much better at once to confess a fault, than to hide it, and afterwards have the truth reluctantly drawn out a little at a time! If you would not acquire the habit and curse of a lying tongue, *beware of equivocation.* How many young people have ruined their prospects for life by telling what appeared small untruths, and thus destroying all confidence in their word.

III. *Hagar did as she was told.* "Return (said the angel) to thy mistress, and submit thyself under her hands." A hard thing to do, but she knew there was Divine authority for it, and so she went back. We may conceive in some measure what were the feelings and remarks of her fellow-servants, and how great was the exultation of her mistress, as Hagar went back humbled to the tent-door, requesting admittance and forgiveness, and yielding submission to her mistress. But Hagar knew what she had seen and heard, she knew that Jehovah cared even for her, and this cheered her in her lonely toil and unenviable situation. Those who have held converse

with God can bear or do anything that He requires.

IV. *She kept in mind what she had seen and heard, and used it as a means of communion with God.* "And she called the name of the Lord that spake unto her, Thou God seest me: for she said, Have I also here looked after Him that seeth me?" (Gen. xvi. 13.) Her perilous adventure had been overruled for good. She now thought more of God than she had ever done before. God had seen her, and she looked after Him. May we not hope that as she realised the Divine omniscience, she also felt divine fear; stood in holy awe of that Being who had revealed Himself to her, and trusted all in His hands.

We are all by nature wanderers from God. We have fled from His presence, and turned our backs upon His authority, His love, His dwelling-place. A voice came to Adam in Eden, "Where art thou?" and to Eve God said, "What is this that thou hast done?" while to us, as to Hagar, God says, "*Whence comest thou, and whither wilt thou go?*" Oh, thou All-seeing One, "whither shall we go from Thy presence?" Thou hast said, and most true are Thy words: "Can any hide himself in secret that I shall not see him; do I not fill heaven and earth, saith the Lord?" Yes, "we wandered in the wilderness in a solitary way," and sat down by a poisoned fountain in the desert, and should have drunk the stolen waters to our eternal destruction, but the Angel of the Covenant not only came and inquired into our case, and gave us suitable directions, but drew us away from the fatal springs of sin to the fountain He himself had opened. He washed us in His blood, gave us living water, and He is "our way to the living Father." Thus in infinite grace He makes our return easy and honourable, and an occasion of the greatest rejoicing in heaven. But still even He whispers to us, and herein we trace His love, "*Submit.*" "Yield yourselves to God." It is our highest honour and happiness to be in subjection to the "Father of spirits" and live.

Reader, have you listened to "this redeeming Angel?" If not, listen to Him now; "For how shall we escape if we turn away from Him who speaketh to us from heaven?" He comes down to you in your wanderings and invites you back. Ah, whither will you go, if you heed not His words? Whither but to the chambers of death. Again, He says—how sweet and solemn are His words!—"Now therefore hearken unto Me, O ye children: for blessed are they that keep My ways. Hear instruction, and be wise, and refuse it not. Blessed is the man that heareth Me, watching daily at My gates, waiting at the posts of My doors. For whoso findeth Me findeth life, and shall obtain favour of the Lord. But he that sinneth against Me wrongeth his own soul: all they that hate Me love death."—*Rev. John Cox, in Baptist Messenger.*

SONNETS.

BY ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

TEARS.

THANK God, bless God, all ye who suffer not
More grief than ye can weep for. That is well—
That is light grieving! lighter, none befell,
Since Adam forfeited the primal lot.
Tears! what are tears? The babe weeps in its cot,
The mother singing: at her marriage-bell,
The bride weeps: and before the oracle
Of high-faned hills, the poet hath forgot
That moisture on his cheeks. Commend the grace
Mourners, who weep! Albeit, as some have done,
Ye grope tear-blinded, in a desert place,
And touch but tombs—look up! Those tears will
Soon, in long rivers, down the lifted face,
And leave the vision clear for stars and sun.

COMFORT.

SPEAK low to me, my Saviour, low and sweet
From out the hallelujahs, sweet and low,
Lest I should fear and fall, and miss Thee so
Who art not miss'd by any that entreat.
Speak to me as to Mary at Thy feet—
And if no precious gums my hands bestow,
Let my tears drop like amber, while I go
In reach of Thy divinest voice complete
In humanest affection—thus, in sooth,
To lose the sense of losing! As a child,
Whose song-bird seeks the wood for evermore,
Is sung to in its stead by mother's mouth;
Till, sinking on her breast, love reconciled,
He sleeps the faster that he wept before.

A THOUGHT FOR A LONELY DEATH-BED.

If God compel thee to this destiny,
To die alone with none beside thy bed,
To ruffle round with sobs thy last word said,
And mark with tears the pulses ebb from thee,
Then pray alone—"O Christ, come tenderly!
By Thy forsaken Sonship,—and the red
Drear wine-press,—and the wilderness outspread,—
And the lone garden where Thine agony
Fell bloody from Thy brow,—by all of those
Permitted desolations, comfort mine!
No earthly friend being near me, interpose
No deathly angel 'twixt my face and Thine;
But stoop Thyself to gather my life's rose,
And smile away my mortal to Divine."

SUBSTITUTION.

WHEN some beloved voice that was to you
Both sound and sweetness, faileth suddenly,
And silence against which you dare not cry,
Aches round you like a strong disease and new—
What hope? what help? what music will undo
That silence to your sense? Not friendship's sigh,
Not reason's subtle count! Not melody
Of viols, nor of pipes that Faunus blew,
Not songs of poets nor of nightingales,
Whose hearts leap upward through the cypress-tree
To the clear moon; nor yet the spheric laws
Self-chanted; nor the angels' sweet All hails,
Met in the smile of God. Nay, none of these.
Speak Thou, availing Christ!—and fill this pause.

WORK AND CONTEMPLATION.

THE woman singeth at her spinning-wheel
A pleasant chant, ballad or barcarole;
She thinketh of her song, upon the whole,
Far more than of her flax; and yet the reel
Is full, and artfully her fingers feel
With quick adjustment, provident control,
The lines, too subtly twisted to unroll,
Out to a perfect thread. I hence appeal
To the dear Christian Church—that we may do
Our Father's business in these temples mirk,
Thus swift and steadfast; thus, intent and strong
While, thus, apart from toil, our souls pursue
Some high, calm, spheric tune, and prove our woe
The better for the sweetness of our song.

SCRIPTURAL MISCELLANIES.

THE EXODUS FROM EGYPT.

Six hundred thousand males, of twenty years old and upwards, together with women and children, marched forth from Egypt in a triumphal procession. "And the children of Israel went up harnessed out of the land of Egypt." A marginal note in the larger Bibles says, "or, by five in a rank"—not in tumultuary haste and confusion, as in fear, but in well-ordered ranks, they went forth. Not by small companies, set free at the death of a master, or their liberty purchased by one or two of their number, do they seek a sea-shore, waiting to be conveyed to some free land; nor are they private fugitives, begging their way to a place of freedom; but a nation is on the march, parents and children, chiefs and people, with their flocks and herds. In their coffers were the treasures of Egypt, which, by a sudden influence from the Almighty, their terrified lords and mistresses had heaped upon them, to hasten their flight. "He brought them forth also with silver and gold."

But perhaps this is the most wonderful of all.—"And there was not one feeble person among their tribes." Great God! we love and adore thee for this. Let us suppose that there had been some sick child, some lingering, dying husband or wife, among the Hebrews, and the time came for the nation to take up its march. The nation must go, but one and another must stay, and languish and die, and others watch over dying beds, and bury their dead in a land made still more a house of bondage by the departure of their liberated nation. But it seems that in more than a million of people, there was "not one feeble person"—the only million of people, probably, in this world, of whom collectively, this had ever been true. In kind and gracious preparation of them for this deliverance, God had healed each one whom lingering illness, or a wound, or any infirmity had threatened to detain. No disabling accident near the time of departure, had been permitted to befall one of them. "Who is like unto thee, O people saved by the Lord, the shield of thy help, and who is the sword of thy excellency!" "When Israel was a child then I loved him, and called my son out of Egypt."

Liberty achieved for them by mighty signs and wonders from the immediate hand of God, liberty obtained suddenly, unconditional, perpetual, excited this host, we may suppose, to the utmost pitch of human joy. Their music and banners, the glee and shouts of the young, the gratulations of families and friends, the noise of the camels, and flocks, and herds, the songs of praise bursting from the lips of the more impulsive, and awaking

choruses on every side, the quick tramp of hoofs, the roar of wheels over those magnificent broad ways, with words of command and cheer from the subalterns of their great leader, exultations and laughter, ironical farewells at every obelisk and public work that reminded them of their bricks without straw, and then an uproar of joy that they were to see those monuments of tyranny no more,—truly "the shout of a king is among them," and that exodus was a scene which, probably, will never be equalled but once in the history of the human race.

In one part of this triumphal host, there was something which, on many accounts, was as interesting as anything in that great, moving spectacle. It was a sarcophagus, emblazoned with signs of royal honour, guarded with solemn pomp, and making, in some respects, in its appearance, a contrast to the general mirth; and yet a mellowed joy seems to be round about it, rather than sadness. It is "the bones of Joseph." "By faith Joseph when he died, made mention of the departure of the children of Israel, and gave commandment concerning his bones." "And Moses took the bones of Joseph with him; for he had straitly sworn the children of Israel, saying, God will surely visit you; and ye shall carry up my bones away hence with you." Dying amidst imperial honours, a grateful nation embalming his memory in their hearts, he would naturally have expected that, for all his father's house, his services would secure lasting favour and prosperity at the hands of the Egyptian kings. "Bold infidelity! turn pale and die!" For why, under such circumstances, did Joseph give such commandment concerning the removal of his bones, so honoured and safe in the keeping of a nation which, under God, had been delivered by him from a seven years' famine? Now on their way out of Egypt to the yet unbuilt sepulchre in Shechem, these bones give impressive testimony to the faithfulness of God; they are themselves a sacramental symbol of faith, and, as such, must have had a powerful effect upon the leaders and the people in this eventful moment of their history.

Who are these people, and why are they here? These are the covenant people of God, the children of Abraham, His friend. They are on their way to a land selected from the whole habitable earth to be, for a long time, the home of the Church, the land of Messiah, the scene of human redemption. This is the first stage of their journey to that land which is to be the glory of all lands, toward which the eyes of the world and the thoughts of heaven are to be turned for ages with surpassing interest.

Leaving them on their triumphal march, we will go back to Egypt, and look upon the former oppressors of Israel.

O fearful sight! we shrink back; we dare not go in.

Egypt is one house of mourning. All, all, are burying their dead. From Pharaoh's palace comes a funeral; the streets are filled with funerals, the air with wailings; the first-born child in every house is dead, the first-born of every fold and stall: thus while Israel marches forth with exultation, and God, their God, is with them, miserable Egypt is among the tombs, with their dead children. Had merely a child of every family died, the mortality might have seemed a mere epidemic; but that, in every case, the dead child should be the first-born, was a sign and wonder above their cavil. What curses were heaped upon Israel! How must they have been filled with rage at Israel's God! If the death of one child in a single family be an event of unsurpassed grief, the amount of sorrow in Egypt, where no house was without its dead, made good the declaration,—“none like it, nor shall be like it any more.” Then they remember how they slew the male infants of Israel. God oftentimes makes men see their sin, again, in their punishment. In a word, great floods of sorrow, rolling and breaking over every house, mingled with rage, remorse, thoughts of vengeance, and shame at their defeat by this injured people and their God, make Egypt as great a contrast as possible to happy Israel, going forth from captivity to their destined home, with God for their guide and friend.—*Dr Nehemiah Adams.*

MISSIONARY WORK IN CHINA.

COME for a walk into the city of Canton, in company with a Shanghai missionary. Our way lies through deserted houses, and over heaps of bricks and mortar, the only remains of what was once a large and busy suburb. It lay too near the walls, however, and has all been burnt down by the rebels. Now and then you may see a skull peeping out from the ruins, or the remains of an old coffin, burnt with the house; for the Chinese often keep their dead for many months, while looking out for a good bargain in the way of a grave.

At last we come out in full view of the city walls, with gay-coloured flags fluttering in the wind, red, black, white, and blue. Some have on them the characters of the T'ae Ping T'een Kwoh, or “Celestial Kingdom of Universal Peace.” Others profess to restore the old “Ming,” or native Chinese dynasty, which flourished some 230 years ago. But to neither of these titles have our Shanghai rebels any claim. They are only a band of robbers and pirates, the scum of Canton and Fokien. However, we must be civil to them, for our work's sake. So as the gentry go trotting by on their ponies, dressed in silks and satins, scarlet, and blue, and green, and armed with English fire-arms, you can do no less than nod to them in return for their “Chin chin.”

And here is the gate—the only one out of six that is allowed to be opened. The others are all too near the Imperial camps, and have been stopped up with earth. This is the *Siam Toong Mung*, or Little East Gate; and small enough you'll say it is, for, if a tall man, you cannot march through without putting your hat in danger. But see! the gate is a double one. Having passed through the strong wicket outside, (armed with cannon, so as to sweep the whole length of the wall,) you turn sharp round a large bastion, and enter under the low thick arch of the gate proper. Just in front, taking up one side of the square court in which we find ourselves, is the guard-house; more flags, more fire-arms, and two more cannon, loaded you may be sure. The powder lies in a heap on one side, the shot on the other, and a lighted match, with men smoking, uncomfortably near. How careless these Chinese are!

Again we turn round, to the left this time, and another low arch at least ten feet thick, ends in the last gate, made of enormous timbers, studded with large iron nails.

“No admittance to-day.”

“Why not?”

“Going out to fight the Imperials.”

“But I must come in. It is *my* fighting day as well as yours, for I have to fight the devil, and all error and wickedness.”

Then you hear a laugh from the Shanghai men standing round, for they are always ready to be pleased with the pleasantries of the foreign teachers, and the “old brother” who has charge of the gate comes forward. His is a very important post, and you can see by his very long hair and his determined face, that he is the right man in the right place. He is a good friend of ours, and gives a significant nod as we creep under the bar, and squeeze ourselves between the partly-opened gates.

And now we are in the besieged city. Just in front of us are planted two more loaded cannon, with pieces of red cloth, the rebels' badge, tied round their muzzles. A few doors further on, on the right hand, you see the gate-guard, a band of fierce-looking Fokien men, who have taken possession of a large handsome house, formerly a rich silk mercer's. Some of them are gambling, others smoking, others sleeping, and most of them talking very loud in their peculiar sharp dialect. Now as we pass along, what a dead silence in the once noisy streets! Every shop and house is close shut up, except one here and there with the door open, where vegetables or meat is sold. And now and then you meet a miserable creature slinking along close to the houses, who has been to buy the oil, &c., for his daily meal. How different from the sleek, well-to-do tradesman he once was—cheeks shrunk, face sallow, eyes staring, and knees trembling beneath him. In place of the clean-shaven heads of the Chinese out-

side, the hair stands up like stubble, the growth of many months; for, by order of the rebel chiefs, no barber is allowed to shave the people's heads, on pain of losing his own. The poor man shrinks from us as we attempt to speak to him, and soon disappears in his house, close barring the door. Oh, how we long to impart unto these poor creatures the gospel of God, which could cheer them in their sad estate, and give hope to the most despairing! See here! how vain it is to bar their doors in the hope of escaping plunderers. There is a small band of rebels, some of whom have forced their way in by this broken door; some stand without, to carry off the goods and money as they are thrown forth. A Canton man, their leader, stands with loaded pistol in hand, on the opposite side of the street, and eyes us sulkily as we pass. He would have very little objection to lodging the bullet in our heads if we attempted to interfere. Crash go the boxes and chests under the heavy axe, and you may, perhaps, hear the earnest voice of the owner imploring and supplicating, or the screams of the poor women and children. The former will be fortunate if he be not taken off to torture till he reveals the hiding-place of his treasures. Some of these poor Chinamen I have known even to die under the torture, rather than tell where those riches are which they could never hope to enjoy. What foolishness is in the worldly heart!

"Whor-o-o-osh!"—every head is unconsciously bent low. "Cra-a-ash!"—all feel relieved again, for we know the cannon-shot has lodged itself *somewhere*. We must make up our minds to these visits, just as the besieged ones have done, for there are batteries on three sides of the city, and one at least is always at work. But at the same time we must hurry on, for only in the path of duty is the path of safety. Notice again the death-like stillness, for we hear our footsteps echo again in these deserted streets. Now and then a window cautiously opens above, or a rebel leader dashes past on his pony, with a few dirty attendants, and all is still again. There, on that open space, are two corpses. One is that of a townsman, killed last night by a stray shot, the other was blown up with gunpowder. No one cares to bury them. A little beyond are a few children digging up *grass-roots*, to save themselves from famishing. In a house hard by some one has hanged himself, to escape the same fate. On all sides are heaps of filth and refuse which cannot be carried forth for manure as in times of peace, and are destined to add pestilence, next summer, to all the plague of war and famine.

And so we pass on to our church, gather our congregation at the sound of a gong, tell some fifty or sixty souls of that hell which a besieged city but faintly prefigures, and of those promises of pardon, life, and happiness

which it is our blessed privilege to announce. We have some inquirers to meet in the little vestry, and then we make the best of our way homeward; and the last sound that we hear as we pass under the wall outside, is the roar of a gun fired over our heads; and the last sight is that of two young women lying on the bank of the moat, shot dead in trying to escape from the "besieged city!"—*Church Missionary Gleaner*.

THE POST.

GOTTHOLD happening to receive a letter brought by the post in a very few days from a somewhat distant place, a person who was present observed: How useful an institution the post is, by which we are enabled in so short a time to hear from, and hold intercourse with, our distant friends. Gotthold replied: It is a just remark. The posts are now everywhere well appointed, and there are few places not provided with them. But what edifying thoughts are they fitted to suggest? There can be little doubt that covetousness and curiosity are the two steeds by which most of the mails are drawn. Of that, however, I shall say no more. Let us rather reflect on something which the world in general forgets, viz., that we may, if we please, have a mail to heaven, conveying in a moment intelligence of our condition and concerns, our wants and desires to our God and Father, and bringing back to us a gracious answer, with advice and comfort, protection and help. Blessed be the Father of mercy, and the God of all consolation, who has not left us destitute of such a means of communication with Himself! Prayer is the swift courier, and sighs the winged messengers. Doves have been trained to fly from place to place, carrying letters in a little casket, fastened to their neck or foot. They are swift of flight, but our prayers and sighs are swifter, for they take but a moment to pass from earth to heaven, and bear the troubles of our heart to the heart of God. These messengers no hostile force can detain; they penetrate the clouds, never linger on the way, and never desist until the Most High attends. A tyrant may shut up a godly man in the deepest dungeon, but these messengers he cannot restrain; in defiance of all obstacles, they report to the Omniscient the affliction of the victim, and bring back to him the Divine consolation.

O my Father, I thank Thee for having, despite the devil and the world, vouchsafed to us a channel of communication, and boldness to converse with Thyself. Grant unto me that I may at all times use my privilege with filial reverence and confidence: And by such a post as this, viz., my last sigh, breathed by the strength of Thy Spirit in the name of Jesus, may my soul at length perform its journey from earth to heaven!—*Gotthold's Emblems*.

READINGS FROM THE BEST DIVINES.

THE DELIGHTFUL CERTAINTY OF DYING.

THIS was an happy accord, the willingness of this departing soul, proceeding not from stupidity, but trust in Him who kept these keys, and such preparedness for removal as the gospel required. O happy souls! that finding the key is turning, and opening the door for them, are willing to go forth upon such terms, as knowing whom they have believed, and that neither principalities, nor powers, life, nor death, can ever separate them from the love of God in Christ Jesus their Lord. Life, they find, hath not separated—whereof was the greater danger; and death is so far from making this separation, that it shall complete their union with the blessed God in Christ, and lay them infolded in the everlasting embraces of Divine love! Happy they! that can hereupon welcome death, and say, Now, Lord, lettest thou Thy servant depart in peace! that, before, only desired leave to die, and have now obtained it; that are, with certainty of the issue, at the point of becoming complete victors over the last enemy, and are ready to enter upon their triumph, and take up their triumphal song, "Death is swallowed up in victory. O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory? Thanks be to God, who giveth us the victory through Jesus Christ our Lord." Happy soul! here will be a speedy end of all thy griefs and sorrows; they will be presently swallowed up in an absolute plenitude and fulness of joy. There is already an end put to thy tormenting cares and fears, for what object can remain to thee of a rational fear, when once upon grounds, such as shake not under thee, thou art reconciled to death?

Oh! the transports of joy that do now most rationally result from this state of the case, when there is nothing left, lying between the dislodging soul and the glorious unseen world, but only the dark passage of death; and that so little formidable, considering who hath the keys of the one, and the other. How reasonable is it, upon the account of somewhat common herein to the Redeemer and the redeemed (although everything be not), to take up the following words, that so plainly belong to this very case: "Therefore my heart is glad, and my glory rejoiceth; my flesh also shall rest in hope: for thou wilt not leave my soul in sheol or hades"—thou wilt not forsake or abandon it in that wide world—"neither wilt thou suffer thine Holy One to see corruption. Thou wilt shew me the path of life; the path that leads unto that presence of thine, where is fulness of joy, and to those pleasures which are at thy right hand, or in thy power, and which are for evermore, and shall never admit either of end or diminution" (Ps. xvi. 9-11).

Now, what do we mean to let our souls hang in doubt? why do we not drive things for them to an issue, and put them into those same safe hands that hold these keys; absolutely resign, devote, intrust, and subject them to Him, get them bound up in the bundle of life, so adjoin and unite them to Him (not doubting but as we give them up, He will, and doth, in that instant, take hold of them and receive them into union with Himself,) as that we may assure our hearts, that because He lives, we shall live also! Thus the ground of our hope becomes sure, and of that joy which springs from such an hope. Our life, we may now say, is hid with Christ in God, even though we are in ourselves dead or dying creatures (Col. iii. 3). Yea, Christ is our life, and when He who is our life shall appear, we shall appear with Him in glory. He hath assured us, that because He is the resurrection and the life, he that believeth in Him, though he were dead, shall yet live; and that whosoever lives, and believes in Him, hath thereby a life already begun in Him, in respect whereof he shall never die (John xi. 25, 26). What now can be surer than this? So far we are at a certainty, upon the included supposition, that is, that we believe in Him.

And what now remains to be ascertained? What? Only our own intervening death. We must, it is true, be absent from these bodies, or we cannot, as we would, be present with the Lord. And is that all? Can anything now be more certain than that? C happy state of our case! How should our hearts spring and leap for joy, that our affairs are brought into this posture—that in order to our perfect blessedness, nothing is further wanting but to die! and that the certainty of death completes our assurance of it! What should now hinder our breaking forth into the most joyful thanksgivings, that it is so little doubtful we shall die! that we are in no danger of a terrestrial immortality! and that the only thing that it remained we should be assured of, is so very sure! that we are sure it is not in the power of all this world to keep us always in it! that the most spiteful enemy we have in all the world cannot do us that spite—to keep us from dying. How gloriously may good men triumph over the impotent malice of their most mischievous enemies, viz., that the greatest mischief, ever in their own account, that it can ever be in their power to do them, is to put it out of their own power ever to hurt them more for they now go quite out of their reach! They can, being permitted, kill the body, and after that (Luke xii. 4) have no more that they can do. What a remarkable, significant "after that" is this! What a defiance doth it import of the utmost effort of human power and spite, that here it terminates; it is now come to its *ne plus ultra*. —Howe.

SON-DAYES.

BRIGHT shadows of true Rest! some shoots of bliss;
 Heaven once a week;
 The next world's gladness pre-possess in this;
 A day to seek
 Eternity in time; the steps by which
 We climb above all ages; Lamps that light
 Man through his heap of dark days; and the rich,
 And full redemption of the whole week's flight!
 The pulleys unto headlong man; time's bower;
 The narrow way;
 Transplanted Paradise; God's walking hour;
 The cool o' th' day!
 The creature's Jubilee; God's parle with dust;
 Heaven here; man on those hills of myrrh and flowers;
 Angels descending; the returns of trust;
 A gleam of glory after six-days' showers!
 The Church's love-feasts; Time's prerogative,
 And interest
 Deducted from the whole; The combs, and hive,
 And home of rest.
 The milky way chalkt out with suns; a clue
 That guides through erring hours; and in full story
 A taste of heav'n on earth; the pledge and cue
 Of a full feast; and the out-courts of glory.
 —*Vaughan's Sacred Poems.*

GENERAL HAVELOCK.

I KNEW him personally, having been privileged to make his acquaintance many years ago under the hospitable roof of the late revered Dr Marshman, of Serampore, whose son-in-law he was. Somewhat stern and reserved he was in his manner; yet you could not be long in his presence without finding that he was a man who feared God, and that, fearing God, he feared nought besides. It was this holy, reverential fear of God that was the real source of his undaunted courage in the discharge of duty, at whatever peril of life or fortune. His, in this respect, was the genuine spirit of the old English Puritan, the very spirit of Oliver Cromwell and his compeers. And the tendency was to turn the British soldiers, under his exclusive moulding, into a phalanx of modern Ironsides. He was the first of our Generals who distinctly recognised the hand of God in his surprising victories over the mighty hosts of rebel mutineers. "By the blessing of God, I have captured Cawnpore," were the first words of his memorable telegraphic despatch from the scene of one of the strangest and bloodiest tragedies ever enacted on the stage of time. Faithful as a patriot-warrior to his earthly Sovereign, he lived to receive from Her Gracious Majesty a first instalment of honour and reward, and to hear how a grateful country had hailed his great services with unbounded admiration and applause. But faithful also as a soldier of the Cross to his Sovereign in the skies, he has now gone to receive a far greater honour, and inherit a vastly nobler recompense of reward. He has gone, ripe in grace, to fructify in glory. What a transition! From the confused noise of battle, to the hallelujahs of angels! From armaments rolled in blood, to the pure white robes of the redeemed in Immanuel's land! —*Dr Duff.*

GOD'S PROVIDENCE.

I BELIEVE the Lord has always, ready provided, some kind Samaritan, journeying, as if by chance, on the very road where the wounded traveller lies, and who arrives just at the very moment when "oil and wine" are especially needed. I believe, too, that the Lord, in the workings of that providence which is over all His works, and which suffereth not a sparrow nor a hedgeling to fall to the ground unpermitted of Him, whenever He has a bruised and torn one of His flock needing a tenderer hand than usual to nurture and to heal it, has that hand ready to stretch out and help — has one close at hand to supply the want — one whose own heart has been, perhaps, touched and prepared by sorrow for the especial work of sympathy with some other torn and sorrowing one of the family. We are apt to say of such apparently accidental circumstances, "How very fortunate!" but Faith lifts up the curtain and sees God's hand at work, and cries out, "It is of the Lord's mercies!" —*Rev. B. Bouchier.*

LEISURE MOMENTS.

Bold sinning doth afterwards make faint believing. —*Fleming.*

None are more ready to shrink in a day of trouble, than such who at a distance seem more daring. —*Ibid.*

If there were no enemy in the world, nor devil in hell, we carry that within us, that if let loose, will trouble us more than all the world beside. —*Sibbes.*

Nothing can be very ill with us when all is well within: we are not hurt till our souls are hurt. If the soul itself be out of tune, outward things will do us no more good than a fair shoe to a gouty foot. —*Ibid.*

Men are out of their right minds till they come, by faith and repentance, to Jesus Christ. —*Bain.*

Unreasonable fears are the sins of our hearts as truly as they are thorns in our sides; they grieve the Holy Spirit. —*Burgess.*

One rose upon a bush, though but a little one, and though not yet blown, proves that which bears it to be a true rose tree. —*Ibid.*

He that hath tasted the bitterness of sin, will fear to commit it; and he that hath felt the sweetness of mercy, will fear to offend it. —*Charnock.*

If I owe my whole self to God for making me, how much more for making me again? —*Augustine.*

The history of all the great characters of the Bible is summed up in this one sentence: They acquainted themselves with God, and acquiesced in His will in all things. —*Cecil.*

God denies a Christian nothing, but with a design to give him something better. —*Ibid.*

Page for the Young.

THE LAW OF LOVE.

"PLEASE help me about this sum, sister Ellen, and then I'll not trouble you again to-night. I've tried it over and over again, but it isn't right after all." And little Charley Stanley put his hand to his head, as if he had thought so long upon his puzzling sum as to make his head ache.

"Oh dear, Charley, I'm sure I've shewn you how to do every one of the sums in your lessons already, and I want to finish this story."

"Ellen," said Mrs Stanley in surprise, "I am very sorry you should allow yourself to speak so unkindly to your little brother. Charley, my son, you may come to me; I will assist you, if your sister is unwilling to do so."

"Thank you, thank you, mamma," and Charley's eye sparkled with pleasure as he brought his slate to his mother; "when this sum is done, my lesson is all ready for to-morrow; and papa said I might go to grand-pa's to-morrow afternoon if my lessons are perfectly learned. Ellen has shewn me three, and you one, and I have done seven all alone; but this one I cannot get right."

"Very well for a little boy of eight; but I hope soon to see you try to conquer all difficulties alone. Here, my son, is your mistake, in adding this column of figures; look it over, and add it carefully, and when that is done the sum will be right."

Charley, thus encouraged, went again over the sum, discovered and corrected the mistake, then laid away his slate and books, with the self-satisfied feeling we may all enjoy when we have patiently and faithfully performed every known duty.

"Oh, mother," said Charley, "I feel as though you had lifted a great weight from me, and now I can rise up as light as a feather;" and he sprang across the room several times like a young deer.

"Your lessons were a burden, my son, this evening, because you were tired; at another time, when you are well, you would not feel so. I only obeyed the law of love in assisting you."

"Law of love, mother! I do not know what you mean."

"I mean that law which makes it our duty to help each other at all times and in all places, as we have opportunity."

With a light, happy heart, and an affectionate kiss upon his mother's lips, he left the room soon after, not daring, however, to say good-night to Ellen, fearing another cross look or word if he should disturb her.

He had scarcely closed the door, when Ellen threw down the book, exclaiming, "There, I have finished the story, and it is not much after all."

"And to read that story which you care so

little about, you throw away one of our greatest pleasures," said Mrs Stanley seriously.

Ellen looked at her mother very earnestly a few moments, and said, "I do not know what you mean, mother."

"I mean the pleasure of doing good, bearing another's burden. You know Charley is never quick at figures, and now is more than usually troubled to keep along with the class, because he has been absent a week on account of illness, and is still weak from the effects of it. His lessons are in reality a great burden to him now; you are four years older than he is, and might be of great use to him if you would. I have a motto for you to learn, which, if practised every day by every one who professes Christianity, would make this world a much happier one than it now is."

"I know I am selfish, mother," said Ellen. "Do you think I ever can be good?"

"Yes, dear, if you ask God to renew your heart, and give you a right spirit, leading you to Christ, that you may become like Him, the Holy Spirit will help you to be good."

"But mother, what was the rule you would give me to cure selfishness?"

"Bear ye one another's burdens, and fulfil the law of Christ."

A child has duties every day, and God gives all the necessary strength to perform those duties, but requires no more of any of us than we are able to perform. At home and abroad, remember this law of love, "to others as you would have others do to you" and "Bear ye one another's burdens;" then these rules are always obeyed, we shall know that we are striving to become like Christ.

SCRIPTURE CHARACTERS; OR, THE CHILD'S

PRAYER.

DANIEL'S wisdom may I know,	Dan. i. 17, 20.
Stephen's faith and spirit too;	Acts vi. 8, 10.
John's divine communion feel,	John xiii. 23.
Moses' meekness, Martha's zeal:	{ Numb. xii. 3.
May I, with unwearied Paul,	{ Luke x. 38.
Win the day and conquer all;	{ 2 Tim. iv. 7.
Mary's love may I possess,	{ Luke x. 42.
Lydia's tender-heartedness;	{ Acts xvi. 14.
Peter's ardent spirit feel,	{ John xxi. 15, 17.
And, like him, to Christ appeal;	{ 2 Tim. ii. 22.
Like young Timothy, may I	{ James v. 11.
Every sinful passion fly.	{ Ps. lv. 17.
Job's long patience may I know,	{ 1 Sam. ii. 18, iii.
David's true devotion too;	{ Luke xvi. 22.
Samuel's early habits wear,	{ Isa. vi. 6.
Lazarus' happy portion share;	{ Gen. xxxii. 24-
May Isaiah's hallow'd fire	{ 1 Chron. iv. 9.
All my fervent heart inspire;	{ Josh xxiv. 22.
Mine be Jacob's wrestling prayer,	{ Gen. xxxix. 9.
Jabez' honour, Joshua's care;	{ Gen. xxiv. 63.
Joseph's purity impart,	{ James ii. 23.
Isaac's meditative heart;	
Abraham's friendship, how sublime!	
Might I call that blessing mine.	
But more than all, may I pursue	
The lovely pattern Jesus drew:	1 Pet. ii. 21.
And in my life and conduct show	
How He conversed and lived below;	
And imitate my suffering Lord,	
Till all His image is restored.	



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A DISCOURSE FOR THE YOUNG.*

BY REV. JOHN EDMOND, GLASGOW.

A GREAT many hundreds of years ago, a man was travelling alone to the north of Jerusalem. He had a staff in his hand. He looked like a man that had been used to country life. He carried a scrip, or little wallet, with provisions in it; his loins were girded, and his sandalled feet were dusty. As he journeyed, night at length began to fall. He looked round him as if to discover some place for halting at, and could see no house nor tent all round; so he gathered some stones, and laid them in a smooth and secluded spot; then wrapping his upper coat around him, he stretched himself on the ground, with his head resting upon the stones, and fell fast asleep. As he slept, he had a strange bright dream. He thought the sky opened above him; a long flight of steps appeared let down to where he lay, and angels went up and down upon the heavenly stairs. Then he thought he saw God himself standing at the top, and heard His voice speaking kind words to him. After a while he woke, all filled with awe; and in the morning when he left the place, he made a pillar of his pillow stones, poured oil upon it, vowed a vow beside it, and said that he would always call it "God's house."

You know well who the man was. You knew before we had gone far in telling the story, that we were speaking about Jacob, and going to describe his dream at Bethel, and the ladder he saw stretching there from earth to sky. Now, twenty years afterwards, God directed him to return to his father's house again, and encouraged him to do so by saying, "I am the God of Bethel, where thou anointedst a pillar and vowedst a vow." Jacob called the place Bethel, and God accepts the name, and reminds him of what was promised him there. Now, as we have been speaking

in this chapter about the house of God, we propose to talk with you a little about the meaning of the title God kindly assumes when He calls Himself the God of that house. The truth in the title applies to every place where God records His name. What, then, may we learn from the gracious words of Jehovah, when he said (see Gen. xxxi. 3)—

"I AM THE GOD OF BETHEL?"

Now, keeping in mind the story of God's meeting with Jacob, as already referred to, you will easily see that this title, "God of Bethel," implies in it these five truths—tells us that God

1. Is in every place.
2. Dwells with men.
3. Watches over His own.
4. Hears their prayers; and
5. Keeps His promise always.

First, THE GOD OF BETHEL IS IN EVERY PLACE.—Jacob came to Bethel all alone, but God was there before him. The place was full of God. It grew night while he lay down in that spot, but God was there seeing him as he slept. Perhaps ere he closed his eyes, he looked up to the sky and was pleased to see the bright stars looking down on him. An eye, brighter by far than any of these sparkling watchers, was resting on him. After he woke, he got up and said, "Surely God is in this place." How could he doubt it after that dream? But the dream only made him understand what was true before.

But Jacob's words would have been true anywhere else. God always sees you, dear young friends, always hears you, is always beside you, always knows you. The "darkness and the light are alike to Him"—the distant and the near are all the same—the secret and the open equally known. You remember what Hagar called the name of the Angel who met her by the well—"Thou God seest me." Let

* From "The Children's Charter. By the Rev. John Edmond, Glasgow."—An admirable work, fresh and original in its treatment, and displaying throughout the true simplicity of genius.

these four simple words be inscribed on your very heart.

And God does not need to leave one place to go to another. He is in all places at the same time. Up in heaven, in the sea, on the mountain, in the street, in the closet, there is God. He knows no far away. In China, India, Italy, Britain—out where your friends are in Australia and America—out among the tribes where Dr Livingstone travelled, and in the regions where Franklin was lost—in the graves where dead bodies sleep, and the world where departed spirits dwell—everywhere, always everywhere, God is. If a hundred missionaries were going to as many places in the world, God would say to them, "Lo! I am with you alway," and He would keep His word.

You know the story of the boy, who being promised some reward if he would tell where God is, answered by promising a larger, if his questioner would tell where God is not. The thief that, being about to commit some depredation, looked all round, east, west, north, and south, to see if any one observed him, was well reminded by his boy that he forgot to look up. Ah! children, never do aught from which you would be ashamed to look up, nothing which while doing you would start to think that God looks down.

But, *secondly*, GOD DWELLS WITH MEN.—Bethel is God's house, and Bethel was on earth. God then dwells there. But you will say, How can any place be God's house more than another, when He is everywhere? What is Bethel more than Babel? The reason of any place getting the name in the text is, that it is a place which God loves; a place where He shews Himself most, where He entertains and blesses people. It is somewhat like the owner of a house who, though the whole belongs to him, has a room specially called his own, because he meets with people and transacts his business there.

Thirdly, THE GOD OF BETHEL WATCHES OVER HIS OWN.—Have you ever thought what a beautiful Psalm the hundred and twenty-first is? Jacob might have sung it when he rose that morning, had it been written then and known to him. Do you remember that part of it, "The moon shall not smite thee by night?" So he had found it. In the East, the moonbeams are frequently very noxious in their influence; but Jacob had light of ministering angels instead. A curious story connects itself in our mind with the words we have quoted. Once, as we have been told, there was a good woman who in fever had become delirious, and required constant watch by night as well as by day, to prevent her rising from her bed and rushing from the house. One night her attendant yielded to fatigue, and dropt asleep. The fever patient rose, and ran forth to a pond with the purpose of self-destruction. It was a clear moonlight night, and as she neared

the water the image of the moon, reflected from the glassy surface, met her eye. She was familiar with the Psalms in the Scottish metrical version, and immediately there flashed into her recollection that line—

"The moon by night thee shall not smite."

As God would have it, the cool night air and the kind word of promise calmed her fevered brain, and she came back to wake up her startled nurse, and say, "But for a better Keeper than you, I had not been here to-night." Yes, it is a beautiful thought—He that keepeth Israel slumbers not nor sleeps.

Fourthly, THE GOD OF BETHEL HEARS PRAYER.—Jacob prayed the morning after his happy vision, that God would be with him on his journey, and in the strange country he was going to, and would give him food and clothing, and bring him back again to his father's house in peace. And God did all he asked. All along those twenty years He kept him, and now was about to take him home, a rich and happy man. God hears prayers still. When you speak to God, think how He hears you as really as ever your parents did when you asked them for something: He knows not only what you say, but what you think; He knows when you pray, whether you ask or not. Then believe that He really does things for being asked. The Bible says so. Many, many have found it so. When you pray, therefore, expect to be answered. Whatever He has expressly promised, be sure you will get. Other things you will get if they be good for you. You say, perhaps, you have asked a new heart, and you feel your heart stony still. Well, it is one sign of a softening heart to feel its hardness. But are you sure you asked a new heart, meaning a heart that loves God and likes to please Him? Then I am sure you have gotten it—not free from all wrong, hard, dark feelings, but fighting against them, getting somewhat freer from them, to be freed altogether by and by. And if you have gotten such a heart, you will always wish it better and better. Do not doubt God's willingness to hear you when you pray. Think how little you fear repulse from your parents when you ask bread from them. Did they ever mock your hungry cry with a stone? Then read and rejoice in these words of Christ: "If ye then being evil know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall your heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to them that ask Him?"

Lastly, THE GOD OF BETHEL ALWAYS KEEPS HIS PROMISE.—God said to Jacob in his dream "I will keep thee in all places whither thou goest," and "The land whereon thou liest, to thee will I give it and to thy seed," and "I thee and in thy seed shall all the families of the earth be blessed." In his own history, in Israel his posterity, in Jesus, in the Church to this day, we see God doing what He spoke of from the top of the ladder. In like manner

every word of God is sure. Man's is often otherwise. Men sometimes promise, and though they wish it, they are not able to perform; but God always has power to do as He said. Men sometimes make promises which it is sinful to keep. Herod did, you know; but God can never promise anything that is wrong. Men sometimes promise and forget, as the butler forgot Joseph. God never forgets. Men sometimes make promises never intending to keep them; but "God is not a man that He should lie, nor the son of man that He should change His mind." You have seen a bank-note. It is a promise to pay money. The laws of our country have made such promises so secure, that nobody in ordinary circumstances is afraid to trust them. Yet sometimes even they fail, and panic seizes those that hold them. Not long ago, people in Glasgow and many other towns were terrified to receive or retain them, and would not take nor keep them, but ran to the banks crying out, "Gold, gold!" But as they are better than fine gold itself, so the promises of God are surer too. Here are some of the things which, in the bank-notes of the Bible, God promises to give: "Come unto me and I will give you rest;" "I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee;" "I will come again to receive you unto myself, that where I am there ye may be also." Can a child be poor that has notes like these in his hand? Faithful is He who hath promised; He also will perform.

And now, to close, let us ask two questions. Have you a Bethel? Perhaps you will emigrate some day. If you do, and come back again, you would like to see your native place, your father's house. Will there be any place you would like to go to, saying, This was "God's house" to me?

Are you on your way to Bethel—God's house above? Heaven is Jesus' Father's house. Are you going to it? God dwells there—shews Himself gloriously to its happy hosts. There, if you reach it, you will see Jesus. There you will meet with saints. There you will talk with angels. There you will know how God kept you and answered your prayers. There you will join a worshipping assembly, the like of which you never saw nor dreamed of. They are gathering fast, even now, for that great congregation. The bells are ringing to convene the church in heaven. The close of every passing year is like another stroke sounding the hour at hand. Every death of a good man or a good child is another entering to take his place. As time ends the gates close. Oh! enter ere it be too late. Yet there is room; but you must stand hopelessly without, if you go not in till the doors are shut. God is calling, "Arise! go up to Bethel, and dwell there!" Hear His voice, arise and go on pilgrimage to the celestial city.

WHAT IS BIBLE STUDY?

Must everybody study the Bible? Yes. Tell us, then, what is intended by *studying*. Is it intended that all, learned or ignorant, must critically inquire into the exact meaning of all the words and phrases of the sacred book, and puzzle themselves with the questions which have occupied translators, and commentators, and scientific men for ages? Far from it. For all study two things are required. A disposition to seek information, or increase of knowledge, on the subject in hand; and a persistent determination and endeavour to gain that information.

We will suppose a man having first this disposition, to open his Bible at the Epistle to the Philippians. He reads—"The Epistle of Paul the Apostle to the Philippians." He is not satisfied with merely pronouncing the words mechanically; passing on rapidly, as if to finish a task, or because the reading of the Bible is a duty which cannot be neglected with impunity, but is after all of little interest. He pauses, and inquires—"Epistle means letter. —The letter of Paul the Apostle to the Philippians. Paul I know something about, and I understand that he was the apostle of Jesus Christ; but who are the Philippians? How did Paul become acquainted with them? Why was he interested in them? Did they live near Tarsus where he was born, or near Jerusalem where he was educated? Were they few or many? Where was he when he wrote this letter?"

He determines to find a satisfactory answer to these questions before proceeding further. It is easily done. The first verse informs him that those to whom the letter is addressed lived at Philippi, and that it was not sent to all the inhabitants of that place, but to "the saints in Christ Jesus" who dwelt there. Here some indolent, fretful mind will ask, "But how is he to find out where Philippi was, or how Paul came to know the people?" Do not be anxious, friend, if you have not a large library or an all-comprehending Encyclopædia. A look at the margin of your Bible will shew you a reference to Acts xvi. 12—to which turn and read. You will ascertain that Philippi was not very near either Tarsus or Jerusalem—that Paul was making a missionary tour when he came there, and there he gathered a church. You can glean many interesting particulars about that church. Its commencement was a female prayer-meeting which was held by a river side at a little distance from the busy city. The first members of it, so far as we know, were Lydia the seller of purple, and her family. Her house was Paul's home at Philippi, and there soon clustered round those who hung on his lips for instruction, and loved him as few ministers of the gospel are loved, and stood by him through such trials as none encounter now in Christian lands. It was among the Philippians

that Paul and his faithful friend Silas were cast into prison, and their feet made fast in the stocks, but not until they had been stripped of their clothing and beaten with many stripes. In that prison, you remember, they sang praises at midnight, and there it was that the fearful earthquake set them free. Among the members of that church, you now find, was the jailor, who asked, "What shall I do to be saved?" and to whom Paul answered in the words which have brought the light of heaven to thousands of anxious souls since that day. Another memorable answer of Paul's was also made at Philippi, which still encourages shrinking and feeble spirits, and saves Christianity from the charge of cowardice and imbecility. "They have beaten us openly and uncondemned, being Romans, and have cast us into prison; and now do they thrust us out privily? nay, verily; but let them come themselves, and fetch us out."

By this time you have learned why Paul was interested in the Philippians, and you do not wonder that, being absent from them, he wished to write them a letter; and you have an interest in reading that letter such as you never felt before; and when you have found, by turning to the end of it, that it was written from Rome, when Paul was a prisoner there, and not long before his death, and that it is his farewell to friends so tried, and true, and dear, your interest will be greater still; and very solemn will sound to you the closing blessing—"The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you all. Amen."

CAST YOUR CARES UPON HIM.

BY MRS H. B. STOWE.

THE great measure of the worth of any religion is its ability to *help* men. Religion is the son of want and weakness. Moses in old times put the worship of Jehovah to this test, when he said, "For what nation is there so great, who hath God so *nigh* unto them, as the Lord our God is in *all things that we call upon him for?*"

Now, if the old Jewish religion had this privilege, certainly the Christian dispensation has not less. We in the gospel are nearer to God than were the old Jews, not further off. And if the Lord their God was near unto them for all that they called on him for, certainly He is not less near to us.

The present is a time for testing the practical worth of one's religion. There has been a season of calamity—a period of "hard times." Anxiety, sorrow, want, perplexity, are inmates in many a dwelling where before they were strangers. Now is the time to discern between him that hath and him that hath not an Almighty helper. Now is the time when some men, who seem to the eyes of the world to

have lost all, may glorify their Father in heaven, by a cheerful serenity of demeanour, which seems wonderful to those who know not its hidden source.

Whatever doors may be closed on them, whatever reliances may have failed, there is one door which is open wider than ever now—the door of that secret place where they may find their Father, to cast their care on Him. They must go, not in formal phrases, learned by rote, but in genuine heart-openings, such as one friend useth with another. Like the disciples, when they had buried their dead friend, they must "go and tell Jesus."

What a heart-eating word is that one little word, *Care*. It has in it an indefiniteness, an uncertain fearfulness; it pertains to a creature who cannot see a step before him—who is every moment exposed to unforeseen calamities and reverses. It has in it all of man's poverty—a poverty which is born with him, and lives with him, and is the twin and intimate companion of his soul, and which none of the things that are called riches or honour can alleviate or lessen in the smallest degree. In all the great straits and necessities of our condition here, an emperor is as poor as a slave; he can no more know the future; he can no more control the forces of nature; he can no more fend off death; he can no more redeem his loved ones from its power. Hence care sits as close to the skin under ermine and jewellery as under rags.

No religion but the Christian ever had a sentence like this, "*Casting all your care on Him, for He careth for you.*" Many prophets and wise men of antiquity would have leaped for joy at such a message, but none such came to them. The lilies of the field and the fowls of the air were just the same in their day as in any other, but it was not till Christ explained their higher significance, that the world understood that a Father's protection and care were written even in the inflexible course of nature.

The papers lately have teemed with accounts of suicides. Poor souls, crushed and smitten in the distresses of these times, have sought a desperate remedy. But we who have a God to care for us, should shew that we have so great a refuge—we must cast our cares on Him. We all know what this means in earthly language. So, when we go to God and cast our care on Him, if we really cast it on Him, we lift it from our own souls, and come away from the interview as one who had left a weight behind. But there are times of relaxed nervous energy—times of weakness, when though we *say* in words, "Lord, I believe," yet the burden still remains on us. Just as in weakened bodily tissues the blood congests, and the relaxed fibre has no power to throw it off; so there is a congestion of care about the brain and heart. This must be treated as a disease. We must say to ourselves, as David did, "This is my infirmity,

yet I will remember the years of the right hand of the Most High." Having gone to God and spread our care, whatever it is, before Him, we must, by a firm exercise of will, resolve to treat it as a thing disposed of—we must divert our mind from it—we must resolutely resolve not to allow ourselves to brood over it—and when the shiver of anxiety comes on us, we must divert it by a resolute filling of the mind with duties.

Though God seem long to delay to appear for us—though the difficulties, far from seeming less, grow more—the storm darker, the hail and rain more blinding, still we must with resolute will believe that God has heard us, is hearing us, and is now doing all that is best to be done, and all that, if we stood where He does, we should ask Him to do for our relief.

CHRIST'S TEACHINGS.

A PAPER FOR SABBATH-SCHOOL TEACHERS.

It is a remarkable fact, that in the teachings of Christ there is no elaborate argument, no formal exposition of doctrine, no display of brilliancy, talent, or learning; but instructive dialogue or parable drawn from some passing incident, simple story, soul-breathing narrative, pathetic remonstrance, or touching delineation of future weal or woe. Yet He "spake as never man spake," and His words went with the power of omnipotence to the hearts of those who listened to His simple, yet solemn and impressive discourses.

Let His example be the guide of His followers everywhere, and especially in the Sabbath-school, in their efforts to guide the little ones to Jesus. Let them recount often the story of that matchless love that brought Him from the skies, with its thousand touching manifestations from the manger to the cross. Let them paint in their own vivid colours the moving scenes of His life and labours, His toils, and sufferings, and death; bring before those they would teach, the *babe* of Bethlehem, the *child* at the temple, the *God-man* in the raging tempest, the movings of His tender compassion when with the widow of Nain, at the grave of Lazarus, and in view of the terrible destruction that awaited the devoted city; point them to the tender, all-merciful One wandering from city to city "doing good," "healing all that came unto Him," lightening every sorrow, and pouring the balm of consolation into every aching heart; but above all, lift before their eyes that wondrous cross on which he bore for us that painful and shameful death.

Such teachings, the type of His own when moving a God among men, He will seal with His blessing, and make them instrumental in adding gems to His everlasting crown.—*American Messenger.*

A LITTLE WHILE.

Beyond the smiling and the weeping,
I shall be soon;
Beyond the waking and the sleeping,
Beyond the sowing and the reaping,
I shall be soon.
Love, rest, and home!
Sweet home!
Lord, tarry not, but come.

Beyond the blooming and the fading,
I shall be soon;
Beyond the shining and the shading,
Beyond the hoping and the dreading,
I shall be soon.
Love, rest, and home!
Sweet home!
Lord, tarry not, but come.

Beyond the rising and the setting,
I shall be soon;
Beyond the calming and the fretting,
Beyond remembering and forgetting,
I shall be soon.
Love, rest, and home!
Sweet home!
Lord, tarry not, but come.

Beyond the parting and the meeting,
I shall be soon;
Beyond the farewell and the greeting,
Beyond the pulse's fever beating,
I shall be soon.
Love, rest, and home!
Sweet home!
Lord, tarry not, but come.

Beyond the frost-chain and the fever,
I shall be soon;
Beyond the rock-waste and the river,
Beyond the ever and the never,
I shall be soon.
Love, rest, and home!
Sweet home!
Lord, tarry not, but come.

Dr H. Bonar.

BLIND JEMMY.

As Shaw, the Yorkshire colporteur, was passing a book-stall one afternoon in London, in the course of his rounds, he observed a blind man led by a dog (to whom he spoke as "Blucher"), turning over some little books, which the boy in attendance appeared to have reserved for him as a well-known customer. They were small religious books for children, and the blind man from time to time requested the boy to read to him a paragraph here and there, selecting for purchase those from which a sentence seemed to please him.

After watching him for a little time, Shaw addressed some question to the blind man on the nature of the books he was buying, and a smile brightened over his face, though not in his eyes, as he recognised the dialect of a fellow-countryman. "Do you know Staley-bridge and Dukinfield?" said he in reply. "How came you to think I did?" said Shaw.

"Oh, I knowed you by your tongue. I come myself from thereabouts. Let's come and talk over a cup of tea, and then you can read me some more of these books. Stay," said he; "how do you get your living?"

"I, too, sell books," said Shaw; "but they

are all of one kind. I am a Bible-seller. I sell this book for tenpence (putting one into the man's hand). It is a beautiful-looking book, as you can feel, perhaps: but not one that you can read. You have not a Bible, I suppose?"

"O yes, I have the Gospels in raised letters, and I sometimes carry one with me, and sit down to read it to the children in a quiet place, and they gather round and listen, and I want these little books to sell to them. I sell a great many, and so do some good, and turn a penny for myself, which sadly I want since poor Fanny died. Fanny was my wife, you know, and I lost her last Christmas."

So Shaw went home with him to tea, not for the sake of the tea, but the companionship. He found he lived in a little very clean back-room in Portpool Lane. The tea was only herb tea, but it was given with a welcome. The man said he was well known in London as "Blind Jemmy," and that he had many friends. He had lost his sight twelve years ago, having been an engine-fitter on the London and North-Western Railway, and in chipping metal facing another man, one of his eyes had been chipped out, and the other not long after had decayed away.

"I had lost," said poor Jemmy, "my working sight, but not long afterwards God gave me my spiritual sight. I lived then with some uncles and aunts down in your parts, and they were pious people, and taught me the true comfort. I remember well a solitary place—a little running brook in Rochdale—where I first knelt down and could say, 'Thy will be done, O Lord, not mine;' and He has cared for me ever since. Soon afterwards he gave me Fanny, and He has never suffered me to want my humble crust. People often say to me, specially since I lost Fanny, 'Jemmy, why don't you go into the workhouse?' 'I do go there,' I answer, 'once a week, but it is to carry sixpence to a man who used, when he was able, to give me my two shillings, so I never forget him;' but may God keep me from abiding beneath that heavy knocker."

"Your place is very clean, Jemmy," said Shaw. "You tell me that you're out all day going your rounds with Blucher, how do you have it so clean?"

"I am always up at five," said Jemmy; "I can't sleep any longer. I have to wash myself and say my prayers. I clean it as Fanny did, on a Friday, that I may not have so much to contend with on a Saturday, and that I may be ready for Sunday. I tie a cord across the floor, that I may know how far I have scrubbed, and not do it over again; but, ah, since Fanny died, I've often been in my difficulties. If the button-holes of my coat are worn out I have to mend them myself."

Much more of interesting detail passed.

How God has His children scattered about in the most unlikely places!—*The Friendly Visitor.*

THE PARABLE OF THE GOOD SAMARITAN,

TAKEN IN ITS LITERAL SENSE.

"A CERTAIN man went down from Jerusalem to Jericho." He "went down," or "was going down," not merely because Jerusalem stood considerably higher than Jericho, which lay nearly six hundred feet below the level of the Mediterranean Sea—for the phrase would have its fitness in this respect—but because the going to Jerusalem, as to the metropolis was always regarded as a going *up* (Acts xvii. 22). The distance between the two cities was about a hundred and fifty stadia—the road lying through a desolate and rocky region "the wilderness that goeth up from Jericho" (Josh. xvi. 1), though the plain of Jericho itself (now Richa, and of old the second city in the land), was one of extraordinary fertility and beauty, the Tempe of Judea, well-watered and abounding in palms ("the city of palm-trees," Judg. i. 16), in roses, in balsam in honey, and in all the choicest productions of Palestine. On his way he "fell among thieves," or rather "among robbers;" for the word indicates such, and all their conduct is that of those violent men to whom one would apply this name rather than that. Josephus more than once mentions the extent to which Palestine was infested with banditti; and from St Jerome we learn that a particular part of the road, leading from one of these cities to the other, was called the red or the bloody way, so much blood had there been shed by them; and that in his own time there was at one point in this wilderness a fort with a Roman garrison, for the protection of travellers; so that the incident of the poor traveller falling in that very journey among robbers is taken from the life. We may suppose these Arabs of the wilderness the same who infest the road to the present day, making it impossible even for the vast host of pilgrims to descend to the Jordan without a Turkish guard; such, having their hiding-place in the deep caves of the rocks which everywhere afforded facilities to them did their best to maintain the infamous character of the spot; for they "stripped him of his raiment," and, because "perhaps he made some slight resistance as they were spoiling him, or out of mere wantonness or cruelty," "wounded him, and departed, leaving him half dead."

As he lay bleeding in the road, "by chance there came down a certain priest that way." The original would justify us in saying rather "by coincidence" than "by chance;" by that wonderful falling in of one event with another, which often indeed seems to merit but chance, yet is indeed of the fine weaving in, by God's providence, of the threads of different men's lives into one common woof. He brings the negative pole of one man's need

into contact with the positive of another man's power of help, one man's emptiness into relation with another's fullness. Many of our summonses to acts of love are of this kind, and they are those perhaps which we are most in danger of missing, through a failing to see in them this finger of God. He at least who went down that way missed *his* opportunity. There would be a fine irony in the supposition that he was one who was journeying from Jericho, which was a great station of the priests and other functionaries of the temple, to Jerusalem, there to execute his office before God, "in the order of his course," or who, having accomplished his term of service, was returning to his home. But whether this was so or not, at all events he was one who had never learned what that meant, "I will have mercy, and not sacrifice;" one rather who, whatever duties he might have been careful in fulfilling, had "omitted the weightier matters of the law, judgment, mercy, and faith;" for "when he saw him, he passed by on the other side." So likewise did a Levite, though in his cruelty there was an additional aggravation; for he, it might be out of curiosity, drew near, "came and looked on him, and when he saw him," when he saw the miserable condition of the wounded man, claiming as it did, instant help—for the life that remained was fast ebbing through his open gashes—after all could endure to pass forward without affording him the slightest assistance; "he passed by on the other side." Thus did they, who made their boast in, and were the express interpreters of, that law, which was so careful in pressing the duties of humanity, that it had twice said, "Thou shalt not see thy brother's ass, or his ox, fall down by the way, and hide thyself from them; thou shalt surely help him to lift them up again" (Deut. xxii. 4; Exod. xxiii. 5). Here not a brother's ox or his ass, but a brother himself, was lying in his blood, and they hid themselves from him (Isa. lviii. 7).

"But a certain Samaritan, as he journeyed, came where he was." This man might have found the same excuses for hurrying on as those who went before him had done; for no doubt they *did* make excuses to themselves, they did, in some way or other, justify their neglect to their own consciences; as perhaps they said that there was danger, where one outrage had happened, of another happening—that the robbers could not be far distant, and might return at any moment—or that the sufferer was beyond the help of man—or that he who was found near him might himself be accused of having been his murderer. The Samaritan was exposed to at least the same danger in all these respects as those that had passed before him, but he took not counsel of these selfish fears, for when he saw the wounded and bleeding man "he had compassion on him." While the priest and Levite—marked out as those who should

have been foremost in shewing pity and exercising mercy—were forgetful of the commonest duties of humanity, it was left to the excommunicated Samaritan, whose very name was a byword of contempt among the Jews, and synonymous with heretic (John viii. 48), to shew what love was; and this, not as was required of them, to a fellow-countryman, but to one of an alien and hostile race, one of a people that had no dealings with his people, that anathematized them, even as, no doubt, all the influences with which he had been surrounded from his youth would have led him, as far as he yielded to them, to repay insult with insult, hate with hate, and wrong with wrong. For if the Jew called the Samaritan a Cuthite, a proselyte of the lions (2 Kings xvii. 25), an idolater who worshipped the image of a dove—cursed him publicly in his synagogue—prayed that he might have no portion in the resurrection of life—proclaimed that his testimony was naught and might not be received, that he who entertained a Samaritan in his house was laying up judgments for his children, that to eat a morsel of his fare was as eating swine's flesh, and in general would rather suffer any need than be beholden to him for the smallest office of charity,—if he set it as an object of desire that he might never so much as *see* a Cuthite, the Samaritan was not behind-hand in cursing, nor yet in active demonstrations of enmity and ill-will. We are not without evidences of this in the Gospels (John iv. 9, Luke ix. 53); and from other sources more examples of their spite may be gathered. While, for instance, the Jews were in the habit of communicating the exact time of the Easter moon to those of the Babylonian captivity, by fires kindled first on the Mount of Olives, which were then taken up from mountain top to mountain top, a line of fiery telegraphs which reached at length along the mountain ridge of Auranitis to the banks of the Euphrates, the Samaritans would give the signal on the day preceding the right one, so to perplex and mislead. And Josephus mentions that they sometimes proceeded much further than merely to refuse hospitality to the Jews who were going up to the feasts at Jerusalem; they fell upon and murdered many of them; and once, which must have been to them most horrible of all, a Samaritan entering Jerusalem secretly, polluted the whole temple by scattering in it human bones.

But the heart of this Samaritan was not hardened; though so many influences must have been at work to harden and to steel it against the needs and distresses of a Jew; though he must have known that any Jew who was faithful to the judgments then current among his fellow-countrymen would not merely have left, but would have made it a point of conscience to leave, him in his blood, would have considered himself doing a righteous act therein. Exceedingly touching is

here the minuteness with which all the details of his tender care toward the poor and unknown stranger, of whom all he knew was, that he belonged to a nation bitterly hostile to his own, are given. He "bound up his wounds," no doubt with strips torn from his own garments, having first poured in wine to cleanse them, and then oil to assuage their smart, and to bring gently their sides together, these two being costly but well known and highly esteemed remedies throughout the East. All this must have consumed no little time, and this too while there was every motive to hasten onward. But after he had thus ministered to the wounded man's most urgent needs, and revived in him the dying spark of life, he "set him on his own beast," pacing himself on foot, "and brought him to an inn," we may imagine that at Bethurim, and there renewed his care and attention. Nor even so did he account that he had done all, but before he departed on the morrow, with the considerate foresight of love, he provided for the further wants of the sufferer: for "he took out two pence and gave them to the host, and said unto him, 'Take care of him, and whatsoever thou spendest more, when I come again, I will repay thee.'" He was probably journeying on some needful business to Jerusalem; a day or two would bring him back.—*Trench.*

THE CHURCH IN THE HOUSE, WITH LIVING PREACHERS.

THE SYMPATHY OF JESUS.

DEAR brethren, I hope there is not one present who has not a clear view of the atonement of the Lord Jesus Christ, and of the doctrine of substitution. Let me give you that beautiful illustration, the story of which I doubt not you all remember, of the substitution of our Lord Jesus Christ on the cross for Barabbas. You remember that Pilate, before he condemned our Lord, was anxious to release Him; and as it was the custom to release a prisoner at that particular feast, he asked the people whether he should release unto them Barabbas, who for sedition and murder in the insurrection in the city, was in prison and condemned to die, or whether they would have Jesus. And they said, "Release unto us Barabbas—not this man, but Barabbas." "Now Barabbas was a robber." You and I are that Barabbas; we are represented by him, condemned justly for our sins; and lo! here comes the Son of God, full of grace and truth; here comes Jesus, full of love and tenderness and compassion, and lays down His life for our sakes; and if you can conceive the luxury which Barabbas felt when he was let out of prison and told that he might go free because another had taken his place, that is only a faint and feeble picture of the luxury of him "whose transgression is forgiven and

whose sin is covered"—"the blessedness of the man unto whom the Lord imputeth not iniquity." Dear brethren, can there be such a wonderful story as this? Can there be such a thing put before us, in any conceivable way, as the story of the substitution of Jesus for you and me? Thus, as I have said before, if a man believes in Christ the Son of God, he is pardoned and saved. It is Christ's own word—"He that believeth shall not come into condemnation, but is"—is at this moment—"passed from death unto life." "There is no condemnation to him that is in Christ Jesus, who walks not after the flesh but after the Spirit." The man is in Christ; he has Christ as his own. He has the privilege of looking to Christ for help and strength in all his discipline. He can look to the Lord Jesus in all his troubles for sympathy; and I dare say there is not a heart here present that does not know what trouble is. You may not know that deepest of all trouble, a godly sorrow for sin; but you do know, I doubt not, what it is to have not merely a burden upon the mind, but a burden upon the conscience; and you know somewhat of the comfort it is to have that burden removed. If a friend comes to speak a kind word of sympathy in the hour of trouble; if a kind friend turns up unexpectedly, and helps us at the hour of our difficulty; we know how to appreciate that kindness.

But, dear brethren, that is only dealing with the surface of things, compared with the sympathy that can stream from the heart of Jesus into a soul burdened with the heaviness of sin. When man is casting about in his mind, "What must I do to be saved?" when perhaps he is upon his knees in a horror of great darkness before the Lord, and then a beam of light streams into his soul, and the Spirit whispers in his heart some blessed text of Scripture—"Son, be of good cheer; thy sins are forgiven thee;" then do we see somewhat of the blessedness of the glorious gospel of God; then do we understand, a little better than we did before, that God has "not sent His Son into the world to condemn the world; but that the world through Him might be saved." And what Jesus is with regard to the relieving a burdened conscience under the pressure of sin, that Jesus is in all the trials of our daily life. Jesus is ready to come down into your circumstances; Jesus is ready to be your friend; and he says, "Ye are my friends, if ye do whatsoever I command you." It is the love of Jesus that induces Him to do this; and yet, how do you treat that love? Dear brethren, must not sin be an astonishing thing—not merely an abominable thing, but a mysteriously wonderful thing, that it can make us reject the best Friend that ever was proclaimed to sinners? Did you ever hear one soul that knew Jesus say he found any deficiency in Him? Did you ever know a man whom you believed to be a Christian say that

he was ever disappointed in the Lord Jesus Christ? No, never. The fact that we have this love makes us want more; and knowing what He is, makes us long to know Him better; and the influence that this knowledge of Him has upon the heart is, to make a man feel that he desires to have Jesus ever with him, to walk in holy fellowship day by day, so that he may rejoice always in his salvation, and thus manifest that he has received the gospel.
—*Reeve.*

"RETURN UNTO THY REST, O MY SOUL!"

THE blessings of religion are often represented in Scripture as comprehended under the idea of "Rest," and the rise of the religious consciousness, the stirrings of spiritual anxiety and aspiration, as the instinctive yearning of the soul after its true rest in God. Moreover, we are taught to conceive of this rest, not as a new and arbitrary gift to man, but as that which is, in some respects, the soul's ancient and original heritage. Religion is to be regarded, not as an acquisition, but as a restoration—not as the gaining of a new friend or home, but as the recovery of a lost father—the going back to a former home hallowed by ancient memories, and reviving in the heart a thousand dormant associations. "I will arise and go unto my Father." "Return unto the Lord thy God, for thou hast fallen by thine iniquity." "Return unto thy rest, O my soul!"

Now it is this thought which furnishes the true explanation at once of the soul's misery and restlessness in sin, and of that repose and peace which it finds in reconciliation to God. For the deepest unrest is ever that of things or beings in an unnatural or distorted condition—the unrest of aberration from a proper place or course, and so, of interrupted harmony and equipoise. The restless streams and brooks fret their mountain channels till they reach their proper depths in river or sea; and the waves of the sea itself, disturbed by the storm, heave and sway themselves to rest in their natural and common level again. The thunder-storm is but the voice of Nature's unrest, when the balance and equipoise of her elements are disturbed, and she seeks to regain the wonted repose of harmony and law. And so, in the moral world, the disquietude, dissatisfaction, restlessness of the ungodly, finds its interpretation in nothing so much as this, that in sin the soul is in an unnatural state. For although to fallen man sin has become a second nature, it is never to be forgotten that the make and structure of his being is not for sin, but for holiness. The original type of humanity is to be found in God. The normal condition of the spirit of man is one of holy union and communion with Deity. And in the feverish desires, the fretting cares and toils and hopes and anxieties

of life, we may hear the unconscious murmurings of a nature that has lost its true level, and is seeking it in vain; or in the wilder storms of human passion that sometimes burst forth, the intimation that in disunion from God the elements of our being are in fearful disharmony among themselves. Had man been born only for the things of time and sense, he had been content and happy amidst them. The crawling worm is haunted by no reminiscence of the skies, nor is the born-beggar's heart embittered by the recollection of better days. But to man, ill at ease and consciously degraded in sin, the essence of his misery is the latent conviction that he has fallen beneath himself. It is possible, indeed, for the sinful soul to reach a false and spurious rest, to sink into the unreal tranquillity of hardened impenitence, in which evil becomes its good. But so long as the soul has not sunk thus low, so long as it cannot be quite at peace in sin, its very restlessness and misery are at once the tradition of a nobler and happier past, and the prophecy of a possible future, nobler and happier still.

In this thought, moreover, we have the secret, not only of the soul's unrest in sin, but also of that true rest in God of which the text speaks; for it is the rest of a being who has found again his proper and congenial sphere. Restored to God, man's nature is restored to harmony with itself, regains a condition in which all its faculties find full scope and fitting object, and each in perfect unison with the rest. Its noblest powers of thought, its deep and insatiable affections, its boundless moral energies, its cravings for a higher truth, aspirations after a purer good, and visions of a beauty fairer than earthly and finite things disclose—all find their one grand, all-absorbing, all-harmonising object in Him who is the alone Infinitely True and Holy and Fair. In reconciliation to God through Christ Jesus the soul regains its lost equilibrium, finds again the centre of repose for which it had been sighing in vain. What sensual pleasure, wealth, ease, honour, power, the applause of men—what even intellectual pursuits, and the domestic and social charities of life, fail to bestow, or bestow for the moment only to stimulate the thirst they seem to quench, in the ineffable sense of union with God the soul finds at last—rest, satisfaction, perfect peace. "Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden," is the invitation of Incarnate Love, "and I will give you rest." And in the soul that yields to this invitation there rises the response of its deepest nature, the instinctive throb of a new yet natural affection, the calm sense of existence fulfilled, and unexplained hope and desire solved in fruition—the witness in its own inmost consciousness that its true rest is found at last. "Return unto thy rest, O my soul!"—*Caird.*

THE BOOKS OF THE BIBLE.

AMOS, OBADIAH, JONAH, MICAH, NAHUM.

WITH what a mixture of fear, reverence, and holy joy, should we open the Bible! The book of truth and happiness! God's heart opened to man! It is God, not man, that speaks to us in every page of Scripture. "Holy men of old spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost" (2 Pet. i. 21). The five prophets we are now to speak of were among the number of these "holy men."

AMOS was a herdsman, unlearned, and living in the country, among flocks, at Tekoa, a village not far from Bethlehem. Who but the Lord could have enabled this simple, quiet herdsman to speak such things, and fearlessly to rebuke the worship of the golden calf at Bethel (vii. 10), in the days of Jeroboam II.? Find out in every chapter of his prophecy something in his language that is borrowed from rural scenery. In chap. ii. 13, he speaks of our sins being a burden to God; what does he mean by this? Where do you find these words, "Prepare to meet thy God?" and these, "Seek ye me, and ye shall live?" We call Amos the *Herdsman Prophet, who warns, invites, prays, and promises.*

OBADIAH's prophecy is the shortest book in the Old Testament. While God chose to tell us much about who Amos was, He tells us not a word about Obadiah personally. Like one of the eagles that travellers see at Petra, soaring high over the rocks, and darting downward on their prey, so Obadiah boldly and abruptly darts down his prophetic announcement of Edom's ruin. In verses 3, 4, he is alluding to Petra, built so peculiarly; the dwellings and palaces being cut out of rock. *Pride, and want of brotherly love*, are the sins which he denounces. He speaks of "thieves by night;" does our Lord use any expression like this? What portion of the Lord's prayer are you reminded of by verse 21? Obadiah is the *Foreteller of proud Edom's doom.*

JONAH, of Gath-hepher, is known to us all. How strange his history! The Lord's message, the ship, the great storm, the great fish, the great city Nineveh, the gourd, the east wind, the sea, the little worm. Where does Christ speak of Jonah as a type? And what does he speak of the men of Nineveh which we should apply to ourselves? Jonah was a man of many infirmities, but so humbled under them, that he honestly tells them all, and does not try to excuse them. Is this your way with your faults? It needs grace to enable us to do this. Read of him again in 2 Kings xiv. 25. He lived soon after Elisha, and was the first prophet sent to the Gentiles. Amos was sent to the Ten Tribes; Obadiah to Edom, or Idumea; and Jonah was sent to the great city of Assyria. We call him, *Jonah the Awakener of Nineveh.*

MICAH, of Mareshah in Judah, was probably a friend of the prophet Isaiah, along with whom he prophesied. He denounces the sins of Samaria and Jerusalem, and foretells their ruin, but at the same time declares that the Lord has wondrous grace in reserve for Israel in the latter day. It is he who tells that Bethlehem was to be Christ's birthplace, and hence an old writer calls him "The wise men's star" (see Matt. ii. 6). What verses in this prophet are the same as in Isaiah? and what verse about "*Zion ploughed as a field*," is quoted in Jeremiah? Where does Micah speak of "*The Spirit of the Lord*?" Learn that song of pardon, chapter vii. 18, 19, 20. Micah is sometimes called "*briefed Isaiah*," on account of his matter and style resembling Isaiah.

NAHUM, of Elkosh, begins his prophecy by setting forth the name of the Lord, which, like the pillar that guides Israel, has a bright and a dark side. Can you mention the awful things he says about the Lord's name? and then the sweet, attractive things? Nahum was sent to tell the ruin of Nineveh, which had relapsed into idolatry and open sin since Jonah's days. In our time, a great deal has been discovered about Nineveh; its site has been explored; remains of its palaces found; and in these palaces, remarkable sculptures, which prove how faithfully Nahum described the manners and state of that great city. The Word of God is true and accurate to the very letter. This prophet warns Israel, and us also, by the judgments sent on the despisers of God. We call him the *Foreteller of Nineveh's doom.*

Surely the number and variety of these messengers testify that our God is in earnest with us. See how He speaks to us by "line upon line." And shall we not make His word known to our fellow-men? Shall we not take an interest in Bible Societies? Cyprian, one of the Fathers, was arrested by reading the book of Jonah. Let us pray that all who read these books in their own tongue, may, at the same time, feel what they read, through the teaching and power of the Holy Ghost, who moved these holy men of old to speak and write these prophecies.—*Children's Missionary Record of the Free Church of Scotland.*

PROCRASTINATION.

NEAR the close of his life, Patrick Henry laid his hand on the Bible, and said to a friend, "Here is a book worth more than all others; yet it is my misfortune never to have read it with proper attention until lately." William Pitt, when he came to die, said, "I fear that I have, like many others, neglected my religious duties too much to have any ground to hope that they can be efficacious on my death-bed."

TEACHINGS FOR THE CHILDREN.

No. II.

THE SECURITY OF THOSE WHO TRUST IN GOD.

ANOTHER instance of trust in God bringing security is seen in Daniel. He was a man in high favour with Nebuchadnezzar as long as he lived: he served his son Belshazzar also, who was a very wicked king, and lost his kingdom and his life. The Lord gave the kingdom to Darius the Mede, who conquered Belshazzar. Now this Darius set over the kingdom a hundred and twenty princes, and over them three presidents, and Daniel was the first of these, so that he was the greatest man except the king in the whole country; and he deserved to be so, for he was the wisest and best man, at that time, in the world. The princes, however, were very angry that Daniel—one of the Jewish captives whom they despised—should be set over them. They determined to watch him, and, if they could detect the least fault, they would report it to Darius, making the most of it, hoping to have him put down, at least, if not killed. Daniel was a truly upright man; he knew he must give an account to God of the manner in which he performed his duty to the king, and it was not to be expected he should neglect it. Of this the princes became convinced, for the more closely they observed him, the more excellent his conduct appeared; but this, instead of causing them to desist from their wicked purpose, only enraged them the more. They at last fell upon a plan which was as artful as it was wicked. They had observed that he never omitted to pray three times a day with his window open, and they conceived the plan of getting the king to make a law against it, and they believed that he would not obey any law that interfered with his duty to his God. They went, therefore, to the king, and persuaded him to make a law, that whoever should ask anything of God or man for thirty days, except of himself, should be cast into a den of lions. Darius, not suspecting their design, signed the decree with a promise that it should not be altered. Daniel now found that he could not obey both God and the king, but he seems not to have hesitated a moment as to the course he should take. He was a truly wise man, and he would reason thus, "If I perform my duty to God, I shall be cast into the den of lions—what then? my body will be soon torn in pieces, but my soul will be in heaven, where I long to be with my dear Saviour; but if, to escape death, I disobey my God, He can send my soul to hell." His choice was soon made, and he went into his chamber as before, and with his windows open towards the temple of the Lord at Jerusalem, he prayed and gave thanks to the God in whom he put his trust. Now his enemies triumphed; they hastened to the

king. Glad to inform him that his favourite had disobeyed him, they could all bear witness that he continued to pray to his God as though the decree had never passed, thus throwing contempt (they said) upon his king, who had so highly honoured him.

Darius now saw their design and was angry, not at Daniel, but at himself for so foolishly falling into their snare; but the law had passed, and his faithful servant must be given up. The king commanded, and Daniel was cast into the den of lions, and confined there all night; but, hungry as they might be, they were not permitted to hurt him. The king could not sleep—anxious for the fate of his favourite, he seems to have had some hope that the God whom Daniel served so faithfully might work a miracle for his relief; for as soon as it was day, he arose and went to the den, and the king spake and said, "O Daniel, servant of the living God, is thy God whom thou servest able to deliver thee from the lions?" And greatly must he have rejoiced when he heard his answer, "O king, my God hath sent his angel, and he hath shut the lions' mouths, that they have not hurt me."

Read the sixth chapter of Daniel, where you will find the whole story.

LEISURE MOMENTS.

GOD'S PROVIDENCE.—He who sends the storm steers the vessel.—*Adam*.

UNUTTERABLE PRAYERS.—The best prayers have often more groans than words.—*Bunyan*.

READING THE BIBLE.—I will answer for it, the longer you read the Bible, the more you will like it; it will grow sweeter and sweeter; and the more you get into the spirit of it, the more you will get into the spirit of Christ.—*Romaine*.

PRAYER IN AFFLICTION.—The spirit of prayer does not necessarily come with affliction. If it be not poured out upon the man, he will, like a wounded beast, skulk to his den and growl there.—*Cecil*.

THE GRACE OF GOD.—A boat, with the full tide against it, does well if it can keep from driving back, and must have strong force indeed to get forward. We must estimate grace by the opposition it meets with.—*Cecil*.

CHRIST'S RIGHTEOUSNESS.—Whatever is of nature's spinning must be all unravelled before Christ's righteousness can be put on.—*Wilcox*.

PLEASEING EVERYBODY.—He that can please nobody, is not so much to be pitied as he that nobody can please.—*Colton*.

COMFORTS.—Live not upon the comforts of God, but upon the God of comforts.—*Mason*.

DIFFICULTIES.—I tried to make crooked things straight, till I have made these knuckles sore, and now I must leave it to the Lord.—*John Newton*.

Page for the Young.

A FAMISHED WANDERER.

"I SHOULD like very much to hear a story," said a fickle and thoughtless youth to his teacher. "I hate serious instruction; I can't bear preaching."

"Listen, then," said the teacher. "A wanderer filled his travelling pouch with savoury meats and fruits, as his way would lead him across a wide desert. During the first few days he journeyed through the smiling, fertile fields. But instead of plucking the fruits which nature here offered for the refreshment of the traveller, he found it more convenient to eat of the provisions which he carried with him. He soon reached the desert. After journeying on for a few days his whole store of food was exhausted. He now began to wail and lament, for nowhere sprouted a blade of grass; everything was covered with burning sand. After suffering for two long days in torments of hunger and thirst, he expired."

"It was foolish in him," said the youth, "to forget that he had to cross the desert."

"Do you act more wisely?" asked the teacher, in an earnest tone. "You are setting forth on the journey of life—a journey that leads to eternity. Now is the time when you should seek after knowledge, and collect the treasures of wisdom; but the labour affrights you, and you prefer to trifle away the spring-time of your years amid useless and childish pleasures. Continue to act thus, and you will yet, upon the journey of life, when wisdom and virtue fail you, fare like that hapless wanderer."—*Student and Schoolmate.*

LITTLE BELLA'S FOUR TEXTS.

"MAMMA," said Bella, a little girl of six years old, one evening to her mother, "I have four texts—one for the morning, and one for the middle of the day, and one for the evening, and one for when I go to bed; shall I say them to you?"

"Do, my love," replied her mother.

"My morning one," said Bella, "is 'Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners;' and my middle of the day one is, 'Come unto me, all ye that are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest;' and my evening one is, 'Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out;' and my one for when I go to bed is, 'God is love.'"

"And very good and appropriate I think they are," said her mother; "for when you say in the morning, Jesus Christ came to save sinners, you may think—Well, I am a sinner, so He came to save me; how I should love Him for that; and how I must try to obey Him all day. Then, by the middle of the day, perhaps you have been naughty and feel sorry

for it, or something may have vexed you, and then that verse comes sweetly into your mind 'Come unto me, all ye that are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest.' And in the evening, however naughty or foolish you may have been, you can still remember the promise, 'Him that cometh unto me will in no wise cast out.' And then, when bed time comes, and you look back on all that has happened during the day, and how kind God has been to you in many ways, you can say with all your heart, 'God is love.'"

"Yes, mamma," answered Bella eagerly "that's it! when I say my morning text, and think, Jesus came to save me, I will love and try to obey him; and in the middle of the day I will say, 'Come unto me,' and I will go to Jesus and ask him to wash me in his blood and then I will feel him taking me in his arms, and I will say, I will do anything, mamma wants me to do, and I will be good and in the evening, when I say, 'Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out,' I will think Jesus won't say, Go away! I want a better little girl than you; and at night when I go to bed, I will remember all these things, and I will say, 'God is love.'"

THE "GUEST'S" BIBLE QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNG.

Whom does Christ liken to a "man who built his house upon a rock?"

What contrast does He give to this?

What woman had her house upon the wall of Jericho?

What man, who afterward became a king once enquired "for the seer's house?"

In what land was there once "not a house where was not one dead?"

In whose house did the ark of God once abide three months?

What apostle once lodged in a house by the sea-side?

Whose sons fled out of a house naked and wounded?

Whose house joined hard to the synagogue at Corinth?

Who said, "This is none other than the house of God?"

Where did Paul dwell two years in his own "hired house?"

Who mortgaged their lands and houses to buy corn?

At whose request were they restored?

What are said to be the houses of the stork?

In whose house was Samuel buried?

What does the apostle say of "our earthly house of this tabernacle?"

Where does Christ say are "many mansions?"

Do you hope one of them is for you?



A Family Magazine for Leisure Hours and Sundays.

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{ WEEKLY NUMBERS, 4D.
{ MONTHLY PARTS, 3D.

PRAY ON.

BY THOMAS GUTHRIE, D.D.

It is easy to know the knock of a beggar at one's door. Low, timid, hesitating, it seems to say, "I have no claim on the kindness of this house; I may be told I come too often; I may be treated as a troublesome and unworthy mendicant; the door may be flung in my face by some surly servant." How different on his return from school, the loud knocking, the bounding step, the joyous rush of the child into his father's presence, and, as he climbs his knee, and flings his arm around his neck, the bold face and ready tongue with which he reminds his father of some promised favour! Now, why are God's people bold? Glory to God in the highest! To a Father in God, to an Elder Brother in Christ, faith conducts our steps in prayer; therefore in an hour of need, faith, bold of spirit, raises hersuppliant hands, and cries up to God, "O that thou wouldest rend the heavens, and come down!"

I think I see the sneer curling on the sceptic's lips as he says: "How absurd! What presumption! as if it were not below the dignity of Divinity to come at king's or peasant's, prince's or pauper's call. Should the purposes of the Eternal be shaped by your petitions? Creature of a day and of the dust! what are you, that the universe should be steered, its helm moved this or that way, for your sake?" Well, no doubt the language is bold; yet with God—a Father, our Father, my Father—in Christ, I feel I can be bold and confident in prayer. I know a father's heart. Have I not seen the quiver of a father's lip, the tear start in his eye, and felt his heart in the grasp of his hand, when I have expressed some good hope of a fallen child? Have I not seen a mother, when her infant was tottering in the path of mettled coursers, with foam spotting their necks, and fire flying from their feet, dash like a hawk across the path, and pluck him from instant death? Have I not seen a mother, who sat at the coffin head, pale, dumb, tearless, rigid, terrible in grief, spring from

her chair, seize the coffin which we were carrying away, and with shrieks fit to pierce a heart of stone, struggle to retain her dead?

If we, that are but worms of the earth, will peril life for our children, and, when they are mouldering into dust, cannot think of our dead, nor visit their cold and lonesome grave, but our breasts are wrung, and wounds bleed afresh, can we adequately conceive or measure, far less exaggerate, even with our fancy at its highest strain, the paternal love of God? Talk not of what you suppose to be the dignity of Divinity. Talk of the calm, lofty, dignified demeanour which becomes a king, who sees his child borne off on the stream that sweeps his palace wall. The king is at once sunk in the father. Divesting himself of his trappings—casting sceptre, robe of gold, and jewelled crown aside—he at once rushes forth to leap into the boiling flood.

Child of God! pray on. God's people are more dear to Him than our children can be to us. He regards them with more complacency than all the shining orbs of that starry firmament. They were bought at a price higher than would purchase the dead matter of ten thousand worlds. He cares more for His humblest, weakest child, than for all the crowned heads and great ones of earth, and takes a deeper interest in the daily fortunes of a pious cottage than in the fall and rise of kingdoms.

Child of God! pray on. By prayer thy hand can touch the stars, thy arm stretch up to heaven. Nor let thy holy boldness be dashed by the thought that prayer has no power to bend these skies, and bring down thy God. When I pull on the rope which fastens my frail and little boat to a distant and mighty ship, if my strength cannot draw its vast bulk to me, I draw myself to it—to ride in safety under the protection of its guns, to enjoy in want the fulness of its stores. And it equally serves my purpose, and sup-

plies my needs, that prayer, although it were powerless to move God to me, moves me to God. If He does not descend to earth, I as it were ascend to heaven.

Child of God! pray on. Were it indispensable for thy safety that God should rend these heavens, it should be done. I dare believe that; and, "I am not mad, most noble Festus." Have not these heavens been already rent? Eighteen hundred years ago, robed in humanity God himself came down. These blue skies, where larks sing and eagles sail, were cleft with the wings, and filled with the songs of His angel train. Among the ancient orbs of that ancient firmament, a stranger star appeared travelling the heavens, and, blazing on the banner borne before the King, as He descended on this dark and distant world. On Canaan's dewy ground—the lowly bed He had left—the eye of morning shone on the shape and form of the Son of God; and dusty roads, and winter snows, and desert sands, and the shores and very waves of Galilee, were impressed with the footprints of the Creator. By this manger, where the babe was cradled—beside the cross, upon whose ignominious arms the glory of the universe is hung—by this silent sepulchre, where, wrapped in bloody shroud, the body is stretched out on its bed of spices, while Roman sentinels walk their moonlit round, and Death, a bound captive, sits within, so soon as the sleeper wakes, to be disarmed, uncrowned, and in Himself have death put to death—faith can believe all that God has revealed, and hope for all that God has promised. She reads on that manger, on that cross, deeply lettered, and that rocky sepulchre, these glorious words, "He that spared not his own Son, but delivered him up for us all, how shall he not with him also freely give us all things?" And there, lifting an eagle eye to heaven, she rises to the boldest flights, aloft on the broad wings of prayer.

FULTON STREET PRAYER-MEETING, NEW YORK.

CHEERING WORK AMONGST SEAMEN.

THE REVIVAL ON BOARD THE NORTH CAROLINA.—This was spoken of on Monday, by Rev. C. S. Stewart. It has been a remarkable work, alike in its magnitude and in the character of many of the conversions. It commenced early in the autumn, when there were from five hundred to six hundred men on board. Some three weeks ago, twenty-three had been received into the church. Now the number of men is upwards of one thousand, and the converts number upwards of forty. Some twenty more are soon to be received into the Mariners' Church—the reception being hastened somewhat on account of their expected departure to various ships, where they have been drafted on duty. They desire very much to commit themselves fully to the cause

of Christ before being transferred, and it was thought it would be a step well adapted to the decisive, positive character of the sailor. He would be strengthened, by such a profession, to maintain his Christian standing in his new situation. He would feel that he had "nailed his colours to the mast." Mr Stewart said he had come to the meeting directly from the study of the pastor of the Mariners' Church. He had left there several seamen and sea-captains anxious for their souls' salvation. He spoke particularly of a captain, in the prime of life, a man of character, who had frequently carried a ship through the severest storms, and whose courage was undoubted, and who is the last man to whom weakness could be attributed. He was bowed on his knees, confessing himself a sinner, and pleading for mercy. He requested prayer for these and for seamen generally.

Dr Matthews referred to one or two of the cases on board the North Carolina, as encouragement to pray and labour for seamen. One of them had been profligate to a proverb. Intemperance had imbruted his noble nature, and he had given himself up to vice and dissipation. His sister was sick unto death, and desired to see her brother. When he started to go he was sober, but, stopping at some grogeries on the way, his appetite so far overcame his resolutions, that when he arrived at the house of his sister he was drunk. Friends were not disposed to allow him to thus appear in his sister's chamber; but he broke over restraint and rushed into her room. She received him kindly, and faithfully counselled him to mend his ways: telling him it was one of the severest pangs of dying to leave him in his sad condition. "Her talk," said he, "stuck by me like a barbed lance, and I could not draw it out." But though wounded, it was that he might be healed. The Almighty withdrew the arrow and applied the balm that had made him whole. He enlisted under the Captain of salvation, and gave the best of evidence that he would prove a faithful and effective soldier. Those who have spoken, of late, of the work amongst seamen, express themselves as believing it a peculiarly encouraging sign of the times, that it is coincident with other providential developments, favouring the idea that the Redeemer's kingdom is about to be remarkably enlarged among all nations.—*N. Y. Evangelist.*

SCRIPTURE TOPOGRAPHY.

PETRA: THE CITY OF ROCK.*

WE still descend the glen, through a street of tombs, whose sculptured facades and dark doorways line the sombre cliffs and insulated peaks on each side; while fig-trees of deepest

* From "Handbook to Syria and Damascus," by Rev. J. L. Porter. London: John Murray.

green shoot out from chinks in the rock above, and luxuriant oleanders almost fill up the path below. At some 300 paces from the entrance, the ravine opens into a little amphitheatre, seemingly wholly shut in by rocky walls except at the spot where we enter. The brook however, continues its course, and the eye following it detects a narrow cleft in the opposite wall through which it disappears. Following it, we pass a projecting rock, and suddenly find ourselves at the entrance of a terrific chasm, formed, as it would seem, by the rending of the mountain from summit to centre. The width is only about 12 feet, increasing in places to 20 or 30. The sides are perpendicular or overhanging walls of deep red sandstone, at first about 100 feet high, but gradually increasing to 300. Nothing could surpass the awful grandeur of this ravine; and one cannot repress a shudder on looking up from its gloomy depths, through the gradually narrowing fissure, to the irregular streak of blue sky bordered by the rugged summits far overhead. Constantly winding, too, one seems, at every new turn to be shut in on all sides, and hopelessly imprisoned in the very bowels of the earth. Yet here, in this cleft, from whence the light of day is well nigh excluded, into the depths of which no solitary ray of sunlight can penetrate, traces of art and industry are everywhere visible. Remains of ancient pavement cover the bottom—once the highway to a proud city; along the sides are niches hewn in the smooth cliff to receive the statues of the good and great; and tablets, too, are there, *once* inscribed with the records of their deeds; on the left is an aqueduct tunnelled in the rock, and high up on the right is a conduit of earthen pipes let into the precipice. These, the works of man, are now all ruinous and time-worn; statue and inscription, form, name, and story, are alike gone. The products of nature are alone perennial, for, while the monuments of man are all spoiled, the delicate branches of the caper plant hang down as fresh and beautiful from the chinks in the rock as they did 2000 years ago; and the foliage of the wild fig and tamarisk is as rich, and the flower of the oleander as gaudy, as they were when the princes of Edom dwelt "in the clefts of the rocks, and held in pride the height of the hill" (Jer. xlix. 16).

THE DEAD SEA.

Its length is forty miles, and its greatest breadth eight and a half, narrowing to five at the northern extremity. Near its south-east angle, opposite the ravine of Kerak, is a broad low promontory, with a long point or cape stretching more than five miles northward up the centre of the sea. And it is worthy of special notice, that the whole section of the sea, north of this promontory, is of great depth, varying from 40 to 218 fathoms; and in some places the soundings shew upwards

of 118 fathoms within a few yards of the eastern cliffs. The southern section, on the other hand, is quite shallow; never more than from two to three fathoms, and generally only about as many feet.

Lying in this deep cauldron, encompassed by bare white cliffs, and exposed during the long Syrian summer to the unclouded beams of a burning sun, nothing could be expected on the shores of the Dead Sea but sterility and death-like solitude: and nothing else does the traveller find, save where, here and there, a brackish fountain, or mountain streamlet, creates a little thicket of willow, tamarisk, and oleander. Around these, however, birds sing sweetly as in more genial climes, and the Arab pitches his tent like his brethren on the high eastern plateau, and a luxuriant harvest rewards the labours of the husbandman—all shewing that the stories so long current about the deadly exhalations from the poisonous waters are wholly fabulous. It is true that the tropical heat of the climate causes immense evaporation, which often renders the atmosphere heavy and dark, and the marshes of the Ghor give rise in summer to intermittent fevers, so that the proper inhabitants, including those of Jericho, are a feeble and sickly race; but this has no necessary connexion with the Dead Sea or the character of its waters. The marshes of Iskanderun, on the shore of the Mediterranean, are much more unhealthy than any part of the Ghor.

ARE YOU SURE YOU ARE RIGHT?

BY REV. JAMES SMITH, CHELTENHAM.

THE other day, as a lad was leaving a shop, the shopkeeper called after him, "*Are you sure you are right?*" I know not what the subject was to which the worthy man referred, but the inquiry has suggested some very serious thoughts to my mind. Ah, it is of very great importance to be right on many points, to know that we are right; yea, *to be sure* that we are right. Many persons take things for granted which need to be proved; and many fancy they are right without any good evidence. Hence many are unhappy now, and many, it is to be feared, will be lost for ever. Friend, let us not be deceived, let us not be satisfied with slight evidences, but let us make sure that we are right.

THOMAS WILDE has made a profession of religion, and joined himself to a church, and fancies he is all right. But there is much lightness and levity about him. He seems to love carnal amusements, and appears to feel quite at home in the society of the ungodly. The other night he went to the concert, and has been heard pleading in defence of light reading. He thinks, as he says, that we should not needlessly offend the world, but conform ourselves to their ideas of what a Christian

ought to be, as near as we can. That the way to win them is to mix with them, and shew that we are not gloomy, or unnecessarily precise. Thomas, Thomas, *Are you sure you are right?* Your Bible tells you to come out from among them, and be separate from them, and not even touch the unclean thing. Your God says, "Love not the world, neither the things that are in the world; for if any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him." And the Apostle James asks you this question, "Know ye not, that the friendship of the world is enmity with God?" If these portions of God's Word are right, you are wrong, Master Thomas; and it is to be feared that many are wrong beside you, though they fancy that they are right. Are you sure, my friend, that you *possess* real religion, as well as *profess* it? Have you ever had a broken heart for sin? Have you really fled, as a poor lost sinner, to the Saviour? Have you obtained peace with God, through faith in the blood of Jesus? Is Christ formed in your heart the hope of glory? Do you know what union to Christ, and communion with Christ means? Or are you satisfied with a few slight convictions, and a few pleasurable impressions? You *profess* Christ, Thomas, but do you *possess* Christ? Your name is in the church-book, but is your name in the Lamb's book of life? ARE YOU SURE THAT YOU ARE RIGHT? The Apostle Peter would admonish you to "make your calling and election sure," or make sure, on good grounds, that you are right; and to so walk as to convince everybody about you that you are right.

SARAH SLATER has just given up her class in the Sunday-school, for though she does not like to confess it, she has got tired of teaching, and would rather take a walk, have a nap, or go out to tea, on the Lord's-day afternoon, than be shut up with a parcel of poor children in a Sunday-school room. Very likely she has made out some more plausible case to silence, if not satisfy, her conscience; but, Sarah, *Are you sure that you are right?* You still profess to be a servant of Christ. Sunday-school teaching is His work; you voluntarily engaged in it, professedly out of love to His name; are you sure you are right in leaving it? Can you glorify Christ more out of the school than in it? Can you do more good to your fellow-creatures out of the school than in it? If not, I am by no means sure that you are right in leaving it. It is very likely that you are quite wrong in doing so. It may be from pride, from self-love, from idleness, or from some carnal motive that you have withdrawn; and if so, you are decidedly wrong. Let me request you seriously to examine into the matter, closely investigate the case; do not be satisfied with slight grounds, but be quite sure that you are right. The thing will not end where it is, you know, for "every one of us shall give account of himself to God:" and as things often look very different, when viewed from a

sick-bed, on a dying pillow, to what they do in health, so it is very probable that they will look very different to what they do now, when we stand before the judgment-seat of Christ. If you should win but one of those girls for Jesus, she would be a star in your crown for ever, and you would eternally rejoice in her salvation by your means. But leaving the school, and giving up your proper work, you may perhaps live a useless life on earth; and if saved, wear a starless crown in heaven. SARAH, SARAH, "ARE YOU SURE THAT YOU ARE RIGHT?"

SUSAN BROWN says she does not intend to be a mope, she is for a short life and a merry one. Give her a good dance, or a jolly party, or a lively song, to sing dull care away, and you may keep religion to yourself. She has no idea of young people making mopes of themselves, and losing all the pleasures of life. Religion may perhaps be all very well for the old folks, but she don't like to see them have too much of it. No, no, the best thing she knows is to live and be jolly. Susan, "Are you sure that you are right?" Many have died at your age, and you may die soon, suddenly. And if you should, death will remove you from this world, but where will it land you? There is a dreadful hell, and there is a glorious heaven, and to one of these death will introduce you. Into heaven it cannot, unless you are prepared for it; and, therefore, as there is no alternative, into hell it must. But if it should, how will your present conduct appear to you when you are in hell? Will the song, the dance, the jivial party alleviate the pains of hell? Will you not think that you have paid dearly for them, when you find that you are to be tormented for ever in hell, because you knew not the time of your visitation on earth. One passage of Scripture just meets your case; it is addressed to young men, but is just as applicable to young women, "Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth; and let thy heart cheer thee in the days of thy youth: and walk in the ways of thine heart, and in the sight of thine eyes: BUT KNOW THOU, THAT FOR ALL THESE THINGS GOD WILL BRING THEE INTO JUDGMENT" (Eccles. xl. 9). Then you must say why you preferred dancing to praying; singing foolish songs to praising God your Maker; and preferred the pleasures of sin, which are but for a season, to the joys of heaven, which are for ever and ever. How will you be able to face the God whom you have so insulted? How can you stand before the Saviour whom you have so despised? How will you bear to be mixed up with devils and lost souls, and hear the Lord Jesus say to you and them, "Depart from me, ye cursed into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels?" "SUSAN BROWN, SUSAN BROWN, ARE YOU SURE THAT YOU ARE RIGHT?" Look into the matter at once, for it is quite time, and if upon examination you conclude that you are right, then,

by all means go on in your present course; but if upon investigation, you discover that you are wrong, then, "Seek ye the Lord while he may be found, and call upon him while he is near; forsake, O forsake your present way, and turn unto the Lord, and he will have mercy upon you, and to our God, for he WILL ABUNDANTLY PARDON YOU."

SCRIPTURAL MISCELLANIES.

THE RAINBOW ABOUT THE THRONE.

"And there was a rainbow round about the throne, in sight like unto an emerald."—Rev. iv. 3.

THE beloved disciple who leaned on Jesus' breast, was permitted to enjoy that intimacy long after the Saviour had returned to the bosom of His Father. He was appointed the confidential prophet of the New Testament, to whom was unfolded the whole panoramic history of the gospel. Rapt in the heavens on a Lord's day, his spirit surveyed the unutterable glory of his Lord, and received the communications of His plans to an extent that was unrevealed to all the world besides.

The fruits of his Sunday's vision are described in the mystical book of Revelation. Abounding in emblematic speech, this book utters its sayings so darkly, and presents its oracular truth in such a shadowy form, that when to this uncertainty we add our own ignorance of the future, it is almost impossible to determine, in every case, its prophetic meaning.

When, therefore, this evangelist undertakes to shew us, as they were shewn to him, the things that shall be hereafter, he leaves so large room to be filled with untold details, that the reader's mind begins to throw in its own suggestions, and fills the outline of the picture with the arbitrary lights and shadows of conjecture. And hence it is that the prophetic delineation is so differently represented by different interpreters, each one colouring the prophecy with the hues of his own understanding.

But although this may be true of the prophetic portion of this book, I do not know why its other parts may not be understood as well as any other writing which employs a figurative style, and requires only the natural explanation of its metaphors and allusions; its doctrines and its precepts may be intelligible, however poetically conveyed, and when understood, are just as effective as if their language were altogether unadorned.

I trust, therefore, that we may, without any violence of interpretation, learn the mind of the Spirit from the passage before us, rich as I conceive it be with Divine edification.

The chapter opens with an account of the manner in which the vision was introduced to the prophet's eye: "After this I looked, and, behold, a door was opened in heaven;

and the first voice which I heard was as of a trumpet talking with me; which said, Come up hither, and I will shew thee things which must be hereafter. And immediately I was in the Spirit: and, behold, a throne was set in heaven, and one sat on the throne. And he that sat was to look upon like a jasper and a sardine stone. And there was a rainbow round about the throne, in sight like unto an emerald."

The apostle then goes on to describe the celestial attendants who surrounded the throne, and the homage they devoutly paid to Him who sat upon it, crying, "Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty, which was, and is, and is to come."

But our immediate attention is rather due to the foregoing passage, in which he describes the throne and its glories. He that sat upon it was like a jasper and a sardine stone. "And there was a rainbow round about it, in sight like unto an emerald." In this highly symbolical description, I think we may find a profound and interesting Christian doctrine. In the person of Him who sat upon the throne, we at once discern the majestic presence of the Almighty. If we may suppose this vision to be the same with that which the prophet Ezekiel beheld, it suggests another truth worthy of our regard. In the first chapter of that prophet's book, twenty-sixth verse, he says that "upon the throne which he saw, was the appearance of a man." Is not this embodied presence of Jehovah in human shape, the same Divine being whom the Scriptures call the Son of man? and by comparing the prophet's vision with the evangelist's, must we not suppose that since the unalterable throne of heaven belongs to the unchangeable God, who will not give His glory to another, the glorious personage to whom St John was introduced was none other than his own down-trodden Saviour, but still his incarnate God, now exalted to His mediatorial throne, and wielding the sceptre of His blood-bought dominion over the world? How beautifully does this side-light of evidence bring out the colouring and deepen the impression of the great doctrine of Christ's divinity, shewing, in an incidental way, that it is the magnificent truth of heaven.

Next, our attention is called to the appearance of this august personage. "He was to look upon like a jasper and a sardine stone." It cannot be determined with assurance what particular gem is here meant by the name of sardine stone, since there is no mineral which in our time is so designated. But from the best evidence we have, it would appear, like the jasper, to belong to the agate species, admitting of a high polish, and exhibiting various bands of bright and gorgeous colours traversing the stone in parallel directions. The meaning of the simile then would seem to be, that amidst the general splendour which encompassed the Divine presence, there were

discerned the distinct hues of God's several attributes forming the very structure of His being, pervading his whole nature, and girding Him with His Divine perfections like so many bands of glory and beauty. How true a similitude is this of the manner in which the Divine character is exhibited to our view!

When we look into heaven, we know the holy seat of God by the flood of living light that is poured forth from His presence, and fills the heavens with His splendour. And at the first view we discover nothing but that vast and indescribable glory. But as our eyes grow accustomed to the vision, and we gaze into the midst of those bright depths, we then discern the distinct ribs of colour, which shew the place and the direction of the varied attributes of the Godhead. We learn that the white effulgence that encircles His throne, is the blended light of all His several perfections, which are inwrought into the substance of His nature. There is the pure and pearly lustre of His holiness, shewing the spotless excellence, which loathes iniquity as a stain. There is the bright cerulean band of His gentleness, His forbearance, and long-suffering, that men gaze at so boldly and so wantonly. And then, there is the golden vein of His imperishable truth, shining forth with the warm, rich splendour of the most precious attribute of God. And lastly, there is the deep crimson belt of the Divine justice, flashing forth the gorgeous and terrific splendour of an angry God, and forcing us to associate in our minds the Divine displeasure with the thoughts of blood.—*Dr A. H. Vinton.*

THE KID WITH THE BLOOD.

WHILE on the subject of cooking, take another favourite dish of the Arabs. They select a young kid, fat and tender, dress it carefully, and then stew it in milk, generally sour, mixed with onions, and hot spices such as they relish. They call it *Lebn immu*—"kid in his mother's milk." The Jews, however, will not eat it. They say that Moses specially forbade it in the precept, "Thou shalt not seethe a kid in his mother's milk," which he repeated three several times, and with special emphasis. They further maintain that it is unnatural and barbarous to cook a poor kid in that from which it derives its life. This may have been one reason for the prohibition. Many of the Mosaic precepts are evidently designed to cultivate gentle and humane feelings; but "kid in his mother's milk" is a gross, unwholesome dish, calculated also to kindle up animal and ferocious passions, and, on these accounts, Moses may have forbidden it. Besides, it is even yet associated with immoderate feasting, and originally, I suspect, was connected with idolatrous sacrifices. A great deal of learning has been spent upon this passage by critics, to ascertain what the law-giver referred to;

but, after seeing the dish actually prepared, and hearing the very name given to it which Moses employs, we have the whole mystery explained. I have repeatedly tasted *Lebn immu*, and, when well prepared, it has a rich and agreeable flavour. But, though there is little of the Jew in me, yet I have some scruples about partaking of this forbidden food, as I have in regard to any kind of dish cooked in blood. The reason assigned for the original prohibition continues in full force to this day: "But flesh with the life thereof, the blood thereof, shall ye not eat." Nearly all sects of the East, Christians included, regard this reservation, in the grant to eat flesh, as strictly obligatory. The semi-barbarian Abyssinians, according to Bruce's famous story, it is true, violate the whole breadth of the precept when they cut out and devour flesh from the flanks of the *living* animal, and it is just possible that the command was aimed against some such brutal practice. However that may be, in this country, not only blood-puddings, but every preparation of blood for food, is held in utter abomination. And so, also, it is unlawful to eat animals, fowls, and birds strangled or smothered, and cooked with the blood in them; and, in my feelings at least, the Orientals, in this matter, are right. Moses repeats the prohibition in these emphatic words: "Ye shall eat no manner of blood, whether it be of fowl, or of beast, in any of your dwellings." And again, in chap. xvii. 10-14, it is re-affirmed in the most absolute terms, extended even to strangers, and made to include game taken in hunting. Accordingly, our hunters, when they shoot even a small bird, are careful to cut its throat, and "pour out the blood thereof." God himself declares, "I will even set my face against that soul that eateth blood, and will cut him off from among his people."

In addition to the original reason of the prohibition, that the blood is the life, it is here added, "I have given it to you upon the altar, to make an atonement for your souls." And let us not forget that the element which represents blood is still given to us in the Supper as the symbol of atonement. How often are we reminded that it is through the *blood* of atonement alone that we can receive pardon and reconciliation with God. And it seems rash, to say the least, to venture needlessly upon the violation of a precept announced before the law was given, so often repeated, surrounded with so many sanctions, and suggestive of so much that should impress the heart with tenderest emotion and deepest reverence. And finally, I believe that the apostolic council of Jerusalem solemnly re-affirms this prohibition, and with special reference to the Gentile Church. For once I am an Oriental, and while I would not hastily judge him that eateth even blood, think they do better who refuse.—*From "The Land and the Book," by Dr W. Thompson.*

THE STORY OF HOPE.

Hope is next door to heaven's gate;
Tis but a step from this to that;
Nay, hope doth heaven antedate,
And bring down hither.
Hope's th' antidote against despair;
Coffin of fear; and couch of care;
Cradle of patience; hope hath fair
Even in foul weather.

Hope is the mourner's handkerchief;
Hope is the balm of every grief;
Hope doth endorse the beggar's brief,
Ere 'tis collected.
In hope I have what yet I want;
Hope makes me full, while things are scant,
Hope doth consummate what I can't
Yet see effected.

Hope hath an harvest in the spring;
In winter doth of summer sing;
Feeds on the fruits whilst blossoming,
Yet nips no bloom.
Hope brings me home when I'm abroad,
As soon 's the first step homeward's trod;
In hope to Thee, my God! my God!
I come, I come.

'Tis hope that doth the sower feed;
Who seems to cast away his seed,
But doth preserve in very deed,
And mend his store.
I am a seedsman too, my Lord!
And, but for hope Thou wouldst afford
Thy blessing, when I sow Thy word,
I had forborne.

I am a seedsman; every tear
I sow in hope, will bring an ear,
Fit for Thy floor in time of year
For Thee to gather:
Were't not for hope the heart, some say,
Would break; yet hope led me one day
Weeping along the milky way
To Thee, O Father!

I'll turn a singer, and my song
Shall be by book, lest I go wrong;
For I've not skilled of music long,
Or holy mirth.
Weeping into the world I came,
Bringing a world of sin and shame;
Bearing the first apostate's blame
Even at my birth.

The fruit, old Adam and his Eve
Did so long since together thieves,
Wringing my mother made us grieve
And groan together:
And as I thus did weeping come
Out of one grave, I mean the womb,
My face was towards a deader tomb,
And I bound thither.

My life was but a bondage, through
The fear of death, that fatal slough,
But lively hope forbids me now
All slavish fears.
Oft have I been contemplating
Of death, that melancholic thing;
Weeping, till hope hath made me sing
Drying my tears.

Author and Rock of all my hope!
That hath death's prison-doors broke ope,
So fast'ning to faith's cable-rope
Hope's anchor strong:
What, though I sail through foaming seas?
Billows are pillows, beds of ease:
Death's blast rocks me asleep in these;
Waiting are long,

At thy shrill sudden voice to rise,
And rub death's dust out of mine eyes,
When death shall have disgorged its prize
Safe on the shore:
Then hold my rudder in thine hand,
Who put to sea at thy command,
Till I may make some new-found land:
Oh! help me o'er.

What though mine haven—heaven—lie
Beyond the Dead Sea? what though I
Decease? mine hope shall never die,
Never decay.
What, though I walk through the vale of tears?
Hope is a staff that ever bears;
Hope is a rod, chasing my fears,
Guiding my way.

Therefore my dying tongue shall sing:
Yea, even my flesh, that fading thing,
Shall rest in hope for that day-spring
All th' night of death.
And when I lay my weary head
And bones in the grave, as in a bed,
Let not the mourner say, He's dead,
But slumbereth.

Yet bony death sometimes looks in,
Bringing a list of all my sin,
Pinching mine hope, till it looks thin,
And 's like to die:
Death in my very face doth stare
So ghastly, as if it meant to scare
And fright mine hope into despair,
While sin stands by.

Ah, conscience! conscience! when I look
Into thy register, thy book,
What corner of my heart, what nook,
Stands clear of sin?
And though my skin feels soft and sleek,
Scarce can I touch my chin and cheek,
But I can feel death's jaw-bone prick
Even through my skin.

O death! where is thy victory?
That I might live, my Lord did die;
He fled thee not, but made thee fly,
Having drawn thy sting.
Thou hadst of teeth a double row,
Till Christ by His cross took thee a blow,
When fastening on Him. But thou art now
A toothless thing.

Well mayst thou bark, but canst not bite,
Bending thy brow, shewing thy spite;
Death do thy worst: hope sets me quite
Beyond thy spleen.
What, though my death seems written in
The very parchment of my skin
With the black ink of my foul sin;
Yet have I seen,

On both hands of a Friend, once slain,
But since return'd to life again,
A better story printed plain:
My sight's but dim;
Yet in the print of the nails I see
Life in a Saviour's hands for me,
Whilst, as He hung upon the tree,
Hope hangs on Him;

And still shall hang on Him, until
My bones have learn'd to climb that hill
Where now He sits, and whence He will
Yet come down hither,
That He may gather into one
Each dust of His and scatter'd bone;
Then shall He, as a living stone,
Translate me thither.

And now, my Lord, what wait I for,
Standing and knocking at Thy door?
I stand and knock at the door of Hope,
Till knocking makes the door stand ope.

"We are saved by Hope: but Hope that is seen, is not Hope."—ROM. viii. 24.

—Faithful Tate, D.D.

THE LITTLE MINER.

THE village of B— is situated in the midst of a district where coal and iron abound, and a considerable portion of its inhabitants are engaged in mining operations.

The hard and toilsome life of the miner, is, perhaps, not very favourable to the growth of good morals, of habits of prudence, of temperance, and religion.

In the moral and social scale, B— at one time ranked very low. Intemperance and irreligion were the prevailing characteristics of its miners. But a good work was begun among them, and is still continuing. The humble agent, under the blessing of God, in effecting it, was a little miner boy, George Easton.

Business frequently obliged me to visit B—, and having been once detained there over the Sabbath, I visited the only Sabbath-school held in the village. One of the boys interested me greatly; he was quiet and attentive, and his good example, I observed, had considerable effect in restraining the exceeding unruliness of the other boys.

George Easton, for it was he, was then about fourteen years of age, but though young, he gave every evidence of being under the influence of Divine truth. This I learned from his teacher, who fully corroborated the favourable impression I had already received.

I had long been desirous of descending a coal mine, and on the following day I was enabled to gratify my desire. My former ideas of life in a coal mine had given me a very inadequate conception of the reality. It is a life of toil and hazard, where safety is imperilled, and death ever seems to hover near; and yet those who labour there, being habituated to it, are seemingly oblivious of danger. Good-natured jokes and laughter were not wanting, though these were interspersed with oaths and blasphemies.

Several of the miners were preparing to ascend the shaft; and just as the signal was made, indicating that all was ready, I recognised little George Easton among them. I was surprised to see him there, as his teacher had not informed me that he was employed in the mine; and, remembering what had been told me regarding his character, I felt more than ever interested in him, seeing he was continually exposed to so much temptation.

Before leaving B—, I called on my friend, the Sabbath-school teacher, being anxious to learn more particulars regarding George, which he kindly gave me. With George, however, I soon after became personally acquainted, and since then our friendship has continued uninterrupted.

When George was about eleven years old he lost his mother. She was a good woman, and had instructed her children early in the truths of the Bible. She left three children,

of whom George was the eldest. His father was a miner. He was an irreligious man, careless whether his children received any religious instruction or not, but by no means opposed to it. In a certain fashion he was attached to his family, and though his home was often forsaken for the public-house, he never indulged to excess.

On Mrs Easton thus devolved the whole duty of bringing up her children in the fear of the Lord. The trust was discharged earnestly and prayerfully. George especially benefited by her instructions; and from a very early period he exhibited so much docility of disposition and sweetness of temper, united to a thoughtful seriousness, as to make him a general favourite. His mother's death deeply impressed him. Her last words to him were full of encouragement, while she earnestly implored him to continue in the good way. Two years after her decease, his father again married, but he was then a changed man. The death of his wife had drawn him closer to his children, and George thus found a favourable opportunity of realising a design he had determined on. This was to make his father a religious man. George was a very intelligent boy and a good reader.

The first step in the prosecution of his plan was to induce his father to purchase a weekly newspaper, which he read aloud when his father was at home. His father's principal excuse for frequenting the public-house was to hear the news. This excuse now no longer availed him, and very soon he preferred hearing the news read quietly at home by George, to hearing it amid the din of the public-house. George soon alternated the reading of the newspaper with some interesting books, procured from the congregational library belonging to the church of which his father was a nominal member. This naturally led to conversations on the subjects of the books. George's acuteness and intelligence very much surprised his father, and made him still more relish the growing charms of his own fireside, while his delight in associating with his children increased, and he seemed to take pleasure in conforming to the wishes of his son. One thing was still a cause of great concern to George. His father long resisted his entreaties to attend regularly at church, but this difficulty was ere long removed. For more than a year after Mrs Easton's death, the only prayers presented to God in that house came from the heart of George; then family worship was regularly observed, and they became a God-fearing household. In again entering the married state, Mr Easton did not neglect the injunction to marry only in the Lord. George's stepmother was a superior woman, in whom was the fear of the Lord, and who strove righteously to discharge the new duties devolving upon her. George's great object was now attained, but he did not rest satisfied with this. Actuated by true Christian prin-

ciple, he still earnestly desired that others should possess the blessing he himself enjoyed. About this time he entered on his employment in the coal mine. The habits of the miners were well known to George; and though his piety was often sneered at, and his religious feelings outraged, he submitted quietly; making, at first, no attempt to stem the tide. By this means he gained an entrance to the hearts of his associates, his gentleness won their respect, and they soon ceased to delight in ridiculing his opinions. The first step was thus gained; the next was to read some interesting story or piece of news during any idle interval which might occur. He began with the boys, of whom there were many. It required no little determination to persevere in this, for his audience was exceedingly fluctuating. Very frequently he would be left alone in the midst of a tract or story; but nothing discomposed, he read cheerfully on, and very soon the opportunities for hearing George read were not only attended, but were impatiently desired. A few months, and George had hearers of a larger growth. Some of the men occasionally joined the little group, and George was cheered and encouraged in his good work. George had his deficiencies as well as his fellow-miners. No one was so conscious of this as himself. While teaching others, he was anxious to be taught, and neglected no opportunities of acquiring knowledge. He was accomplishing a good work, but he knew of faults existing in himself which were unobserved by others. He felt the secret prompting of pride exalting his efforts and magnifying their results, but he strove against the self-righteous feeling; and, though by many he was accounted among the best, he knew himself to be but a poor sinner, and he looked to his Father which is in heaven.

This was the secret of his success, this the source of his strength. Relying on God for support and guidance, and trusting in the righteousness of the Saviour he was at once humbled and made strong.

The next important step taken by George was the institution of a prayer-meeting, which, with the consent of his parents, he held at home. This meeting was well attended, and proved very acceptable to many.

That George had been the means of accomplishing great good was very evident. It was not alone manifested in the desire of the miners to hear him read, or to converse with him, or in their attendance at the prayer-meeting—all this was significant of good; but it was also shewn in other things. Men were now to be seen frequently at church who formerly had been seldom or never there. Some who had been drunkards were now temperate, and some who once scarcely knew what "evenings at home" meant, now found they were the happiest moments they enjoyed.

A small club had been formed for the purchase of sound healthy periodicals and cheap books. While every year witnessed an advance in the religious and intellectual condition of the miners, desires for knowledge were aroused, habits of prudence and sobriety formed, and the heavenly influences and ennobling principles of the gospel of Christ were experienced in hearts which had been enslaved by sin; and souls which had been enveloped by the night of death, now beheld the dawning of the day of life, and the bright beams of the Sun of righteousness.

Well might George Easton thank God for His great goodness in crowning the efforts he had made with so large a measure of success. Well might he take up the words of the Psalmist, and say, "I will extol thee, my God, O King! and I will bless thy name for ever and ever."

George did not relax his endeavours for the welfare of his fellow-creatures, nor will he ever do so, while he can make his influence felt upon them. As he has begun, so will he continue, a faithful servant of God and follower of the Lamb. Amongst the men with whom he is associated, a great change has been wrought in that mine; where oaths and blasphemies were heard, prayer-meetings have been held.

And what do such things teach? Go thou and do likewise; this is the lesson for all. Let no opportunities for usefulness be allowed to pass unimproved. Let none doubt their own strength and usefulness, God will help all who bestir themselves in the good cause. And this is our duty; for this we have received life; and a life misspent here will bring remorse hereafter. A negative life we cannot live; either for good or evil it must be. The influences of good or evil are far-spreading, and though apparently slight, may yet bear momentous results.

George Easton accomplished much; but, whenever a heart is filled with a noble enthusiasm, whenever a soul is awakened to a sense of duty to God and man, much will be accomplished. May the example of George Easton incite others to follow him, in so far as he followed Christ.—*Leaves from a Teacher's Note-Book, by Robert Frame.*

SABBATH SAYINGS OF GOOD MEN.

SPIRITUALLY-MINDED men of all ages have loved and kept the Sabbath. We find it enshrined in their memories. Thus:

LUTHER said, "If Adam had continued in innocence, he would have kept the Sabbath sacred; and therefore, the Sabbath was, from the beginning of the world, appointed to the worship of God."

CALVIN said, "Unquestionably God assum-

ed to Himself the seventh day, and consecrated it when He finished the creation of the world, that He might keep His worshippers entirely free from all other cares, when they were meditating on the beauty, excellence, and splendour of His works. . . . In this respect the necessity of a Sabbath is common to us with the people of old, that we may be free one day, and so may be better prepared both for learning and for giving testimony to our faith. . . . God, therefore, first rested, and then blessed that rest, that it might be sacred among men through all coming ages: He consecrated each seventh day to rest, that His own example might continually serve as a rule."

PHILIP HENRY used to exclaim, "Well, if this be not the way to heaven, I do not know what it is! Every minute of Sabbath time is precious, and none of it to be lost. The Lord's day is poorly spent if I am not weary in body at night; wearied with my work, but not weary of it."

ARCHBISHOP LEIGHTON was of the opinion that "the very life of religion doth much depend on the solemn observation of this day. Consider but, if we should intermit the keeping of it for one year, to what a height profaneness would rise in those that fear not God; who are yet restrained (though not converted) by the preaching of the word, and their outward partaking of public worship; yea, those that are most spiritual would find themselves losers by the intermission."

PRESIDENT EDWARDS remarked, "Let us be thankful for the institution of the Christian Sabbath. It is a thing wherein God hath shewn His mercy to us, and His care for our souls. He shews that He, by His infinite wisdom, is contriving for our good. . . . It was made for the profit and for the comfort of our souls."

DODDRIDGE wrote, "I find it never well with me on common days, when it is not so on the Lord's day."

CHALMERS declared, "We never, in the whole course of our recollections, met with a Christian friend, who bore upon his character every other evidence of the Spirit's operation, who did not remember the Sabbath-day to keep it holy."

MCHEYNE has the following: "I love the Lord's day because it is His property, just as the Lord's supper is the supper belonging to Christ. All the days of the year are Christ's, but He has marked out one in seven as peculiarly His own. Just as He planted a garden in Eden, so He hath fenced about this day, and made it His own. This is the reason why we love it, and would keep it entire. We love everything that is Christ's. . . . It is a relic of Paradise and a type of heaven."

A LITTLE THING.

A POOR coloured woman sat upon the steps of a dark prison, weeping bitterly over the sentence of a ruined son.

"What aileth thee, sister?" said a gentleman, stopping before her, and kindly taking her hand in his.

"My heart's broken, sir," she replied.

"Can I do anything for you?" he asked.

"No, sir, nothing," was her sad response.

"Well, God can help you, sister, and I will go home and ask Him to do it," said the gentleman.

It was a very *little* thing that he did. It neither fed nor clothed the poor woman, but that one sweet word, *sister*, fell like healing oil upon her wounded spirit. She arose strengthened, and went to her lowly home. When she kneeled to tell Jesus her sorrows she felt that a brother had been there before her. His prayer was answered, and her spirit was calmer.

It was a *little* thing to wash the Saviour's feet with tears, and wipe them with the hairs of her head, and yet Mary's offering of love was of more value in her Lord's esteem than were all the tithes of the proud Pharisees. She who poured ointment upon the Saviour's head, did but a *little* thing for Christ; and yet He said that wherever the gospel should be preached to the end of time, it should be told as a memorial of her.

POSTHUMOUS INFLUENCE.

EARLY in the last century lived a poor Christian widow in the south of England. Her only son she sought to train for Christ, but she died as he entered on his eighth year. He became a profligate; but, eighteen years later, was awakened by the memory of her counsels, and became a devoted pastor. He was instrumental in the conversion of Claudius Buchanan. A tract of Mr Buchanan first drew the attention of Judson to the heathen. The widow's son was the means of the conversion of Thomas Scott, likewise, the author of Biblical Commentaries, unequalled in the range of their circulation and influence. William Wilberforce, also, was given to his prayers; and a treatise by Mr Wilberforce won to Christ Legh Richmond, whose tract, "The Dairyman's Daughter," has resulted in the conversion of thousands. Thus the obscure and humble mother of John Newton sent her posthumous influence the world over. Too true are the great dramatist's words:

"The evil that men do lives after them,
The good is oft interred with their bones."

But many a cheering exception holds open to every believer the possibility of centuries of Christian service on earth.

YMN FOR THE SABBATH MORNING.

Light of light! enlighten me,
Now anew the day is dawning;
Sun of grace! the shadows flee:
Brighten Thou my Sabbath morning.
With Thy joyous sunshine blest,
Happy is my day of rest!

Fount of all our joy and peace,
To Thy living waters lead me;
Thou from earth my soul release,
And with grace and mercy feed me;—
Bless Thy word, that it may prove
Rich in fruits that Thou dost love!

Kindle Thou the sacrifice
That upon my lips is lying;
Clear the shadows from my eyes
That, from every error flying,
No strange fire within me glow
That Thine altar doth not know.

Let me with my heart, to-day,
Holy, holy, holy, singing,
Rapt awhile from earth away,
All my soul to Thee up-springing,
Have a foretaste inly given
How they worship Thee in heaven.

Rest in me, and I in Thee;
Build a Paradise within me;
Oh, reveal Thyself to me,
Blessed Love who died to win me!—
Fed from Thy exhaustless urn,
Pure and bright my lamp shall burn.

Hence all care, all vanity,
For the day to God is holy;
Come, Thou glorious Majesty,
Deign to fill this temple lowly;
Nought to-day my soul shall move,
Simply resting in Thy love!

B. Schmolek—1781.

WORK AND REST.

What have I yet to do?
Day weareth on,—
Flowers, that, opening new,
Smiled through the morning's dew,
Droop in the sun.

'Neath the noon's scorching glare
Fainting I stand;
Still is the sultry air,
Silences everywhere
Through the hot land.

Yet must I labour still,
All the day through,—
Striving with earnest will
Patient my place to fill,
My work to do.

Long though my task may be,
Cometh the end,
God 'tis that helpeth me,
His is the work, and He
New strength will lend.

He will direct my feet,
Strengthen my hand,
Give me my portion meet;—
Firm in His promise sweet
Trusting I'll stand.

Up, then, to work again!
God's word is given,
That none shall sow in vain,
But find his ripen'd grain
Garner'd in heaven.

Longer the shadows fall,—
Night cometh on;
Low voices softly call,
"Come, here is rest for all!
Labour is done!"

Atlantic Monthly.

"TAKE NO THOUGHT."

"Take no thought for your life, what ye shall eat, or what ye shall drink."—MATT. VI. 25.

THIS "take no thought" is certainly an inadequate translation in our present English of the Greek original. The words seem to exclude and to condemn that just forward-looking care which belongs to man, and differences him from the beasts which live only in the present; and most English critics have lamented the inadvertence of our authorised version, which in bidding us "take no thought" for the necessities of life, prescribes to us what is impracticable in itself, and would be a breach of Christian duty, even were it possible. But there is no "inadvertence" here. When our translation was made, "take no thought" was a perfectly correct rendering of the original. "Thought" was then constantly used as an equivalent to anxiety or solicitous care, as let witness this passage from Bacon: "Harris, an alderman in London, was put to trouble, and died with thought and anxiety before his business came to an end." Or still better, this from one of the "Somers Tracts" (its date is that of the reign of Queen Elizabeth)—"In 500 years only two queens have died in childbirth; Queen Catherine Parr died rather of thought." A better example than either of these is that occurring in Shakespeare's "Julius Cæsar" ("take thought and die for Cæsar"), where "to take thought" is to take a matter so seriously to heart that death ensues.—*Trench.*

LEISURE MOMENTS.

REFINING FIRE.—Christ is a refiner's fire. We would like well enough to come and warm ourselves at this fire; but the business depends upon being thrown into it.—*Adam.*

THE KEY TO HEAVEN.—Sometimes, perhaps, thou hearest another Christian pray with much freedom and fluency, while thou canst hardly get out a few broken words. Hence, thou art ready to accuse thyself and to admire him; as if the gilding of the key made it open the door the better.—*Gurnall.*

GATHERING LILIES.—As a man that takes a walk in his garden, and spying a beautiful full-blown flower, crops it and puts it into his bosom, so the Lord takes His walks in His gardens, the churches, and gathers His lilies, souls fully ripe for glory, and with delight takes them to Himself.—*Gill.*

SUFFERING WITH CHRIST.—Shall I not be ashamed of the roses around my brow, when I see Him, and all the princes of His kingdom, with the crown of thorns?—*Tholuck.*

Christ is "God manifest." He is the Word—God heard; He is the Light—God seen; He is the Life—God felt.—*Wolfe.*

Page for the Young.

A LESSON FROM THE BIRDS.

"SEE how it rains, rains, rains," said little Mary Jellis, as she gazed from the closet window of her mother's chamber, longing to see the shower cease and the sun shine out bright and clear again. "Oh! mamma, it will never stop, and I do hate rainy weather." Just then a little bird, whose nest hung from a tree not far off, broke out in one of his sweetest strains, and Mary listened wonderingly.

"Hark, daughter, hear what the bird says," said her good mamma, who observed the fixed attention of her little one.

"Why, it only *sings*," answered Mary.

"Yes; but while you are fretting and whining in this nice, large room, with all your playthings around you, and doll waiting to be dressed, birdie sings from the dripping bushes as though he would remind you that '*God makes the rain fall!*' See how his throat swells."

Mary looked up to the bough, and sure enough there he was, warbling merrily, and when his song ceased, she said it was because she had quit murmuring at the weather.

The next day, Anna Grey came over to spend the day with her friend, and while they played together on the green grass, Anna suddenly laid by her doll, and ran towards the house.

"Why do you go away?" cried Mary, surprised at her sudden freak.

"Oh! it is so hot, we can't play out of doors. I do wish the sun would go under a cloud, and stay there a good bit."

"Why, hear that little bird in the bush," answered Mary, laughing in her sleeve, as she remembered her rainy-day lesson.

"Well, what of it?"

"Why, it says, '*God makes the sun shine*,'" and Mary forthwith related her experience with the bird. From that day to this, Mary and Anna are content with either rain or sunshine, for they recollect the lesson of the birds.—*Little Pilgrim.*

LITTLE MARY.

A WHOLESALE merchant in New Haven used often, in going to his place of business, to pass through a narrow alley inhabited by miserably poor foreigners. Very early one morning, as he drew near one of the most wretched tenements, he heard a sweet childish voice singing, "There is a happy land," and looking up, saw peering through the rag-stuffed panes a little girl of six or seven. The hour, the song, the dreadful surroundings, led him to inquire into her history. He found that a few benevolent ladies had formed a Sabbath-school in that district, and little Mary had attended till a wicked priest had made her parents take her away. She had learned some of the "Songs for the Little Ones at

Home," and she used to arise thus early to sing and say them when no one should hear, lest she might forget them. Her little book was taken away, but she begged another, and hid it under the back steps at night, all day long carrying it in her bosom. Children of Christian parents, think of little Mary when you feel tempted to neglect the Bible and your Sabbath school.

THE LITTLE BLIND BOY.

A LITTLE blind boy was asked what forgiveness was. He replied, "It is the odour that flowers breathe when trampled upon." Did not this sweet youth, to whom the world was dark, who could never more see the pleasant light of the sun, give the true idea of forgiveness? It is not difficult to feel kindly toward those that love you and confer favours upon you; but to have a store of good wishes and kind deeds for those that abuse and treat you ill—to be like the cinnamon tree, that sheds a sweet perfume around the axe-man that wounds it, this is hard! But it is what the meek and lowly Jesus did, and what His true children do. How do you feel when your playmates treat you ill? Can you return good for evil? Can you pray for those that injure you? If so, you are "the children of your Father which is in heaven, who maketh his sun to rise on the evil and on the good." Remember, now, that one way to manifest the spirit of forgiveness is by kind words.—A missionary in Jamaica was questioning the black boys on Matt. v., and asked, "Who are the meek?" A boy answered, "Those who give soft answers to rough questions." This accords with what Solomon says, "A soft answer turneth away wrath; but grievous words stir up anger."

GOD MADE THEM ALL.

BY INEZ WESTELLI.

CHILDREN, God made the pebbles that lie in the stream—
You have seen them—so round, so smooth, and so bright;
He painted the shells of the ocean, that gleam,
Reflecting the sunshine, or stars' milder light.

The delicate hue of the violet He gave,
The daisy's sweet eye at His touch opens wide;
He bids the bright brook, in its windings, to lave,
With cool-flowing ripples, the moss on each side.

By a word of His power the mountains were made,
Which rise so majestic, all free and alone;
One word from our God, and the proud waves were stayed,
And hushed to low music the surge's loud tone.

He lists to the anthems which wild-woods send up;
He hears the glad songs which ascend from the lea;
'Tis grateful, th' incense of love from the flower-cup,
Or trills of wild worship from birds in the tree.

God made the broad rainbow, so gorgeous and fair,
A pathway of heaven, where angels come down
To whisper anew, to sad hearts full of care,
"Tis the promise of God—to the faithful a crown."

And God made the soul; oh, mysterious and deep
Are its waters, which stretch to eternity's shore!
God placed in it longings which never can sleep,
But awake to new life when time is no more.

Dear children, let's love Him, and praise Him, and pray
To "awake in His likeness," and bless Him for aye.



A Family Magazine for Leisure Hours and Sundays.

WEEKLY NOS. ONE HALFPENNY.]

[MONTHLY PARTS, THREEPENCE.

REMEDIES FOR SADNESS.

THERE is nothing which God more reproves in His people than a distrustful sadness. "Why sayest thou, O Jacob, and speakest, O Israel, My way is hid from the Lord, and my judgment is passed over from my God?" "Zion said, The Lord hath forsaken me, and my Lord hath forgotten me. Can a woman forget her sucking child, that she should not have compassion on the son of her womb?" Here is the strongest similitude which the nature of human affection permits; but it falls utterly short of a parallel. "Yea, they may forget, yet will I not forget thee." The change here to the plural number is remarkable. Not only *she* may forget—one unnatural mother may forget; but "they"—all the mothers in the world—may forget;—a law universal as humanity, universal in fact as animated and conscious nature, may be reversed; but "will I not forget thee. Behold, I have graven thee on the palms of my hands." These are reproofs; but how gentle and tender! As if they came from a human heart, conscious of deep and unalterable love, and wounded by a lurking distrust of its affection and constancy, saying—"Why these cruel suspicions? A mother's love is not so constant as mine. The palm-lines on my hands will fade away, sooner than thine image be effaced from my heart."

The unalterable love of God! How strongly are His people assured of it? By what a variety of grand similitudes is it set forth? "The mountains shall depart, and the hills be removed; but my kindness shall not depart from thee, neither shall the covenant of my peace be removed, saith the Lord that hath mercy on thee" (Isa. liv.) "Lift up your eyes to the heavens, and look upon the earth beneath: for the heavens shall vanish away like smoke, and the earth shall wax old like a garment, and they that dwell therein shall die in like manner; but my salvation shall be for ever" (Isa. li.) The mountains, the hills, the heavens, the earth, the long succession of

human generations, are not so enduring as God's love to His people. But that is not all. "I have loved thee with an everlasting love." "Thou lovedst me," says Jesus to the Father, "before the foundation of the world;" and then to the disciples, "As the Father hath loved me, even so have I loved you" (John xv.)

All this is true, says the troubled soul. I do not doubt the boundless and immutable goodness and love of my God. But—myself! This vain, wild, sensual, fickle heart, in which heavenly desires and emotions are like gleams of lightning in a dark and stormy night,—they vanish, and all is gloom and confusion again! How can I believe that the unchangeable love of God bears sway in a heart so full of change? for if so, why does it not exert a more constant influence on my life, in which holy principles exert so little power and bear so little fruit?

But these words, expressive of deep and unchangeable love, are addressed to just such. "Thou hast not called upon me, O Jacob; thou hast been weary of me, O Israel. Thou hast not brought me the small cattle of thy burnt-offerings, neither hast thou honoured me with thy sacrifices, &c. Thou hast bought me no sweet cane with money, neither hast thou filled me with the fat of thy sacrifices; but thou hast made me to serve with thy sins, thou hast wearied me with thine iniquities." What then? "I, even I, am he that blotteth out thy transgressions for mine own sake, and I will not remember thy sins" (Isa. xliii.) "O Jacob and Israel," (of whom such hard things had just been said) "thou art my servant: I have formed thee; thou art my servant: O Israel, thou shalt not be forgotten of me. I have blotted out as a thick cloud thy transgressions, and as a cloud thy sins. Return unto me; for I have redeemed thee" (Isa. xlii.) Nothing is so free and large as the forgiving mercy of God. *Nothing so open as the way back to God for the wandering soul.*

The accusations, the threatenings of Scripture, awful as they sometimes are, have one termination: "Return unto me." *Forgiveness is sure and instantaneous to the repentant soul.* "Return unto me, and I will return unto you, saith the Lord of hosts." Sin is an occasion for confession, for sorrow, for mourning, for humiliation. But so confessed and renounced, it is pardoned, forgotten, blotted out, thrown behind God's back, buried in the depth of the sea. Disquietude betrays a doubt of all this. A doubt of what?—of the truth, the sincerity, the power of God to forgive sins and remit their penalties. It can be nothing less, nothing else. A state of mind very sinful in the sight of God, and which could not fail to be very offensive even to a human potentate. A state prisoner once lingered away long years in imprisonment under the ruthless rule of Napoleon. His case was at length brought before the Emperor. The result of his investigation was the following decree: "This man is pardoned. Let him be restored to his estates and privileges." When this un hoped-for sentence came to his dungeon in Italy and unlocked its ponderous doors, would that poor man hesitate to go forth, and take with a joyful heart what had been so restored to him? No more should the repentant sinner linger among the gloomy shades and frightful shapes of his doubts and anxieties, and not come forth into the joy and enlargement of assured forgiveness, when God says to him, "I have blotted out as a thick cloud thy transgressions. I will no more remember thy sins. I have redeemed thee."

Sometimes this dejection comes from the apprehension of great trials. There they are before us. They are inevitable. They are imminent. Their shadow is already thrown on our path, and the dreadful reality must speedily follow. What then? "Thus saith the Lord that created thee, O Jacob, and he that formed thee, O Israel, *Fear not.* When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers (torrents), they shall not overflow thee: when thou walkest through the fire, thou shalt not be burned; neither shall the flame kindle upon thee. For I am the Lord thy God, the Holy One of Israel, thy Saviour."

The expectation of great duties, hard, complicated, and responsible labours with little strength to do them with, yet great necessity that they be done and well done, often oppresses nature and fills the heart with despondent misgivings. There is nothing more like *mortal anguish* than that which attends the consciousness that our strength is unequal to the labours and burdens of our position in life. Here is a very special word for those who labour under such sadness. "Fear thou not; for I am with thee: be not dismayed; for I am thy God: I will strengthen thee; yea, I will help thee; *yea, I will uphold thee.*"

Does our dejection arise from the consciousness that enmity—whether in a more subtle or violent form, whether its instrument be "the poison of asp," which lurks "under the lips" of the liar and slanderer, or some coarser and more material form of mischief—is lying in wait for us? Here are words to calm our fears. "No weapon that is formed against thee shall prosper; and every tongue that shall rise against thee in judgment thou shalt condemn. This is the heritage of the servants of the Lord, and their righteousness (vindication, justification) is of me, saith the Lord."

But "the last enemy" and the most terrible, the king of terrors—it is perhaps the inevitable conflict with him which awaits every child of dust, that appalls and unmans the soul. In some cases it undoubtedly does. There are "those who through fear of death, are all their life-time subject unto bondage;" and their number must be great, for they are specially mentioned among the objects of Christ's redeeming mission. "He partook of flesh and blood that he might deliver them." And how gloriously has He accomplished His work! No enemy so effectually vanquished, so utterly crushed, as the last and most dreaded enemy of man. "He hath abolished death." Even that is not all. He hath "destroyed him that has the power of death, that is, the devil." He has done more still. "He has brought life and immortality to light." He has not only taken away the cold and dismal negation of death, but He assures and gives the positive and glorious reality of life. And all this He has done "through death." He has died and so "finished" that "transgression," and "made an end of" that "sin" which "is the sting of death." He has died, and therefore shall we fear to die? He has walked through that dark exit from this world, and made it bright and warm with the rays of His glory. He will walk with us too,—He, the conqueror of death, the giver and creator of life, "when we pass through the waters, will be with us." There is nothing to fear, then—no, not even in death. "O death, where is thy sting?"

These promises are only specimens, each of a class which is almost innumerable. They are clusters from that good "land of promise," to survey which in all its length and breadth is the delightful work of holy meditation. They are "exceeding great and precious." They meet every fear. They assure us against every ill. "They are the true sayings of God." They furnish solid ground for that repose and joy which God would have His children attain and maintain in the midst of all the ills and fears of this mortal state—and which are so often inculcated in such words as these: "Rest in the Lord. Fear not. Be of good cheer. Let the peace of God rule in your hearts. Rejoice in the Lord always. Again I say, Rejoice!"

THE CATACOMBS OF ROME.

"ROMA SOTTERRANEA"—the underground Rome of the dead—the buried city of graves. Sacred is the dust of its narrow streets. Blessed were those who, having died for their faith, were laid to rest in its chambers. *In pace*, is the epitaph that marks the places where they lie. *In pace*, is the inscription which the imagination reads over the entrance to the Christian Catacombs.

Full as the upper city is of great and precious memories, it possesses none greater and more precious than those which belong to the city under ground. Republican Rome had no braver heroes than Christian Rome. The ground and motives of action were changed, but the courage and devotion of earlier times did not surpass the courage and devotion of later days, while a new spirit displayed itself in new and unexampled deeds, and a new and brighter glory shone from them over the world. But, unhappily, the stories of the early Christian centuries were taken possession of by a Church which has sought in them the means of enhancing her claims and increasing her power—mingling with them falsehoods and absurdities, cherishing the wildest and most unnatural traditions, inventing fictitious miracles, dogmatising on false assertions, until reasonable and thoughtful religious men have turned away from the history of the first Christians in Rome with a sensation of disgust, and with despair at the apparently inextricable confusion of fact and fable concerning them.

The Roman catacombs consist for the most part of a subterranean labyrinth of passages, cut through the soft volcanic rock of the Campagna, so narrow as rarely to admit of two persons walking abreast easily, but here and there on either side opening into chambers of varying size and form. The walls of the passages, through their whole extent, are lined with narrow excavations, one above another, large enough to admit of a body being placed in each; and where they remain in their original condition, these excavations are closed in front by tiles, or by a slab of marble cemented to the rock, and in most cases bearing an inscription. Nor is the labyrinth composed of passages upon a single level only: frequently there are several storeys, connected with each other by sloping ways.

There is no single circumstance, in relation to the catacombs, of more striking and at first sight perplexing character than their vast extent. About twenty different catacombs are now known, and are more or less open; and a year is now hardly likely to pass without the discovery of a new one; for the original number of underground cemeteries, as ascertained from the early authorities, was nearly, if not quite, three times this number. It is but a very few years since the entrance to the famous catacomb of St Callixtus, one of the

most interesting of all, was found by the Cavaliere de Rossi; and it was only in the spring of 1855 that the buried church and catacomb of St Alexander on the Nomentan Way were brought to light. Earthquakes, floods, and neglect have obliterated the openings of many of these ancient cemeteries; and the hollow soil of the Campagna is full "of hidden graves, which men walk over without knowing where they are."

Each of the twelve great highways which ran from the gates of Rome was bordered on either side, at a short distance from the city wall, by the hidden Christian cemeteries. The only one of the catacombs of which even a partial survey has been made is that of St Agnes, of a portion of which the Padre Marchi published a map in 1845. "It is calculated to contain about an eighth part of that cemetery. The greatest length of the portion thus measured is not more than seven hundred feet, and its greatest width about five hundred and fifty; nevertheless, if we measure all the streets that it contains, their united length scarcely falls short of two English miles. This would give fifteen or sixteen miles for all the streets in the cemetery of St Agnes." Taking this as a fair average of the size of the catacombs—for some are larger and some smaller—we must assign to the streets of graves already known a total length of about three hundred miles, with a probability that the unknown ones are at least of equal length. This conclusion appears startling, when one thinks of the close arrangement of the lines of graves along the walls of these passages. The height of the passages varies greatly, and with it the number of graves, one above another; but the Padre Marchi, who is competent authority, estimates the average number at ten, that is, five on each side for every seven feet, which would give a population of the dead, for the three hundred miles, of not less than two millions and a quarter. No one who has visited the catacombs can believe, surprising as this number may seem, that the Padre Marchi's calculation is an extravagant one as to the number of graves in a given space. We have ourselves counted eleven graves, one over another, on each side of the passage, and there is no space lost between the head of one grave and the foot of another. Everywhere there is economy of space—the economy of men working on a hard material, difficult to be removed, and labouring in a confined space, with the need of haste.

There can, of course, be no certainty with regard to the period when the first Christian catacomb was begun at Rome, but it was probably within a few years after the first preaching of the gospel there. The Christians would naturally desire to separate themselves in burial from the heathen, and to avoid everything having the semblance of pagan rites. And what mode of sepulture so natural for

them to adopt, in the new and affecting circumstances of their lives, as that which was already familiar to them in the account of the burial of their Lord? They knew that He had been "wrapped in linen, and laid in a sepulchre which was hewn out of a rock, and a stone had been rolled unto the door of the sepulchre." They would be buried as He was. Moreover, there was a general and ardent expectation among them of the second coming of the Saviour: they believed it to be near at hand; and they believed also that then the dead would be called from their graves, clothed once more in their bodies, and that as Lazarus rose from the tomb at the voice of his Master, so in that awful day, when judgment should be passed upon the earth, their dead would rise at the call of the same beloved voice.

Believing, then, the catacombs to have been begun within a few years after the first preaching of Christianity in Rome, there is abundant evidence to prove that their construction was continued during the time when the Church was persecuted or simply tolerated, and that they were extended during a considerable time after Christianity became the established creed of the empire. Indeed, several catacombs now known were not begun until some time after Constantine's conversion. They continued to be used as burial-places certainly as late as the sixth century. This use seems to have been given up at the time of the frequent desolation of the land around the walls of Rome by the incursions of barbarians; and the custom, gradually discontinued, was never resumed. The catacombs then fell into neglect, were lost sight of, and their very existence was almost forgotten. But during the first five hundred years of our era they were the burial-places of a smaller or greater portion of the citizens of Rome; and as not a single church of that time remains, they are, and contain in themselves, the most important monuments that exist of the Christian history of Rome for all that long period.

But the galleries of the catacombs are not wholly occupied with graves. Now and then they open on either side into chambers (*cubacula*) of small dimension and of various form, scooped out of the rock, and furnished with graves around their sides—the burial-place arranged beforehand for some large family, or for certain persons buried with special honour. Other openings in the rock are designed for chapels, in which the burial and other services of the Church were performed. These, too, are of various sizes and forms: the largest of them would hold but a small number of persons;* but not unfrequently two stand opposite each other on the passage-way, as if one were for the men and the other for the women who should be present at

the services. Entering the chapel through a narrow door whose threshold is on a level with the path, we see at the opposite side a recess sunk in the rock, often semicircular, like the apsis of a church, and in this recess an *arcosolium*, which served at the same time as the grave of a martyr and as the altar of the little chapel. It seems, indeed, as if in many cases the chapel had been formed not so much for the general purpose of holding religious service within the catacombs, as for that of celebrating worship over the remains of the martyr whose body had been transferred from its original grave to this new tomb. It was thus that the custom, still prevalent in the Roman Church, of requiring that some relics shall be contained within an altar before it is held to be consecrated, probably began. Perhaps it was with some reference to that portion of the Apocalypse in which St John says, "I saw under the altar the souls of them that were slain for the word of God, and for the testimony which they held: and they cried with a loud voice, saying, How long, O Lord, holy and true, dost thou not judge and avenge our blood on them that dwell on the earth? And white robes were given unto every one of them; and it was said unto them, that they should rest yet for a little season, until their fellow-servants also and their brethren, that should be killed as they were, should be fulfilled."* At any rate, these words must have dwelt in the memories of the Christians who came to worship God in the presence of the dead by whom they were surrounded in the catacombs. But they knelt before the altar-tombs, not as before altars consecrated with relics of saints, but as before altars dedicated to God, and connected with the memory of their own honoured and beloved dead, whom He had called from them into His holy presence.

Few of the chapels that are to be seen now in the catacombs are in their original condition. As time went on, and Christianity became a corrupt and imperial religion, the simple truths which had sufficed for the first Christians were succeeded by doctrines less plain, but more adapted to touch cold and materialised imaginations, and to inflame dull hearts. The worship of saints began, and was promoted by the heads of the Church, who soon saw how it might be diverted to the purposes of personal and ecclesiastical aggrandisement. Consequently the martyrs were made into a hierarchy of saintly protectors of the strayed flock of Christ, and round their graves in the catacombs sprang up a harvest of tales, of visions, of miracles, and of superstitions. As the Church sank lower and lower—as the need of a heavenly advocate with God was more and more im-

* These chapels are generally about ten feet square. Some are larger, and a few smaller than this.

* Rev. vi. 9-11. It seems probable that another custom of the Roman Church took its rise in the catacombs—that of burning candles on the altar—a custom simple in its origin, now turned into a form of superstition, and abused to the profit of priests.

pressed upon the minds of the Christians of those days—the idea seems to have arisen that neighbourhood of burial to the grave of some martyr might be an effectual way to secure the felicity of the soul. Consequently we find in these chapels that the later Christians, those perhaps of the fifth and sixth centuries, disregarding the original arrangements, and having lost all respect for the art, and all reverence for the memorial pictures which made the walls precious, were often accustomed to cut out graves in the walls above and around the martyr's tomb, and as near as possible to it. The instances are numerous in which pictures of the highest interest have been thus ruthlessly defaced. No sacredness of subject could resist the force of the superstition; and we remember one instance where, in a picture of which the part that remains is of peculiar interest, the body of the Good Shepherd has been cut through for the grave of a child, so that only the feet and a part of the head of the figure remain.

There is little reason for supposing, as has frequently been done, that the catacombs, even in times of persecution, afforded shelter to any large body of the faithful. Single, specially obnoxious, or timid individuals, undoubtedly, from time to time, took refuge in them, and may have remained within them for a considerable period. Such, at least, is the story, which we see no reason to question, in regard to several of the early popes. But no large number of persons could have existed within them. The closeness of the air would very soon have rendered life insupportable; and supposing any considerable number had collected near the outlet, where a supply of fresh air could have reached them, the difficulty of obtaining food and of concealing their place of retreat would have been in most instances insurmountable. The catacombs were always places for the few, not for the many—for the few who in better times assembled to join in the service commemorating the last supper of their Lord.

It is difficult, as we have said before, to clear away the obscuring fictions of the Roman Church from the entrance of the catacombs; but doing this so far as with our present knowledge may be done, we find ourselves entering upon paths that bring us into near connexion and neighbourhood with the first followers of the founders of our faith at Rome. The reality which is given to the lives of the Christians of the first centuries by acquaintance with the memorials that they have left of themselves here, quickens our feeling for them into one almost of personal sympathy. "Your obedience is come abroad unto all men," wrote St Paul to the first Christians of Rome. The record of that obedience is in the catacombs. And in the vast labyrinth of obscure galleries, one beholds and enters into the spirit of the first followers of the Apostle to the Gentiles.

HONESTY.

ONE evening a poor man and his son, a little boy, sat by the wayside, near the gate of an old town in Germany. The father took a loaf of bread, which he had bought in the town, and broke it, and gave the half to his boy. "Not so, father," said the boy, "I shall not eat until after you. You have been working hard all day, for small wages, to support me; and you must be very hungry. I shall wait till you are done." "You speak kindly, my son," replied the pleased father; "your love to me does me more good than my food; and those eyes of yours remind me of your dear mother who has left us, and who told you to love me as she used to do; and indeed, my boy, you have been a great strength and comfort to me; but now that I have eaten the first morsel to please you, it is your turn now to eat." "Thank you, father, but break this piece in two, and take you a little more; for you see the loaf is not large, and you require much more than I do." "I shall divide the loaf for you, my boy, but eat it I shall not—I have abundance; and let us thank God for His great goodness in giving us food, and in giving us what is better still, cheerful and contented hearts. He who gave us the living bread from heaven, to nourish our immortal souls, how shall He not give us all other food which is necessary to support our mortal bodies!" The father and son thanked God, and then began to cut the loaf in pieces, to begin together their frugal meal. But as they cut one portion of the loaf, there fell out several large pieces of gold, of great value. The little boy gave a shout of joy, and was springing forward to grasp the unexpected treasure, when he was pulled back by his father. "My son, my son!" he cried, "do not touch that money; it is not ours." "But whose is it father, if it is not ours?" "I know not as yet to whom it belongs; but probably it was put there by the baker, through some mistake. We must inquire: run." "But, father," interrupted the boy, "you are poor and needy, and you have bought the loaf, and then the baker may tell a lie, and—" "I will not listen to you, my boy; I bought the loaf, but I did not buy the gold in it. If the baker sold it to me in ignorance, I shall not be so dishonest as to take advantage of him. Remember Him who told us to do to others as we would have others do to us. The baker may possibly cheat us; but that is no reason why we should try and cheat him. I am poor, indeed; but that is no sin. If we share the poverty of Jesus, God's own Son, O let us share also His goodness and His trust in God! We may never be rich, but we may always be honest. We may die of starvation, but God's will be done should we die in doing it! Yes, my boy, *trust God, and walk in His ways, and you shall never be put to shame.* Now, run to the baker, and bring him here; and I shall watch

the gold until he comes." So the boy ran for the baker. "Brother workman," said the old man, "you have made some mistake, and almost lost your money;" and he shewed the baker the gold, and told him how it had been found. "Is it thine?" asked the father; "if it is, take it away." "My father, baker, is very poor, and—" "Silence, my child; put me not to shame by thy complaints. I am glad we have saved this man from losing his money." The baker had been gazing alternately upon the honest father and his eager boy, and upon the gold which lay glittering upon the green turf. "Thou art, indeed, an honest fellow," said the baker; "and my neighbour, David, the flax-dresser, spoke but the truth when he said thou wert the honestest man in our town. Now, I shall tell thee about the gold. A stranger came to my shop three days ago, and gave me that loaf, and told me to sell it cheaply, or give it away to the honestest poor man whom I knew in the city. I told David to send thee to me, as a customer, this morning; and as thou wouldst not take the loaf for nothing, I sold it to thee, as thou knowest, for the last pence in thy purse; and the loaf, with all its treasure—and certes, it is not small!—is thine; and God grant thee a blessing with it!" The poor father bent his head to the ground, while the tears fell from his eyes. His boy ran and put his hands about his neck, and said, "I shall always, like you, my father, trust God, and do what is right; for I am sure it will never put us to shame."

JESUS—SAVIOUR.

WE noticed the other day, in turning over a volume of Luther's Letters, that every one of them, to whomsoever addressed, and on whatsoever subject, bore over the top the inscription

JESUS.

We are informed that this habit was peculiar to himself, and was not common to other writers of the period; and, connected with facts in his history, it is very affecting. Luther, like all great reformers, was a man of one idea; but that one idea was not what historians have generally supposed—it was not civil liberty, nor liberty of opinion, nor opposition to forms, nor any abstract love of truth; but the one idea was—JESUS—SAVIOUR. No human being ever felt with deeper anguish what it was to *be lost*. Language cannot have a more terrible earnestness than that wherein he has described the death-agony through which he passed when he felt his sins, and the majesty of God, and the desperate hopelessness of any effort to approach Him, or bring his fallen nature up to that immeasurable height of purity. "It was all over with me," he says; "the sin of my nature tormented me night and day—there was no good in life; sin had taken possession of me—my free will hated God's judgments—it was

dead to good; anguish drove me to despair—nothing remained but to die and sink to hell." "Let them threaten me with banishment and death, with the torture and the stake," he says in a later letter, "what is all this to me? it all makes no impression on me, it is all the *merest trifle* to the agony I endured in my religious life before I found a Saviour." Now, to a soul in this state of religious anxiety, the whole Catholic system is one great and gloomy barrier standing between it and its Redeemer. Luther struggled like a giant; he fought as for life, and broke through the dark obstacle, and found a Saviour—he found, he embraced, he believed, he felt, he knew that he was saved, and he felt it with a joy as mighty and overwhelming as had been his anguish. Thenceforth there was to him but one mighty idea—SALVATION and a SAVIOUR.

When, late in life, he was complimented on the wonderful courage and energy he had shewed in conceiving and carrying on the great enterprise of civil and religious reform, he seemed lost in thought for a time, and then said: "Strange, I never thought of any of those things; all I wanted was salvation, *salvation*, if salvation were possible."

And having found Jesus, he proclaimed Him; and when he saw the Catholic Church putting anything in place of Jesus, he tore it down; and when he found, to his amazement, that the whole Catholic establishment was not accidentally but *designedly* standing between the simple, common people and their Saviour, and meaning still to stand there, then it was that he undertook to fight the whole Church.

Historians have dilated on the incredible courage that Luther shewed in thus relying on himself in the face of the world, but his courage is all accounted for in this one passage of Scripture: "I have set the Lord always before me; because He is on my right hand, I shall not be moved."

When on his way to the Diet at Worms, he stopped at Erfurt, and crowds flocked to see the doomed man, alone and helpless, marching onward, to all human view, to certain and horrible death—the church was crowded to overflowing; and at this time, when, like Jesus, he was going up to Jerusalem, or, like Paul, was bound in the spirit, knowing nothing, except that in every city bonds and afflictions should abide him, of what did he speak? Of Luther and Luther's trials, and Luther's dangers—of Charles, of the pope, and princes of the empire? No, none of these; nor yet of civil liberty and rights of conscience. Hear his text: "Then the same day at evening, when the doors were shut where the disciples were assembled for fear of the Jews, came JESUS, and stood in the midst, and said unto them, Peace be unto you! and when he had so said, he shewed them his hands and his side;" and the whole discourse was a simple and pathetic illustration of this truth,

that the presence of Christ and the remembrance of His sufferings, is the Christian's support in times of affliction and danger.

It ought to be known that the great body of Luther's preaching was not controversial, but consisted of such plain, practical efforts to lead the weak and ignorant to a Saviour, as would befit a city missionary of our own times; for "when I preach," said he, "I preach not for learned men and magistrates, of whom there are but few; but for the poor, the women, and children, and servants, of whom there are some thousands." Might not some modern ministers derive a useful hint from this?

It would seem to be a time now, when it is necessary for every minister and private Christian, like Luther, to inscribe the name of JESUS on every effort, and set Him always before them.

As no one can reproduce the enchantments of art but one who has been himself enchanted, who has gazed whole days, who has lingered on every line and lineament, marked every tone of colour and tremulous vibration of shade; so no one can reproduce Christ who has not seen Him, felt Him, and been thrilled to the heart's depths by His loveliness, and with whom He is not, as with Luther, *the one idea*, so that over every effort, of whatever kind, it should be the strong impulse of his heart to inscribe the name JESUS.—*Miscellanies, by Mrs H. B. Stowe.*

THE BENEFACCTIONS OF LITTLE CHRISTEL

I.

Going home from the house of God,
The flower at her foot, and the sun overhead,
Little Christel so thoughtfully trod,
Pondering what the preacher had said.

"Even the youngest, humblest child
Something may do to please the Lord :—
"Now, what," thought she, and half-sadly smiled,
"Can I, so little and poor, afford?"—

"Never, never, a day should pass,
Without some kindness, kindly shewn,"
(Little Christel look'd down at the grass,
Rising like incense before the Throne.

"Well, a day is before me now;
Yet, what," thought she, "can I do, if I try?
If an angel of God would shew me how!
But silly am I, and the hours they fly."

Then a lark sprang singing up from the sod,
And Christel thought, as he rose to the blue,
"Perhaps he will carry my prayer to God;
But who would have thought the little lark knew?"

II.

Now she enter'd the village street,
With book in hand, and face demure,
And soon she came, with sober feet,
To a crying babe at a cottage door.

The child had a windmill that would not move,
It puff'd with its round red cheeks in vain,
One sail stuck fast in a puzzling groove,
And baby's breath could not stir it again.

Poor baby beat the sail, and cried,
While no one came from the cottage door;
But little Christel knelt down by its side,
And set the windmill going once more.

Then babe was pleased, and the little girl
Was glad when she heard it laugh and crow;
Thinking, "Happy windmill, that has but to whirl,
To please the pretty young creature so!"

III.

No thought of herself was in her head,
As she pass'd out at the end of the street,
And came to a rose-tree tall and red,
Drooping and faint with the summer heat.

She ran to a brook that was flowing by,
She made of her two hands a nice round cup,
And wash'd the roots of the rose-tree high,
Till it lifted its languid blossoms up.

"O happy brook!" thought little Christel,
"You have done some good this summer's day
You have made the flower look fresh and well :—
Then she rose and went on her way.

IV.

But she saw, as she walk'd by the side of the brook,
Some great rough stones that troubled its course,
And the gurgling water seem'd to say, "Look!
I struggle, and tumble, and murmur hoarse!"

How these stones obstruct my road!
How I wish they were off and gone!
Then I would flow as once I flow'd,
Singing in silvery undertone."

Then little Christel, as light as a bird,
Put off the shoes from her young white feet;
She moves two stones, she comes to the third,
The brook already sings, "Thanks! sweet! sweet!"

O then she hears the lark in the skies,
And thinks, "What is it to God he says?"—
And she stumbles and falls, and cannot rise,
For the water stifles her downward face.

The little brook flows on as before,
The little lark sings with as sweet a sound,
The little babe crows at the cottage door,
And the red rose blooms, but Christel lies drown'd.

V.

Come in softly, this is the room;
Is not that an innocent face?
Yes, those flowers give a faint perfume—
Think, child, of heaven, and our Lord his grace.

Three at the right and three at the left,
Two at the feet and two at the head,
The tapers burn. The friends bereft
Have cried till their eyes are swollen and red.

Who would have thought it when little Christel
Ponder'd on what the preacher had told?
But the good wise God does all things well,
And the fair young creature lies dead and cold!

VI.

Then a little stream crept into the place,
And rippled up to the coffin's side,
And touch'd the corpse on its pale round face,
And kiss'd the eyes till they trembled wide!

Saying, "I am a river of joy from heaven,
You help'd the brook, and I help you;
I sprinkle your brows with life-drops seven;
I bathe your eyes with healing dew."

Then a rose-branch in through the window came,
And colour'd her cheeks and lips with red;
"I remember, and Heaven does the same,"
Was all that the faithful rose-branch said.

Then a bright small form to her cold neck clung,
It breathed on her till her breast did fill,
Saying, "I am a cherub fond and young,
And I saw who breathed on the baby's mill."

Then little Christel sat up and smiled,
And said, "Who put these flowers in my hand?"
And rubb'd her eyes, poor innocent child,
Not being able to understand.

VII.

But soon she heard the big bell of the church
Give the hour, which made her say,
"Ah, I have slept and dreamt in the porch,
It is a very drowsy day."

—*Christian Spectator.*

THE CHURCH IN THE HOUSE, WITH LIVING PREACHERS.

AN IMPORTANT QUESTION.

"If the righteous scarcely be saved, *where shall the ungodly and the sinner appear?*" What an important question this is! There are many important questions now occupying people's minds,—political questions, sanitary questions, social questions; but here is a question worthy of the profoundest consideration which the human mind can give. The characters referred to in this question are, the ungodly and the sinner. There were many such eighteen centuries back, when those words were written by St Peter, and there are many now.

The question is not as to the present condition of the ungodly—Where do they now appear? Some appear before the world in purple and in fine linen, and some go about the streets in rags and in hunger. Some live in halls of splendour, covered with cedar and painted with vermilion; others dwell in the abodes of poverty and frequent scenes of vice. Some are drinking wine in bowls, and chanting to the sound of the viol; others are mourning in solitude and in sickness. Some are dishonouring this Sunday evening as recklessly as if there were no God to worship—no Saviour to seek—no death-bed to prepare for—no soul to be saved—no eternity to meet; while some ungodly sinners are here now present, listening, I trust profitably, to these things. But the question is not, *Where are they now?* but *Where shall they appear hereafter?* They will not appear in this world long—that is certain. Soon, very soon, we shall "go hence, and be no more seen." Men may inquire for the ungodly man at his home—he is not there; at his workshop or his place of business—he is not there. His companions may look for him at the public-house or the theatre. The place that knew him now knows him no more. Don't forget that. Now you are in this world. You will not be seen long here. Death will come—he is now coming. Nothing can put him back. He comes alike to all. He cares no more for the robe of ermine than for the beggar's rags. He comes—steady, certain, inexorable—to take you from your bed of down, or from your bed of straw. Hour by hour he is advancing nearer and nearer. No matter whether you are awake or whether you are asleep, he will soon be here; and you will see his dark spectral form standing, like Balaam's angel, right across your path, with uplifted dart; and when you shall feel his cold arm holding you as a prisoner in his grasp, then, let me ask, "*Where shall the ungodly and the sinner appear?*" In this world he "appears" no longer. Friends may visit his grave—and there, inscribed upon the stone, may "appear" his name, how long he lived, and when he lived no longer. His body,

mouldering to dust, lies there; but what is become of his living soul? Where does *he* appear? Ask the infidel; he shakes his head with shame, and answers, "I cannot tell." That was a matter of great interest mentioned in the *Times* newspaper a few days ago. "Last week the president of an infidel society at Nottingham, a framework knitter, publicly announced his secession from the doctrines he had long advanced; and he came forward and said he thought it right publicly to acknowledge, in the place where he used to hold his infidel lectures, that he had had great misgivings in regard to the existence of God; and for the last five years he had been uneasy in his mind in respect to Christianity. This uneasiness increased when he found himself upon a sick-bed; and on reviewing his creed he found it utterly worthless in the prospect of death. He had therefore determined, after considerable struggle with his pride, to avow his entire renunciation of his infidelity and his unbelief in Divine revelation. A working man, in proposing a vote of thanks to the chairman for his lecture, to which he had listened, avowed that he had held the same infidel sentiments as the other; but he had been led to see his error, and now publicly thanked God, who had in great mercy brought him out of darkness into his marvellous light." No, friends; we need not go to infidelity, like Saul going to Endor, for false and borrowed light upon the appalling mysteries of the future. The Bible holds up the torch of truth, and lights up the dark valley of death through which men must pass, and unveils the hidden realities that lie beyond the grave. Ask, then, the oracles of God, "*Where shall the ungodly and the sinner appear?*" Let St Paul answer the question: "We must all appear before the judgment-seat of Christ, to give an account of the things done in the body, whether they be good or bad." "*Where shall the ungodly and the sinner appear?*" Let the Apostle John answer the question: "I saw a great white throne, and him that sat upon it, from whose face the earth and the heavens fled away. And I saw the dead, small and great, stand before God; and the books were opened, and the dead were judged out of those things written in the books according to what they had done." And if that answer were not enough, ask the Saviour himself, "*Where shall the ungodly and the sinner appear?*" "*When the Son of man shall come in his glory, and all the holy angels with him, then shall he sit upon the throne of his glory: and before him shall be gathered all nations, and he shall separate them as a shepherd divideth his sheep from the goats; and he shall set the sheep on his right hand, but the goats on the left. Then shall the King say to them on his right hand, Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world. And then shall he say to them on his left hand,*

Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels. And these shall go away into everlasting punishment; but the righteous into life eternal." Do you ask the question, then, "Where shall the ungodly and the sinner appear?" Bring back to mind that piercing expression, "These shall go away"—these ungodly men and women who lived without Christ, and who died without pardon—"shall go away,"—away from God, who urged them to repent; away from Christ, who died to save sinners; away from that blessed Spirit, who strove with their consciences to bring them to Jesus; away from Christian friends, who spoke to them for their good, and would fain bring them to the narrow road. "These shall go away;" but nothing can save them. All the tears they will shed, all the wailing they will utter, all the torment they will endure, will be of no avail. They cast off Christ, and Christ casts off them. Men cannot save them; devils will not save them if they could. Oh! where, where, "WHERE shall the ungodly and the sinner appear?"

Brethren, I bring you good news. The door of mercy is yet open: the outstretched arms of Jesus are ready to receive every one. Then be encouraged by the promise of Jesus—"Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out."—*Mackenzie*.

LIFE THOUGHTS.*

We are apt to believe in Providence so long as we have our own way; but if things go awry, then we think, if there is a God, He is in heaven, and not on earth.

The cricket in the spring builds his little house in the meadow, and chirps for joy, because all is going so well with him. But when he hears the sound of the plough a few furrows off, and the thunder of the oxen's tread, then the skies begin to look dark, and his heart fails him. The plough comes crunching along, and turns his dwelling bottom side up, and as he goes rolling over and over without a home, he says,—

"Oh, the foundations of the world are destroyed, and everything is going to ruin!"

But the husbandman who walks behind the plough, singing and whistling as he goes, does he think the foundations of the world are breaking up? Why, he does not so much as know there was any house or cricket there. He thinks of the harvest which is to follow the track of the plough; and the cricket, too, if he will but wait, will find a thousand blades of grass where there was but one before.

We are like the crickets. If anything happens to overthrow *our* plans, we think all is going to ruin.

* From "Life Thoughts," by H. W. Beecher, published by A. Strahan & Co.

THE growth of Christian life is to be measured by the growth of *love*; and love itself is to be measured in its progressive states by its restfulness, its undisturbed trust, its victory over every form of fear. The state of perfect loving is incompatible with distrust. When the heart is first awakened to affection, it is disturbed and agitated. It fluctuates with every shade of hope and fear alternately. It rushes from one extreme of confidence to the opposite of doubt. But this is only while it is *filling*. The heart beginning to love is like a bay into which the star-drawn tides are rushing. The waters come with violence. They stir up the sand and sediment. They dash and murmur on the edges of the shore. They whirl and chafe about the rocks, and the whole bay is agitated with strife and counter-strife of swirling waters, until they have nearly reached their height. Then, when great depth is gained, when the shores are full, when no more room is found for the floods, the bay begins to tranquillise itself, to clear its surface; and effacing every wrinkle, and blowing out every bubble, and hushing every ripple along the shore, it looks up with an open and tranquil face into the sky, and reflects clearly the sun and moon that have drawn it thither. And so does the soul, while filling, whirl with disquiet, and fret its edges with wrinkles and eddies; but when it is filled with love, it rests and looks calmly up, and reflects the image of its God!

As ships meet at sea, a moment together, when words of greeting must be spoken, and then away upon the deep, so men meet in this world; and I think we should cross no man's path without hailing him, and, if he need, giving him supplies.

PRIDE slays thanksgiving, but a humble mind is the soil out of which thanks naturally grow. A proud man is seldom a grateful man, for he never thinks he gets as much as he deserves. When any mercy falls, he says, "Yes, but it ought to be more. It is only manna as large as a coriander seed, whereas it ought to be like a baker's loaf."

How base a pool God's mercies fall into, when they plash down into such a heart as that!

If one should give me a dish of sand, and tell me there were particles of iron in it, I might look for them with my eyes, and search for them with my clumsy fingers, and be unable to detect them; but let me take a magnet and sweep through it, and how would it draw to itself the almost invisible particles, by the mere power of attraction! The unthankful heart, like my finger in the sand, discovers no mercies; but let the thankful heart sweep through the day, and as the magnet finds the iron, so it will find in every hour some heavenly blessings; only the iron in God's sand is gold.

RELIGION AND BUSINESS.

"THEY are saying, sir, that you are neglecting your business, and that it must suffer."

"Who says it?" says the employer.

"All your neighbours along the street, sir."

"Do any Christians say it?"

"Well, I hardly know whether they are Christians or not; I suppose not. But I thought I ought to let you know what was said. Besides, there is a good deal of money to be paid, and I do not know where it is coming from."

"How much are you short?"

"About six hundred to-day, and other bills mature to-morrow and next day, and I felt anxious to know how they are to be met."

"Do you believe our Saviour meant anything, when He said, 'Seek first the kingdom of heaven?'"

"Certainly I do."

"Well, what do you suppose He meant?"

"Oh, I do not know. I have never thought of it. Perhaps I should not be able to answer it if I should try. But I do not think business is to be neglected."

"I am very much astonished to hear you, a professor of religion, talk in this way. As for me, I believe He means just what He says, and I mean to do literally what He requires. I do not neglect my business. I know what paper is maturing, and I do not give myself the least uneasiness about it. I use all proper diligence, and the rest I leave to God."

When speaking of it, the merchant said, "I knew where I could lay my hand on the money at once, though I did not tell my clerk of it. I went to the noon-day prayer-meeting as usual. On coming home after one P.M., I asked my clerk about the means to meet my bills for to-day."

"Oh," said he, "we are all right. Mr B— has been in, and has paid eighteen hundred dollars, and some other money has come in."

"This eighteen hundred dollars was a bad debt which I *never expected to be paid*," said the merchant.

"So the Lord takes care of me while I take care of the affairs of my own soul and the souls of others, and seek first the kingdom of heaven."

This man is one of the new recruits into the great army. His hand, his heart, his mind, are ready for every good work, every good word, and no duty is left undone.

Said a salesman in one of our heavy wholesale houses to a young clerk—a young and honest disciple of Christ—

"You ought not to have said what you did to that buyer. I sold him the goods at a good price for *cash*—remember, *cash*—and now he will not take them."

"He asked me about the goods, and I told him the truth, that they were *damaged*. I cannot tell a lie for all the goods there are in

the store; and I will not," said the young clerk.

"I am *sorry*—I am *very sorry*," said the salesman, "to say that I must report you to the firm, but I feel it my duty to do it. I cannot be balked in this way, when I have done a good thing for the employers, to have it all upset by your squeamishness. I must go back to the counting-room, and report you."

"Very well," said the clerk, "I will go with you, and go *now*. I shall tell them honestly the whole transaction, and we will see what they have to say to your fleecing a customer in this way."

The salesman's courage failed, for within a few weeks the leading member of that firm had been converted, and he was a little afraid he might be disposed to "do his business on Christian principles," so he did not risk the appeal and report.

This clerk was but a mere boy of nineteen. We are happy to know that many a pious young man has made up his mind to do honour to his Christian profession, and not compromise himself by following the "laws of trade."
—*Power of Prayer.*

DELIGHT IN THE WORD.

"I opened my mouth, and panted: for I longed for thy commandments."—PSALM cxix. 181.

It happens sometimes that such spiritual raptures seize on a man, even while he is reading the Scriptures—as the disciples' hearts burned within them, whilst our Saviour talked with them, going to Emmaus (Luke xxiv. 32)—whereupon the heart opens itself, to close with and draw in that ravishing object, as it is probable David's did; which will necessarily enforce him to make some pause in the work which he hath in hand, for a little while; which must needs happen, partly because the mind, while it is wholly taken up with that truth which it embraceth, cannot easily attend anything else at present; as it falls out that when a man's eyes are dazzled with beholding the sun, they can for the present see nothing else perfectly. Such short pauses, upon such occasions, if they happen to us in reading the Scriptures, rather further than hinder us in our work. For a godly spirit, quickened by such sweet refreshings, receives increase of alacrity, and is thereby strengthened to go on with much greater life to the end of this holy exercise, which by such a help is, if not more speedily, yet doubtless more effectually and to better purpose performed. The truth is, such a pause need not detain us long; but the affections being refreshed by some short meditation on that which moves them, a man may set on to the work again, and after that is fully ended, he may resume again into his thoughts, and satisfy himself with the fuller contemplation of that object which so much affected him.—*White's Way to the Tree of Life.*

TEACHINGS FOR THE CHILDREN. No. III.

FAITHFUL PERFORMANCE OF DUTY UNDER TRYING CIRCUMSTANCES.

JOSEPH was the darling son of Jacob. He seems to have been early distinguished for his piety and filial affection, and Jacob shewed such a preference for this excellent son as to draw down upon him the envy and hatred of his brethren.

On a time when the other sons of Jacob had driven their flocks, which were very numerous, to a great distance from their homes, the old father, anxious to know of their welfare, sent Joseph to find where they were, and to bring him word.

He went gladly, expecting, no doubt, that his brethren would rejoice to see him, and hear from their families. But how different was this from their feelings! While he was prepared to meet them with all the feelings of an affectionate brother, they had suffered the evil passions of envy and hatred to take possession of their hearts.

His brethren no sooner saw him than they plotted his destruction. It was first proposed to kill him, and this was agreed to by all but one. Reuben, willing to save him, urged them, instead of taking his life by shedding his blood, to put him into a well, which was dry and deep, where he must have perished with hunger. Imagine, if you can, the feelings of this lovely youth, seized by his own brothers, stripped of his beautiful coat—the gift of his loving father and one cause of their envy—lowered into a pit and left to die there! We hear of no resistance made by him, though his soul was filled with anguish. He submitted, knowing that the God in whom he trusted could deliver him. While his brethren, after they had thrown him into the pit, sat down to eat and drink, he, doubtless, kneeled down to pray, and he had no sooner asked for deliverance than it was granted, although not in the way he would have chosen.

A company of merchants passing by, his brethren, who were covetous as well as cruel, determined, instead of letting him starve to death, to sell him as a slave, knowing that he would be taken to a far country, thinking that he would be as much out of their way as if he were dead. Here again he made no resistance, but, trusting in God, performed faithfully the duties of his station. When the merchants arrived in Egypt, they sold him to a very rich man, who soon found out that he was no common servant, and trusted him with the management of all his concerns. It is here said expressly that "the Lord was with him," and this could not be unless he had committed all his ways unto Him.

Here he might be as happy as he could be anywhere among strangers, but his trials were not yet over. The wife of Potiphar, his kind

master, was a very wicked woman, and she urged Joseph to join with her in wronging her husband. He persisted in refusing, until she became enraged, and determined to ruin him. She told her husband that Joseph had been unfaithful to him, and without inquiring into the truth he had him sent to prison. Here we see again the same reliance upon God, and unresisting submission to those under whose authority he had been placed by Him. Here again he set himself to perform faithfully, and without repining, the duties of his new station. The jailor soon observed, as Potiphar had done, that God whom he served caused everything to prosper in his hand, and he gave him the charge of the prisoners, and trusted everything to him. He must have been more than three years in prison before the Lord saw fit to deliver him.

The story is too long to tell here, and every part of it is full of interest. I will just say that the king heard of his great wisdom, and had him brought out of prison and placed him over the affairs of the kingdom; and God enabled him by his wisdom and good management to save the lives of the whole nation, as well as of his father, and his once cruel but now penitent brethren and their families. His conduct to his brethren is above all praise.

LEISURE MOMENTS.

The mind, however cultivated and adorned with intellectual and moral accomplishments, when destitute of religion, resembles a splendid but *uninhabited* mansion; it looks dreary and comfortless, tends to decay, and excites the pity of those who behold it.—*Toplady*.

To be "blameless and harmless, the sons of God without rebuke, in an evil generation," is great; but to be without rebuke from Christ himself, is greater still.—*A. Fuller*.

Let us beware of judging ourselves by what others think of us.—*Ibid*.

Had our heavenly Father intended this world for His children's portion, their accommodations would be better, but they are strangers and pilgrims travelling to their distant home. They must expect *travellers' fare*; and the mean entertainment which they meet with by the way is intended to make *home* more desirable, and to urge them forward with greater speed.—*Anon*.

Contrivers of systems upon earth, are like contrivers of systems in the heavens; where the sun and moon keep the same course, in spite of the philosophers.—*Newton*.

Corrupt Christianity is more offensive to God than open infidelity.—*A. Fuller*.

To know what religion has done for an individual, we should consider what he would have been without it.—*Ibid*.

The word of God is like a banker's check-book, which Faith uses when it has occasion to draw on God for a supply; and there is prompt payment.—*Anon*.

Page for the Young.

"I DIDN'T DO IT."

"I HATE 'pattern' boys," said Richard Gray: "I never feel at home with them; for if you do anything they don't think right, you never feel safe; they are almost sure to tell of you. They always get into the good graces of the master."

"What do you mean?" asked his brother Philip.

"Why, our master said at school yesterday that he thought young Morris quite a pattern of good conduct, and hoped when he came to school we should all be kind to him."

"Well, we shall see," said Philip, "when he comes: I daresay he will be like all the rest."

George Morris came to school—some liked him and some did not; but he behaved kindly to all.

One day they were all at play in the playground, when George was heard crying out in great trouble, "What have I done? Oh, what have I done? What will Mr Harding say?"

"What is it? what is it?" cried several voices, and the boys gathered quickly round, to see what was the matter.

"Oh," said George, "my ball has broken a pane of glass in the greenhouse; and I am afraid it has knocked down some of the flower-pots, for it made such a clatter. I had no right to be so near the greenhouse."

The boys ran to the greenhouse, and there, sure enough, was Mr Harding's beautiful scarlet cactus in full bloom thrown down upon the floor, and the plant broken.

"Oh, what will Mr Harding say?" said George; "it was only yesterday he was shewing it to Squire Lowndes' gardener, and he said it was the finest he had seen for a long time."

"You'll catch it," said Richard Gray, who was a very ill-tempered boy; "you'll catch it for going so near the greenhouse with your ball."

"Mr Harding need not know anything about it," said Philip; "at least I will not tell who did it. And we will all agree that we know nothing about how the cactus got knocked down, and he will think some one threw a stone out of the road and broke it. And so you will get out of the scrape."

George left them, and stood under the tree thinking of the mischief he had done, when Joe Green came up to him: "Be sure, George, if Mr Harding asks you who did it, to say you did not."

"I could not say that," said George, "for I did do it."

"Yes," said Joe; "but then you needn't say so, and we will all keep quiet."

"Oh," said George, "but I shall be so unhappy till I have confessed it."

"Then you are very foolish, and deserve as you will get," said Philip Gray.

"Yes," added Joe Green, "and Morris will change his mind when he comes to school tomorrow."

"We shall see how he will manage it," said Richard, as they stood in a group at the school door, on the following morning; "depend on it, he will be glad to do as we say."

All were seated in the school-room, and the master was about to commence the duties of the day with prayer, when George was seen leaving his seat, and going towards Mr Harding. Everything was so still you might have heard a pin drop.

"If you please, sir," said George, "I cannot tell a lie," and paused.

"I know you would not, wilfully," said Mr Harding. "Well?"

George proceeded to give the history of the matter, and to beg Mr Harding's forgiveness.

Mr Harding's eyes filled with tears. A few eyes were fixed upon him, and on the youth who dared to be true.

"George," said Mr Harding, "had you broken every pane of glass in the greenhouse and destroyed every flower it contains, I would forgive you. You have done right in telling me the whole truth, and I love you for it. You have set an example to your schoolfellow which I hope they will be led to follow. Give me your hand—I heartily forgive you."

THE "GUEST'S" BIBLE QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNG.

INSECTS.

WHERE is permission given to use the grasshopper for food?

In whose sight did the spies, sent to search the land of Canaan, say they were as grasshoppers?

What armies came against Israel like grasshoppers for multitude?

Where is the grasshopper said to be a burden?

What important advice to youth is given in the same connexion?

In what direction did the wind blow the locusts brought on Egypt the plague of locusts?

What man had for his food locusts and wild honey?

Out of what did locusts come after the sounding of the fifth trumpet?

What was their shape and appearance?

Whom does Christ describe as straining at a gnat, and swallowing a camel?

What does He mean by this?

By what insects did God promise to drive out the Canaanites before His people?

Who spake of himself twice as a flea?

Whose trust shall be as the spider's web?

What is your trust?



A Family Magazine for Leisure Hours and Sundays.

WEEKLY NOS. ONE HALFPENNY.]

[MONTHLY PARTS, THREEPENCE

FAMILY RELIGION.

THE family is the cradle of religion. The first altar was the family altar; the first form of worship was *family worship*. More than once the worship of the true God was limited to a single family, and for centuries it was perpetuated through the families of Abraham and his descendants.

The family is a peculiar institution; it is a church and a state in miniature. Like political governments, every well-organised family has its ruler or head; it has its code of laws, which all its subjects ought to obey. It has its discipline and its penalties. Like the church, every religious family has its sanctuary and means of grace. It has its set times for devotion; its seasons of prayer and praise.

A minister who was sympathising with a woman who lived at a great distance from sanctuary privileges, was surprised to hear her say, she was not destitute of the means of grace. "I have," said she, "a Bible and a family of children. I read and pray with them morning and evening; I read a sermon on the Sabbath, and we sing and pray; on the evening of the weekly meeting, we do the same, lifting up our hearts and voices with others all over the world; I feel that I am not destitute of the means of grace."

The immense moral and religious power of the family is but imperfectly realised; seldom appreciated. It may be said to be the mighty engine for good or evil in the world. In many families, there is an opportunity of exhibiting the "beauty of holiness," in almost every relation in life; where almost every Divine precept is obeyed or disobeyed. Here are husbands and wives; parents and children; brothers and sisters; the hoary head of age and helpless infancy; the master and servant; the maid and her mistress; the rich and the poor. For every one of these relations there is a positive duty; to each one who sustains them there is a divine command.

What an opportunity to live religion. Where should "the light so shine as to glorify our

Father in heaven," if not here? *Here* the mask is dropped; here the real character is exhibited; here we are "living epistles, known and read" by each other. Here our honesty is acknowledged, or hypocrisy detected; here motives are weighed, and *principles* stand out in bold relief. Here the child is educated for manhood, his principles and prejudices receiving their colouring from his first impressions. None are keener observers than little children; even the little infant will watch narrowly the mother's face, the lights and shadows of which, like a key-note, strike a corresponding chord in its little heart.

How necessary then, that in the family religion should be exhibited, not only in its purity, but in that attractiveness which true piety implies. Who can calculate the extent of influence upon a little child which a person exerts, who is morose, or peevish, or uncharitable, or murmuring and gloomy, while they profess to be religious, in opposition to one who is cheerful, trustful, unselfish, and kind? With the former, he associates religion as something hideous, calculated to produce unhappiness and gloom; while the latter conveys the impression of "whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, or of good report." The teachings and precepts of the former are life writings in the sand, washed away by the tide; while the instruction and admonition of the latter are graven as in the rock.

Children suffer much from the inconsistency of other members of the same family. It is a sad mistake to require more of children than we ourselves perform; to be exacting of them, and lax with ourselves; to be rigid in governing, while destitute of self-government. The fountain cannot rise higher than the reservoir from which it flows; no more can precept go one step beyond practice as a means of good.

However unconsciously it may be, every child is taking lessons each day, on some, it

not many, *moral* subjects. Each day he hears or sees that which will tell on his whole future life; the germ of a principle which will never die, may have originated in a thoughtless remark or a trifling act.

In the family all the moral virtues, or their opposites, are inculcated by living examples. That little boy who was witness to a bargain where the father by false pretences passed off an article, known to be worthless, as valuable, has learned a lesson in dishonesty which, if followed, may bring him to the penitentiary or to death; or his conscience may be equally hardened if the same dishonest purpose is manifested in depreciating the worth of an article before it is purchased, and praising it afterwards. "It is naught, it is naught, saith the buyer, but when he goeth away, he boasteth." How many little ones stumble over these faults. Is it not often they hear the remark, "I bought it for half its value?" and with a feeling of self-satisfaction, is not the remark made? The little girl upon whose ear the words have scarcely died away—"O dear, I wish people would stay at home," is astonished and perplexed to hear the *friendly greeting* with which her mistaken, misguided mother, receives the *unwelcome* guest.

Vile insincerity! if thou hast not gained a proselyte, it is because of thy hateful mien. That young person who is taught to lie, by saying "Not at home," may justly say with Pilate, "What is truth?" The petty meanness, the faults, the sins, the secret violations of the Sabbath, so artfully concealed from the eye of man, may justly prompt the child who witnesses them, to say, Can God see?

Such is the process that is going on in a greater or less degree, in every family. The influence of some "is a savour of life unto life," while that of others is of "death unto death."

To produce the former result, it is necessary to form a right estimate of the true dignity of the family. The untold influence it will have, not only on the present, but on future generations; its *results*, which eternity can alone unfold; the value of the souls which compose it; and the happiness or misery, the weal or woe, for which it is responsible—these testify to its importance. In itself a little rill, the influence of a single family may go on deepening and widening, until, like a mighty river, it may bless the world by its spirit of benevolence. To effect great results, it is not necessary that it be powerful in its beginning. It may be the inmates of the humblest cottage that exert the greatest influence.

The family is the theatre where every human being begins to act his part in the grand drama of life. The tiny infant has commenced a life that will know no end; it is a lamp lighted, to burn "while immortality endures." And for that infant, God has a definite purpose, a life-plan drawn from "all eternity." It is astonishing how few have

any comprehension of the meaning of life, of its Divine appointments, of the work it is designed to accomplish, even in obscurity. To every work and enterprise there is a proper place assigned; to every mechanical *art*, to every department of science, to every agricultural, mercantile, or commercial pursuit, propriety and convenience lend their aid. "To everything there is a purpose, and a time for everything," except the right training of immortal minds. In nothing is there such a misapplication of time and talent, such a lavish waste of opportunities, and golden moments for instruction, when the heart is tender and pliant.

Within the human heart, unseen to mortal eyes, are love and hate, benevolence and avarice, hope and fear, ambition and recklessness, courage and timidity, faith and despair. Faith alone is the result of renewing grace, the others are brought out by circumstances.

The child thinks. He thinks upon great subjects; he hears others converse upon them; he picks up an idea, very likely an erroneous one; he asks you to tell him, but you think the subject above his comprehension, or you have not time or interest enough in the subject to attend to him. He retains his erroneous idea until years after he has gained the desired information. Erroneous ideas about God, and death, and heaven, almost any one can remember after he has arrived at mature years. Would you but condescend to converse with your little ones, rather than put them off with the time-worn excuse, "you cannot understand," would not those little ones hang upon your lips, and prefer your society to the unmeaning ribaldry of the street?

Everything about God, and especially the blessed Saviour, should be taught by the fireside to children. Many Christians have "been all their lifetime subject to bondage, through fear of death," merely from injudicious teaching, or rather avoiding teaching upon the subject by their parents when young.

Many persons have groped through the world in darkness, from the fact of having the dark side of everything held up before them by some gloomy, misanthropic person. Avoid such a dark murky atmosphere in the family where are young and tender minds; a gloomy picture is daguerretyped upon the mind which will ever be starting into life to annoy its possessor.

Let every dark cloud have its "silver lining." Let an overruling Providence be taught—ever ready to dispense good, giving for every dark day, a light to follow it; for every loss, a gain; for every trial, rest.

Let the Saviour be set forth, as loving little children and delighting to bless them, and then may that love which casteth out fear be in every heart, and every heart be given to Him, "in whom all the families of the earth are blessed."

CHRISTIANITY IN MADAGASCAR.

In the year 1818, missionaries from the London Society arrived in Madagascar, and met a cordial reception from the king. They diligently applied themselves to the acquirement of the language, introduced an alphabet, prepared elementary books, and translated the Scriptures into the native tongue. Schools were also established, and in the space of ten years, between ten and fifteen thousand of the Malagasy had learned to read, and many of them also to write; while a considerable number professed themselves Christians. On the death of the king, in 1828, the upholders of idolatry regained the ascendancy, and although the missionaries were still permitted to continue their schools and religious teaching, it soon became evident that the government was unfavourable to their operations. In 1835, their labours were interdicted, and the profession of Christianity by any of the natives was prohibited; it was also required that all Christian books should be given up to the government. In the following year the missionaries left the country. After their departure, the native Christians were assailed by violent persecution; some were punished by fire, imprisonment, slavery, and death; while others fled for refuge to the forests and caverns of the mountains. The result of these proceedings proved the reverse of what was intended; in place of arresting the progress of Christianity, the number of its professors was thereby greatly augmented.

Rev. William Ellis has visited them three times, in 1853, 1854, and 1856, and relates the following:—

From all the accounts that were given, the truth seems to have been sought as a priceless treasure, and hoarded in their hearts as something more precious than gold, and dearer than life. Their faith in its entirety and solidity was based simply on the Scriptures. They seem neither to have known or thought of any system or creed as such, but to have regarded the truth of the Bible as that which was able to make them wise for both worlds. Intimately associated with their careful study of the Scriptures, seems to have been their constant habit of prayer. It often appeared to me that they might have been appropriately called by the same name as that by which the early Christians in the South Sea Islands were universally designated, the praying people. The Word of God and prayer seem to have been the two sources whence they derived that vigour and maturity of Christian character, which they have presented to the world.

Few copies of the Scriptures have escaped the search made for them, but these were preserved with a carefulness that shewed how highly they were valued. Mr Ellis brought to Europe a New Testament so much soiled and worn, and patched, that it was difficult to

recognise the original work. It is now at the depot of the British and Foreign Bible Society.

Since 1836, the Malagasy Christians have suffered much cruel persecution, which they have borne with noble fortitude; the severest was that in 1849.

Numbers were informed against, and apprehended by officers of government bearing a silver spear designated "The hater of lies," and numbers, on the requisition of the government, acknowledged their having engaged in Christian worship. The nature of their offence may be inferred from the subjoined recital of the practices of which they were accused during the last persecution. When a number of them were then arraigned, it was asked by the chief officer, "What is this that you do? This that the queen hates—that which says believe in it or Him and obey the gospel; refusing to fight and quarrel with each other; refusing to swear by their sisters with a stubbornness like that of stones or wood; observing the Sabbath as a day of rest; the taking of the juice of the grape and a little bread, and invoking a blessing on the head, and then falling down to the ground, and when the head is raised, the tears running down from the eyes. Now, are you to do these things, or are you not?—for such things, it is said, are done by the praying people, and on this account the people are made to take the oath." Then Ramary stood up before the people, and said—"I believe in God, for He has made all things, and I follow (or believe) the gospel of God. And in regard to fighting or quarrelling, if we, who are one people, fight and quarrel (among ourselves), what good would be done? But if the enemies of our country come, the servants of God will fight. And in regard to swearing, if the truth is told, does swearing make the truth a lie? And if a lie is told, does swearing make the lie truth? For the truth is truth, and a lie is a lie, whether sworn to or not. I put my trust in God, and in Jesus Christ, the Saviour and Redeemer of all; He is able to be that to all that believe."

Of the numbers implicated, some idea may be formed from the fact, that at one time and at one place, 37 who had explained or preached the Word were reduced to slavery with their wives and children; 42 who had possessed books were made slaves, and their property seized; 27 who had possessed books, and who had preached or explained, were made slaves with their wives and children; 6 with whom it was a second offence were imprisoned; 2055 had paid one dollar each; 18 had been put to death; 14 hurled from the steep rock; and 4 burned alive.

Those who were appointed to die were treated with the greatest indignity. They were wrapped in old torn or dirty mats, and rags were stuffed into their mouths. Seventeen of them had been tied each along a pole,

and had been thus carried between two men bearing the pole on their shoulders to the place where sentence was to be pronounced. One of their number, being a young female, walked behind the rest. Four of them, being nobles, were not killed in the ordinary way, as there is an aversion to the shedding of the blood of nobles—they were therefore sentenced to be burned. When the sentence was pronounced, some derided, and the condemned were then carried away to the places of execution. The four nobles were burned alive in a place by themselves. Two of them, viz., Andriampinery and Ramanandalana, were husband and wife, the latter expecting to become a mother. At the place of execution, life was offered to them if they would take the required idolatrous oath. Declining to do this, they were bound, and laid on the pile of wood, or placed between split poles, more wood being heaped upon them, and the pile was then kindled. Amidst the smoke and blaze of the burning wood, the pangs of maternity were added to those of an agonising death, and at this awful moment the martyr's child was born. I asked my informants what the executioners or bystanders did with the babe; they answered, "Thrust it into the flames, where its body was burned with its parents," its spirit to ascend with theirs to God.

The remaining fourteen were taken to a place of common execution, whither a number of felons, who had been sentenced to death, were also taken to be executed together with the Christians. The latter were put to death by being thrown over a steep precipice—the Tarpeian Rock of Antananarivo. Each one was suspended by a cord on or near the edge of the precipice, and there offered life on condition of renouncing Christ and taking the required oaths. Of these there was one who, though in the prospect of an ignominious, instant, and violent death, spoke with such calm self-possession and humble confidence and hope of the near prospect of glory and immortal blessedness, as very deeply to affect those around him. The young woman who had walked to the place of execution, it was hoped would be induced to recant. She refused, and begged to share the fate of her friends. The executioner then said, "She is an idiot, and does not know what she says. Take her away." She was then taken from the place, and afterwards sent to a distant part of the country.

These fearful deeds of blood and fire were perpetrated in the month of March 1849, and I did not learn that since that period persecution had been so violent as before, or that any had been put to death.

Mr Ellis discovered, through a native convert, that there were eight hundred Christians in the neighbourhood of the capital, and a regularly organised church, containing about sixty members,

STORY OF THE HARVEST FIELD.*

WHAT a happy scene and season harvest is! What little boy or girl has not enjoyed it! The corn-fields, filled with yellow sheaves, and echoing with the merry song of the reapers. The lark, as if sharing in the joy, soaring above their heads in the bright sky. It would seem to be Nature's great holiday.

If there was one period of the year more bright and beautiful than another in old Palestine, it was that of barley-harvest. It took place in the month corresponding to our April. "The flowers appeared on the earth, the time of the singing of birds was come, and the voice of the turtle was heard in the land" (Sol. Song ii. 12). Travellers there to this day describe the meadows and many of the fields at that season as exhibiting a blaze of varied colours—scarlet, and white, and blue.

I am now going to tell you about a harvest scene—more than three thousand years ago—in the valley of which I have previously spoken, situated under the village of Bethlehem. A number of happy Hebrew reapers were busy in its fields. The sickle was fast mowing down the yellow corn, and the overseer (or "grieve," as we would call him) was going from sheaf to sheaf encouraging, by kindly words, the willing hands that were gathering in the golden treasure for his master. Others, apparently in poor circumstances—some old, and bent with years, some young—were seen following the steps of the reapers, gleaning any stalks of barley which the latter had happened to leave lying behind them.

Among these gleaners, we observe one figure keeping aloof from the rest. Her dark flowing hair and eye resemble an Israelite; and yet, from her dress and appearance, she seems a stranger. Her companions in the field every now and then cast a glance at her,—they seem to say something kindly about her,—and then resume their work.

I doubt not my young readers have guessed who this gleaner is. It is none other than Ruth! I ought to tell you that the poor people among the Jews had, by the law of Moses (Lev. xix. 9), a right to glean in the fields around them. In many places in England and Scotland this liberty is still granted by kind owners and farmers.

Naomi and Ruth had come to a poor home in the old village. We may imagine them sitting together, oppressed with want, silent with sorrow, and knowing not what to think of the dark future.

If Ruth had been like many, who are selfish, and care only for their own welfare, she would have said, "I cannot bear this any more; I shall go back again, and join Orpah in Moab. Why should I starve here when I

* From "The Story of Bethlehem," by the Author of "The Faithful Promiser"—a work exhibiting, in an eminent degree, all the picturesque and graphic power of this most popular writer. Published by J. Nisbet & Co., London.

can have plenty in my old home?" But she did not mind herself. She loved Naomi too tenderly to think of leaving her; and she resolved to do all she could to provide for their distress.

She had seen from her window, that morning, a number of poor people following the reapers. She said to her mother, "Mother, let me go to the fields where the reapers are, and glean for you. Whatever scattered ears of barley I gather I shall bring home, and we shall grind them together, and make bread for ourselves."

Naomi at once said to Ruth, "Go, my daughter."

With a happy heart at the thought that she might do something for her good and grateful mother-in-law, Ruth sped away among the reapers in the valley. She was soon busy at work, going up and down the slopes and hollows. She would cast a glance sometimes in the direction of old Moab, with its rugged hills and sacred remembrances; but she would think most about God's kindness to her, and about trying to make Naomi, in her old age, comfortable and happy.

Now the part of the field to which Ruth happened to go, belonged to one named Boaz. He was a wealthy and powerful person. I think I am not wrong in saying he was the greatest man in Bethlehem. . . .

Boaz, when he came to the field, saw this young gleaner among his reapers. He went to his overseer, and asked him, "Who is this?" The overseer replied, "She is the young Moabitess who came the evening before with Naomi." He added that he had given her the leave that she had asked, to glean after the servants.

Boaz had already heard her touching history, and the story of her affection and love for her lonely mother-in-law. He went up to her, and as she stood modestly before him, with her eyes fixed on the ground, he spoke kindly to her. He told her not to leave his field for that of any other, but to remain close by his female reapers. He further said to her, that when in the hot sun she felt thirsty, she need not be at the trouble of going to the well for water, but to drink from the pitcher or flagon which had already been drawn.

She was very grateful to this good master for his kindness. According to Eastern custom, she bowed her face, and spoke a few words of heartfelt thanks to him.

Boaz uttered aloud a beautiful prayer for the young Gentile stranger. He asked God to pay her back for all her kindness to Naomi. "The Lord," he said, "recompense thy work, and a full reward be given thee of the Lord God of Israel, under whose wings thou art come to trust" (Ruth ii. 12).

Boaz, further to show his favour for her, told her to go at dinner-time, in the heat of the day, to the tent pitched in the middle of the field, and partake of the refreshment that

was there provided. He also commanded his young men to let her glean where she liked; and purposely to let fall some handfuls of barley, that she might have the more to take with her in the evening to Naomi.

When night came, and the reapers and gleaners returned to their several dwellings, we may imagine how pleased Ruth would be with her large gatherings. We always value things more that have cost us labour. Idle people, whether they are young or old, are never happy. When we work hard like Ruth for a good object, we are sure to be happy.

Naomi must have been pleased, indeed, to see her daughter coming home with so large a quantity. She beat out what she had gleaned, and carried it home in her lap. It was "an ephah of barley," or nearly a bushel! Naomi went out to meet her, and inquired where she had been, and who was the generous owner who had dealt so kindly with a homeless orphan?

When Ruth mentioned the name of Boaz, the heart of Naomi was filled with gratitude. She blessed God for His kindness in leading Ruth to the field of this honoured Bethlehemite. She said, "Blessed be he of the Lord, who hath not left off his kindness to the living and to the dead." She told Ruth (what Ruth had not known before) that Boaz was no stranger to them—that he was a near relative of her own husband, Chilion. Being such, he was her own "kinsman," and became, by the Jewish law, her chief protector.

How strange this was! Ruth, the lonely and friendless Moabitess, a poor young widow from a heathen country, had now, as her guardian and friend, the greatest man in Bethlehem, and one descended from a line of princes!

She continued, day after day, to go out to the harvest fields of Boaz. At noon, as he had bidden her, she repaired to the tent where the rest of the reapers were gathered for dinner. Here, according to the custom of the times, Boaz himself came, taking his meal along with his servants, and, doubtless, speaking kindly to them all. I am sure all his servants must have loved much this good master. It is a beautiful thing when we see people in lofty station humble and condescending, mindful of the comfort and happiness of those in a lower rank of life.

One night, when it was about the close of harvest, Boaz went to the threshing-floor erected in his fields, in order to winnow some barley. They had a very different way of threshing their corn in Palestine from that which is followed at the present day in our country. They waited till after sunset, when the bright stars were shining in the sky, and when a cooling breeze generally arose. They then took the corn up with a pitchfork; tossing it in the air, and beating it with a stick, the grain fell on the ground. . . .

Boaz has finished winnowing his corn, and

has laid himself down to rest by his heap of grain, stretched on a sheep-skin for a bed. Meanwhile Ruth, at the direction of Naomi anoints herself with olive oil, and puts on her large veil with white and blue stripes. She steals down from her home in the village, guided by the light of the stars, and lays herself down at the feet of Boaz while he is still asleep, covering her head with the cloak or quilt which he had thrown over him.

Boaz awoke at midnight. He wondered when he saw Ruth at his feet. I should tell you that it is a custom in the East for servants who have a favour to ask of their master, to come and sleep at his door, or near his person, all night. Boaz at once saw that Ruth had some favour to request, and he inquired what it was.

She said to him, "Naomi has sent me because you are the kinsman of my dead husband. As I am a poor friendless stranger from Moab, I would ask you, according to the laws of Israel, to become my friend and protector."

Boaz raised himself up in his bed, and anew blessed Ruth in the name of the Lord. When he rose in the morning he told her to bring her veil, and hold it out to him. When she did so, he filled it with six measures of barley. Placing this over her shoulder, she hastened back to the city to tell Naomi all that had happened to her.

Boaz so loved Ruth, and so admired her faith and goodness, that he wished, not only to be very kind to her as a near kinsman, but to make her his wife. There was just one difficulty in his way. Another villager of Bethlehem was still a nearer kinsman to her than he was; and Boaz, by the Jewish law, could not marry her until he had first got the consent of this other relative.

He accordingly went one morning to the gate where the tall palm-trees were, and where the principal people of the town were in the habit of meeting to transact business.

He told them his errand, and requested the other near kinsman to come and speak to him in presence of the elders. The latter gave up his right to marry Ruth, and to buy back the parcel of land which belonged to Elimelech.

In a few days Ruth became the happy wife of Boaz. She lived in his great house, and was mistress of all these rich fields she had gleaned, and all these good servants. . . .

Not long after, Naomi was made more joyful still, for Ruth became the mother of a little child. They named it Obed. Naomi loved it very much. "She laid it in her bosom, and became a nurse to it" (Ruth iv. 16). . . .

And now I must close my story about Ruth. We shall read of her 1350 years after, as the ancestor of the Lord Jesus Christ, the Saviour of the world. She was honoured in marrying a prince of Israel, but far, far greater was her honour in having, as one of her children's children, "the Prince of the kings of the earth!"

'Twas Jesus.

WHEN in a dungeon, dark and deep,
I lay, a captive, fast asleep,
Who did me then from ruin keep?
'Twas Jesus.

Who did to me my danger tell,
While thus, though on the brink of hell,
I slept, and dreamt that all was well?
'Twas Jesus.

Who bid my drowsy soul awake,
And from mine eyes the scales did take,
And said, Behold thy sad mistake?
'Twas Jesus.

I found I was condemn'd to die,
And could not justice satisfy;
And who in pity then drew nigh?
'Twas Jesus.

Sentenced to death I justly was,
For I had broke God's righteous laws;
But who did undertake my cause?
'Twas Jesus.

Oppress'd with guilt and misery,
No hope of mercy could I see;
But who in love remember'd me?
'Twas Jesus.

A ransom for me He hath paid;
I knew it not; but, oh! who said,
For thee I have atonement made?
'Twas Jesus.

Who, by His Spirit, spoke that word
To me, and said, Thy prayer is heard;
My blood thy pardon hath procured?
'Twas Jesus.

Who, then, did to my worthless heart
The token of His love impart
And said, Accepted now thou art?
'Twas Jesus.

And from that time, up to this hour,
Though Satan oft would me devour,
Who hath preserved me by His power?
'Tis Jesus.

And who engages still to be
A Guardian and a Guide to me,
Till I His face in glory see?
'Tis Jesus.

I on His faithfulness depend,
He'll safely guide me to the end;
And then eternity I'll spend—
With Jesus.

No longer here I then shall stay
Encumber'd with a house of clay,
But, disengaged, shall soar away—
To Jesus.

My soul, then lighten'd of her load,
Shall enter her Divine abode,
And see the smiling face of God—
In Jesus.

I there in everlasting lays,
With those above shall join to raise
A grateful tribute to the praise—
Of Jesus,

I'll strike aloud my golden lyre,
While all around shall but inspire
My notes of praise to rise still higher—
To Jesus.

Yes; I shall stand on Zion's height,
And, with ineffable delight,
Shall bow, transported at the sight—
Of Jesus.

There, on that bright celestial shore,
I shall the Triune God adore,
And glory give for evermore—
To Jesus.

These lines were composed by a poor woman, who had been blind from the age of five years. They were copied down by a lady who was in the habit of reading to her.

READINGS FROM THE BEST DIVINES.

THE WORD OF GOD.

It is absolutely necessary for all men to use all those aids whereby they should more perfectly know what is the will of God; thereby to frame themselves to the obedience of the same. Therefore the law commandeth that every one should not only have the law sounding like a trumpet in his ears, but also that it should be as a ring upon his finger, as a bracelet upon his hand, as a frontlet before his eyes: that is to say, always in sight. For which cause he commandeth further, that the law should be written upon the frontiers of the land, upon the gates of the city and town, and upon the posts of every man's private house. Now, if it were then thought good to the wisdom of God, that the people should in passing by read the law graven or painted upon pillars, gates, and doors, where they could not consider of it so gravely and staidly, how much more was it His good pleasure they should read the same sitting in their houses, where, having the book before them, they might more ripely and deliberately conceive the sense and receive the fruit thereof! Further, the apostle, commanding that the Word of Christ should dwell plentifully or richly amongst those that are of the Church, doth thereby give commandment that they should use all lawful means of familiar acquaintance with it. Unless, therefore, it be denied (which cannot be of them that grant it "sometimes expedient") that the reading of the Scriptures is a lawful exercise in the Word of God, for the obtaining of greater wealth in the same, it is manifest that it is commanded of the apostle (Col. iii. 16). If commanded, then also "absolutely necessary." Moreover, it is commanded to "try the spirits, whether they be of God or no:" but that cannot be without some further knowledge of the Word than we receive of [from] the "spirits" themselves,—that is to say, the ministers speaking either in the spirit of error or truth: wherefore it followeth that the whole knowledge that a faithful man ought to have hangeth not of the mouth of the minister, but ought to have a supply of private reading and meditation of the law at home. Again: The king, who of all other, for the multitude and weight of his business in the affairs of the commonwealth, might seem to be freed from this exercise of private reading, and to content himself with the sermons in the temple, is commanded to read the book of the law diligently (Deut. xvii. 19, Josh. i. 8), wherefore other men that are neither so full of business, nor have so many whose welfare dependeth of them, cannot be exempted from this exercise of piety. And if it be necessary for the king to read in the Word, that he may rule well, it is necessary that the subjects should do the same, that they may obey well. And if it be needful for him to read, that he

command not through the pride of his heart things that are not lawful, there is the same necessity for them, lest in too great baseness of mind they shall obey man rather than God. Last of all, reading of Scriptures publicly in the church being not only a laudable custom of the Church under the law, but also commanded in the gospel (Acts xiii. 15, xv. 21; Col. iv. 16; 1 Cor. xi.), doth declare that that which was continually profitable unto the whole Church together, cannot but edify every one apart in his house. As for their reason to prove it not necessary, for that "through man's malice or infirmity the Scriptures are pernicious and much hurtful to many," it is very childish. For by the same bolt they may shut out preaching as well as reading, considering that, through either infirmity or malice, many, and the most part oftentimes of those that hear, get a greater condemnation unto themselves. So also the sacraments shall be banished, which by many are received to judgment. Finally, so it should be dangerous for the people to meddle with Christ himself, as one that is set for the rising and fall of many.—*Thomas Cartwright.*

CHURCH MUSIC.

A THING which all Christian Churches in the world have received; a thing which so many ages have held; a thing which the most approved councils and laws have so often ratified; a thing which was never found to have any inconvenience in it; a thing which always heretofore the best men and wisest governors of God's people did think they could never commend enough; a thing which, as Basil was persuaded, did both strengthen the meditation of those holy words which were uttered in that sort, and served also to make attentive and to raise up the hearts of men; a thing whereunto God's people of old did resort with hope and thirst, that thereby especially their souls might be edified; a thing which filleth the mind with comfort and heavenly delight, stirreth up flagrant desires and affections correspondent unto that which the words contain, allayeth all kind of base and earthly cogitations, banisheth and driveth away those evil secret suggestions which our invisible enemy is always apt to minister, watereth the heart to the end it may fructify, maketh the virtuous in trouble full of magnanimity and courage, serveth as a most approved remedy against all doleful and heavy accidents which befall men in this present life; to conclude, so fitly accordeth with the apostle's own exhortation, "Speak to yourselves in psalms, and hymns, and spiritual songs, making melody, and singing to the Lord in your hearts."

Touching musical harmony, whether by instrument or by voice, it being but of high and low in sounds a due proportionable disposition, such notwithstanding is the force thereof, and so pleasing effects it hath in that

very part of man which is most divine, that some have been thereby induced to think that the soul itself by nature is, or hath in it harmony; a thing which delighteth all ages, and besemeth all states; a thing as seasonable in grief as in joy; as decent being added unto actions of greatest weight and solemnity, as being used when men most sequester themselves from action. The reason hereof is an admirable facility which music hath to express and represent to the mind, more inwardly than any other sensible mean, the very standing, rising, and falling, the very steps and inflections every way, the turns and varieties of all passions whereunto the mind is subject; yea, so to imitate them, that, whether it resembles unto us the same state wherein our minds already are, or a clean contrary, we are not more contentedly by the one confirmed, than changed and led away by the other. In harmony the very image and character even of virtue and vice is perceived, the mind delighted with their resemblances, and brought by having them often iterated into a love of the things themselves. For which cause there is nothing more contagious and pestilent than some kinds of harmony; than some nothing more strong and potent unto good. And that there is such a difference of one kind from another we need no proof but our own experience, inasmuch as we are at the hearing of some more inclined unto sorrow and heaviness, of some more mollified and softened in mind; one kind apter to stay and settle us, another to move and stir our affections: there is that draweth to a marvellous grave and sober mediocrity; there is also that carrieth as it were into ecstasies, filling the mind with an heavenly joy, and for the time in a manner severing it from the body: so that, although we lay altogether aside the consideration of ditty or matter, the very harmony of sounds being framed in due sort, and carried from the ear to the spiritual faculties of our souls, is by a native puissance and efficacy greatly available to bring to a perfect temper whatsoever is there troubled, apt as well to quicken the spirits as to allay that which is too eager, sovereign against melancholy and despair, forcible to draw forth tears of devotion, if the mind be such as can yield them, able both to move and to moderate all affections.—*Richard Hooker.*

WHY I ATTEND CHURCH ON RAINY SABBATHS.

1. BECAUSE God has blessed the Sabbath-day, and hallowed it, making no exceptions for rainy Sabbaths.

2. Because I expect *my minister* to be there; I should be surprised if *he* were to stay at home for the weather.

3. Because, if his hands fall through weak-

ness, I shall have great reason to blame myself, unless I sustain him by my prayers and by my presence.

4. Because, by staying away, I may lose the sermon that would have done me great good, and the prayers which bring God's blessing.

5. Because my presence is more needed on Sabbaths when there are few, than on those days when the church is crowded.

6. Because, whatever station I hold in the church, my example must influence others: if I stay away, why may not they?

7. Because, on my important business, bad weather does not keep me at home; and church attendance is, in God's sight, very important. See Heb. x. 25.

8. Because, among the crowds of pleasure-seekers, I see that no bad weather keeps the delicate female from the ball, the party, or the concert.

9. Because, among other blessings, such weather will shew me on what foundation my faith is built. It will prove how much I love Christ: true love rarely fails to meet an appointment.

10. Because those who stay from church because it is too warm, or too cold, or too rainy, frequently absent themselves on fair Sabbaths.

11. Because, though my excuses satisfy myself, they still must undergo God's scrutiny; and they must be well-grounded to bear that (Luke xiv. 18).

12. Because there is a *special* promise that where two or three meet together in God's name, He will be in the midst of them.

13. Because an avoidable absence from church is an infallible evidence of spiritual decay. Disciples first follow Christ at a distance, and then, like Peter, do not know him.

14. Because my faith is to be known by my self-denying Christian life, and not by the rise or fall of the thermometer.

15. Because such yielding to surmountable difficulties prepares for yielding to those merely imaginary, until thousands never enter a church, and yet think they have good reasons for such neglect.

16. Because, by a suitable arrangement on Saturday, I shall be able to attend church without exhaustion, otherwise my late work on Saturday night will be as great a sin as though I worked on the Sabbath itself.

17. Because I know not how many more Sabbaths God may give me; and it would be a poor preparation for my first Sabbath in heaven, to have slighted my last Sabbath on earth.

SUDDEN CONVERSION.

BY H. W. BEECHER.

It is a fact somewhat remarkable that most of the conversions narrated in the Bible were rapid, and in some instances instantaneous. Paul, on his way to Damascus, was struck down, in a moment, by the visible presence of God. He saw a great light at mid-day, and heard a voice saying, "Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me?" and he was so suddenly and overwhelmingly impressed by this manifestation, that he could do nothing but yield to the power of God; so that from being a persecutor of the Church, he was at that moment changed to be its chiefest apostle. Matthew, the publican, sitting at the receipt of custom, was met by Christ, who said to him, "Follow thou me," and it is said that "he arose and followed him."

The conversion of the thief on the cross, during the very last moments of his life, at the eleventh hour of hope, was almost marvelously sudden, yet not on that account doubtful; for Christ confirmed it by saying, "This day shalt thou be with me in Paradise."

And there are similar instances at the present day. Sudden and unexpected conversions are not unknown to any Christian Church. There is nothing whatever absurd in the idea, however some may affect to ridicule it. A conversion which takes no longer time to begin and end, than the sun to rise from day-break to the mountain top, may be just as undoubted as though it had been the work of a month or a year. The impression that a spiritual change, in order to be genuine, must be a long and gradual process, dragging itself through weary weeks and months, during which the mind is to pass through much anguish and tribulation, until finally the light shall arise and shine, is simply foolish. Time adds nothing to the thoroughness of conversion, nor suffering to the evidence of it. In many cases much time is taken, and much suffering felt, but neither of these is to be considered as an absolutely necessary part of it.

Yet there are many persons whose conversion is a long and severe struggle, during which they alternate week after week, and month after month, between hope and fear, who, were it not for perplexing their minds with a wrong notion of what they are to do and to be done with, might go up the mountain almost without going through the valley. Such instances have occurred among the most eminent Christians. It is known that John Bunyan went through awful terrors, as a consequence of a long-continued exercise of mind, before he found religious peace; and his experiences are embalmed in some of the best writings in the English language. But it is our impression that the conversion of Bunyan might just as well have been a work of days as of months.

John Wesley also went well-nigh three years before he found what he sought. This was a period of great effort, of continued urging up to duty, of watchfulness and carefulness, involving almost unutterable trouble of mind. He finally went among the Moravians, and there reached those views which finally gave him quiet in Jesus Christ.

There are not only single instances like these, but multitudes of others—of persons who have for years been bound, as it were, by some invisible cord, which has kept them in this bondage. The difficulty in many cases results from an erroneous apprehension of what is to be taken as evidence of conversion. Men make a common mistake between what *is* a religious life, and certain expected *fruits* of a religious life, and confound the two things.

Now, to be a Christian is to obey Christ, no matter how you feel; but many persons think that after this obedience is rendered, there will be plunged into their souls what is called a Christian experience; and that this experience, coming afterwards, is piety. They therefore attempt to conform to the love of Christ, and then wait for a projected or interjected experience, which is supposed to be a religious state. It is no doubt better to have the feeling that follows, than to be without it; but the feeling itself is not to be taken for that of which it is simply the fruit, and if there is no feeling, it is not to be taken as evidence that there is no real religious life.

When a man sits down to a piano, reading his sheet of music before him, and touching the keys that correspond to the notes that he reads, it is certainly better to be able to hear the sounds that follow. But Beethoven—one of the saddest instances in history of human greatness and suffering—becoming deaf in the latter part of his life, used to sit down to the harpsichord, and play tunes of which he heard not a single note. Even though his instrument fell into all manner of jangling discords, by becoming long out of tune, yet he still played upon it all those grand, swelling harmonies which were tumultuous in his soul. Now, if Beethoven had waited till his ear could have become conscious of the playing, he would not have played at all. And it is the same with persons who try to live a religious life. There are two things which they must avoid confounding. They should mark the difference between following Christ, and the sensations which come in consequence of following Him. If a person trying to come into the discipleship of Christ, expects to do so by sitting down and waiting for a certain preconceived state of mind to come to Him, as he might wait for a pair of wings to sprout out of his shoulders, he must not be surprised if he is disappointed. But many earnest-minded persons—who are near the kingdom of heaven, and desire to enter it—hinder themselves by just such difficulties. They deny to their own

minds the evidences of their own conversion, simply because they do not experience the feelings which *other* persons are known to have experienced. They are nearer than they think to their Father's house, yet not believing that they are near, they do not go in. Being so close to the gate that if they were closer they must certainly enter, they yet sit down and tarry without—mourning all the while that they cannot see their Father's face. Such a mistake is one of the saddest that can happen a man's life, and should be guarded against by more careful discrimination and better teaching.

SCRIPTURE EXPOSITOR.

"Ye shall kindle no fire throughout your habitations upon the Sabbath-day."—*Exod. xxxv. 3.*

As for the inhibition to kindle a fire on the Sabbath-day, some conceive it respected the building of the tabernacle, which work God would have hastened, yet He would not have the rest of the Sabbath violated for the furthering thereof, not so much as a fire kindled in any of their tents about that work; to which they allege that the charge of building the tabernacle, and of forbidding work on the Sabbath-day, go both together; both God's direction to Moses (*Exod. xiii. 11, 13*), and the delivery thereof to the people (*Exod. xxxv. 2-4*). Howsoever that inhibition of kindling fire was but temporary, during the Israelites' peregrination in the wilderness.

The reasons by which it appears that this restraint of kindling a fire on the Sabbath-day was only temporary are these:—1. We find not the usual clause which is added to most ordinances which were to continue, added in this restraint, that it should be observed throughout their generation. 2. This seems to cross our Saviour's general rule (*Mark. ii. 27*), that the Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath. He means, for man's comfort and refreshing, for which kindling a fire, and dressing of meat, may be, and are, in a sort, necessary. 3. Our Saviour allows the loosing of a beast from the stall, and leading of him to the water, on the Sabbath-day. Now we know the beast might be provided for by setting water in the stall over-night, which would refresh it sufficiently, and better than meat dressed over-night could comfort many men. 4. We find our Saviour present at a great feast, where many, and it seems persons of quality, were bidden (*Luke xiv. 1, 7, 12*). Now it is very unlikely that the provisions for that feast were dressed over-night; and if they were dressed on that day, neither would the Pharisee have permitted, nor our Saviour have countenanced the dinner with His presence, if dressing of meat, kindling of fires on the Sabbath-day, had been forbidden by the law. Now why the dressing of manna, while the Israelites were in their peregrination in the wilderness, was forbidden,

though the dressing of other meats might be allowed afterwards, there may be some reason given. For manna, it may be, might be good and comfortable eaten cold or hot, and the preparation over-night might be no inconvenience at all. Howsoever, it is out of question that in that unsettled condition of the Israelites wandering in the wilderness, when they were enforced to pick up fuel where they could get it, baking and boiling must needs be more troublesome and laborious than it was afterwards in Canaan, where, being settled in their dwellings, they had all things whereof they were to make use for such works provided and ready at hand.

It concerns us to take special notice of God's expression, "Six days shalt thou labour, and do all thy work;" by which He can mean nothing else but the works of our particular callings, which only may be properly called "our work." For there be general works, which be proper to all callings, and subordinate thereunto; as to eat and drink, to clothe ourselves, and to make use of the rest of the comforts of this life, by which we are strengthened and enabled to labour in our particular callings. These cannot properly be called "our work;" and are as well to be done on the Sabbath, as on other days; with this difference only, that whereas they are done on other days to enable us to labour, they are done on the Sabbath to strengthen us to holy duties.—*White's Way to the Tree of Life.*

"Use hospitality one to another without grudging."—*1 PETER iv. 9.*

THE word that is here translated "grudging" signifies murmuring or unwillingness in doing any thing, as if it were torn and forced from one, rather than proceeded from a free inclination. And this hateful churlish way of alms-giving St Paul likewise expressly forbids, and says our charity must not be shewn grudgingly or of necessity (*2 Cor. ix. 7; Rom. xii. 8*).

And here I cannot but admire and adore the infinite goodness of God, who has not only obliged us to the substance of this duty, but has so ordered the very circumstantialia of it, that the necessitous may be relieved with as much decency and ease to themselves as can be, and the alms of others look rather like their own propriety, as the payment of a debt, or restoring of a pledge, or bestowing of a reward; and that their souls might not be grieved by frowns, and taunts, and unkind language, when they receive supply for the needs of their body. For man as well as God loves a cheerful giver; and a benefit that comes hardly, and with shews of unwillingness, is much lessened in its value; and a man of a generous spirit would prefer a mite given with a free heart and words of kindness, before the largess of an emperor, if he must suffer upbraidings for it, and opprobrious treatment.

A WILLING JESUS.

READER, at that day where will be your place? Put not the question from you. Perhaps you sigh, I would be numbered with the saved; but how can I have hope? Tell me, where is your fear? Is it lest the tremendous billows of your sins should swell above His willingness to save? If all the guilt of all the lost, multiplied and magnified beyond all power to count or measure, weighed heavily upon your conscience, still venture to His feet. The willing Jesus will not cast you out. His heart, His love, His zeal, His pity, His bleeding wounds, His undertaken office, all forbid. Let not His acts on earth, let not His voice from heaven be in vain. Did misery ever seek relief from Him, and not receive more than ready welcome?

Fly forth in spirit to the bright saints in light. The testimony from each rejoicing heart is one. They will give glory to a willing Jesus.

With united voice they tell, that when they cast their ruined souls upon Him, He tenderly embraced, and sweetly cheered, and fully pardoned, and entirely saved.

Hear now His voice. Throughout the Bible, and from faithful lips, is still sounding, Wilt thou, wilt thou be made whole?

Be then persuaded. Tarry not. Let this accepted moment find you a willing supplicant at a willing Saviour's cross. None ever perished because Christ would not hear. None ever fell into the burning lake because He turned from their beseeching cry.

But stay; there is another word. It seals perdition on all who stand apart. Take heed lest it enclose you in its hopeless doom: "Ye will not come unto me that ye might have life" (John v. 40).—*Archdeacon Law.*

THE TWO STONES.

I HAVE before me two stones, which are an imitation of precious stones. They are both perfectly alike in colour; they are of the same water, clear, pure, and clean; yet there is a marked difference between them as to their lustre and brilliancy. One has a dazzling brightness, while the other is dull, so that the eye passes over it and derives no pleasure from the sight. What can be the reason of this difference? It is this: the one is cut in but a few facets: the other has ten times as many. These facets are produced by a very violent operation. It is requisite to cut, to smooth, and polish. Had these stones been endued with life, so as to have been capable of feeling what they underwent, the one which has received eighty facets would have thought itself very unhappy, and would have envied the fate of the other, which, having received but eight, had undergone but a tenth part of its sufferings. Nevertheless, the operation

being over it is done for ever; the difference between the two stones always remains strongly marked; that which has suffered but little is entirely eclipsed by the other, which alone is held in estimation and attracts attention. May not this serve to explain the saying of our Saviour, whose words have reference to eternity? "Blessed are those who mourn, for they shall be comforted,"—blessed, whether we contemplate them apart, or in comparison with those who have not passed through so many trials. Oh that we were always able to cast ourselves into His arms, like little children; to draw near to Him, like young lambs, and ever to ask of Him patience, resignation, an entire surrender to His will, faith, trust, and heartfelt obedience to the commands which He gives to those who are willing to be His disciples! "The Lord will wipe away tears from off all faces"—*Oberlin.*

THE BIBLE.

To the more wise and thinking, to the more considerative and contemplative, the Bible recommends itself by those innate excellences which are self-evident characteristics of its Divine original. If we look attentively, we shall soon be aware of God's image and superscription upon it. A mind rightly disposed by an humble, sincere subjection to its Maker, will easily discover the image of His wisdom in the awful depth of its mysteries; the image of His sovereignty in the commanding majesty of its style; the image of His unity in the wonderful harmony and symmetry of all its parts; the image of His holiness in the unspotted purity of its precepts; and the image of His goodness in the manifest tendency of the whole to the welfare and happiness of mankind in both worlds; in short, it is a work that fathers itself.—*Matthew Henry.*

NEVER, never neglect the Word of God; that will make the heart rich with precept, rich with understanding; and then thy conversation, when it flows from thy mouth, will be like thine heart, rich, unctuous, and savoury. Make thy heart full of rich, generous love, and then the stream that flows from thy hand will be just as rich and generous as thine heart. Above all, get Jesus to live in thine heart, and then out of thy belly shall flow rivers of living water, more rich, more satisfying than the water of the well of Sychar of which Jacob drank. Oh! go, Christian, to the great mine of riches, and cry unto the Holy Spirit to make thy heart rich unto salvation. So shall thy life and conversation be a boon to thy fellows; and when they see thee, thy face shall be as the angel of God. Thou shalt wash thy feet in butter and thy steps in oil; they that sit in the gate shall rise up when they see thee, and men shall do thee reverence.—*Spurgeon.*

Page for the Young.

CHILDREN'S PRAISE FOR THE GOSPEL.

BY JAMES W. ALEXANDER, D.D.

COME, children, thank the Lord with me,
That He has made us know
The words of love which from above,
In blessed Scripture flow.

We sit beside the living spring,
And taste the sacred stream;
In every line is grace divine,
And mercy reigns supreme.

The little Pagan cannot read
This Book of life and light,
For fast asleep in darkness deep,
He lies in horrid night.

No story of the Child Divine
The Gentile mother sings:
But we have heard the heavenly word,
Unknown to eastern kings.

Then let us ask in these our lays,
That we may read aright,
And let us praise Him all our days
For blessed Bible light.

CAN GOD FORGET?

MAMMA, I've often heard you say,
That God is listening when we pray,
And, if I do indeed believe,
That what I ask I shall receive.

Why will He not, then, take away
My naughty sinful heart to-day,
And make me humble, meek, and mild,
A quiet and obedient child?

I ask Him every day and night
For a new heart that's clean and white;
You know I have not got it yet—
He hears my prayer—can He forget?

No, darling, God does not forget,
Although He has not answer'd yet!
And if you'll listen, I will try
And give you now a reason why.

I once pull'd up a garden weed,
And in its place I dropp'd a seed;
Because they told me God's great power
Could change that seed into a flower.

I was a little child, you know,
And thought the seed would quickly grow;
But days and weeks went slowly round,
And still it lay deep in the ground.

At length there came some gentle rain,
And when the sun shone forth again,
I hasten'd to the spot alone,
Wherein my little seed was sown;

And there I saw the soften'd ground
Raised in a gently heaving mound,
And in the middle there was seen
Two little leaves of brightest green.

And day by day, and hour by hour,
I watch'd until there came a flower;
And thought how good that God must be
That gave such pretty flowers to me.

And now, my dear, your little prayer
Is like the seed I dropp'd in there;
God gives it in your hand to sow,
And promises the seed shall grow.

And if you wait, and watch, and pray,
The seed will spring up day by day,
And God will bless it like my flower,
Both with the sunshine and the shower;

Until at length, one morning bright,
You'll find a heart both clean and white,
And evermore your song will be,
How very good God is to me!

THE GERMAN WATCHMAN'S SONG.

HARK ye, neighbours, and hear me tell,
Ten now strikes on the belfry bell,
TEN are the holy commandments given,
To man below from God in heaven.

Hark ye, neighbours, and hear me tell,
Eleven sounds on the belfry bell;
ELEVEN apostles of holy mind
Taught the gospel to mankind.

Hark ye, neighbours, and hear me tell,
Twelve rescues from the belfry bell;
TWELVE disciples to Jesus came,
Who suffer'd reproach for their Saviour's name.

Hark ye, neighbours, and hear me tell,
One has pealed from the belfry bell;
ONE Lord and Saviour, a Friend indeed,
Who hears and helps in the hour of need.

Hark ye, neighbours, and hear me tell,
Two now sounds on the belfry bell,
Two paths before mankind are free;
Neighbour, choose the best for thee.

Hark ye, neighbours, and hear me tell,
Three now strikes on the belfry bell;
THREE Persons rule the heavenly host,
The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

GOD HEARS THE PRAYERS OF CHILDREN.

The Lord attends when children pray;
A whisper He can hear;
He knows not only what we say,
But what we wish or fear.

He views us with a father's love,
And bids us seek His face;
He sends kind answers from above,
When children ask His grace.

'Tis not enough to bend the knee,
And words of prayer to say;
The heart must with the lips agree,
Or else we do not pray.

Teach us, O Lord, to pray aright,
Thy grace to us impart;
That we in prayer may take delight,
And serve thee with the heart.

THE SILLY FLY.

O you little, silly fly,
There's a spider watching nigh;
You will soon be in his snare,
Buzzing without heed or care.

There, the little fly is caught
By the spider, quick as thought;
Lo, he binds and bites the fly;
Silly creature, you must die.

Careless children, like the fly,
Do not think when danger's nigh—
Mind not what they do or say,
Thus becoming Satan's prey.

Children thus who learn to sin,
Carelessly at first begin;
By the sin they soon are bound,
Satan's prey they thus are found.

Let us always watchful be,
Pray from sin to be set free;
Then, though Satan's snares are near,
God will keep us in His fear.



A Family Magazine for Leisure Hours and Sundays.

WEEKLY NOS. ONE HALFPENNY.]

[MONTHLY PARTS, THREEPENCE.

THE ANXIOUS INQUIRER.*

BY REV. C. H. SPURGEON.

"Oh that I knew where I might find Him!"—JOB xxiii. 3.

WE will say nothing at this time concerning Job—we will leave the patriarch out of the question, and take these words as the exclamation forced from the aching heart of a sinner, when he finds that he is lost on account of sin, and can only be saved by Christ.

"Oh that I knew where I might find Him"—"my Saviour—that I might be saved by His love and blood!" There are some who tell us that a man can, if he pleases, in one moment obtain peace with God and joy in the Holy Ghost. Such persons may know something of religion in their own hearts, but I think they are not competent to be judges of others. God may have given them some peace through believing, and brought them immediately into a state of joy; He may have given them some repentance for sin, and then given them quickly to rejoice in Jesus; but I believe that, in many more cases, God begins by breaking the iron heart in pieces, and often makes a delay of days, of weeks, and of months, before He heals the heart which He has wounded, and gives life to the spirit which He has killed. Many of God's people have been, even for years, seeking peace and finding none; they have known their sins, they have been permitted to feel their guilt, and yet, notwithstanding that they have sought earnestly with tears, they have not attained to the knowledge of their justification by faith in Christ. Such was the case with John Bunyan: for many a dreary month he walked the earth desolate, and said he knew himself to be lost without Christ; on his bended knees, with tears pouring like showers from his eyes, he sought mercy, but he found none. Terrible words haunted him

continually; dreadful passages of Scripture were quoted in his ears; and he found no consolation, until afterwards God was pleased to appear unto him in all the plenitude of grace, and give him to cast himself on the Saviour.

I may be addressing some who have been brought so far towards heaven as to know that they are undone unless Christ shall save them; and who have begun to pray; many a time the walls of their chamber have listened to their supplication; not once, nor twice, nor fifty times, but very often have they bent their knees in agonising prayer: and yet up to this moment, so far as their own feelings are concerned, their prayers are unanswered: Christ has not smiled upon them; they had not received the application of His precious blood; and mayhap they are saying at this hour, "I am ready to give up all in despair; He said He would receive all that came to Him, and He has apparently rejected me." Take heart, O mourner! I have a sweet message to thee; and I pray the Lord that thou mayest find Christ now, and rejoice in a pardon bought with blood.

I proceed to consider the case of a man who is awakened, who is seeking Christ, but who at present has not, in his own apprehension, found him. First, I shall notice *some hopeful signs in this man's case*; secondly, I shall try to give *some reasons why it is that a gracious God delays an answer to prayer in the case of penitent sinners*; and then, thirdly, I shall close up by giving *some brief and suitable advice to those who have been seeking Christ, but have up to the present time found it a hopeless search*.

I. First, then, I notice, THERE ARE SOME VERY HOPEFUL SIGNS IN THE CASE OF THE MAN WHO HAS BEEN SEEKING CHRIST, THOUGH HE MAY NOT HAVE FOUND HIM.

* Taken from a little tract of this title, which we rejoice to have it in our power to make more widely known. Our extracts will be sufficient to shew its inestimable value; but we urgently recommend all to possess the "priceless pearl" entire. It is published by J. Paul, London.

And taking the text for a ground-work, we notice as one hopeful sign, *that the man has only one object, and that is Christ.* "Oh that I knew where I might find Him!" The worldling's cry is, "Who will shew us any good; this good, that good, or any other good—fifty kinds of good: who will shew us these?" But the quickened sinner knows of only one good. "Oh that I knew where I might find Him!" When the sinner is truly awakened to feel his guilt, if you could pour the gold of India at his feet, he would say, "Take it away: I want to find Him." If you could then give him all the joys and delights of the flesh, he would tell you he had tried all these, and they but cloyed upon his appetite. His only cry is, "Oh that I knew where I might find Him!"

"These will never satisfy!
Give me Christ, or else I die."

It is a blessed thing for a man when he has brought his desires into a focus. When a man has fifty different desires, his heart resembles a pool of water which is spread over a marsh, breeding miasma and pestilence; but when all his desires are brought into one channel, his heart becomes like a river of pure water, running along and fertilising the fields. Happy is the man who hath one desire, if that one desire is set on Christ, though it may not yet have been realised. He will say, "No bread, no wine, will satisfy me: I want Christ; I must have Him; mere ordinances are of no use to me; I want not the Saviour's clothes; I want Himself: do not offer me these; you offer me the empty pitcher, while I am dying of thirst; give me water—water, or I die. It is this I want." As we have it here in the text, "Oh that I knew where I might find Him!"

But notice again, that in the text there is *an admission of ignorance*, which is also a very hopeful sign. "Oh that I knew!" Many people think they know everything, and consequently know nothing. I think it is Seneca who says, "Many a man would have been a wise man, if he had not thought himself so; if he had but known himself to have been a fool, he would have become wise." The doorstep to the temple of wisdom is a knowledge of our own ignorance. He cannot learn aright who has not first been taught that he knows nothing. A sense of ignorance is a very excellent sign of grace. It is a singular thing that every man thinks himself qualified to be a doctor of divinity; a man who knows nothing of any other science, thinks he must understand this perfectly; and, alas! alas! for those who think they know so much about God's things, and have never been taught of God! Man's school is not God's school. A man may go to all the colleges in creation, and know as little of theology when he comes out as when he went into them. It is a good thing for a man to feel that he is only begin-

ning to learn, and to be willing to submit his heart to the teaching of God's Spirit, that he may be guided in everything by Him. He that knoweth everything need not think himself a Christian; he that boasteth that he can understand all mysteries needeth to fear. But the quickened soul says, "Teach thou me." We become little children when God begins to deal with us. Before, we were big, tall men and women, and so wise; but when He begins to deal with us, He cuts us down to the stature of children, and we are put on the form of humility, to learn the true lessons of wisdom, and then we are taught the great things of God. Happy art thou, O man, if thou knowest thyself to know nothing. If God hath emptied thee of thy carnal wisdom, He will fill thee with heavenly; if He hath taught thee thine ignorance, He will teach thee His wisdom, and bring thee to Himself; and if thou art taught to reject all thy knowings and findings-out, God will certainly reveal Himself to thee.

II. But now for the second point—I SHALL ENDEAVOUR TO GIVE SOME REASONS WHY IT IS A GRACIOUS GOD DELAYS AN ANSWER TO THE PRAYER OF PENITENT SINNERS. Methinks I hear some one saying, "How is it that God does not give a man comfort as soon as he repents? Why is it that the Lord makes some of His people wait in bondage till He gives them liberty?"

In the first place, it is to *display His own sovereignty*. Ah! that is a word that is not often mentioned now-a-days. Divine sovereignty is a very unfashionable doctrine. Few people care to hear of a God who doeth as He pleaseth, and is absolute monarch over man; who knoweth of no law but His own absolute will, which is always the will to do that which is right, to do good to those whom He hath ordained unto eternal life, and to scatter mercy lavishly upon all His creatures. But we do assert, that there is such a thing as Divine sovereignty, and more especially in the work of salvation. God said thus: "If I gave to all men peace so soon as they asked for it, they would begin to think they had a right to it. Now I will make some of them wait, so that they may see that the mercy is absolutely in my hand, and that if I choose to withhold it altogether I might do so most justly; and I will make men see that it is a gift of my free grace, and not of their deserving." In some of our squares, where they are anxious to keep the right of way, you know they sometimes shut the gates, not because they would inconvenience us, but because they would preserve the right of way, and let the public see that although they let them through, yet they have no right of way, and might be excluded if the proprietors pleased. So with God: He says, "Man, if I save thee, it is entirely of my will and pleasure; my grace I give, not because thou deservest it, for then

it were no grace at all ; but I give it to the most undeserving of men, that I may keep my claim to it." And I take it that this is the best way of proving God's sovereignty, namely, His making delay between penitence and faith, or between penitence and that faith which brings peace with God, and joy in the Holy Ghost. I think that is one very important reason.

Another reason is, *that He may make us more useful in after life.* It is *ignorance of the way of salvation* which keeps many a man longer in doubt than he would be, if he knew more of it. I do not hesitate to affirm, that one of the hardest things for a sinner to understand is the way of salvation. It seems the plainest thing in all the world ; nothing appears more easy than, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." But when a person is led to feel himself a sinner, he finds it not so easy to understand as he thought. We tell a man that, with all their blackness, sinners are to be pardoned ; that, with all their sins, they are to be forgiven freely for Christ's sake. "But," says the man when he feels himself to be black, "do you mean to tell me that I am to be made whiter than snow ? Do you mean to tell me that I who am lost am to be saved, not through anything I do, or hope to do, but purely through what another did ?" He can hardly believe it possible ; he will have it he must do something ; he must do this, or that, or the other, to help Christ ; and the hardest thing in the world is to bring a man to see that salvation is of the Lord alone, and not at all of himself ; that it is God's free and perfect gift, which leaves nothing of ours to be added to it, but is given to us to cover us completely from head to foot without anything of our own. Men will receive what God would not have them receive, and they will not receive that which God would have them embrace. You know it may be very easy to talk of certain cures, and to read of them. We may say, "Such and such a medicine is very effective, and will work such and such a cure ;" but when we are sick ourselves, we are often very dubious of the medicine, and if, having taken draught after draught of it, we find it does not cure us, perhaps we are brought to think, that though it may cure others it cannot cure us, because there has been such delay in the operation of it. So the poor soul thinks of the gospel : "Certainly it cannot heal me ;" and then he misunderstands the nature of the sacred medicine altogether, and begins to take the law instead of the gospel. Now the law never saved any yet, though it has condemned full many in its time, and will condemn us all, unless we have the gospel. If any man should be in doubt on account of ignorance, let me, as plainly as I can, state the gospel. I believe it to be wrapt up in one word—*Substitution.* I have always considered, with Luther and Calvin, that the

sum and substance of the gospel lies in that word, *Substitution*—Christ standing in the stead of man. If I understand the gospel, it is this : I deserve to be lost and ruined ; the only reason why I should not be damned is this, that Christ was punished in my stead, and there is no need to execute a sentence twice for sin. On the other hand, I know I cannot enter heaven, unless I have a perfect righteousness ; I am absolutely certain I shall never have one of my own, for I find I sin every day ; but then Christ hath a perfect righteousness, and He said, "There, take my garment, put it on ; you shall stand before God as if you were Christ, and I will stand before God as if I had been the sinner ; I will suffer in the sinner's stead, and you shall be rewarded for works which you did not do, but which Christ did for you."

I think the whole substance of salvation lies in the thought, that Christ stood in the place of man. The prisoner is in the dock ; he is about to be taken away for death ; he deserves to die ; he has been a mighty criminal. But before he is taken away, the judge asks whether there is any possible plan whereby that prisoner's life can be spared. Up rises one who is pure and perfect himself, and has known no sin, and by the allowance of the judge, for that is necessary, he steps into the dock, and says, "Consider me to be the prisoner ; pass the sentence on me, and let me die. Gentlemen of the court," says he, "consider the prisoner to be myself. I have fought for my country ; I have dared and deserved well for it : reward him as if he had done good, and punish me as if I had committed the sin." You say, "Such a thing could not occur in an earthly court of law." Ay, but it has happened in God's court of law. In the great court of King's Bench, where God is the Judge of all, it has happened. The Saviour said, "The sinner deserves to die ; let me die in his stead, and let him be clothed in my righteousness." To illustrate this, I will give you two instances. One is that of an ancient king, who passed a law against a crime, and the punishment of the crime was, that any one who committed it should have both his eyes put out. His own son committed the crime. The king, as a strict judge, said, "I cannot alter the law ; I have said that the loss of eyes shall be the penalty ; take out one of mine and one of his." So, you see, he strictly carried out the law ; but at the same time he was able to have mercy in part upon his son. But in the case of Christ we must go a little further. He did not say, "Exact half the penalty of me, and half of the sinner ;" he said, "Put both my eyes out ; nail me to the tree ; let me die, let me take all the guilt away, and then the sinner may go free."

III. And now I am to give SOME ADVICE TO THOSE WHO HAVE BEEN SEEKING CHRIST, AND

WHO HAVE NEVER FOUND HIM, HOW THEY MAY FIND HIM.

In the first place, let me say, *Go wherever Christ goes.* The sick man knew that Christ went to Bethesda, and there he lay. If Christ were to walk this earth again, and heal the sick, all the sick people would inquire, "Where does Christ walk to-morrow?" and as soon as they found out where He would take His walks abroad, there they would be lying thick on the pavement, in the hope that as He passed by He would heal them. Go up, then, to Christ's house, it is there He meets with His people. Read His Word; it is there He blesses them, by applying sweet promises to them. Keep to the ordinances; do not neglect them. Christ comes to Bethesda pool; lie by the water. If you cannot put in your foot, be where Christ comes. You know Thomas did not get the blessing, for he was not there when Jesus came. Be not away from the house of God; so that when He passes by He may haply look on thee, and say, "Thy sins are forgiven thee."

And whatever you do, when Christ passes by, *cry after Him with all your might*; never be satisfied until you do make Him hear; and if He frown on you, seemingly, for the moment, do not be stopped or stayed. If you are a little stirred by a sermon, pray over it; do not lose the auspicious moment. If you hear anything read which gives you some hope, lift up your heart in prayer at once; when the wind blows then should the sails be set up; and it may happen that God may give you grace to cross the harbour's mouth, and you may find the haven inside, the haven of perpetual rest. There was a man, you know, who was born blind, and who wanted to have his sight. As he sat by the roadside one day, he heard that Jesus passed by, and when he heard that, he cried after Him, "Jesus, thou Son of David, have mercy on me!" The people wanted to hear Christ preach, so they hushed the poor man; but he cried again, "Thou Son of David, have mercy on me!" "The Son of David" turned not His head; He did not look upon the man, but continued His discourse; but still the man shouted, "Jesus, thou Son of David, have mercy on me!" And then Jesus stopped. The disciples ran to the poor man, and said, "Be still; trouble not the Master." But he cried so much the more, "Jesus, thou Son of David, have mercy on me!" And Jesus at last said, "What wilt thou that I shall do unto thee?" He said, "Lord, that I may receive my sight." He received it, and "went on his way rejoicing." Now, your doubts say, "Hush! do not pray any more;" Satan says, "Be still; do not cry any more." Tell your doubts and fears, and the demon too, that you will give Christ no rest, till He turns His eyes upon you in love, and heals your diseases. Cry aloud unto Him, O thou awakened sinner, when He passes by.

The next piece of advice I would give you is this: *think very much of Christ.* No way that I know of will get you faith in Christ so well as thinking of Him. I would advise you, conscience-stricken sinner, to spend an hour in meditation on Christ. You do not want to spend an hour in meditation on yourself; you will get very little good from that; you may know beforehand that there is no hope for you in yourself. But spend an hour in meditation on Christ. Go, beloved, to thy closet, and sit down in that chamber of yours; picture Him in the garden; think you see Him there sweating "great drops of blood, falling down to the ground." Then picture Him standing in Pilate's hall; think you see Him with His hands bound, His back pouring down rivers of gore; then follow Him till you see Him coming to the hill, Calvary; think you see Him hurled backwards, and nailed to the tree; then let your imagination, or rather your faith, bring before you the cross lifted up, and dashed into its socket, when every bone of Christ was put out of joint. Look at Him; look at His thorn-crown, and see the beaded drops of blood trickling down His cheek:

"See from His head, His hands, His feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down."

I know of no means, under God, so profitable for getting faith, as thoughts of Christ; for whilst you are looking at Him, you will say, "Blessed Jesus, didst Thou die? Surely, my soul, His death is sufficient for thee." He is able to save unto the uttermost all those who trust in Him. You may think of a doctrine for ever, and get no good from it, if you are not already saved; but think of the person of Christ, and that will give you faith. Take Him everywhere, wherever you go, and try to meditate on Him in your leisure moments, and then He will reveal Himself to you, and give you peace. Ah! that is the point where we feel that none of us have enough of Christ, not even the best of Christians. I went into a friend's house one day, and he said to me, as a sort of hint, I suppose, "I have known so and so these thirty years, without hearing anything of his religion." Said I, "You will not know me thirty minutes without hearing something of mine." It is a fact, that many Christian people spend their Sunday afternoons in talking about common-place subjects, and Jesus Christ is scarcely ever mentioned. As for the poor ungodly world, of course they neither say nor think anything of Him. But oh, thou that knowest thyself to be a sinner, despise not the Man of Sorrows! Let His bleeding hands drop on thee; look thou on His pierced side; and, looking, thou shalt live; for remember, it is only by looking to Christ we shall live, not by doing anything ourselves. We must venture on Christ, and venture wholly, or else we never can be saved.

PATIENCE.

A STORY FOR MOTHERS.

"TRY again," said Mrs Brown encouragingly.

"I have tried again, and still again, until I am fairly discouraged, and it's of no use."

"Every day"—Mrs Edwards had proceeded this far, when romping little Jenny, a merry child of six years, burst into the room, followed by Willie, two years younger, who, in his eager haste, stumbled over the baby seated upon the carpet, and threw him prostrate, upon which the little one set up a series of cries and screams in no way pleasant.

Mrs E. sat still a moment, with compressed lips and darkening brow; then springing from her chair, she caught Willie and put him out of the room, and closed the door violently, saying, "There, don't let me see you again for an hour." Then seizing Jenny by the arm, she placed her—not very softly—upon a chair near the door, and said, "You are enough to craze one, now see if you can behave a moment." Picking up baby, she gave him his playthings, not once noticing the little eager outstretched arms and sorry look, as she left him to himself and went back to her rocking-chair and her conversation on her peculiar trials with these same children who had so rudely interrupted her.

"There, I declare it is enough to weary the patience of Job," said she, passing her handkerchief over her moist brow. "Did you ever hear such noisy children? What I shall do with them, I'm sure I don't know."

Good old Mrs Brown said nothing, but the rapidity of her knitting shewed that her mind was busy. She was one of Mrs Edwards' neighbours, and had come in to pass the afternoon. Kind, pleasant, and loving always, Mrs E. looked up to her as one of her best and truest friends. More than once had her timely advice been of great service, and now she hoped for assistance in her perplexity. Mrs B. did not speak however, and so Mrs Edwards kept on. "I get all worn out and discouraged during the day, and when James comes home at night, I sometimes begin to tell him over my trials, when he just laughs, and tells Jenny what a comfort she is to her mamma, frolics with Willie, calling him a *fine boy*, dances baby, and makes him caper and crow, telling me all the while how *good-natured* they all are! In the morning they are all asleep when he goes away, so he knows but little about them!

"Oh dear! when will woman's troubles be less?" Here the excited mother stopped to take breath, and looked at her friend, who was now knitting as calmly as if there was not a child on earth. Thinking Jenny very still, she looked next to where she set her, when, lo, she was gone. Taking advantage of her mother's excited talk, she had stolen softly out

to join her brother. This did not tend to calm Mrs E., who started immediately in pursuit. She found them both in the back-yard running to and fro, falling down now and then by way of variety, and greatly to the detriment of white pants and aprons. Shaking Willie, and saying sharply, "Look at your clothes, you careless child," she left him, and took Jenny into the house, seating her upon the chair again, at the same time giving her three or four smart blows upon her cheek, saying, "Now, see if you can sit still; I'll learn you not to sly off so, Miss." Once more she seated herself, when baby, finding all his playthings beyond his reach, and tired also of sitting upon the floor so long, commenced crying, and she must get up again and take him.

Just then Willie came in with a huge rent in his apron, his face red with temper and excitement, and wanted water. "Oh! dear, dear," sighed poor Mrs E. Aunt Brown kindly offered to get the water, and going into the kitchen, she not only gave him to drink, but bathed his face and head in the cool water, and the little fellow was soon at his play again, while aunt Brown sought the sitting-room. Jenny sat in the chair, her curly head thrown back, and the traces of tears upon her plump cheek—fast asleep! She could not sit still awake, so nature came to her relief. Taking her in her arms, Mrs Brown said, "Katie, where shall I lay her?" Mrs E. started from her study; all her anger vanished at seeing Jenny asleep, and she quickly placed a pillow upon the sofa, and she was laid down. The baby, too, soon followed his sister's example, and was laid upon the other end of the same sofa, and Mrs E. with a sigh of relief turned to her sewing.

Then Mrs Brown spoke. Her large brown eyes were filled with tears, her lip quivered, as she said, "Katie, shall I tell you a story?" Mrs E. nodded assent, and she commenced: "Years ago, I learned the lesson you must learn. I had a husband then, and three dear little ones. I was young, energetic, impatient, and nervous. The noise of my children disturbed me. I wished them to be quiet and thoughtful, like men and women. One day, not feeling well, their noise disturbed me even more than usual, and I sent the two oldest out to play. In a little while, Jamie, my second child and only boy, came running in, rough and boisterous as he always was. He carelessly hit my arm as I sat sewing, and I pressed my needle deep into my finger. The pain and the provocation unnerved me, and I raised my hand and struck him, on his head, a blow that sent him far from me, at the same time saying, with my voice choked with passion, 'Now be more careful.' He put his hand to his head, burst into tears, and left the room. I was sorry I struck him; I did not intend to inflict so severe a blow; my conscience smote me a few moments, and then the event passed from my mind. He

played out till tea-time. I had recovered my usual good spirits, and at the table noticed Jamie's wit and fun as he played with his father. When I undressed him, I called his father's attention to his looks, so rosy and healthy. He repeated his little prayer, kissed me, said sweetly, 'Good-night, mamma,' and was soon asleep. About nine o'clock he woke up screaming, and I saw him sitting up trying to ward off some imaginary blow. His eyes were open, but he did not know me. I took him in my arms. His hands were hot and dry, his lips parched. All night we watched by his couch, listening to his piteous cries—'Don't whip Jamie, mamma—don't whip Jamie, he is so sorry;' and then he would place his little hot hands upon his head, and cower down, as though the blow was coming. O Katie, the anguish of that night! How I prayed for his life! How I begged forgiveness for that thoughtless blow! I knew it was the first cause of his sickness, and if he *died*, the *cause of his death*, and I—I—his *own* mother, had dealt it! But reason at length returned. He had a long and tedious fever, but recovered. God heard my prayer, and I never struck another blow in the heat of passion. My simple tale is finished, Katie, and you can draw your own moral; but let me tell you one thing—you *must* have patience, and try again and again, before you can overcome the difficulties of managing noisy children; and God grant you may never have such a lesson as I had!"

Katie's tears were flowing fast, and she went to the still sleeping Jenny, almost fearing she should find her sick. When little Willie came in, tired and sleepy, she rocked him on her breast, and talked softly to him, while he wondered in his child-brain "what made mamma cry." When Jenny and Willie were both quietly sleeping side by side in their cosy crib, Mrs E. sat at her sewing alone. Aunt Brown had gone home, and she had time for reflection. She shuddered as she thought of her own ungovernable temper, and the many, many angry, needless blows she had given her little ones, and she firmly resolved, with the help of God, to subdue that temper. She did it, and also learned the great secret of governing children. "*Govern yourself first. Seldom, if ever, raise your voice in reproving them. Speak earnestly, slowly, and softly, if you would have them heed you. Never raise your hand in passion. You will repent it if you do.*"

THE LIVING TEMPLE.

BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

Nor in the world of light alone,
Where God has built His blazing throne,
Nor yet alone in earth below,
With belted seas that come and go,
And endless isles of sunlit green,
Is all thy Maker's glory seen:
Look in upon thy wondrous frame—
Eternal wisdom still the same!

The smooth, soft air with pulse-like waves
Flows murmuring through its hidden caves,
Whose streams of brightening purple rush
Fired with a new and livelier blush;
While all their burden of decay
The ebbing current steals away,
And red with Nature's flame they start
From the warm fountains of the heart.

No rest that throbbing slave may ask,
For ever quivering o'er his task,
While far and wide a crimson jet
Leaps forth to fill the woven net
Which in unnumber'd crossing tides
The flood of burning life divides,
Then kindling each decaying part
Creeps back to find the throbbing heart.

But warm'd with that unchanging flame
Behold the outward moving frame,
Its living marbles jointed strong
With glistening band and silvery thong,
And link'd to reason's guiding reins
By myriad rings in trembling chains,
Each graven with the threaded zone
Which claims it as the Master's own.

See how yon beam of seeming white
Is braided out of seven-hued light,
Yet in those lucid globes no ray
By any chance shall break astray.
Hark how the rolling surge of sound,
Arches and spirals circling round,
Wakes the hush'd spirit through thine ear
With music it is heaven to hear.

Then mark the cloven sphere that holds
All thought in its mysterious folds,
That feels sensation's faintest thrill
And flashes forth the sovereign will;
Think on the stormy world that dwells
Lock'd in its dim and clustering cells!
The lightning gleams of power it sheds
Along its hollow glassy threads!

O Father! grant Thy love divine
To make these mystic temples thine!
When wasting age and wearying strife
Have sapp'd the leaning walls of life,
When darkness gathers over all,
And the last tottering pillars fall,
Take the poor dust Thy mercy warms
And mould it into heavenly forms!

—*Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table.*

THE AIM OF LIFE.

BY REV. JAMES SMITH, CHELTENHAM.

My friend, Robert Strong, was not a man that aimed very high. He set his heart on obtaining a cottage and a garden of his own, that he might live at ease, and enjoy freedom from rent. He had a great dislike to quarter-days, and almost as great a dislike to rate-collectors and tax-gatherers. From the latter he could not escape, but from the former he might, and he was determined to do so. He therefore laboured hard, lived near, joined a building society, and at length the cottage and garden were his own. He had gained his point. He had accomplished his object. But the happiness he anticipated was not enjoyed. He soon got used to the thought that the place was his own, besides which, something or other was always requiring to be done, and he seldom seemed to have any time to enjoy himself. And when he had a little time, somehow or other he was sure to be put about. He was not happy, for he always felt a craving for something that he had not got.

Friend Robert, allow me to whisper a word in your ear; your cottage and garden are all very well, and your freedom from the annoyance of rent-days is good as far as it goes, but you want something for the soul. The immortal spirit craves for immortal food, and you never can enjoy satisfaction—you never will possess real happiness—until you learn “to eat the flesh, and drink the blood, of the Son of God.” What this is at present you know not, but you must know, before joy and peace are yours.

Henry Halliwell could not be satisfied with anything so small as Robert Strong; he was born of respectable parents, and had a little capital to begin the world with. His heart was set upon a very respectable villa, and a good annual income. For this he toiled, schemed, and speculated; keeping it constantly before his mind, as the great object of his life. Providence smiled upon him; the villa and income were his, and in addition thereto a kind amiable wife, and two sweet children. But somehow or other he was never quite happy. There was a vacuum in his mind. He frequently improved his property, added to his stock of books and curiosities; but still there was always something wanting. Yes; and so there always will be, Mr Halliwell, while you forget that you have a never-dying soul, which cannot feed upon anything earthly or carnal. That soul of yours needs spiritual food, and it must feed on the bread which came down from heaven, or you will never know what settled enjoyment is. You might have been happy in a cottage, or even in a hired room, if you had Christ in your heart, and heaven in your eye. Yes; and you may be happy in your beautiful villa—happier than a prince in his palace—if you knew Christ, and the power of His resurrection, and was made conformable to His death.

Squire Edwards looked much higher than Mr Halliwell, for his mind was made up to obtain a mansion, a park, a pack of hounds, and all their accompaniments. Well, by improving his property, advancing his rents, and by frugal living for a few years, he gained his point. A beautiful estate was in the market, which he purchased, and added to it, as he thought, all that his heart could wish. But somehow or other he seldom heartily enjoyed himself. Something or other was continually putting him out of the way, and though he enjoyed himself pretty well in company, yet he was apt to be very gloomy and uncomfortable when alone. Settled peace he knew not. Rest of heart he was a stranger to. Nor could all the respect paid to him, or the many good things crowded around him, give him solid satisfaction. Others envied him, and he envied others, fancying they were more happy than himself. Ah, Squire Edwards, you little think in what true happiness consists! Nor do you know where true joys are to be found.

“He builds too low, who builds beneath the skies.” The fountain of happiness is God, and it is only by knowing Him, realising union to Him, and living in communion with Him, that we can be truly and permanently happy.

In each of these cases the aim was wrong—the effort was lost. Each made a mistake; and such mistakes are too common. Nor will many believe the representations, but will say, “Well, I only wish I had the trial, I should be happy enough.” My friend, if you had the trial, you would be no more happy than they were. You have the same nature, and the same mental cravings. Nor could anything under heaven satisfy your immortal soul. The *aim*—the *effort*—of life, should be the conquest of sin—the conquest of sin in our hearts and in our lives. Nor, until sin is conquered, can we enjoy settled peace. By faith in Jesus, by close walking with God, by the power of the Holy Spirit, our inbred corruptions may be subdued, our evil habits may be broken off, and our souls may enjoy true liberty. Every fetter may be broken, every chain may be snapped, and the soul may ascend to God, commune with God, and dwell in God. Nor will anything less than this suffice. Let us, then, not aim at anything earthly, or that is limited to time; but whatever may be our lot below, let us aim at an entire victory over sin—to live in hope of heaven—anticipating a crown of glory, which fadeth not away. And as we *aim* at these things, let us put forth our utmost efforts to crucify the flesh, with its affections and lusts; and to bring every thought into subjection to the obedience of Christ. This is to lay up for ourselves treasure in heaven; this is to lay up in store for ourselves a good foundation against the time to come; this is to fight the good fight of faith, and to lay hold on eternal life. This is true wisdom. This is securing the true riches. This will bring the assurance into our minds, that as in our Father’s house there are many mansions, our Saviour is preparing a place for us. Happy, thrice happy is the man, who has the riches of grace in his heart, and the riches of glory in his eye; for whom to live is Christ, and to die is gain! O my soul, seek not possessions on earth, but be satisfied to sing, as you travel through the wilderness—

“No foot of land do I possess,
No cottage in this wilderness;
A poor wayfaring man,
I lodge awhile in tents below,
Or gladly wander to and fro,
“Till I my Canaan gain!”

THE FIJI ISLANDS.

THIRTY years ago the name of Christ was not known in *Fiji*, and for some years afterwards the people appeared almost impervious to the influences of religion. But a day of visitation has at length arrived, and those who

have sown in tears reap in joy. About one-fourth of the entire estimated population of the group have abandoned heathenism, and earnestly desire to be instructed in the saving truths of Christianity. The District-meeting says, "In our several Circuits we have already 54,281 professing Christians." Thirty-six chapels have been built during the past year; twelve in the *Bau* Circuit, fifteen in the *Rewa*, six in the *Nandy*, and three in the *Bua* Circuit. Three new stations are recommended, *Namena*, *Somosomo*, and *Kandavu*. In *Kandavu* alone there are now 12,000 professing Christians. Two interesting circumstances have transpired in connexion with this wonderful spread of the truth. The first is the blessing which has accompanied the labours of native Christian teachers and evangelists, of which the following may serve as a specimen:—A few people, from a small island called *Koro*, paid a visit to *Veva*, and while there were led to renounce heathenism. On their return to their own island they persuaded a few others to join them, and constituted a little company of about twenty, who desired to pray, but knew not how, and to be able to read the sacred books, but had none to read. At their request a teacher from *Veva* was sent to them, who, with the exception of an occasional visit from the missionary, has been their only instructor for a period of nearly ten years. Idolatry is now entirely overthrown. The twenty Christians have grown from that number to 2600. From among them a teacher has been raised up, who has himself become an able and successful preacher, and is now pleading the cause of *Fiji* in the several provinces of *Australia*. Of such native teachers and evangelists there are now, in all, about 250 employed. The other pleasing feature of the work is the readiness of the people to provide for the support of these men. A missionary writes: "Our converts are anxious themselves to pay the teachers, and to help in contributions as far as possible. This year, by the blessing of God, we hope to clear all expenses except the missionary's salary." And again: "Our native teachers said to me: 'Now we know that true religion is getting into the people's hearts, when they are beginning to give their most precious things to God; it was never like this before.' Here, therefore, it is plain that things are taking the right course. A foundation is laid for a native ministry, supported by native churches. For these remarkable indications of an extensive, genuine, and enduring work of grace, many thanksgivings have been, and will still be given to Him who has thus, of the stones, raised up children to Abraham. With these thanksgivings there have also ascended hearty prayers for the further spread of this remarkable revival, until the work shall be complete, and cannibal *Fiji* shall have become Christian *Fiji*.—*Annual Report of Wesleyan Missionary Society*.

SCRIPTURE MISCELLANIES.

THE LAST EXODUS.

WE will take for a point of view a place from which we can see the righteous, raised from the dust of the earth and from the sea at the moment when they are about to be caught up to meet the Lord in the air. From Abel to the last surviving saints, they are on their way to heaven together. Why earth? Why have the redeemed left heaven? To receive the adoption, to wit, the redemption of their bodies. This resumption of the body is the finishing act of redemption. The departure of Israel is an emblem of the departure of the righteous from earth to heaven at the last day.

This is the people of God. They were given to Christ before the foundation of the world. That word is now accomplished. "And this is the Father's will that hath sent me, that of all which he hath given me I should lose nothing; and I will raise it up at the last day." He planted a field and watered it, gathered out the stones thereof, set his bondmen to till it, and now, lo, the harvest of the earth is come, the sheaves are gathered, and on their way to the garner.

Slowly, and one by one out of a family, a two out of a nation, for much of the time was this people gathered, from every kind and tongue, till now, a multitude which man can number, they are the product of redemption, the result of an eternal plan, the fruit of unutterable pains and travail of sin on the part of their Redeemer and of his witnesses, and, in many cases, of themselves. God now possesses that for which alone he made the world and created man upon it, and with these He is to shew to principalities and powers in heavenly places the manifold wisdom of God. Their history is to set forth more of God to the universe than all his works beside; and in the ages to come will shew the exceeding riches of His grace, His kindness toward them through Christ Jesus. "Happy art thou, O Israel; who like unto thee, O people saved by the Lord, the shield of thy help, and who is the strength of thy excellency!"

They are delivered from the power of the enemy. While death and the grave held their bodies, their deliverance was not complete. Now the bars are broken, every precious treasure of a human form is yielded up, the last enemy is destroyed, which is death. It is, for them, for ever put away, and its consequences; men and devils can no more afflict going from earth, the righteous are going from the dominion of the God of this world. Farewell temptations, farewell vexations, farewell tribulations, an eternal farewell to every tear. The last chain is broken, the ransomed return, and come to Zion with songs of everlasting joy upon their heads; they shall

obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away."

They are on their way to a promised land. Land of promise, indeed! the metropolis of the universe; not a colony, not some undistinguished world, but the abode of God himself, the seat of His throne; a place prepared, exclusively, so far as we can infer from the Bible, for the habitation of angels and men. Infinite wisdom and skill selected and prepared that place; we should faint, more than Sheba's queen at Solomon's glory, if we should see it with bodily eyes. What a place, considered merely as a place, heaven must be, prepared by Infinite love and power for the abode of those who have been redeemed and saved at such cost! "For He hath prepared for them a city." Now the meaning of those words begins to break upon us with new power,—"Father, I will that they whom thou hast given me be with me where I am, that they may behold my glory, which thou hast given me." He said, "I go to prepare a place for you, and if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again and receive you unto myself; that where I am there ye may be also."

There will be a time when there will be very few, if any, human beings in heaven; and where will its human inhabitants then be? At their graves, receiving each his glorified body. Then, what a return, and what a sight, when, re-entering heaven, the redeemed, with their forms like Christ's, approach the heavenly world with the Captain of their salvation at their head. O my soul, be among them! Advanced legions of angels blow with ten thousand trumpets, and begin to sing, "Lift up your heads, O ye gates, and be ye lifted up, ye everlasting doors; and the King of glory shall come in." The King of glory! never before did He receive that name with such accumulated honours upon it. Redeemer, Thy glory now is full orb'd. The joy of Thy people is the joy of their Lord. O earth, it seems worth all thy travail, to have yielded such a scene as this. That one hour, that one scene, of re-entering heaven, of passing away from earth, with such spoils and triumph—a lifetime of ecstasy is nothing compared with it; one might sit in chains three-score years, burn at the stake, be sawn asunder, —anything would be a cheap purchase for the joy of that hour. Recognitions, welcomes, fullness of joy, every sensibility touched with new sensations of pleasure, eternity in heaven before them, as they defile through those twelve gates, into the city—the symbolical departure of Israel, glorious as it was, how can it be compared with this!

And now, the bones of Joseph, which were carried up out of Egypt by the triumphant Church have found their antitype in the carrying away from earth, that house of bondage and place of graves, of a glorified body by every one who, as he fell asleep in Jesus, made

mention, in his faith and hope, of this departing of the children of Israel. Not in a princely sarcophagus, but in a body like unto Christ's own glorious body, shall we each leave this Egypt, and (O in what an exalted sense!) be gathered to our fathers. "For I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that he shall stand at the latter day upon the earth; and though after my skin, worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God; whom I shall see for myself, and mine eyes shall behold, and not another; though my reins be consumed within me."—*Dr Adams.*

THE FAITHFUL WIFE.

GOD had revived His work in many churches in the city of B——; multitudes of weary sinners had sought and found rest in Him who is exalted to give repentance and forgiveness of sins. J. H—— was a sceptic and a scoffer, but one evening was led by his pious, affectionate wife, to hear the gospel. On their return home he solemnly asserted his intention to go no more. "Why not, my dear husband?" said the alarmed lady. "I was both provoked and insulted," said he; "that entire sermon on infidelity was preached at me, and scarcely one in the house but knew it. I have for ever done with church-going and preaching."

Weeks elapsed; the wife prayed, and friends prayed, for this deluded man, and God heard their cry. Said the deeply concerned Mrs H—— one evening, "Dear, will you grant me one little request?" Being unwilling to promise until he knew its purport, she continued, "Go with me to-night to meeting?" "I will go to the door, but no farther," said he. "That will do," said this amiable Christian. They went together, parted at the entrance, her heart absorbed as she took her seat in fervent prayer for her beloved partner. Some minutes elapsed and service commenced, when suddenly the door opened, and a heavy step advanced, and to her unspeakable joy, her husband calmly seated himself near her.

That night Mr H—— was interested and affected. Hope beat high among his friends. The next evening after tea, as Mr and Mrs H—— sat conversing at their pleasant fireside, he rose, and while a tear dropped from his cheek, "Wife," said he, "*is it not time to go to church?*" She sprung from her chair, and though it was early by an hour and a half, she feared delay; and taking hat and cloak, they went. That was the happiest night of her life, for Mr H—— presented himself a humble inquirer for the way of salvation, and numbered many years in his Redeemer's service. All who knew him believe that, under God, he owed what he is to the sweet influences of a loving, patient, meek, Christian wife: "For what knowest thou, O wife, whether thou shalt save thy husband?"—*Sketches from Life.*

INCIDENTS IN THE GREAT RELIGIOUS AWAKENING IN AMERICA.

REVIVAL ON THE "NORTH CAROLINA."

A SPEAKER said, "Night before last I attended a large prayer-meeting on board the *North Carolina*. I rise especially to ask you to pray that God would carry on His work of grace there. I heard at that prayer-meeting perhaps as many as fifteen relate in few words their religious views and experiences. And I think if you could hear what I heard—the cheerful, earnest, honest hopes expressed—you would rejoice in what the Lord is doing on board that ship. We ought to pray that God will carry on this work, and bring great numbers, indeed all, into obedience to the faith, which is in Christ." He then spoke of the late communion service which was celebrated there, and said that some who attempted to ridicule it, had since been overtaken with deep conviction of sin, and were now anxious that their Christian shipmates should pray for them. The importance of the conversion of that ship's company, no one can conceive. They will soon be scattered over every ocean, and how important, he said, that they be Christians.

AN OLD MAN, "A HARD CASE," CONVERTED.

One of those who addressed the meeting gave an account of the conversion of a man who was far advanced in life, and who had for years been numbered among the "hard cases." He was intemperate, spending sometimes several successive days in a state of beastly intoxication, and all his days in total disregard of religion and all the means of grace. He had a pious son, who, being on a visit to the family, endeavoured to persuade his father, when the Sabbath came, to go to church with him.

"Come, father," said the son, "go to church with me to-day."

"No, I cannot. It is no use. I never go. You know I do not believe in it."

"Just go with me to-day," the son replied with entreaty.

"No," said the father, "I cannot go to church with you. I don't believe in religion; don't believe in going to church; don't believe in anything."

The son had to go with a heavy heart without him; but he went praying all the way for his poor father, that he might be converted.

In the afternoon, as the son was about starting for church, the father said:—

"I have concluded to go to church with you this afternoon."

"Oh, father, this is just what I have been praying for all day," the son answered; "and now that God has inclined you so far, I trust He will incline you still further."

They went to church together, no more was said, and on Monday morning they separated.

Three weeks afterwards, the son received a letter from his father, assuring him how thankful he was that his son urged him to go to church that Sabbath morning; for he had continued to go, and also to go to the prayer-meetings, and he was then rejoicing in the blessed hope of a glorious immortality. He had been led to see his guilt and danger, and to fly to Christ as the friend of the penitent, believing sinner. And this was all to be traced to the faithfulness of that son in urging him to go where he would hear the preaching of the gospel. God had fastened the truth, as a nail, in a sure place, and he never found any peace till he came to Christ, as a Saviour, able, and mighty, and willing to save. "Now," said the speaker, "let us never give up 'hard cases,' supposing that they are given over of God, and devoted to destruction. But let us ever remember that Christ has said that He can save to the uttermost."

WHAT A YOUNG MAN DID.

A young man from Philadelphia arose in one of the meetings, and spoke with deep feeling concerning the meetings there and in New York. He said that the day before he had been in Jayne's Hall, where there were from fifteen hundred to two thousand present, and now he was in a prayer-meeting in Fulton Street. He urged the importance of our always praying in our closets for those great daily noon prayer-meetings. He said he never forgot in his private devotions either Fulton Street or Jayne's Hall prayer-meetings.

When he took his seat an old shipmaster arose, and said, "I do not wish to flatter this young man, but I wish to inform this meeting that the young man who has just addressed you was the means of establishing the first noon prayer-meeting in Philadelphia. He had been on here, and on his return to Philadelphia, though not yet twenty-one years of age, he set himself earnestly about establishing a noonday prayer-meeting at Philadelphia. He met with little success at first, but after many discouragements a meeting was commenced, which was attended by from ten to seventeen persons. At length, all at once, God poured out His Spirit upon the city, and Jayne's Hall was opened, and was at once filled with the thousands who came to pray. The great result of that effort had been what no human mind can conceive in its importance to souls. There have been more than nine thousand added to the churches, and more than ten thousand hopeful conversions; so we see how feeble is the instrumentality which God uses to accomplish His vast designs."

A WHOLE SUNDAY-SCHOOL CLASS CONVERTED.

Some time ago a request was made for prayer for the conversion of a class of girls, who had been gathered into a Sunday-school up town out of Roman Catholic families, with the hearty consent of their parents. They had been for some time under the in-

struction of a very devoted teacher, who had thoroughly instructed them in the great doctrines and duties of our holy religion. They became deeply anxious about their own salvation. They had many a conversation with their beloved teacher about the way of salvation. At length they all united in asking their teacher to request the Fulton Street meeting to make them the subject of special prayer that God would convert all the class, and lead them to a saving knowledge of the truth. "So gather them in," said the speaker, "gather them in, for all this class has been converted."

FIVE MONTHS' REVIEW.

One of those who addressed the Fulton Street prayer-meeting said he was in the habit of keeping a record of the cases which were presented at this prayer-meeting for an interest in our supplications; and, in his judgment, it was useful and proper often to go back and call up these cases. So he caused these cases to pass in rapid review before us. They were very touching, the very announcement of them thrilling the heart with deep emotion. There were all sorts of cases from all sorts of classes, children, parents, brothers, sisters, masters, servants, ministers, churches, parishes, seamen, men of war's men, missionaries, from our city, from every State in the Union, from Ireland, England, Scotland, Wales, Switzerland, Turkey, Germany, India, and other parts of the world.—*N. Y. Evangelist.*

TEACHINGS FOR THE CHILDREN.

No. IV.

ON INSTINCT.

In your natural history, children, you have often been told about the instinct of animals. Although I cannot tell you what instinct *is*, I will try to give you some idea of what it *does*.

God has created a great many kinds of living creatures, some to live on land, some in the water, and some to fly in the air. Their food and their manner of living are very different. If you had it in your power to examine every living creature that God has made, you would find it exactly fitted for the kind of life He intended it should lead.

None of the inhabitants of this world have reason, except man. *You* have reason, children; you are taught by your friends those things necessary for you to know, that you may take care of yourselves; and you may increase in knowledge; you may learn something to-day which you did not know yesterday. It is not so with birds, and beasts, and fishes. As soon as they begin to live, God gives them just as much knowledge as they need and no more.

A young hen knows how to choose a nest for the first egg she is going to lay, as well as an old one who has hatched many broods of chickens; and when she has done laying, she

sits on her eggs until the chickens are completely formed, when they, with their own little bills, peck at the shells until they make a way for themselves to come out. As soon as their little feathers are dry, they are able to run about. Then the young hen, who never had any chickens before, leaves the nest and begins to scratch in the earth for something for them to eat. When she finds anything, she makes a peculiar noise, which the chicks understand the first time they hear it, and run to pick up the food. She makes another kind of noise when she sees a hawk, and the first time they hear it, they know that an enemy is in sight, and run for shelter under the wings of their mother.

Now all this knowledge which the hen and chickens have, without having been taught, is called *instinct*. Though a hen knows so well all that is necessary for her support and that of her young, in everything else she is very foolish. After she has laid her eggs, if you take them away and put round stones or pieces of chalk in their place, she will sit on them as if they were eggs; if her eggs are rotten, she will continue to sit on them till she dies, if undisturbed. I once saw a hen that had made her nest under a porch, and when she was found dead sitting on a nest full of rotten eggs, she would scarcely have weighed half a pound. A goose had been sitting a long time, and would soon have died, if the nest had not been examined by its owner, when it was found that every egg had a small hole in it, and all the contents had been sucked out by an animal called a mink, which is very fond of eggs, and no doubt took the opportunity some time when the goose was absent, to play her this trick, and she had not sense enough to find it out.

Instinct teaches every animal what kind of food is proper for them. They never make such mistakes as human beings often do. I knew a little boy who, when playing in the woods, found some sweet berries. He ate them and was poisoned. He should have asked his mother if they were fit to eat. She would have told him they had been tried, and those who had eaten them had died.

You see then those creatures who are guided by instinct know very little, but their knowledge as far as it goes is perfect; while those who are guided by reason can acquire a great deal, and be always increasing, but they may be mistaken.

We may learn from this, the continual presence of God with all, even the least of his creatures. A sparrow cannot fall to the ground without His permission; nor can it build its nest, nor feed its young, nor hatch them without His aid and instruction. Can *we* hide from His eyes? can *we* sin without His knowledge?

How thankful children should be that they have reason, which fits them for knowing, loving, and serving God!

Page for the Young.

TAKE CARE OF THE HOOK.

BY MRS H. B. STOWE.

CHARLEY's mother would often sit with him by the fire, before the lamp was lighted in the evening, and repeat to him little pieces of poetry. This is one that Charley used to like particularly. It is written by Miss Jane Taylor:—

"Dear mother," said a little fish,

"Pray is not that a fly?

I'm very hungry, and I wish
You'd let me go and try."

"Sweet innocent," the mother cried,

And started from her nook,

"That horrid fly is meant to hide
The sharpness of the hook!"

Now, as I've heard, this little trout
Was young and silly too;
And so he thought, he'd venture out,
To see what he could do.

And round about the fly he play'd,

With many a longing look;

And often to himself he said,
"I'm sure that's not a hook."

"I can but give one little pluck

To try, and so I will.

So on he went, and lo, it stuck
Quite through his little gill.

And as he faint and fainter grew,

With hollow voice he cried,

"Dear mother, if I'd minded you,
I should not thus have died."

After this was finished, Charley looked gravely into the fire, and began his remarks upon it. "What a silly fellow that little trout was! He might have known better."

"Take care, Charley," said his mamma; "there are a great many little boys just as silly as this trout. For instance, I knew a little boy a while ago, whose mamma told him not to touch green apples or currants, because they would make him sick. He did not mean to touch them, for he knew that it is very disagreeable to be sick and take medicine; but yet he did the very same thing that this little trout did."

"Instead of keeping far away, he would walk about under the trees, pick up the green apples to look at, and feel the green currants, just as the little fish would play around the hook. By and by he said, 'I really don't think they will hurt me; I will just take one little taste.' And then he ate one, and then another, till finally he got very sick. Do you remember?"

"O mamma, that was me. Yes, I remember."

"Now, Charley, hear what I tell you: nobody does very wrong things because they mean to, at first. People begin by little and little, just tasting and trying what is wrong, like this little fish."

"Then there is George Jones, a very fine boy, a bright boy, and one who means to do right; but then George does not always keep away from the hook. You will see him sometimes standing round places where men are

drinking and swearing. George does never to drink or to swear. Ah, ta George; the little fish did not mean to catch either, but he kept playing round and round the hook, and at last snapped up; and so you will be if you take care."

"Then William Day means to be a boy, and you could not make him more than to tell him he would ever be and yet William *plays too much around the hook*. What does he do? Why, he takes little things out of his father's desk or out of his mother's basket or draws he really does not want his father or to see him or find it out. William 'Oh, it's only a little thing; it isn't matter; I daresay they had just as would have it as not.' Ah, William think so? Why do you not go to your and ask for it then? No; the fact William is learning to steal, but he believes it is stealing any more than the fish believed that what looked like a hook in fact a dreadful hook. By and by, if he doesn't take care, when he goes into a store, he will begin to take little things from his master, just as he did from his father's mother; and he will take more and more until finally he will be named and disgraced as a thief, and all because, like the little trout, *he would play around the hook*."—Our C

THE "GUEST'S" BIBLE QUESTIONS FOR YOUNG.

GOATS—KIDS.

UNDER what circumstances was required to bring a "kid of the goats offering?"

What was the scape-goat?

What ceremonies attended his being away?

What prophet saw a he-goat in one vision?

What did it represent?

What man had spotted and speckled as a part of his wages?

Whose coat was once dipped in the blood of a kid of the goats?

What king went to seek his enemies on the rocks of the wild goats?

What churlish man had among his possessions a thousand goats?

What building had curtains of goat hair for a covering?

What woman put an image into a pillow of goats' hair for its bolster?

What "is it not possible the blood of goats should take away?"

Whose blood can cleanse you from sin?

Where are wicked men compared to goats?

What shall be their sentence?



A Family Magazine for Leisure Hours and Sundays.

WEEKLY NOS. ONE HALFPENNY.]

[MONTHLY PARTS, THREEPENCE

A REVIVAL*

BY THE REV. WILLIAM ARNOT, GLASGOW.

"Turn you at my reproof: behold, I will pour out my Spirit unto you."—Prov. i. 23.

"TURN you at my reproof: behold, I will pour out my Spirit;"—the command and the promise joined, and constituting one harmonious whole. How strictly in concord are the several intimations of the Scriptures! "Work out your own salvation; for it is God that worketh in you" (Phil. ii. 12). To him that hath shall be given, and he shall have abundance. It is to those who turn that the promise of the Spirit is addressed. These two reciprocate. The Spirit poured out arrests a sinner, and turns him; then, as he turns, he gets more of the Spirit poured out. The sovereignty of God, and the duty of men, are both alike real, and each has its own place in the well-ordered covenant. It is true, that unless a man turn, he will not get God's Spirit poured out; and it is also true, that unless he get God's Spirit poured out, he will not turn. When the dead is recalled to life, the blood, sent circling through the system, sets the valves of the heart a-beating, and the valves of the heart, by their beating, send the life-blood circling throughout the frame. It would be in vain to inquire what was the point in the reciprocating series to which the life-giving impulse was first applied. The mysteries of the human spirit are deeper still than those of the body. The way of God, in the regeneration of man, is past finding out. One part of it He keeps near Himself, concealed by the clouds and darkness that surround His throne; another part of it He has clearly revealed to our understandings, and pressed on our hearts. His immediate part is to pour out the Spirit;

our immediate part is to turn at His reproof. If, instead of simply doing our part, we presumptuously intrude into His, we shall attain neither. If we reverently regard the promise, and diligently obey the command, we shall get and do—we shall do and get. We shall get the Spirit, enabling us to turn; and turn, in order to get more of the Spirit. The command is given, not to make the promise unnecessary, but to send us to it for help. The promise is given, not to supersede the command, but to encourage us in the effort to obey. Turn at His reproof, and hope in His promise; hope in His promise, and turn at His reproof.

Religion, when it is real, is altogether a practical thing. It disappoints Satan; it crucifies the flesh; it sanctifies the character; it glorifies God. It is a thing that acts, and acts mightily. It is a thing, not of words, but of deeds. There is an enormous amount of mere imitation religion amongst us. If there were as great a proportion of counterfeit coin circulating in the kingdom, we would be all on the alert to detect and destroy it. We would feel the danger of being ourselves deceived, and losing the riches for which we care. There ought to be greater jealousy of a spiritless form, a gilded word-religion, passing current in the Church; for he who is taken in by this "name to live," though he should gain the whole world, will lose his own soul.

A valorous hand-to-hand struggle with inherent corruptions is distressingly rare, in the wide-spread religious profession of the day. You read and pray, and worship in the assembly, and complain that, notwithstanding, your souls do not prosper; you have not comfort; you are not sensible of growth in grace. But all this is mere hypocrisy, if you be not "turning"—tearing yourself asunder from

* From the author's "Illustrations of the Book of Proverbs." In the preface he states that his aim has rather been to apply the obvious than to elucidate the obscure—to set the machine agoing, and try its effects on the affairs of life; and admirably has he succeeded. It is seldom that an author and his subject are so well matched as in the present instance. Published by T. Nelson & Sons, Edinburgh.

besetting sins, as from a right arm or a right eye. The evil-speaking, watch it, catch it on your lips, crush it as it swells and germinates in the seed-bed of your thoughts within. The equivocations, the half-untruths, down with them. Out with the very truth, although it should break off the nearly completed bargain—although it should freeze the friendship that seems necessary to your success. Anger, malice, envy,—seize these vipers, that twist and hiss in your bosom; strangle them outright there. Your religion is nothing better than a cheat, if you are not busy with the work of ceasing to do evil. "Herein do I exercise myself," said Paul, "that I may have a conscience void of offence." How can the feeblest learners of the truth attain, by an idle wish, that actual progressive purification, which its greatest human teacher only strove after by incessant exercise?

In the manifold diversities of sin, there is such a thing as the pride of self-righteousness. You fall into this error when you pretend to turn from evil without trusting in God. You fall into the opposite snare of hypocrisy, when you pretend to trust in God, and do not turn at His command. Getting freely and doing faithfully, together constitute true religion. Get and do, do and get. Nor is it a partitioning of salvation between God and man, as if a part of it were His gift, and a part of it man's act. The turning which constitutes salvation is, supremely, all God's gift, and subordinately, all the doing of the man. From the spring-head in the heart, to the outermost streams of life, He makes all things new; and yet the man himself must, at God's bidding, turn from all iniquity.

We speak of a revival; we pray for it; perhaps we long for it. But all this, and an hundredfold more in the same direction, will not bring it about. God's arm is not shortened: His ear is not heavy. Our iniquities separate between us and Him. The way to invite His presence is to put away the evil of our doings: for He cannot dwell with sin. And if any one, conscious of his knowledge and jealous of orthodoxy, should say in opposition, it is God's presence, sovereignly vouchsafed, that makes the visited man put away his evil, we answer, that is a glorious truth, but is not an argument against our injunction. That is the upper end of a revealed truth which reaches from earth to heaven. It is too high for us. If you put forth your hand to touch it at the top, it will consume you. That high thing is for God to handle, and not man. The end that leans on earth and lies to your hand is—*turn you at my reproof*. The only safe way of moving the heaven-high extreme of the divine sovereignty for revival, is by throwing ourselves with our whole weight on this which is the visible, tangible, lower end of that incomprehensible mystery—this *turning* from our own evil in obedience to the command of God.

The grand hindrance to a revival by the Spirit poured out is the general conformity of Christians to the fashion of the world. The short road to a revival is to turn from the error of our ways. If there were more of the doing which religion demands, there would be more of the getting which it promises.

Turn at my reproof. God looketh on the heart. He measures the motive as well as the deed. There is such a thing as a proud atheistic morality, which is as offensive to God as more vulgar vice. To abstain from common and gross transgressions, is not holiness. It is a partial process. It is to diminish the bulk of wickedness on one side, by directing all the stream of internal corruption to the other side. When a man turns from wickedness because God hates it, he will turn alike from every sin. If we reform ourselves, we will select despised and shameful lusts of the flesh to be sacrificed, but retain and cherish certain favourite lusts of the mind. If we permit God's word to search, and God's authority to rule, idols alike of high and low degree will be driven forth of the temple. If the turning be at His reproof, it will be a turning both complete in its comprehension and true in its character—a turning without partiality and without hypocrisy.

When we turn at His reproof, He will pour out His Spirit: when He pours out His Spirit we will turn at His reproof. Blessed circle for saints to reason in. He formed the channel wherein grace and duty chase each other round. He supplied the material alike of the getting and the doing. He set the stream in motion, and He will keep it going, until every good work begun shall be perfect in the day of Christ Jesus.

Hear that voice from heaven, "I will pour out." Yea, Lord; then we must draw away. We are placed at the open orifice in the lowest extremity of the outbranching channel: the fountainhead is with God on high. When He pours out, we draw forth: when we draw forth, He pours out. It is because there is a pressure constant and strong from that upper spring of grace, that we can draw any here below for the exercise of obedience; but the covenant is ordered so that, if we do not draw for the supply of actual effort, none will gravitate toward us from the fountainhead. It is the still, stagnant, dead mass of inert profession, sticking in the lower lips of the channel, that checks the flow of grace, and practically seals for us its unfathomable fountain. If there were a turning, a movement, an effort, an expenditure, a need, a vacancy, at our extremity below, there would be a flow of the Divine compassion to make up the want, and charge every vessel anew with fresh and full supply. Prove Him now herewith; exert and expend in His service, and see whether He will not open the windows of heaven and pour out a blessing, greater than the room made vacant to receive it.

DIRECTIONS FOR READING THE SCRIPTURES.

As the getting the meaning of them into the mind, and the mind to be familiar with it, lies at the foundation of all other benefits to be derived from them, *attention therefore must be given to what we read*; and questions asked, as to its import, which must be deliberated upon in the mind. The ears of corn do not part with all their grains till the flail has been thrice applied; neither does the Scripture open itself to the inert mind. What is obtained by the mind's own meditation, will abide in it more than by any other way: the act of meditating will lead to the discovery of other truths besides the one in question; and, if not to that at the time, will prepare the way for it afterwards, by laying it up in the mind as the subject of anxiety to receive light upon; by which any occurring elucidation of it will be embraced.

Lean not on Commentaries. Prefer to most of them, parallel passages of Scripture. As the diamond is polished only by its own stone, so one scripture best elicits the meaning and beauty of another. Bagster's Bible is invaluable, for the parallel passages it gives, as well as for many other particulars. Still, those parallel places which we find out ourselves, being guided by the similarity of the sense rather than of the words, are preferable to those obtained by any other course.

Every one should have a Bible of his own, used by him constantly. If possible, a broad margin, and in that margin he should insert against the text, the book and page belonging to his own library, where he has met with an elucidation of it; also emendations heard in discourse, or from the pulpit. Where the remark is too long, or the book containing it is borrowed, some spare leaves at the end should receive it, and the texts be numbered similarly with the remarks, 1, 2, 3, &c., as they accumulate. These things referred to, on coming to the texts again, perhaps at the distance of years, are most delightful; and thousands of discoveries of scriptures are thus retained that would otherwise have passed away.

Use a Concordance as seldom as possible; and make a point, whatever it costs, of turning in your own Bible to chapters and verses referred to in reading or discourse; not taking for granted that it is so, or that you know it well; which prevents familiarity with Scripture, and readiness in finding out the places that are wanted, and also leads to great inaccuracy of quotation.

Break from the custom of reading the Bible by fragments or chapters. What other book do we content ourselves with reading by a leaf at a time, or a mere section of a page? Read as much of an epistle, or a history, or a prophecy, at once, as you can. Go over it at

first cursorily, to get an outside of it, with the bearings of each part; then renew it, to fill up and mark its particular beauties and imbibe its spirit. To suppose that this will require any great length of time, or effort of attention, is a delusion, that would be dissipated on trial; and the first attempt will insure repetition.

Commit one passage of Scripture to memory every day. It is best to do this in the evening, that it may be with us in our last thoughts at night, occur in wakefulness, or rise with us in the morning, to be ruminated upon while dressing, and to give a right turn or spiritual bias to the mind before it is directed to matters of a different nature. It may be well to attempt no more than one verse, lest, difficulty occurring, the practice should be intermitted and given up. Let no fatigue break in upon the practice for a single evening; and if there be a family, it would be a good method for each to commit a passage and repeat it when assembled in the morning. Matthew Henry was made a commentator partly by this method, and by treasuring up his father's observations in family reading, and transferring to his Bible observations from discourses and books.

Apply Scripture to yourself. Lay up those parts especially which are suited to you: your sins, your calling, your state of mind. Many injure themselves by not distinguishing the parts that apply to them, and taking their portion. If the right application be not known, or a particular attention to it be not paid, the benefit will most assuredly be missed: "What is my character or state of mind, and the class of Scripture that accords therewith?" Never rest if you find yourself at a loss here. Some parts of Scripture belong to us particularly at one stage, that do not at another. To attempt to comply with exhortation to Christian duty while unregenerate, will be a vain task, and put us upon a wrong foundation: the directions to repent and believe, and the encouragements so to do, are our portion then. So, promises to believers taken by those who should apply to themselves the threatenings to unbelievers, or the contrary, defeat the design of God's Word, and pervert it to injury.—*Rev. J. Liefchild, D.D.*

THE PASTOR OF GEGENBURG.*

BY THE REV. J. LIEFDE, AMSTERDAM.

I PAID a visit one day to the farrier. The man received me in the most friendly manner, taking off his apron on my entrance, and offering me a pipe. While at first we were talking on ordinary subjects, I remarked that he very often took the name of God in vain. I felt greatly shocked at this; for since leav-

* From one of a series of "Illustrations of Domestic Continental Life." Published by A. Strahan & Co.

ing the University, I had myself entirely laid aside the evil habit. Anxious, moreover, to engage the man's attention upon subjects of higher consideration than the every-day concerns of life, I laid down my pipe, and with uplifted warning finger began to lecture him seriously and solemnly on the sin and danger of the God-dishonouring practice of swearing. The smith listened with evident indignation; his wife blushed up to the ears; and he soon got into such a passion that his eyes shot fire.

"Reverend sir," said he in great excitement, "I believe I am old enough, and of sufficient understanding, to know what I ought to say, and to leave unsaid. This is a custom I have had from childhood, and which gives me little thought; I do not intend thereby either to dishonour or to offend the Lord; the word, in fact, passes my lips before I am aware."

"That may be," replied I, with fervid zeal, "but do you not know that we have to do with an Almighty God, whose very name is thrice holy, and who will not be mocked?"

"Mocked!" exclaimed the smith, striking the table with clenched fist, "Do you take me for a mocker? I have as much reverence for God as you have, although I may not make so long a face about it."

"No, indeed," added the wife: "my husband may be what else you will, but a mocker he is not, and you must not think him so. We have always been honest people, and pay every man his own!"

"True," continued he: "and if a man does let fall a hasty word occasionally, he need not be so severely reckoned with, if in the main he be honest and respectable."

"What!" cried I indignantly, "that is your opinion? then I assure you that your eyes will tell another tale at the day of judgment. You will then learn that 'our God is a consuming fire,' that your righteousness will burn like chaff, for His wrath shall flame forth—"

"Flames and fire!" roared the smith: "I am content with those in my workshop. I know not whether I am such a fagot as you would make me out; but this I do know, that it is highly unbecoming in so young a man thus to fall foul of older and more sensible people than himself, on account of a few hasty words, and to make as long a face the while, as if you had been blowing the bellows in my workshop for a day at least. If you have no more agreeable message to bring than this, the carpenter has left a passage for you, and the sooner you go through it the better, if you were a thousand times a minister."

"I shall not be long of doing that," said I, highly offended: "and I shake the dust off my feet as a testimony against you; but rest assured that God will soon find you out, and teach you what it is to fight against Him!"

With these words I seized my hat and hurried out at the door, which the wife shut

with a bang behind me. I immediately sought out my uncle, that I might relieve my overburdened heart. When I had concluded my narrative, he looked straight before him, without saying a word. This silence pained me terribly.

"Tell me, I pray you, do you not consider such treatment heathenish and shameful?"

"Assuredly," said he, casting one of his serious glances on me; "but I think it will be better that we should resume this subject by and by. You might not be able to bear it just now."

"Why not?"

"Because you are still so wearied with your work, that you should first rest yourself."

With these words my uncle took his stick, and ere I could stop him, he had left the room.

"Wearied!" repeated I to myself, for upon that word my uncle had laid peculiar emphasis; and I felt that he was right, for I sank worn out and sad upon a chair. By degrees I regained my tranquillity, and began to reflect seriously upon God's dealings with me in the recent interview. "You might certainly have made a better beginning," said I to myself; "your onslaught was rather too precipitate. The man was scarcely prepared for such a sudden attack. He deserved, however, to be rebuked for his sin; and he is so rough and uncivilised, such a hard mass, that it would take many a blow of the hammer to make even a slight impression on him." There I sat, still absorbed in thought, when my uncle returned from his walk. He seated himself on an opposite chair, looked at me kindly, and said:—

"Now you seem rather more composed, the sweat has dried upon your brow, and your cheek is less flushed than when I left you."

I did not answer; for I knew not what reply to make. I scarcely knew how I felt. My uncle could not doubt that I had been zealous for the glory of God's name; but there was something in his words that irritated me, and I said at length:—

"My discomposure must have attracted your peculiar attention, my dear uncle!"

"It did, indeed," replied he in a serious tone: "I always feel compassion for those who work so hard that they eat their bread in the sweat of their brow. They remind me that it was otherwise in the garden of Eden. It is only since man fell from his allegiance to God, and has tried to work independently of Him, that his labour has become so grievous. All work is easy when we have God as our helper; but it is in such circumstances alone that we are told, 'Ye shall run and not be weary, ye shall walk and not faint!'"

Now, indeed, "the pointed things" were as sharp arrows to me. I became much annoyed.

"What!" exclaimed I; "do you think that I was not working for the Lord?"

"I willingly believe," replied my uncle kindly, "that you were working *for* the Lord; but whether you were a fellow-worker *with* the Lord, is quite another question. Tell me, have you never been guilty of the sin for which you very properly rebuked the smith?"

"Yes, alas!" said I; "it was but lately that I confessed it to yourself."

"And who released you from the wicked custom?"

"It was the Lord that released me," replied I, much moved: "one day when I was recounting the great and numerous benefits which a glorious and holy God was daily showering down upon me, I was brought to feel my vile ingratitude in taking His blessed name in vain. Since then I have been enabled entirely to lay aside the wicked habit; and I thank Him for giving me the grace to do so."

"And with good reason; for it is a blessing He has conferred on you in preference to many others. But it was, like all His blessings, freely conferred, and if you had bethought yourself of this, you would surely have offered it freely also to the smith."

"Which I certainly desired to do!" said I impatiently. "Did I ask anything of him in return?"

"I think you did; and a great deal too. You demanded instant conversion, a deep sense of guilt, fear and trembling, and spared neither the thunders of the law nor the lightnings of eternal damnation, to reduce him to the required condition. Did the Lord deal thus with *you*, when He awakened you to a sense of the same transgression? Did He threaten you at once with death and hell, eternal vengeance and damnation? Did He visit you with horror, trembling, and despair, before He led you into the right way? Ah no! He spoke to you of His wondrous grace and truth, and quenched your opposition by the prevailing might of His love. Why did not you go and do likewise to your fellow-sinner?"

Meanwhile, this report of my interview with the smith made a great noise in the village. The whole population were angry and excited; and even the children brought sparks from the fire which had been kindled by their elders. The schoolmaster, our good friend Philip, suffered severely in connexion with it; and the young people generally took evidently increased delight in cursing and swearing, and taking the name of God in vain. The friendly countenances which we had been wont to meet upon our walks now wholly disappeared, and visiting the cottages became altogether out of the question; if we ventured to knock at a door, we were immediately answered by a voice from the window, announcing that there was no one at home. I preached on Sunday to nearly empty benches; and the few who did attend service seemed rather to stare compassionately at the preacher than to

listen devoutly to his discourse. The public-house, on the other hand, was fuller than ever; and as I returned in the evening from my walk, I never passed a group of children on the road, that they did not salute me with some species of impertinence.

This state of matters lasted for many weeks. I became very impatient and downcast; the more so that my uncle scarcely ever left his bed-chamber, and maintained a deep and torturing silence on the subject. I endeavoured occasionally to engage him in conversation, bitterly lamenting the unhappy circumstances in which we were placed, and the evil spirit by which the people seemed to be possessed. The only answer he ever gave was,—*"It cannot be otherwise, 'because the law worketh wrath.'"* I perceived, however, that the old man suffered bitterly; and at length discovered the nature of his occupation in his solitary chamber, when one day he said to me,—*"Benjamin, much prayer will be necessary to set this affair to rights!"* I felt the force of the remark, and had, indeed, myself prayed frequently for an alteration in our circumstances. But my prayers were of no avail,—and no wonder, seeing that I prayed for a change in the hearts of the adversaries, forgetting the renewal which was equally necessary in my own. The law had assuredly worked wrath in me also; in order to pray aright we need not the spirit of the law but the spirit of grace; for the spirit of grace is also the spirit of supplication. . . .

About a month after, our village was visited by a deadly fever. Scarcely one family escaped, and the mirth of the Gegenburgers was turned to mourning. As the church-yard filled, the public-house was gradually emptied. One morning the smith sent for me in haste; he had been seized with the fever, and desired to speak to me. My heart, which had been deeply solemnised by the prevalence around me of death, that stern preacher of the truth, had been deeply humbled before God, and emptied of self-confidence. I received the message with thankfulness, and in a few minutes was seated by his sick-bed.

"Dear sir," said the poor fellow, "can you forgive my wickedness? I treated you most shamefully!"

"Welker," I answered, "I on my part ought to ask your forgiveness! I told you indeed the truth, but I did not tell it to you in love. I ought to have spoken gently and kindly to you; instead of which I roused your indignation by severity."

"Oh, do not speak so!" replied the sick man, "I would only be assured that you forgive me."

"Freely, and with all my heart," said I.

"Ah, then I am content to die! I would not willingly have left the world with the sin upon my conscience of having insulted a servant of the Lord."

"We, then," said I, "are reconciled."

"Perfectly; there is my hand upon it."

"Now, my friend," I continued, "may I speak further with you?"

"Oh, the more the better!"

"You believe you are going to die! Have you then reflected in whose presence you are about to appear?"

"Yes; I am about to appear before an almighty God."

"And is it then sufficient to secure your peace in such a prospect, that the difference which had arisen between you and me has been adjusted? Have you no sin upon your conscience that makes you dread to see the face of God?"

"Ah!" replied he, "I have so often thought of that fire of which you spoke to me, and have made a mock at it; but, yesterday, when I felt the pain of fever steal through every limb, I said to my wife, 'Can this be the beginning of the fire of vengeance?'"

"Well," said I, "let us not speak just now of that awful fire. We know that the Lord will not be mocked, and that it is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God. But let us not seek to measure the tortures of those whom the flames of His wrath shall consume; let us rather seek to discover whether there may not be a way of escape. I fear it would scarce be well with you, if in your present condition you were to enter on the future life."

The sick man was silent, and regarded me with an expression of anxious inquiry. I continued:—"I am a sinner like yourself; and when but lately I reviewed my past life, and anticipated death and eternity, I felt that all was not well with me, and trembled at the thought of the dark future. I was not long of discovering the source of my uneasiness. From my infancy a gracious God had cared for and protected me, and showered on me His choicest blessings; while I, instead of thanking, have forgotten and forsaken Him, have shewed myself most perverse and ungrateful. Upon this arose the question,—'Who will atone for my guilt, and save me from damnation? and who will give me a new heart, which shall take pleasure in the love and service of my God?' Behold, the gospel of Jesus Christ informs me, that He both died and rose again for me—died for my offences, and rose again for my justification, and thus wrought out for me an everlasting righteousness. This Jesus of whom I speak to you, has released us from the unquenchable fire, and shields us from the vengeance of the holy Judge. He came to save sinners; and if you desire salvation, you have but to cast yourself as a sinner at His feet, confessing that you have deserved death, and that you look for life in Him alone. That, at least, is what I have done, and have thereby found peace; for Jesus has given to me the pardon of my sins, has taught me to walk in the light of His countenance, and to serve Him with my whole heart and soul."

Such was the tenor of my conversation with this poor sick man, who listened with eagerness and fixed attention, until the fever ran high, that it became imprudent to press the interview. Pressing the hand which was stretched out with tears, I left him, passing inwardly for his eternal welfare.

The smith's illness was not unto death. His recovery was slow; but he at length gained his wonted strength—and what was the consequence—the course of his life henceforth was as a rising from the dead. His conversion proved a blessing to the neighbourhood; and although when the fever forsook our borders, it had brought none to the grave, many dead souls had been aroused to newness of life.

DAYBREAK.

A wind came up out of the sea,
And said, "O mists, make room for me!"

It hail'd the ships, and cried, "Sail on,
Ye mariners; the night is gone!"

And hurried landward far away,
Crying, "Awake! it is the day!"

It said unto the forest, "Shout!
Hang all your leafy banners out!"

It touch'd the wood-bird's folded wing,
And said, "O bird, awake and sing!"

And o'er the farms, "O chanticleer,
Your clarion blow; the day is near!"

It whisper'd to the fields of corn,
"Bow down, and hail the coming morn!"

It shouted through the belfry-tower,
"Awake, O bell! proclaim the hour!"

It cross'd the churchyard with a sigh,
And said, "Not yet! in quiet lie!"

—Longf.

AN EVENING MELODY.

Oh that yon pines which crown the steep
Their fires might ne'er surrender!
Oh that yon fervid knoll might keep,
While lasts the world, its splendour!

Pale poplars on the wind that lean
And in the sunset shiver,
Oh that your golden stems might screen
For aye yon glassy river!

That yon white bird on homeward wing
Soft-sliding without motion,
And now in blue air vanishing
Like snow-flake lost in ocean,

Beyond our sight might never flee,
Yet onward still be flying;
And all the dying day might be
Immortal in its dying!

Pellucid thus in golden trance,
Thus mute in expectation,
What waits the Earth? Deliverance?
Ah, no! Transfiguration!

She dreams of that New Earth divine,
Conceived of seed immortal:
She sings, "Not mine the holier shrine,
But mine the cloudy portal!"

AMBROSE'S HYMN,
"CELESTIS URBS JERUSALEM."

CELESTIAL seat, Jerusalem,
Blest vision of unfailing peace,
Built up of living stones, by them
Thy walls to starry skies increase:
And thou, resplendent spouse, art found
By countless angels circled round.

O thou espoused with richest dower,
The Father's glory beams on thee!
On thee descends thy Spouse's power,
O beauteous Queen! betrothed, yet free:
Resplendent city! blest above,
With Christ our Prince in nuptial love.

Here spread the ample portals fair,
To all aspirants open'd wide;
And rich with pearls and jewels rare,
Invites where spirits blest reside.
Hither our faithful martyrs led,
Who for Christ's love have nobly bled.

The chisel's oft-repeated stroke,
Urged by the mallet's ponderous power,
The stone's rough stubborn substance broke,
And fashion'd thee on high to tower;
And fitly shaped, and firmly joined,
Was all by skilful hands combined.

Let glory, praise, and honour due
Be to the Eternal Father paid;
And to His sole-begotten true,
His Son, by whom all things were made.
The same to God, the Holy Ghost,
By men and by the heavenly host.

Amen.

—F. C. H. in "Notes and Queries."

THE CHURCH IN THE HOUSE,
WITH LIVING PREACHERS.

DILIGENCE IN THE USE OF THE MEANS OF GRACE.
LUKE XIII. 10-17.

We see in these verses a *striking example of diligence in the use of means of grace*. We are told of a "woman which had a spirit of infirmity eighteen years, and was bowed together, and could in no wise lift up herself." We know not who this woman was. Our Lord's saying that she was "a daughter of Abraham" would lead us to infer that she was a true believer. But her name and history are hidden from us. 'This only we know, that when Jesus was "teaching in one of the synagogues on the Sabbath," this woman was there. Sickness was no excuse with her for tarrying from God's house. In spite of suffering and infirmity, she found her way to the place where the day and the word of God were honoured, and where the people of God met together. And truly she was blessed in her deed! She found a rich reward for all her pains. She came sorrowing, and went home rejoicing.

The conduct of this suffering Jewess may well put to shame many a strong and healthy professing Christian. How many, in the full enjoyment of bodily vigour, allow the most frivolous excuses to keep them away from the house of God! How many are constantly spending the whole Sunday in idleness, pleasure-seeking, or business, and scoffing and

sneering at those who "keep the Sabbath holy!" How many think it a great matter if they attend the public worship of God once on Sunday, and regard a second attendance as a needless excess of zeal akin to fanaticism! How many find religious services a weariness while they attend them, and feel relieved when they are over! How few know anything of David's spirit, when he said, "I was glad when they said to me, Let us go into the house of the Lord"—"How amiable are thy tabernacles, O Lord of hosts!" (Ps. cxxii. 1, Ps. lxxxiv. 1.)

Now what is the explanation of all this? What is the reason why so few are like the woman of whom we read this day? The answer to these questions is short and simple. The most have no heart for God's service. They have no delight in God's presence or God's day. "The carnal mind is enmity against God." The moment a man's heart is converted, these pretended difficulties about attending public worship vanish away. The new heart finds no trouble in keeping the Sabbath holy. Where there is a will there is always a way.

Let us never forget that our feelings about Sundays are sure tests of the state of our souls. The man who can find no pleasure in giving God one day in the week is manifestly unfit for heaven. Heaven itself is nothing but an eternal Sabbath. If we cannot enjoy a few hours in God's service once a week in this world, it is plain that we could not enjoy an eternity in His service in the world to come. Happy are they who walk in the steps of her of whom we read to-day! They shall find Christ and a blessing while they live, and Christ and glory when they die.

We see, secondly, in these verses, *the almighty power of our Lord Jesus Christ*. We are told that when He saw the suffering woman of whom we are reading, "He called her to him, and said unto her, Woman, thou art loosed from thine infirmity. And he laid his hands on her." That touch was accompanied by miraculous healing virtue. At once a disease of eighteen years' standing gave way before the Lord of Life. "Immediately she was made straight, and glorified God."

We need not doubt that this mighty miracle was intended to supply hope and comfort to sin-diseased souls. With Christ nothing is impossible. He can soften hearts which seem hard as the nether mill-stone. He can bend stubborn wills which "for eighteen years" have been set on self-pleasing, on sin, and the world. He can enable sinners who have been long poring over earthly things, to look upward to heaven, and see the kingdom of God. Nothing is too hard for the Lord. He can create, and transform, and renew, and break down, and build, and quicken, with irresistible power. He lives who formed the world out of nothing, and He never changes.

Let us hold fast this blessed truth, and

never let it go. Let us never despair about our own salvation. Our sins may be countless. Our lives may have been long spent in worldliness and folly. Our youth may have been wasted in soul-defiling excesses, of which we are sorely ashamed. But are we willing to come to Christ, and commit our souls to Him? If so, there is hope. He can heal us thoroughly, and say, "Thou art loosed from thine infirmity." Let us never despair about the salvation of others so long as they are alive. Let us name them before the Lord night and day, and cry to Him on their behalf. We may perhaps have relatives whose case seems desperate because of their wickedness. But it is not really so. There are no incurable cases with Christ. If He were to lay His healing hand on them, they would be "made straight, and glorify God." Let us pray on, and faint not. That saying of Job is worthy of all acceptance: "I know that thou canst do everything" (Job xlii. 2). Jesus is "able to save to the uttermost."—*Rev. J. C. Ryle.*

THE CHIEF OF SINNERS.

WAS Paul then really the chief of sinners? Perhaps not. In a preceding verse, he tells us that he had been "a blasphemer, and a persecutor, and injurious," but he was all this "ignorantly, through unbelief;" he did not know what he was doing; nay, "I verily thought," he says in another place, "that I ought to do many things contrary to Jesus of Nazareth." It was all a mistake. And nothing else but this could be laid to his charge. His life was irreproachable. "Touching the righteousness which is in the law," he declares he was "blameless." And yet, brethren, look here—this very Paul, this erring but yet zealous and apparently blameless man, says, "Of sinners I am chief." And what has led him to say this? The reception of this faithful saying has led him to say it. He never said it nor anything like it, till he became a believer in Jesus Christ.

This is one of the many blessed but strange fruits of a cordial acceptance of the gospel—it lays a man down. And it is the only thing that can lay a man down. We never see much of our own sinfulness, till we look at our sinfulness and Christ together—till we begin to view it in the light which Christ's incarnation, and Christ's humiliation, and Christ's death, and Christ's continual intercession, throw on it. We see the magnitude of the evil in the magnitude of the remedy provided for it, and in that only. The living God uniting Himself to man; "the high and holy One that inhabiteth eternity," dwelling, and dwelling for years, in a world like this; the God who is so high that He is said to humble Himself even when He bends down to look on the things in His own lofty heavens, yet coming down among, and actually becoming

one of, the things of earth,—were this all God has done to save us, there is enough here to make us feel—what? that He is a God of stupendous goodness, of the most wonderful mercy? that we owe Him more praise, more thankfulness, love, and service, than we can ever pay Him? Yes, and to make us feel still more strongly that sunk and lost indeed must we have been, to render such wonders of grace needful for our deliverance. It is a mistake to suppose that the man who hopes in Christ only for salvation makes light of sin; He is the only man in the world who does not make light of it. And the more we see of the riches of God's mercy towards us in Christ Jesus, the more shall we see of our own guiltiness. The clearer and more affecting our views are of the one, the deeper and more abasing will be our sense of the other.

And this will account for the strange language of the apostle. He saw, perhaps, more than any other man ever saw on earth, of "the length, and breadth, and depth, and height" of the love of Christ; and that led him to see within himself more iniquity and evil. It made him, with his noble intellect, and high attainments, and unexampled labours and honours, one of the very humblest of the sons of men. Hence he speaks of himself, not perhaps as he really was, but as he appeared to himself to be, "less than the least of all saints," the very chief of sinners. And in the verse following the text, he goes further. He represents himself as a spectacle of mercy,—as having obtained mercy of the Lord, not from the Lord's compassion to himself, but in compassion to all other sinners, that they might see in him, the greatest of sinners, how much guilt the Lord can pardon, and what enormous transgressors He can save.

Happy is the man who thinks and feels thus! Is there a man among us who feels thus? God grant that so you may feel for ever. It is Christian feeling. It is a proof that the gospel of Jesus Christ has not only reached your ears, but entered your mind and heart. You will carry that feeling with you to your Master's feet in heaven. When there, you will think yourself one of the greatest wonders there. You will say, "I was the very last to be looked for here. The chief of sinners was I. And now what am I? Happy as the happiest, high almost as the highest, a wonder to myself, a wonder to my fellow-sinners around me, a wonder to angels, and, I could almost think, a wonder to my God. It is true, true indeed, that Christ Jesus went into the world to save sinners, for here am I saved and blest."

Oh for something of this spirit among us now! a lowly, self-abasing spirit! It is one of the best preparations we can have for a heaven of glory. It is one, too, of the sweetest feelings we can carry about with us in our way to that heaven. The more we have of it,

the dearer will the Lord our Saviour become to us, the more joyful His house, the more delightful His table. Like that poor sinner who stood at His feet behind Him weeping, we may feel unworthy to look on Him, even when ready, as she was, to give Him all that we have; but He will look on us, and sometimes He will let us see that He looks on us, and then, brethren, we shall feel indeed that His favour is life, and in His presence joy, the richest and sweetest joy, the joy of salvation.—*Rev. Charles Bradley.*

SCRIPTURE ILLUSTRATIONS.

BY PROFESSOR HACKETT.

GRASS ON THE HOUSE-TOPS.

At Anata, the Anathoth of Scripture, I observed that the roofs of some of the houses were partially covered with grass, — a circumstance which I noticed, also, in several other places. As the roofs of the common dwellings are flat, and, instead of being built of stone or wood, are coated with plaster or hardened earth, a slight crop of grass frequently springs up in that situation. Such vegetation, however, having no soil into which it can strike its roots, and being exposed to a scorching sun, rarely attains to any great height, or continues long; it is a feeble, stunted product, and soon withers away. Hence the sacred writers sometimes allude to the grass on the house-tops as an emblem of weakness, frailty, and certain destruction. Thus, in Psalm cxxix. 6, 7, it is said—

"They shall be ashamed, and turn back,
All those that hate Zion.
They shall be as grass upon the house-tops,
Which, before one plucks it, withers away;
With which the mower fills not his hand,
Nor the sheaf-binder his arms."

In Isaiah xxxvii. 27, the prophet says, with reference to the people of Judah—

"And their inhabitants were of feeble power,
They were confounded and dismayed;
They became as grass of the field and the green herb,
As the grass of the house-tops, and the blasted corn."

THORNS.

Every one who has been in Palestine must have been struck with the number of thorny shrubs and plants that abound there. The traveller finds them in his path, go where he may; many of them are small, but some grow as high as a man's head. The Rabbinical writers say that there are no less than twenty-two words in the Hebrew Bible denoting thorny and prickly plants. The prevalence of such shrubs, say agriculturists, shews a luxuriant soil. If proper care be not taken they soon get the upper hand, and spread in every direction. "I went by the field of the slothful; and, lo, it was all grown over with thorns, and nettles had covered the face thereof" (Prov. xxiv. 30, 31). "The way of the slothful man is as an hedge of thorns; but the way of the righteous is made plain" (Prov. xv. 19). "Break up your fallow ground," says

the prophet, "and sow not among thorns" (Jer. iv. 3). As descriptive of the desolation of Edom, it is said, "Thorns shall come up in her palaces, nettles and brambles in the fortresses thereof." The crown put on the head of the Saviour was made of thorns (Matt. xxvii. 29). The sharp points, as the soldiers "smote Him with a reed," may have been driven into His head, piercing and tearing the flesh. A species of thorn, now very common near Jerusalem, bears the name of *Spina Christi*, or *Christ's thorn*.

The people of the country gather these bushes and plants, and use them as fuel. As it is now, so it was of old. "As the crackling of thorns under a pot, so is the laughter of the fool" (Eccles. vii. 6). "Before your pots can feel the thorns," namely, the fire of them, "he shall sweep them away" (Ps. lviii. 9). The figure in this case is taken from travellers in the desert, or from shepherds tenting abroad, who build a fire in the open air, where it is exposed to the wind; a sudden gust arises and sweeps away the fuel almost before it has begun to burn. "As thorns cut up shall they be burnt in the fire" (Isa. xxxiii. 12). The meaning is that the wicked are worthless—their destruction shall be sudden and complete.

THE GRASS OF THE OVEN.

In crossing the mountains of Lebanon, we stopped one day, for refreshment, near a rivulet flowing towards the east. As I was sitting there, I observed a peasant of the country digging up, with a sort of pickaxe, the clumps of shrubs and coarse grass which grow in the thin soil spread over the rocks. He was collecting them to carry home, in order to burn them as fuel. I had seen heaps of the same material piled up near the limekilns in the vicinity of Urtas; and I frequently saw troops of donkeys returning from the fields loaded with bundles of such fuel. The scarcity of wood in Palestine is very great, especially in the southern part; so that the people are obliged to resort to the use of almost everything that is capable of being burnt, in order to procure the means of warming their houses in winter, and of preparing their daily food. They not only cut down the shrubs and larger kinds of grass, but gather the common withered grass itself, and the wild flowers, of which the fields display so rich a profusion.

It is from this source that the Saviour derives the beautiful illustration which He employs for the purpose of repressing an undue solicitude on the part of His followers respecting the wants of the present life; "Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin; and yet I say unto you, That even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these. Wherefore, if God so clothe the grass of the field, which to-day is, and to-morrow is cast into the oven, shall he not much more clothe you, O ye of little faith?" (Matt. vi. 28-30).

CHINA.

THE missionaries on the north-west coast of China find themselves encompassed on all sides by vast myriads of their fellow-men. They have not to go far in search of hearers to whom to present the tidings of redeeming love; they find them in throngs and untold masses. The province of Kiang-su, in which Shanghai is situated, contains the enormous proportion of 890 to the square mile; if we follow the Yellow River, we reach the province of Nganhwui, where we have 755 persons to the square mile. Further west, following the same river, we have the province of Hupeh, in which is Wu-chang, with a population of 405 to the square mile. Then again, in the province of Cheh-kiang, where lies Ning-po, we have 777 to the square mile. Without expecting much from the enterprise of the missionary body, we may certainly expect to see them making some effort to make Christ known to these crowds of men who can so easily be reached. The mandarin dialect will give access for the preached word to a great proportion of the population beyond; and the written word may be freely distributed to all who can intelligently read it.

No efforts are required to overcome caste, or priestly influence, nor yet to reduce the language to rule; there is an existing language, and but one written language for the four hundred millions of Chinese; and these may read in their own peculiar hieroglyphics, "the wonderful works of God." The great extent of emigration, and the contact with European nations; and last, but not least, the present revolution—all are awakening thought and preparing them for great changes.

And now the last few months has added another motive for earnest exertions to preach the gospel in China; in that the whole empire is open to its furthest extremities. To those who feel the command of Jesus binding upon them to preach the gospel to every creature, no other spot in the world can afford such opportunities for fulfilling their Divine Master's behests. In one point of view, the vastness of the field may be taken as an encouragement, for the people are inhabitants of one empire; its millions, whether considered politically, intellectually, or morally, may be regarded as a whole. The influences of their institutions are uniform; their morals, religious views and practices, with some few modifications, are the same throughout the empire. The Christian writer, addressing this people, presents the glorious truths of redemption in a medium which can be understood by four hundred millions. The Christian missionary, when he has studied the main features of the Chinese character in one place and in one person, has studied them in all; and when he has discovered a train of argument which will silence the philosophical and superstitious objections of one individual, has provided

himself with materials which will be serviceable on all occasions. This uniformity and unchangeableness of the Chinese mind, is to be traced to their possessing one set of opinions in philosophy and religion; which, being laid down in their ancient books, and stereotyped from age to age, constitutes the public and universal sentiment on these topics, and runs through the whole mass of society. Hence the missionary finds the Chinese always using the same arguments, and starting the same objections, which having been often answered before, may be easily replied to again. In this view of the matter, the multiplicity of the population dwindles into insignificance, and affords an advantage to the missionary not to be met with elsewhere.

If we take the census of 1812, and add 1 per cent. per annum increase, it would reach the enormous amount of five hundred and seventy millions. By the recent census there appears to be 319 persons per square mile for the whole empire. There are about two hundred and fifty persons per square mile in the British islands.

An esteemed missionary, in the contemplation of so wide a field of labour, thus writes:—"In opening up such an empire, the Lord speaks to His Church in a voice not to be misunderstood; and if we are but faithful to the trust committed to us, He having created the want, will assuredly grant the means to supply it; but like the man with the withered hand, it will be while stretching forth the hand to obey the command, that the power will be given to do it; if we wait till the power comes before we move, we shall never move."—*Chinese Missionary Gleaner*.

INTERCESSION OF THE SPIRIT.

WHEN the Spirit maketh intercession for us, it is not by any direct supplication from Himself to God the Father, on behalf of any one individual; but it is by pouring on that individual the spirit of prayer and supplication. The man whom He prays for is, in fact, the organ of His prayer. The prayer passes, as it were, from the Spirit through him who is the object of it.

These groanings of the Spirit of God which cannot be uttered, are those unutterable desires wherewith the heart is charged, and which can only find vent in the ardent, but unspeakable breathings of the one who first feels his need, and longs to be freed from it; who hath a strong and general appetency after righteousness, and yet can only sigh it forth in ejaculations of intense earnestness.

These are called groanings of the Spirit of God, because it is in fact He who awakened them in the spirit of man. When He intercedes for a believer, the believer's own heart is the channel through which the intercession finds its way to the throne of grace.—*Chalmers*.

WHAT DEATH BRINGS TO THE CHRISTIAN.

FROM JOHN FOSTER.

WHILE thou art diffusing gay pleasure through thy social circle, and receiving pleasure from it, is thy cheerfulness undamped when thou observest Death drawing a chair, and taking a place among the company? Thou art a happy man.

What a superlatively grand and consoling idea is that of Death! Without this radiant idea, this delightful morning-star, indicating that the luminary of Eternity is going to rise, life would, to my view, darken into midnight melancholy. Oh, the expectation of living *here*, and living *thus*, always, would be indeed a prospect of overwhelming despair! But thanks to that fatal decree that dooms us to die!—thanks to that gospel which opens the vision of an endless life!—and thanks, above all, to that Saviour-friend, who has promised to conduct all the faithful through the sacred trance of death, into scenes of paradise and everlasting delight!

What will soon signify this world to us? We are passing away with all the speed of time; let us look forward to the grand vision beyond the shades of death! *There* is our country; *there* is the sweet paradise of peace, and ever-blooming delights; *there* is our Father's house.

"*Paid the debt of nature.*" No; it is not paying a debt—it is rather like bringing a note to a bank to obtain solid gold in exchange for it. In this case you bring this cumbrous body, which is nothing worth, and which you could not wish to retain long; you lay it down, and receive for it from the eternal treasures—liberty, victory, knowledge, rapture!

TREASURES IN HEAVEN.

We read of a philosopher, who, passing through a mart filled with articles of taste and luxury, made himself quite happy with this simple, yet sage reflection, "How many things there are here that I do not want!" Now, this is just the reflection with which the earnest believer passes happily through the world. It is richly furnished with what are called *good things*. It has posts of honour and power, to tempt the restless aspirings of ambition of every grade. It has gold and gems, houses and land, for the covetous and ostentatious. It has innumerable bowers of taste and luxury, where self-indulgence may revel. But the Christian whose piety is deeply-toned, and whose spiritual perceptions are clear, looks over the world and exclaims, "How much there is there that I do not want! I have what is far better. My treasure is in heaven."—*Dr Tyng.*

THE TRACT DISTRIBUTOR.

"A PIOUS young physician," says one, "whose father I knew, and of whose excellent character I had often heard, called on me one day, and after friendly salutations and expressions of Christian affection, said, 'Do you know, sir, how much I am indebted to you for giving me a tract many years ago?' I told him I had no knowledge of ever presenting him with one; but, recollecting that his father formerly kept a turnpike gate, and that often, when I stopped to pay my toll, I used to give tracts to the children who were playing about the door, it occurred to me as possible that on some of these occasions he had been among them. 'When I was a boy,' said he, 'you gave me a tract as you were riding by my father's house, and the first words that caught my eye were, "Stop, poor sinner, stop and think." I was much affected with the whole hymn beginning with these words, and committed it to memory. Five years ago, while a member of a university, in a time of universal attention to religion, I was present at a meeting for prayer and other devotional exercises, when they commenced singing the hymn, "Stop, poor sinner, stop and think." My early impressions were all instantly revived; I saw that I was ruined by sin, that an eternity of woe was before me; and I found no peace till I looked to the Saviour crucified for me, and, as I hope, by true repentance and faith in His blood, gave myself to Him, to be His for ever.' The youth is now an active, pious, praying physician."

LEISURE MOMENTS.

The passions are not to be rooted up, because they are of nature's planting, but ought yet to be so discreetly checked and depressed, that they grow not to that enormous tallness as to overtop a man's intellectual stature, and cast a dark shadow over his soul.—*Howe.*

No books are so plain as the lives of men; no characters are so legible as their moral conduct.—*A. Fuller.*

We may be members of a true church, and yet not true members of the church.—*Ibid.*

Some are not decidedly religious, and yet cannot let religion alone.—*Ibid.*

Afflictions are as beneficial to the soul, though not agreeable to the feelings, as medicine is to the body. No wise person will blame the skilful physician because his prescriptions are unpalatable to the taste, if he has reason to believe that his life is in danger, and that they are intended to restore him to health.—*Anon.*

When nobility assume the office of teacher, no one of less dignity than the heir of a kingdom, can be supposed to be the scholar. How great then must be the condescension of Jehovah, in becoming the instructor of sinful men!—*Hervey.*

Page for the Young.

LETTER FROM TURKEY.

A SOFT ANSWER.

DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,—We have recently had an "Examination" in this city about which I would say many things, if I could do so in a letter *short* enough. But, as this cannot be, I will tell you something about one of the members of the class.

There were in it ten young men, most of whom expect to preach the gospel. They did not look much like "ministers." Two of them were barefooted, being too poor to buy stockings, and, according to the custom, having left their shoes at the door. The name of one of these barefooted men is Mardiros, which means *Martyr*; and he has something of the martyr spirit.

About a year ago he began to read the Testament, and soon, seeing that Hagop was right and he wrong, he became himself a preacher, telling the people that Christ alone could save them, and not their fasts and other outward forms. For this the people hated him. His father being dead, an elder brother, Luke by name, was, according to custom, head of the family. This brother one day said to him: "We must part. I can live with you no longer. You may take one half of the house and the goods, and I the other, and we will build a wall between us." He replied: "Brother, I will never claim anything that is mine. If you wish it, I will go out with my wife and child and sit down upon the snow, and die there; but I cannot build a wall of separation between us." Shortly after Luke again said to him: "I can bear your presence no longer, *I must and will kill you.*" "Dear brother," replied he, "if I must die, let it not be by your hand. I do not wish you to lose your soul." This "soft answer" turned away his brother's wrath for a time. There were in the village twelve "deratsoos," or young men who, either being able to read, or having learned by heart the forms of church worship, assist the priests in them. These young men said to Luke: "Your brother has gone astray, and we must come and convince him of his errors." On a fixed day, they and twenty or thirty others met at his house for discussion. When they were seated, Luke took a large cane, and standing in the midst said: "Now, friends, we are here not to *quarrel*, but to *examine*. Let there be no *bawling*, as with this cane I shall break the head of the one who begins it." They opened the Bible and began the discussion. Luke listened for some time, and then stopped them, saying: "You came here to convince my *brother*, but you have convinced *me*. I now see that *you*, and

not he, are wrong. Begone, all of you!" He then sent for Bedros, our native helper, who had at first been excluded lest he should be more than a match for the "deratsoos," and during the rest of that and the following day, they and all who chose to remain, searched the Scriptures together. This was several months ago, and now we see a deeply interesting result.

Visiting Haboosi a few days ago, I met all those "deratsoos" at our chapel. Having left the church, they have most of them bought Bibles or Testaments, which they are studying with great interest. Two appear to be real Christians. One of these is totally blind, but so good a knowledge has he of the Bible, from hearing others read it, that he is known in the town as "the Concordance." These two young men wish now to enter our "class of native helpers," for study, to prepare to preach the gospel.

Such, in a few brief months, is the result of God's blessing upon a "soft answer."—Your friend,

C. H. WHEELER.

KHARPOOT, TURKEY, Dec. 15, 1858.

A CROP FOR GOD.

"FATHER, what crop had I better plant for God?" asked a little boy, whose father had given him a bit of garden ground to raise something to turn into missionary money: "will beans or onions fetch most?"

"I can tell you," said Auntie who sat by.

"What?" asked the little boy.

"I would lay out four beds in my garden; plant the seeds of love in one, the seeds of obedience in another, truth in a third, and humility in a fourth. These will raise a beautiful crop for God."

"Oh, Auntie," said the little boy, "I am trying to raise these seeds every day in my own heart, but my mother says the weeds grow fastest. Oh, I have to dig so."

COME TO JESUS.

"Yet there is room."

Yet there is room for thy small feet
Upon the narrow road;
Yet there is room on Zion's street,
So golden and so broad.

Yet there is room, heaven is not full,
The door stands open free,
Jesus is kind and merciful,
Yet there is room for thee.

A thousand happy guests are there,
In garments white and pure,
A thousand thousand onward fare,
The blind, the maim'd, the poor.

Yet there is room; and none depart
Unwelcomed, unforgiven;
While there is room in Jesus' heart,
Yet there is room in heaven.

. The short article in our fourth number, "Pray On," by Rev. Dr Guthrie, was unfortunately omitted to be acknowledged as an extract from the esteemed author's "Sermons on the Gospel in Ezekiel." We have much pleasure in remedying this omission, and take the opportunity to recommend the work to our readers, and also the lately published volume, "Christ and the Inheritance of the Saints," by the same author. Dr Guthrie has a power of fastening truth upon the minds of his hearers, by vivid picturing and illustration, which few preachers possess.



A Family Magazine for Leisure Hours and Sundays.

WEEKLY NOS. ONE HALFPENNY.]

[MONTHLY PARTS, THREEPENCE

THE SONG OF SIMEON.

BY HENRY SMITH, 1657.

LUKE II. 25-32.

THIS is the sweet song of old Father Simeon, wherein is set forth the joyful and peaceable death of the righteous, after that they have embraced Christ Jesus, with heart and mind unfeignedly.

Simeon feared God. Religion may well be called fear, for there is no religion where fear is wanting; for the fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom; and this privilege hath God given to those that fear Him, that they need to fear nothing else.

And waited for the consolation of Israel.—Simeon also waited for the consolation of Israel, until he had embraced in his arms Him whom he so long longed to see and feel. How many waiters be there in the world? yet few wait as Simeon did; but some wait for honour, some for riches, some for pleasures, some for ease, some for rewards, some for money, some for a dear year, and some for a golden day, as they call it; but Simeon waited and expected with many a long look, until he had seen and embraced Christ Jesus, the light of the Gentiles, the glory of Israel, the salvation of all that with a faithful and zealous affection and love do wait for His coming, to the comfort of the afflicted, and to the terrifying of the wicked and ungodly, which have not already waited, neither embraced Him as Simeon did.

And waited for the consolation of Israel.—Faith in all afflictions doth lift up her head, waiting in assured hope, beyond all hope, and seeing the clouds scattered over her head, yet she is ever comfortable to herself, saying, Anon it will be calm: and although all the friends in the world do fail, yet it never faileth nor fainteth, but ever keepeth promise in that which by the verity of the Spirit of God it assureth, until her joy be fulfilled. "All are not Israelites that are born of Israel." Simeon was an Israelite indeed, for he waited for the Messiah from God with patience and

expectation; for the Spirit of God dwelleth always with them which always say, "Thy will be done."

26. *And a revelation was given him.*—If we wait as he did, the Spirit will assure us, as it did him, that we shall see God before we die; and they that long in faith to see the joys of heaven, the Spirit assureth and promiseth faithfully unto them that they shall see it.

27. *And he came by the motion of the Spirit into the temple.*—Simeon came into the temple at this time by the providence of God. The worldlings will call it chance, but the evangelist would not chop that in, because it is manifest that all things come to pass by the providence of God, without which there is nothing done. By this providence Rebekah came forth to wait on her father's cattle, when Abraham's servant prayed and looked for her coming, that he might take her for Isaac to marry withal. By this providence Saul was anointed king by Samuel when he had no such thought in his heart, but went about seeking for his father's asses that were lost.

27, 28. *And when the parents brought in the child Jesus to do for Him according to the custom of the law, then he took Him in his arms.*—Happy Simeon! embracing Christ, but not happy that he embraced Him with his hands, but therefore happy, because he embraced Him in heart. Happy are they and blessed which see the things that ye see, and the ears that hear the things that ye hear, saith Christ; but cursed are we that hearing and seeing do not repent: for we cannot be blessed by hearing and seeing only, unless we hear and see with profit, so that we in heart embrace Christ. But we will object that we are Israelites, and are circumcised, and have received the sacrament of Christ's blood that we might be His people, and He our God; but this will not excuse us, nor make us

seem anything better in the sight of God, but rather worse, if we have not ceased to embrace the world, to embrace vanities, and have unfeignedly embraced the Word of God, and also the Lord Jesus Christ. For it is said that Christ came amongst His own, and His own received Him not, but therefore accursed are so many of them as reject their own salvation, which being freely offered unto them, will not stretch forth their hands to receive it; that is, will not attend with their ears to hear it, or at least will not enlarge their hearts to embrace it.

And praised God and said, &c.—Here Simeon prayed, and praised God, yet but in few words, for God delights not in much babbling; he praised not like the Ethnicks, the Pharisees, or the priests of Baal; but Simeon prayed with the heart, like Moses, and was heard.

And said.—He joyfully praising God, spake, yea, sweetly as it were sung it. Though you sing all David's psalms over, and have not David's spirit, it profiteth nothing; and though David was heard when he sung them, yet you cannot be heard. Therefore let us pray so that our prayers may be heard; but we cannot with the heart, and so that we may be heard, pray, if we turn away our ears from the word; for so doing, whatsoever prayers we make they are abominable. Therefore let us hear so that hearing we may profit by it. Let us not hear still so unprofitably as we were wont to do; if we do, it shall be required at our hands. Do you think you shall never be called to account of that which I have preached unto you? and therefore as soon as ye are gone out of this place, all is shut up, and all is forgot, God is exempted from your minds. Our Saviour Christ saith, "The word I speak unto you shall judge you at the last day." Mary is commended for that she heard our Saviour very diligently, laying up His words in her heart; and Jacob was wiser than all his children, in that he remembered the dream of Joseph until he saw it fulfilled. Those that love the Lord with an unfeigned love, do gladly hear His voice, and become obedient. "My sheep hear my voice," saith Christ; and they that love the ark as David did, will dance about the ark as David did, and that with joy and gladness. Isaac was a good man; his name signifieth laughter, whereby was shewed what joy and laughter there should be about Christ Jesus, for he was the figure, the truth was Christ himself. The virgin sung when she knew that she should bear Him; the angels sung joyfully when He was born; and Simeon sung when He was brought into the temple.

If Simeon had not longed, and so waited for the consolation, should he now have had this joy and exultation? He could not have felt it, for as our desire is so is our joy. And surely, therefore, we receive not sound com-

fort, or feel small joy by the preaching of the gospel, because we with longing wait not for it, we have no lively desire of it, we hunger and thirst not after it.

Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart.

—Simeon waiting for the consolation of Israel, longing to see the Saviour, was like the hart panting for the water-brooks, till he had beheld his best Beloved; but as soon as he had taken Him in his arms whom his soul desired to see, he so thirsted for death, that he thenceforth thought of, sought after, besought God for nothing, but to leave this life, and hence to depart; for he forthwith, singing, prayed, "Now lettest thou thy servant depart." But do you (say some) commend him herein? did he well? May not any man desire death? may not the fastened ship in a strange land desire to be loosed, to hasten to his longed-for port at home? may not a man imprisoned amongst bitter enemies desire to be set at liberty, to return to his own country, in freedom to live amongst his sweet friends? Are we not strangers here, and by unpeaceable most deadly enemies, our own flesh, the world, and the devil, held prisoners in the chains of sin and manifold infirmities? and is not our home heaven, and the saints and angels our most dear friends? No marvel then that Simeon here desireth to be loosed or let depart. And Paul professeth he desireth to be dissolved or unloosed, as ships in a strange land fastened, as strangers amongst cruel enemies imprisoned. They were unnatural if they did not; it were unreasonable to require they should not; for we not only may think it lawful, but must also acknowledge it even a necessary duty to desire death. For is there till then in us any perfect, yea, any pure obedience of God? Doth not sin, as long as this life lasteth, dwell in our members? Is there any passage to the perfect life, but by the first death? The fish, which is taken in the net out of the sea, struggleth to get in again; and Adam thrust out of paradise, would fain have been within again; how much more should we be desirous to be settled in the true paradise, in assurance never to be put from thence? Therefore, also, it is not only our duty to desire death; but also as soon as any clearly seeth Christ, presently he desireth to die, for though his state be never so pleasant, though his life be most delightful, though he excel in riches, and pleasures, and honours, and knowledge, and glory, and far exceed all that ever were; yet at the sight of Christ he even rejoiceth to forego all, the love of the world falling away like the mantle of Elijah when he was wrapt into heaven, and so crieth with the apostle, I desire to be dissolved, that he may be with Christ; for Christ is light, and as soon as they see Him, they see also themselves and the world's false happiness, His glory and their shame and filthiness, which maketh them wish for death, that they may cease to sin.

against God, and perfectly please Him, and enjoy true happiness with Him; for all sin is blood in their eyes, and all worldly pleasures vanities.

But why then (say you) have Heman the Ezrahite (Ps. lxxxviii. 15-17); and Hezekiah, that godly king (Isa. xxxviii. 10, 12-14); and that man after God's own heart, the sweet singer of Israel, David (Ps. vi. 4, xxx. 8, 9), so prayed, and taught others to pray against death? Why, because they all were, and would have others to be in the fervent love of God, both to die and to live desirous. To live, that they might amongst men uphold and further the true worship of God, so to save their brethren's souls, and advance the glory of God the more; to die, that they might, perfectly obeying God, fully please Him, and freed from all evil, enjoying all good, with Him most blessedly live. For not only the apostle Paul, but all these, and whatsoever is grounded in the faith of Christ, but especially all that have strong hope to advance the honour of God, are in a strait, as the apostle speaketh (Phil. i. 23), and crushed on both sides, even with two contrary desires—to be with Christ, which is best of all for themselves; and to continue amongst men, which is most needful for them. So that this remaineth a manifest, most necessary duty, and of all that have truly, as Simeon, believed in Christ, performed—namely, thenceforth still to desire death, though they also withal desired life for others, death for themselves.

For none but the truly righteous, none but they that by faith are assured they are before God righteous, can rightly desire death; for who would desire a change but for the better? But all that are ignorant of God, all the unfaithful, what knowledge soever they have, cannot be in better case dead, than they are now in living, though most miserably pained; nay, they cannot be without just fear when they forego this life, to feel for ever the second death. But the faithful having their consciences quiet, and also joyful in Christ, free from the fear of that death they have deserved, and assured by death to pass to that life which God to all faithful hath promised, earnestly wish to die in all fervent love of God and zeal of His glory, that so they may cease from offending their good God, and never cease magnifying His mercy, shewing thereby that they are weary of the service and bondage of Satan and sin, and assured after death to enjoy the true life, most fully glorifying God, and most perfectly pleasing Him for ever; and therefore also they desire death, not shortening their life, but waiting His leisure and calling, thereby glorifying God, as in their lives they have done and sought to do.

For man was not born at his own will, and therefore may not die at his own pleasure. Therefore they beg it of God, referring them-

selves ever to His good will, when, where, and how by death they shall glorify Him, still desiring it, but never wilfully procuring it.

Simeon had seen much in his many days, but when he saw Christ, he was unwilling to live any longer to see more. His desire is accomplished, his long longing at length is satisfied, his fervent expectation with free joy now fulfilled. It is enough, saith Simeon, that I have seen my Saviour; as Jacob said, "It is enough that my son Joseph liveth." How much more then should we be satisfied with this, and in all thankfulness rest in it, that we have seen Christ, not as Simeon, in weakness and baseness, but victorious, most glorious, over sin, death, and hell triumphing, and are more assured than Jacob was, that He, not as Joseph under Pharaoh in Egypt, liveth, but in heaven with His Father in highest majesty, reigneth Lord over all, having all power both in heaven and earth? and moreover where He is, thither shall we come and be like Him, and with Him as fellow-heirs reign in the kingdom of our Father for ever.

Simeon knew Christ as soon as he saw Him, and embraced Him as soon as he knew Him, and enjoyed Him as soon as he embraced Him. So some know the Word of God as soon as they hear it; and believe it as soon as they know it; and feel the comfort of it as soon as they believe it. But others hear it as though they heard it not, like deaf adders that stop their ears at the voice of the charmer. So Pharaoh would not hear the voice of Moses, nor Baal's priests the voice of Elijah. And others, though they know it, yet will not believe it, as if God were untrue. So all malicious wretches that prefer the pleasures of sin before the glory of God; and others, though they believe it, yet can they not either presently or when they will, feel the comfort of it; much less the joy which is offered by it; namely, the heart oppressed, the desolate afflicted soul.

(To be continued.)

KATIE DOUGLAS.*

"The voice said, Cry. And he said, What shall I cry? All flesh is grass, and all the goodliness thereof is as the flower of the field: the grass withereth, the flower fadeth; but the word of our God shall stand for ever."—ISAIAH xl. 6-8.

THE child of respectable parents, brought up and educated in a secluded country parish, there was a purity and freshness about Katie Douglas, which contrasted strongly with many a poor child in Thornvale. An accident

* From "The School Home of Thornvale," a cheering and instructive book for all engaged in the cause of education, especially among the poor and destitute classes. Few of the various schemes for social reform, which at present attract so much public attention, have enlisted a larger amount of sympathy than the Reformatory Industrial School. Nisbet and Co., London.

received in childhood had afflicted Katie with lameness. The death of her father had brought the family to poverty. The mother and elder daughters were employed in outdoor work—rather a rough employment for women—and the good old schoolmaster of that secluded parish, after having imparted to his favourite scholar, Katie, what he judged a sufficient quantity of book-learning, persuaded his Parochial Board to send her to Thornvale, that she might there be trained as a teacher or dressmaker, according as her taste might dictate. At this time she was thirteen years old, tall and handsome, with dark, expressive eyes, a bright colour, and a profusion of rich dark hair; altogether, her appearance was remarkably prepossessing. We found her of a buoyant, even joyous disposition; but at the same time timid and reserved. At first she might be a little too soft and yielding, but gradually her character strengthened, while her conduct was uniformly good. She remained with us rather more than two years, at the latter end of which time, she was apprenticed to a dressmaker—Thornvale continuing to be her home.

During this time, she improved rapidly, became very tall, and her appearance fully bore out the promise of her early beauty. In her outward conduct there never was much to call for amendment; she appeared to require only careful training. Her mental powers were beyond her years, and yet she still retained all the light-hearted joyousness of childhood.

There are few things pleasanter than to observe the first faint dawn of spiritual life in one in whom we are deeply interested, the first awaking of the heart to a sense of its responsibility, the first movements of the soul after God. We had soon every reason to hope that this dawn was arising upon Katie—that her naturally fine character would be strengthened, beautified, refined, by the power of indwelling grace. And yet no word had fallen from her to tell that such was the case; this the reserve of her character forbade.

In a few months she was to return to her native parish, and take her place by her mother's hearth. We feared she would there encounter temptations to indifference and carelessness, and felt anxious to strengthen her faith and confirm her resolutions. She had for some time attended a communicants' class, and distinguished herself by her anxious and earnest attention. She was, for her age, well aware of the nature and obligations of the Lord's Supper. She was thoughtful beyond her years. Encouraged by so many hopeful indications, I asked her one day if she felt willing, at the approaching Communion, openly, and at His table, to dedicate herself to the Saviour's service. Her reply was rather startling, "If I pleased." It gave me an unexpected and alarming view of the responsibility we had come under, in endeavouring to train

those children, and at first I could not realise the state of mind that prompted such an answer. In reality, the reply was prompted by Katie's humility, and by the childlike confidence she placed in me. I felt deeply interested in her, anxious to see her weaned from all creature confidence, and really resting at the Saviour's feet. In reply, I endeavoured to direct her simply to that Saviour—asked her to think seriously of His dying words, and to pray earnestly for Divine direction, and promised that a month after I would again converse with her. When I did so, I found her composed and calm. She said her mind was fully made up, and that she wished to take her place at her Saviour's table. Still, her native reserve prevented her from saying much more on the subject; and it was by her conduct, not by her words, that she approved herself a child of God. If attentive before to religious instruction, from this time she became doubly so; she was regular in prayer and reading her Bible, and, as I have said before, blameless in outward conduct. I did not, indeed, much attempt to gain her confidence. In dependence on the promised aid of the Spirit, we had sown the good seed—we believed God was now causing it to germinate—and we hoped that, in His good time and way, He would cause the green blade and the corn in the ear to appear. Katie I looked upon as a tender plant in the Lord's vineyard, and I feared, by any rude handling, to mar its beauty.

In the beginning of winter she began to droop. She had caught a severe cold apparently, and by the advice of her medical attendant was removed to the Infirmary. For a few days she recovered rapidly, and when I first saw her, she was so cheerful, and looked so well, that no thought of danger crossed my mind. Being obliged to go from home, about ten days elapsed before I again saw her. Her appearance then alarmed me very much; the flush of fever was on her cheek, and was also manifest in the brilliancy of her eye; but the nurse and matron uniting in assuring me that no danger was apprehended, I tried to put away my fears. The next day I was prevented from seeing her, but towards evening, Dr — called to tell me that water in the chest having come suddenly on, she was in imminent danger, and that her friends, if she had any, should be summoned. That night I wrote to her mother, and early the following morning returned to the Infirmary.

Katie was much changed, but never will I forget the touching love shewn me by that dying girl. She gently expressed her disappointment at not having seen me on the previous day, and her fear lest I should have returned to the country. I told her why I had not come, but that that day I would sit a long time with her. This delighted her. She assured me, over and over again, that my coming had done her so much good—that she

was now so much better—and, indeed, looking at her, so full of youth and beauty, it was hard to realise that her days were so nearly numbered.

I sat some hours by her bedside. The weary restlessness of fever was for the time stayed. She lay quietly gazing upon me, her hand in mine. I found that she by no means realised her danger, but was looking joyfully forward to the hope of seeing her mother, with whom in a few days she expected to return to the country. Life seemed very dear to her, and there was evidently a willingness to remain, rather than a readiness to depart. I felt how painful and how difficult it would be to tell the girl of her danger, and I shrank from doing so; and yet I could not leave her thus. I spoke of the uncertainty of illness, of my hope that she might get to the country; but "if God saw it better otherwise, what then?" She expressed herself quite resigned to God's will. "Do you love the Saviour?" I inquired. "Yes," she unhesitatingly answered. "Why?" "Because He loved me from everlasting." I was much pleased that forenoon with the affection the patients in the Infirmary appeared to bear to one another. Katie was the object of deepest interest to all of them, and to attend on her appeared a privilege. I left, promising to see her every day, and assuring her I was not soon again going from home.

The elder girls from Thornvale by turns took my place at her side until her mother should arrive, as I did not wish her last hours to be spent with strangers. I returned early on the following day. I found Katie's mother, a respectable-looking woman, weeping over her, and combing her long dark hair. Katie herself looked almost radiant; her rich hair hung in masses about her, her cheek was flushed, and her eye had assumed that peculiar brilliancy so often the precursor of death. Never in her days of health and strength had I seen her half so lovely. She received me joyfully, told me eagerly that her mother had come, and was to remain with her, and then, looking at her mother, said, "Don't cry, mother." This day I tried to be more faithful, and spoke of the probability of not recovering. She expressed herself quite resigned to the will of God, and shewed neither fear nor surprise. I believe the house-surgeon had already kindly made her aware of her danger. I asked if she had remembered the texts I had mentioned yesterday. She answered, "Yes;" and immediately repeated, "Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find." "Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters." These were not the texts I had given her, but I was glad to see she was dwelling upon the full and free invitations of the gospel. "What shall I pray for, for you, Katie?" I asked. She replied, "A new heart and a right spirit." That prayer appeared already answered. That young heart seemed

to be resting in that land of Beulah, "within sight of the city she was going to—that land whose air was very sweet and pleasant—in which the angels commonly walk, because it is upon the borders of heaven." It was with emotions of joy and sorrow I bade her farewell, promising to see her again on the morrow.

On the morrow, very early, her mother came to tell me that her child was at rest—that after a night of severe suffering, she had departed in the peace of the gospel—that she wished I had been present at the closing scene, she was sure it would have gratified me so much.

From the mother, and from others in the ward, I learned that on the previous evening Katie became much worse, and said she knew she was dying—that a night of great bodily anguish succeeded, during which, seeing her mother much affected by the sight of her sufferings, she asked her to go away for a little—that during all that time her mind was kept in perfect peace, unshadowed by any cloud, so that a little child would as soon doubt its mother's love as did Katie her Saviour's power and willingness to save—that during the night she repeated many hymns and many verses, and entreated her weeping mother to submit to God's will. Sometimes she exclaimed, "Lord Jesus, take me to *Thy* home above—take me to *my* home in the skies." Her last words were, "Lord, through Christ I shall live for ever—for ever—for ever." With these words dying upon her lips, her spirit passed away. She entered into rest; and thus the veil of separation had fallen, and thus had Katie fulfilled her brief mission, and I felt "it was well with the child." Untouched by sorrow, free from care, always the object of the tenderest love, Katie's short life of fifteen years had been a very happy one. But such it could not have continued. Sooner or later, if life is spared us, the burden and heat of the day must be borne. Some time or other, we must practically learn the real meaning of "the vale of tears." But all this Katie was spared; and as I mused, I felt that with her bodily defect and delicate constitution, it was in great love and mercy she was so early sheltered in the Home above, and that we might say she had fallen asleep in the sunshine of heaven. Yes; to the eye of sense our flower had faded, but by faith we beheld it blooming and expanding in the paradise of God. Katie's influence has not ceased with her life. In the school she was much loved, and the elder girls were deeply impressed by her death. I think I can trace from that period a marked change for the better in many of them—more thoughtfulness, more of a spirit of inquiry, more frank, open truthfulness. Her name is still a household word at Thornvale, and, through the remembrance of her example, it may be said, that "though dead she yet speaketh."

HOW TO OBSERVE THE SABBATH.

BY AN OLD AUTHOR.

1. **WISELY** contrive, the day before, that you may have no unnecessary work to employ your hands or heads on God's day. Think seriously, "What a weighty business am I going about! My worldly affairs are but trifles to this. What are shops, ships, or farms, to Christ, grace, or heaven?"

2. Prepare for this holy day. Think with yourself, "What good did I get by any former Sabbath, and particularly by the last?" Pray that the Sabbath before you may be the best you ever kept; that your heart may be more humble, tender, and heavenly; and that this may be an earnest to you of keeping an eternal Sabbath with God in glory. Particularly beg, "O God of grace, prepare a suitable word for my soul! Let the minister's mouth be opened, his heart enlarged, and this message be according to Thy holy will! Enter Thou into Thy temple, and crown Thy ordinances with Thy presence and blessing! Give me, Lord, the hearing ear, the seeing eye, and the understanding heart, that I may receive with meekness the ingrafted word!"

3. As soon as you awake in the morning of this sacred day, direct your hearts and eyes heavenward. Bless God that you see the light of another Sabbath, in which your soul may be furnished with grace, and be fitted for glory. Call upon the Lord to pardon your defective preparations, bear with your infirmities, accept your poor services, and enrich you with His graces and consolations.

4. Proceed to solemn meditations till your heart is affected with considering, either the majesty of the God you are to wait upon; or, the vileness of sin, and yourself by reason of sin; or, the excellencies of Christ, and the greatness of His love; or, the heavenly nature of Divine worship, and the gain of godliness; or, the vanity of the world; or, the worth of your immortal soul; or, the rage and policy of your spiritual enemies; or, the deceitfulness of your own heart; or, the torments of hell; or, the joys of heaven.

5. Carefully and conscientiously perform the religious duties of your family as well as your closet. See that your servants and children waste not this morning in sleep or idleness. Call them to join with you in reading, singing, and prayer. Inform them of the glorious Master you serve, the immediate blessedness of such service, and the abundant reward attending it, even life everlasting. Charge them to be constant and serious in closet, family, and public worship.

6. Endeavour to attend those public ministrations which are most soul-searching, heart-melting, and sinner-alarms.

7. In going to the house of God—if you are alone, think, "Oh that God would meet all His

worshippers, and bless my soul!" If you are in company, talk of God and His Word, without pride or affectation; or hearken to the heavenly discourse of others.

8. As you enter the house of God, lift up your heart to Him in such breathings as these: "Lord, Thou hast promised to be in the midst of Thy people. Oh, let Thy goodness pass before us! Let us see Thy power and Thy glory in Thy sanctuary! Let Thy greatness awe us, and Thy goodness delight and refresh us!"

9. In the house of God, make a covenant with your eyes, and take heed of a wandering heart. Fix your eyes on the minister, your ears on the word, and your heart on God.

10. Be spiritual in every part of the service. While the minister is confessing sin, let your heart melt, and even bleed and break. When he begs for mercy, let your whole soul pant after it. When he offers praise, let all that is within you bless God's holy name. In singing, let your heart make melody to the Lord, that when your voice is high, your heart may not be low and dead. When the Word is read or preached, seriously recollect, "This is the Word of God. It is His command, and dare I disobey it? Does He threaten these judgments, and denounce these curses on sinners, and must not I tremble? Are those His calls and invitations, His great and precious promises, and shall I refuse them? Ye everlasting doors of my heart, fly open, and the King of glory shall come in!" While the minister pronounces the blessing, haste not away (a fault too common), but hope, desire, and believe it shall come down upon you with a Divine efficacy.

11. When you come from the house of God, take heed lest Satan catch away the seed that is sown, or the thorny cares of the world choke it. Let not vain discourse proceed from your lips, as soon as God's word is out of the minister's; but beg of God that the word you have heard may not be as water spilt upon the ground: pray that your memory may retain it, your heart love it, and your will obey it.

12. When you dine, let not your table become a snare to your soul; and therefore, eat no more than will fit you to serve God with cheerfulness and vigour. Beg a Divine blessing on the food of soul and body. Both sitting down and rising up, let your heart be heavenly, and your discourse savoury, seasoned with grace.

13. After dinner, either repeat what you have been hearing, or read in your Bible, or in some other good book.

14. Return with your family to the house of God. Think not half a day enough for God and your soul.

15. Take heed how you spend the evening. Cherish good impressions, and conclude by worshipping God in your family and closet.

16. Before you lie down to rest at night, review the whole work of the day.

"BRINGING OUR SHEAVES WITH US."

THE time for toil is past, and night has come—
The last and saddest of the harvest-eves;
Worn out with labour long and wearisome;
Drooping and faint, the reapers hasten home,
Each laden with his sheaves.

Last of the labourers, Thy feet I gain,
Lord of the harvest! and my spirit grieves
That I am burden'd not so much with grain
As with a heaviness of heart and brain;—
Master, behold my sheaves!

Few, light, and worthless—yet their trifling weight
Through all my frame a weary aching leaves;
For long I struggled with my hapless fate,
And stay'd and toil'd till it was dark and late—
Yet these are all my sheaves.

Full well I know I have more tares than wheat—
Brambles and flowers, dry stalks, and wither'd
leaves;

Wherefore I blush and weep, as at Thy feet
I kneel down reverently, and repeat,
"Master, behold my sheaves!"

I know these blossoms, clustering heavily
With evening dew upon their folded leaves,
Can claim no value nor utility—
Therefore shall fragrancy and beauty be
The glory of my sheaves.

So do I gather strength and hope anew;
For well I know Thy patient love perceives
Not what I did, but what I strove to do—
And though the full, ripe ears be sadly few,
Thou wilt accept my sheaves.

A WHEEL WITHIN A WHEEL.

LORD! how stupendous, deep, and wonderful,
Are all thy draughts of Providence! so full
Of puzzling intricacies, that they lie
Beyond the ken of any mortal eye.
"A wheel within a wheel!" 's the Scripture notion,
And all those wheels transverse, and cross in motion.
All creatures serve it in their place; yet so
As thousands of them know not what they do.
At this or that their aim they do direct;
But neither this nor that is the effect:
But something else they do not understand,
Which sets all politicians at a stand.
Deep counsels at their birth this Hand doth break,
And deeper things performeth by the weak.
Men are, like horses, set at every stage,
For Providence to ride from age to age;
Which, like a post, spurs on, and makes them run
From stage to stage, until their journey 's done;
Then takes a fresh: but they the business know
No more than horses the post-letters do.
Yet though its work be not conceal'd from sight,
'Twill be a glorious piece when brought to light.

—John Flavel.

IN AND AROUND JERUSALEM.

BY MRS JOHNSTON.

BIBLE in hand, we commence the delightful occupation of visiting the interesting localities in and around Jerusalem, held in such deep veneration by Christian, Jew, and Moslem. How fully do we now realise the truths of the Holy Book; and how much greater the pleasure afforded by its sacred pages than heretofore! Here it should be our chief guide-book and constant companion in all our walks; and with the aid of Josephus we may dispense with the services of a voluble Arab guide, whose loud vociferations serve only to distract the mind and disturb those emotions which are most enjoyed when alone.

When we visit Bethlehem we shall open at the narrative of the birth of Christ; at Bethany we will endeavour to sit down with Mary at the feet of Him who is meek and lowly, and there read the account of the resurrection of Lazarus; at Gethsemane the thrilling description of Christ's agony will stir the deepest feelings of our inmost souls; and when standing on Calvary and Olivet, we will turn to the story of His death, resurrection, ascension, and second coming.

Jerusalem is surrounded with well-preserved turreted walls, which at intervals are supplied with square towers. It is situated on four hills—Zion, Akra, Bezetha, and Moriah; and is entered by four very imposing gates, with battlements and ramparts, indifferently ornamented with curious devices, among which the lion is the most conspicuous—emblematic either of Richard Cœur de Lion, or the Lion of the tribe of Judah. That known as Babes-Sham or Damascus Gate, is situated about midway the northern wall. St Stephen's Gate faces Mount Olivet, and takes its name from its vicinity to the spot upon which that holy martyr is said to have been stoned. No professional pilgrim passes this gate without checking his pace: and lifting up his eyes to the Church of Ascension, he utters a prayer with numerous crossings; nor must he leave the place before he succeeds in finding a flesh-coloured limestone, penetrated by veins of reddish hue; for these, they say, were once common limestone, but no sooner had the proto-martyr been stoned to death than they assumed this veiny form in sympathy. Not far distant, stands the Golden Gate of the Temple wall, now closed. The Mohammedans have blocked it up in the belief that at some future day, should they neglect this precaution, it would be entered by a king, who would not only take possession of the city but extend his reign over the whole earth. Next is the Zion Gate on the south, near which, both within and without, the lepers live in their mud huts. Continuing the circuit of the wall we reach the Jaffa Gate on the west, near to which is the custom-house, a coffee-house, and a gambling establishment, the principal "gathering-place" of the city.

Besides these four gates, which are always kept open from sunrise to sunset, except an hour at mid-day on Friday, the Mohammedan Sabbath, there are several others; but they are all now walled up, except the Mugrabin Gate in the Cheesemongers' Valley, which is kept open whenever there is a scarcity of water in the city, in order to shorten the communication with the Virgin's Fountain, the Pool of Siloam, and the well of Nehemiah Yuab, or En-rogel. The present "el-Khuds," or the Holy, would appear to occupy only about one-third of the city under its largest dimensions, at the date of its destruction. The whole of Mount Ophel, and about one-

half of Mount Zion are excluded on the south, and nearly all of Cœnopolis on the north. But its breadth, so far as it extends, is about the same that it was in its *palmyest* days.

Entering the city at the Jaffa Gate, and taking a southerly direction, we will glance at the principal objects of interest as we pass along.

On the right is a group of square towers, called in the language of tradition the Fortress of David—one of which is undoubtedly the frowning Tower of Hippicus. In strong contrast with these massive old towers, is the light gothic church just opposite, in which the English and Prussian missionaries worship. Just in the rear of this church are the ruins of the Church of Yacobeiah (James the Less), which is well worth a visit as a relic of the Crusaders' days. A little further on is the Church of St James, in connexion with an immense convent, both belonging to the Armenians. This church is said to mark the spot where the Apostle James was beheaded by Herod. It is gaudily adorned with pictures and figures of numberless saints, profusely bedecked with jewels; and the ceiling is hung with festoons of ostrich eggs. But its chief ornament is a door entirely encased with mother-of-pearl and tortoise shell. Passing through an archway beneath the palace of the Armenian Patriarch, and continuing along this street, we have on our left the hospital and printing establishment of the Armenians, and soon reach the Zion Gate, outside of which is another Armenian church, said to contain the true door of the Holy Sepulchre—the stone with which the tomb of Joseph of Arimathea was closed. Near by us is the Cœnaculum, in that curious aggregation of buildings called Neby Daúd, or Tomb of David, covering the spot on which tradition says the Lord's supper was instituted. Here, also, in this huge pile, tradition locates the villa of Caiaphas. All this part of the hill is covered with the burying ground of the Greeks, Armenians, and Latins, and a small enclosure containing the tombs of several American missionaries and travellers lies in the shadow of the Tomb of David. Its location is greatly objected to by the Turks, who are greatly scandalised by its propinquity to the remains of their great prophet David, and are very loth to allow the interment of *infidel Christian dogs* near their holy mosque.

As we pass through the gate our hearts are sickened at the sight of the loathsome lepers, who stretch forth their fingerless hands, or handless arms, for charity. Such ravages has the disease made upon these poor creatures, that some of them are without noses, and almost without mouths—the mere wreck of human beings—so hideous that we toss them a coin from as great a distance as possible! But however importunate in their plaintive cries for bucksheesh, they never come near you, but stand "afar off" in most entreating

attitude, as of old, when "Jesus entered into a certain village there met him ten men that were lepers, which stood afar off, and lifted up their voices and said, Jesus, Master, have mercy on us."

Continuing in the same direction without the city walls, a narrow path brings us to the lofty angle of the wall surrounding the Temple enclosure, and then winds along the edge of a Mohammedan cemetery, distinguished from those of the Jews and Christians by a representation in stone of a turban at the head of each tomb.

Re-entering the city by St Stephen's Gate, we tread the narrow mazes of the Via Dolorosa, or Doleful Way, along which the Saviour is said to have carried the cross as He went out to be crucified. A little way within the gate is a deep trench, thought by some to be the Pool of Bethesda, and just opposite is the Church of St Anne, in which it is said the Virgin Mary was born; and a few steps farther on the left is the residence of the Governor of Jerusalem, once the abode of Pilate, but not at all palatial in its present dilapidated condition.

This place is now called "Serai," or the Seraglio, and is unquestionably the site of the Fortress of Antonia. All travellers who choose to take advantage of the privilege, are admitted into the Governor's presence, and after the usual round of salaams, coffee, pipes, and bucksheeshes, they are conducted to the roof of the house, which overlooks the sunny grounds of the Temple enclosure.

In walking through the city one is struck with the peculiar structure of the doors of the courts of the convents, and some other buildings, consisting of a very small door cut through a large one: the smaller being kept open at all times, and the larger occasionally, for the ingress and egress of horses and camels, and not unfrequently a caravan. This may illustrate the figure used by Christ in three of the Gospels, "It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter the kingdom of God:" the large door being the needle, and the small opening, through which a camel could not possibly enter, its eye.

Over many of the doors are sculptures and paintings, accompanied with inscriptions in Arabic. These attest that the owner has made a pilgrimage to Mecca, and hence is entitled to the honourable appellation of "Hadji," a designation of which its possessor is always very proud.

This street abounds in "holy places"—here a blocked-up doorway to the "Sancta Scala," leading into Antonia; a little further on an indentation in the stone wall is seriously alleged to have been made by the cross of Christ when resting against it; hard by is the house of Veronica, whence started the Wandering Jew on his never-ending pilgrimage; and there, a high overspanning arch

upon which our Lord is confidently affirmed to have stood when Pilate shewed Him to the people, and cried "Ecce homo!" "Behold the man!"

But, before passing beneath the arch, we pass on the right the "Church of Flagellation." Numberless almost are the localities with which the Romish monks have connected some incident of the New Testament record; over nearly all of which is erected a church, a convent, or at least a little chapel, decorated with hideous pictures and gaudy tinsel.

A few yards below the Ecce Homo Arch, on the left, is an old ruined church; and at the corner, where the Via Dolorosa turns to the left, is a fine building, in a tolerable state of preservation, called, and for aught I know, correctly, King Baldwin's Bath. Wonderingly, we notice that everybody wearing a Christian garb, kisses a rough stone bowl, conspicuously standing by itself, hard by a house rather larger and better than the surrounding dwellings. The bowl, we are gravely told, is that used by Lazarus, though it is so heavy that a dozen men could scarcely carry it; and the house, though evidently of modern construction, the dwelling of Dives.

Notwithstanding the devotion paid at the "Shrine of the Bowl" by the Christian, the deportment of the Jew is quite the reverse—for in passing he contemptuously spits upon it; but both are laughed at by the self-conceited Mohammedan, who despises the religion of each.

(To be continued.)

BIBLICAL MISCELLANIES.

APPARENT DISCREPANCIES IN THE GOSPEL NARRATIVES.*

As an illustration of the manner in which apparent discrepancies in the Gospels may not only be removed but so explained as to become striking confirmations of their truth, the author may be permitted to refer to a solution of the difference between Mark and John, as to the hour of our Lord's crucifixion.

The discrepancy is well known. Mark says (chap. xv. 25) that Jesus was crucified at "the third hour" of the day; John says (chap. xix. 13-16) that the time when Pilate sat down in the judgment-seat to condemn Jesus, or deliver him to be crucified, was "about the sixth hour." Thus the one makes Jesus to be crucified *three hours* before He was, according to the other, condemned. There are chiefly three ways in which it has been attempted

* From "Opinions Concerning Jesus Christ," by Rev. Peter Davidson, Minister of the United Presbyterian Church, Dean Street, Edinburgh. It would be difficult to spread out a richer field of thought than this, or one better fitted to call out the best powers of an author; and we think there is no work on the subject which is so satisfactory, or calculated to be so convincing, especially to objecting and cavilling minds. Mr Davidson has done his work well, and we are prepared to recommend his book as possessing high merits, and fitted to fill a comparatively vacant place in our theological literature.

to remove this difficulty. One is to suppose John to count the hours from midnight, so as to make his *sixth hour* to mean our *six o'clock* in the morning, or *sun-rising*: for at that season of the year the sun must have risen precisely at that hour. This solution is altogether inadmissible; for it contradicts John xviii. 28, which implies that Jesus was first brought to Pilate about sun-rising; and it leaves no time for all the proceedings before Pilate, which must have occupied several hours. Another method of solution is to suppose the Evangelists, when they speak of *hours*, to mean *watches* of the day. This, besides being a gratuitous setting aside of the accuracy of the Evangelists, could easily be shewn to be otherwise unintelligible or self-contradictory. But the third and most common method of solution is the most unwarrantable and dangerous of the three. It is to suppose without sufficient authority that an error has crept into the text of John, and to correct it therefore so as to make it agree with Mark's. It is true that two or three inferior MSS. of John's Gospel have this *corrected* reading; but the probability is that they have been tampered with already; and they are opposed by all the best MSS. The process of correcting one Gospel by another is too easy to be safe, and too deceitful to be ever resorted to.

The true method of solution appears to be the following:—While the Romans, like the Jews, had a *natural* day—from sunrise to sunset, which they divided into twelve hours, these hours being of course of different lengths at different seasons of the year—they had also a *civil* day which, like ours, was reckoned from midnight to midnight, but, instead of being divided into *twenty-four*, it was divided into *sixteen* equal parts, or hours. Each of these hours (of which the reader will find an account in Adam's "Roman Antiquities," *Boyd's ed.*, p. 268) had its appropriate name as well as number. Each of them would, of course, be equal to *an hour and a half* of our time, so that beginning from midnight—

The 1st hour of the civil day would terminate at half-past				One o'clock a.m.	
The 2d	...	...	at	Three	...
The 3d	...	...	at half-past	Four	...
The 4th	...	...	at	Six	...
The 5th	...	...	at half-past	Seven	...
The 6th	...	...	at	Nine	...

That is, the *sixth* hour of the Roman *civil* day would end at the same moment as the *third* hour of the Jewish or Roman *natural* day, which at the time of the year when Christ was crucified (the vernal equinox), was precisely at *our* nine o'clock a.m.

John says that it was "about the sixth hour" when Pilate delivered Jesus up to be crucified; which may signify any point of time during the course of that hour. Suppose a half of it had run, it would then be a quarter past eight o'clock a.m., leaving three

quarters of an hour for necessary preparations, and for the procession to Golgotha, and thus harmonising the statement of John with that of Mark as completely as can be desired. Using different modes of notation, the two evangelists point to precisely the same hour as that of the crucifixion, the *third* hour of the *natural* day, and nine o'clock of our day.

But why, in this case, do they use different modes of notation? "John," it will be said; "in other instances, speaks of the hours of the natural day in the same way as Mark; and why, then, does he adopt a different method in this? Why did he speak of the *civil* day in this case, while he speaks of the *natural* day in all other cases?" One reason may be, that he was recording the judicial proceedings of a Roman governor, for which the civil day would always be used; but the true reason undoubtedly is, that John himself was present in Pilate's judgment-hall at the time, and that in noting the hour when his Lord and Master was delivered over into the hands of His enemies, he would naturally be guided by the water-glass, or other time-piece, which was there for the purpose of regulating the proceedings; for Pilate's judgment-hall must have had a horologe of some kind. Mark, on the other hand, recording what took place in the open air, would as naturally be guided by the sun-dial, or the sun himself, and would tell us at what hour of the natural day the crucifixion took place.

Thus from a very startling difficulty this seeming discrepancy between Mark and John becomes a striking confirmation of the truth of both. For it is inconceivable that their statements could have been so reconciled, had not both been true. And the reconciliation, too, hinges on a very simple but indubitable matter of fact (of which it is strange that commentators should have been either ignorant or forgetful), that the hours of the Roman civil day were *ninety* instead of *sixty* minutes in length.

STATISTICS OF THE JEWS.

In the "Life of Christ," by Prof. Sepp, of Munich, now in course of publication, are some statistics respecting the Jews, which may interest our readers.

The Jews have unusually long bodies, finely formed, but lean limbs, sharply cut noses, black eyes and hair, prominent chins, knees curved inward, a rapid walk, and an observing glance. Measurements, made in 1845 amongst the Jews of Russia, shew that their stature, in comparison with that of other races, is only as 64.46 to 66.15 and 68.16. The body embraces 36 parts of the whole stature, whilst, with the negro, it is only 32; amongst other races, 34 and 35.

Jewish marriage is more fruitful than Christian in the proportion of 28 to 25, shew-

ing that the blessing pronounced upon Abraham still continues in force. Estimating the present number of Jews at 8,000,000, it amounts to one per cent, of all the population of the earth. The mortality amongst them, compared with that amongst other people, is as 34 to 46, thus making, the average duration of life about 1-3 longer. The number of infants still-born is in 100,000 as 89 to 143. The proportion of suicides is still more in their favour. Of 100,000 children there are living amongst Christians in the 14th year, only 44.5, amongst the Jews, 50, or half; in the 60th year, among the former, 12, among the latter, 20. The usual proportion of boys to girls is as 105 to 100, with the Jews, 112 to 100.

To all epidemic diseases, the Jewish race shews little susceptibility. They rarely suffer from pestilence, typhus, or dropsy. Their exemption from the plague and other wide-sweeping diseases in the middle ages often subjected them to popular suspicion, and drew upon them the rage of the populace. From the more recent ravages of the cholera, they have suffered little. But they are much predisposed to diseases of the skin, and to those complaints which spring from meagre fare. Unable to perform severe physical labour, they endure firmly misery and suffering; they avoid strife, and delight in domestic life.

That the Jew has in him noble elements of character, his history shews, nor can the Christian forget that Christ and the Apostles were of Jewish lineage. May the time be hastened when the promises to that race shall be fulfilled.

THE OTHER LIFE.

Now, we know in part; then, we shall know even as also we are known. To say that we shall know God as He knows us, is certainly the strongest declaration possible, and it is probably hyperbolical, for it would seem to be incredible that a finite mind should at once, or even at any time in its eternity, comprehend the Infinite, as it is comprehended by the Infinite. It is also more agreeable to suppose that there will be an everlasting growth in knowledge, and that the blessed minds will be forever penetrating new depths of discovery, clearing up wider fields of obscurity, attaining to a higher converse with God and a deeper insight of His works, and that this breaking forth of light and beauty in them by degrees and upon search, will occupy both their powers and feed their joys. Still, that there will be a great and sudden clearing of God's way, as we enter that world, and a real dispersion of all the clouds that darken us here, is doubtless to be expected, for when our sin is completely taken away, as we know it then will be, all our guilty blindness will go with it, and that of itself will prepare a glorious unveiling of God and a vision of His beauty as it is.—*Dr Bushnell.*

Pages for the Young.

THE PRAYING CHILD.

"My children," said a poor widow to her five little ones, "I have no food for you this morning, as all the bread in the house is gone, and I have no money to buy more. Pray to the good God to supply our need, for He has said, 'Call upon Me in the time of trouble.'"

Little Christian, one of the widow's children who was not more than six years of age, went on his way to school sad and hungry.

But as he passed the door of the church, he saw that it was open, and determined to enter in and pray there; for his mother's dwelling was so small and crowded that he was never able to say his prayers quite alone. So he went into the church, not knowing that any one was there, he knelt down in the middle aisle and said the following prayer:—

"Dear Father in heaven, we children have nothing left to eat. Our mother has no food in the house for us, and without Thy help we must all starve. O Lord, help us. Thou art rich and powerful, and to Thee it is an easy thing to help us. Thou hast promised to do so, therefore, now fulfil Thy word."

So prayed Christian with childlike simplicity, and then went to school. On his return home he saw the cloth laid for dinner, and bread, meat, eggs and rice, temptingly spread upon the table.

"Thank God," said little Christian, when he saw it. "He has heard my prayer. Mother, did a beautiful angel bring these things for us?"

"No," replied the widow, "but God has sent them in answer to your prayers. When you were in church you thought no one saw you but God; but there was a lady sitting in one of the pews, and she heard you pray, and saw you through the lattice work on the side of the pew. She sent us our feast; she is the angel whom God raised up to help us. Now let us ask His blessings on our meal, and never forget my children, those sweet lines—

"Trust the Lord, and wait His hour,
He will aid in love and power."

—From the German.

TWO STORIES FOR NELLY—WITH THEIR MORALS.

"An allegory instead of a story this evening, please," said Nelly, when, having given me the usual account of the day's events, she expected, as usual, the evening story.

"Why an allegory, Nelly?"

"Oh, I have been reading 'The Shadow of the Cross,' and I like it so much better than my other story books! Mother says it is an allegory, so I want you to tell me an allegory, and tell me what it means."

"Well, Nelly," said I, after a moment's

thought, 'see if you can find the moral of this story. There is a small insect, called the ant-lion, which looks something like a wood-louse, only it is larger. With its little flat head and one of its fore legs, it digs in the sand a funnel shaped hole, having very steep sides, often an inch in depth. When this is all carefully prepared, the little lion crawls under the sand at the bottom of his funnel, so that even the top of his head is scarcely seen, and quietly waits till some unfortunate ant comes that way, who, perhaps, intent upon the load she is bearing to her home, does not notice the deep pit before her, till her little feet are upon the edge, when the sand gives way under her weight, and falling to the bottom, she is instantly seized by her cunning but cruel enemy, and dragged under the sand, where he feeds upon her vitals; afterwards he throws out the skin, repairs his trap, and waits for another victim.'

Nelly looked very eager, and as I paused, she said, "The ant-lion is like Satan, who lays traps for us, and we are like the little ants who fall into them."

"Yes, Nelly, the Bible says Satan is like a roaring lion, going about seeking whom he may devour; and, like the ant-lion, it is our vital part for which he lays his snares, for it is our souls that he would destroy, and often he succeeds; because, like the unfortunate ant, we are thinking of our labours and pleasures, and not of the way we are treading. When you came to breakfast this morning, Nelly, you were thinking of your studies and your play, but not of the pitfalls Satan would place in your way—the temptations you would have to do wrong—and so it has happened, that you have been fretful several times to-day, which I think you would not have been, had you been watching against temptation. The ant fell into the trap, because she was not thinking what was before her in the path; and we often do wrong, and some even lose their souls, not stopping to think. Beware of falling into these traps, that you may not at last be condemned with the tempter to the bottomless pit."

"Now I will tell you another story; see if you can find the difference between the two morals. In the cold country of Kamtschatka, there is an animal called the glutton, which hunts the fallow deer. Climbing a tree, the glutton takes with him a particular kind of moss, of which the deer are very fond, and when he sees one approaching, he drops it. If the deer stops to eat the moss, the glutton springs upon his back, and firmly fixing himself, proceeds to tear out the eyes of his poor victim, who frantic with pain, and perhaps hoping to unseat his tormentor, knocks his head against the tree till he falls dead."

"It was not because he did not think of

what was in the path," said Nelly, as I waited for her to give the moral.

"No, but because he did not think of it in the right way. He thought how very sweet the moss would be, but he did not think of the danger to which a taste of it would expose him. He looked down, but not up, or he would have seen his treacherous foe. If when we are tempted we would think of the consequences which must follow the promised pleasure, it would seem less attractive. Learn, Nelly, from the fate of the inconsiderate ant, not to be led into evil by living thoughtless of the temptations which surround you, and from the fate of the fallow deer, not to be led by the pleasures which allure you to forget the dangers to which they may expose you.—*Ecila.*

GOD OUR CREATOR.

How great, and good, and wise,
Must God our Maker be,
Who form'd the earth and skies,
And everything we see—
The sun that gives us warmth and light,
The moon and stars that shine by night.

And all that live and move
In earth, and sea, and air,
His power and wisdom prove,
His bounteous love declare:
Birds, beasts, and fishes, great and small,
And creeping things—He made them all.

We are His creatures too;
He form'd us for His praise,
That we His will might do,
And serve Him all our days;
And then, through Christ's redeeming love,
Live in a better world above.

Then let us praise the Lord,
And all His works admire,
And seek Him in His word,
And there His will inquire;
Then we at length shall reach the place
Where we shall see our Saviour's face.

THE "GUEST'S" BIBLE QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNG.

THE SABBATH.

Who has said, "Remember the Sabbath-day to keep it holy?"

Who "was in the Spirit on the Lord's day?"

What mount was "from Jerusalem a Sabbath-day's journey?"

What was done to the "man that gathered sticks on the Sabbath-day?"

What are the promises to those who "call the Sabbath a delight?"

Who "went out of the city by a river side on the Sabbath, where prayer was wont to be made?"

Who "came to hear the Word of God on the Sabbath-day?"

With whom did Paul "reason out of the Scriptures for three Sabbath-days?"

Who made it his "custom to go into the synagogue on the Sabbath-day?"

Where is the word "Sabbath" first mentioned in the Bible?

Who ordered "the gates of Jerusalem to

be shut, and not be opened till after the Sabbath?"

Who "testified against" the Tyrians and the Jews for trading on the Sabbath-day?

What are the judgments that come upon those who "pollute the Sabbath?"

THE SERVANT AS HIS LORD.

"It is enough for the disciple that he be as his master, and the servant as his lord."—*Matt. x. 25.*

WHEN the Mexican Emperor, Guatimozin, was put upon the rack by the soldiers of Cortes, one of his nobles, who lay in tortures at the same time, complained piteously to his sovereign of the pain he endured.

"Do you think," said Guatimozin, "that I lie upon roses?"

The nobleman ceased moaning, and expired in silence.

"When a Christian," adds the pious Bishop Horne, "thinks his sufferings for sin, in sickness, or pain, &c., intolerable, let him remember those of *his* Lord, endured patiently on that bed of sorrow, the cross, and he will think so no longer."—*Watchman and Reflector.*

ANSWERS TO "BIBLE QUESTIONS" FOR THE YOUNG.

It was our intention to have left it entirely to the ingenuity of our young readers to solve these questions for themselves without any help from us, but we cannot resist the representations made to the contrary by our young friends. They wish the answers as tests to shew when their own solutions are right; and we trust that they will only be used for this purpose. The answers will be given once a-month.

No. 1.—1 Sam. iii. 4, 6, 8, 10.—1 Kings iii. 7.—Gen. xxi. 16.—Isaiah vii. 3.—Isaiah vii. 14.—2 Tim. iii. 15.—1 Kings xi. 17.—Prov. xxix. 15.—Gen. xviii. 19.—1 Cor. xiv. 20.—Matt. ii. 17, 18.—Matt. xviii. 3.—1 Cor. xiii. 11.—Matt. xviii. 3, 4.—Matt. xviii. 5.

No. 3.—Matt. vii. 24.—Matt. vii. 26.—Josh. ii. 1, 15.—1 Sam. ix. 18.—Exod. xii. 30.—2 Sam. vi. 11.—Acts x. 5, 6.—Acts xix. 14, 16.—Acts xviii. 7.—Gen. xxviii. 16, 17.—Acts xxviii. 16, 30.—Neh. v. 3.—Neh. v. 11, 12.—Ps. civ. 17.—1 Sam. xxv. 1.—2 Cor. v. 1.—John xiv. 2.

No. 5.—Lev. xi. 22.—Num. xiii. 33.—Judg. vi. 3, 5.—Eccles. xii. 5.—Eccles. xii. 1.—Exod. x. 13.—Matt. iii. 4.—Rev. ix. 3.—Rev. ix. 7-10.—Matt. xxiii. 23, 24.—Matt. xxiii. 23, 25.—Deut. vii. 20.—1 Sam. xxiv. 14, 16.—Job viii. 13, 14.—John i. 29.

No. 7.—Lev. iv. 22, 23.—Lev. xvi. 7-10.—Lev. xvi. 20-22.—Dan. viii. 5.—Dan. viii. 21.—Gen. xxx. 31, 32.—Gen. xxxvii. 31.—1 Sam. xxiv. 2.—1 Sam. xxv. 2, 3.—Exod. xxvi. 7.—1 Sam. xix. 13.—Heb. x. 4.—1 John i. 7.—Matt. xxv. 33.—Matt. xxv. 41.



A Family Magazine for Leisure Hours and Sundays.

WEEKLY NOS. ONE HALFPENNY.]

[MONTHLY PARTS, THREEPENCE.]

THE LOST CHILD.

A LECTURE TO CHILDREN BY THE REV. JOHN TODD, D.D.

"And when they had fulfilled the days, as they returned, the child Jesus tarried behind in Jerusalem; and Joseph and his mother knew not of it. But they, supposing him to have been in the company, went a day's journey; and they sought him among their kinsfolk and acquaintance. And when they found him not, they turned back again to Jerusalem, seeking him."—LUKE II. 43-45.

SOME sixty or seventy miles north of Jerusalem is a long, beautiful hill. Before the hill is a small, but quiet and most charming valley. Let us go up to the top of that hill. Now, children, let us look around us. On the side of the hill is a village, and a little on one side of that, a fountain of water gushes out, and drops into a marble basin. To this fountain all the women of the village come to get water. Let us look beyond the village. Yonder, between the mountains, and beyond the little valley which lies just at the foot of the hill, on the left hand, is a great, beautiful plain—the most beautiful in all the land. It used to be called the Plain of Esdraelon. That round-topped mountain at the left is Mount Tabor; and there, over the hills, you can just see the heads of Little Hermon and Gilboa. And that beautiful mountain, stretching along till it dips its feet in yonder distant waters, is Mount Carmel. Look now directly west, and those waters so brightly gleaming in the sun are the Mediterranean Sea. You can see them on both the right and left of Mount Carmel. On the north is another beautiful plain; and away on, on beyond, seems to be a sea of mountains, with one mountain rising up higher than all, with his head covered with ice. That is Old Hermon! What a beautiful prospect from this hill! Where are we?

This hill is the hill of Nazareth, and that village on its west side is Nazareth. Here once lived a little boy. I suppose he often drank at that running fountain. I suppose his feet often trod this hill. I suppose his eyes often gazed upon these hills, and mountains, and valleys. His name was Jesus.

His parents lived in that village, and they were poor, but humble and pious people.

Every year they all went up to the great city Jerusalem, where the temple was, that they might worship God according as He had commanded. On the return of the feast of the Passover—so called, because, when the angel of God killed so many of the Egyptians (Exod. xii. 27), he *passed over* the Israelites, and did not kill one of them—this family all went up to Jerusalem. When the feast was over, they, and all the villagers who had gone with them, set out to return home to Nazareth. They probably went on foot, unless there were some who were too old or too feeble, and they would ride on asses.

It is now almost night, and the red sun begins to go behind the hills, and to touch the mountain-tops with his light, and the western clouds look bright, as if covered with dust shaken from angels' wings. The company have all stopped under a cluster of tall palm-trees, where there is a spring of water, and they are getting ready for their evening meal. Hark! what cry is that? "*A child lost!*" "*A child lost!*" And there comes the mother, passing from neighbour to neighbour, and from group to group, inquiring most earnestly for her lost child. She supposed he must be among some of her relatives; but no! they have not seen him! How pale she looks! They try to comfort her. They want her to eat. Eat! she has no desire for food. Her child is lost! Has he been carried off by wandering robbers? Has he fallen by the way, and been left sick and alone by the road-side? Has he gone in an unknown path through mistake? Poor mother! none can tell thy sorrows! None can know the thoughts of thy heart!

She must turn back! She is already weary

with the long day's walk, but as the moon rises over the hills, her shadow is seen as she hurries back, and every now and then stops and calls for her child. The hills echo back the sweet name of "Jesus!" "Jesus!" but that is all! Sometimes she thinks she sees his form resting under a tree—but it is only a dark shadow. Sometimes she listens and thinks she hears his voice—but it is the distant call of the shepherd. All night long the mother keeps on her way, distressed for her lost child.

Children, you sometimes, it may be, feel unkind towards your mother. It may be that you are disrespectful in your language to her. Oh, let me say to you that you have no friend, and you never *can* have, in this world, a friend like her! Should you die while a child, you will never be forgotten by your mother. She will remember how you looked; she will recall the tones of your voice; and long after others have done mentioning your name, *she* will think of it, and in the silence and darkness of night she will think of her child, and weep that he is dead. Or should you live to grow up, there never will be a day, if there is an hour, when she will not remember you, and wish she could do something for you. If you are in sickness or in trouble, she will ever be ready to come to you and try to do all she can for you. Others may forget you, other hearts may grow cold towards you, others may blame you, but *she*—your mother—will always take your part and try to defend you. Even should she live to be old, and blind or feeble, she will have her heart warm towards her child. She will forget all that you have said that wounded her feelings, all that you have done that was wrong; and till the grave closes over her, she will have a mother's heart towards you.

The child was lost! And Mary, his mother, weary and ready to sink to the ground, kept on towards Jerusalem. What was it to her that the soft moonlight lay on the hills, and shadows and light mingled in the valleys? What was it to her that the vine gave out its fragrant smell, and the blossoms of the fig-tree and the orange-tree filled all the air with their sweetness? The song of the nightingale would have sounded like the wail of her lost child!

When the morning light was again spread over the hills, she had retraced her weary steps so far that she could again see the towers and pinnacles of the great temple in Jerusalem. The morning sun seemed to throw a silver veil over them all. But how different things look when we are sad from what they do when we are happy! How different does silver look on the coffin-plate from what it does in the shape of a cup! When she saw those towers a few days since, her heart leaped for joy; for she was then going up to worship with her child. Now he was lost!

How could it be! She had never known

him get into bad company; she had never known him do wrong, play truant, or do anything to pain his mother's heart. That made it the more strange. If he had been undutiful, or wicked, she might have thought he had run away. But he had always loved his poor home at Nazareth, and had never been undutiful. How strange that *he* should be lost!

When the gates of the city are opened, the mother rushes into the streets. She goes to the house where they had stopped during the Passover. He has not been seen there. She goes to the few acquaintances that she had in the city, but they have not seen him. She goes to the market, and then to the pools, and inquires for her lost son; but nobody can tell her anything about him. The watchmen meet her in the streets at night, and are moved at her sorrows; the sick man in his chamber hears her sad calls, and lifts up his head and inquires who it is. Through every street in the city, for three days, does the poor mother wander, seeking her lost child! Has he been stolen and carried off to some distant land and sold, like Joseph of old? Has he been murdered in the streets, and secretly buried out of sight? Is he in some dark corner, lying upon the bed of pain, vainly asking for his mother?

Ah, Mary! thou hast lost thy child, and thou art teaching these children several lessons; such as,—

1. *That our troubles come upon us in ways not expected.*

When in the bright morning Joseph and Mary set out to return to their home, they expected that the day would be hot, and the way would be long, and the fatigue would be great, but they did not expect that at night their child would be lost, and all wrapped in mystery and sorrow. We are like the little ants that set out to run in their little paths, but if an acorn drops in the path, or a stick drops across it, they are amazed, and stop, and turn back, or work their way around it. I have known many a child setting the heart upon a ride or a walk into the fields, when suddenly a storm, a shower, or the coming of visitors, spoiled all. I have sometimes seen a family of children so happy in their sweet home, with their swing, their waggons, their doves and chickens, their dolls and doll-houses; that it seemed as if they must always be thus happy with their parents and with one another. But in a few weeks I have passed that beautiful house, and it was all shut up—the doors and the windows were all closed. The parents were in the grave, and the poor children scattered from one another, never to live together again! Ah! the briars that tear our skin, and the nails that we tread on and that wound our feet, are not in the places where we looked for them. It *seems* as if, did we only know when and how our troubles would come, we could get ready to meet them. So we could. But our heavenly Father does

not intend to let us know this. It is a part of our trouble to have it come when and how we did not expect it. He does this to make us feel that we cannot guard ourselves—cannot take care of ourselves. The little child takes hold of his father's hand to pass through a wood. He does not know when and where he will meet with logs and stones to be climbed over, ditches and holes into which he may fall, and serpents which may bite him; but his father's hand holds him and guides him, and will not let him receive hurt.

Mary is sorrowing and seeking her lost child, and she is thus teaching,—

2. *That children need some one greater than parents to take care of them.*

Perhaps no mother ever loved her child more than Mary loved the child Jesus. She had great expectations concerning him. The angel Gabriel gave him his name before he was born. So did Isaiah call him "Immanuel"—God with us. From the visit of the shepherds and the wise men, and the prophecy of old Simeon, and the thanksgiving of the aged Anna, she hoped great things. But now her child of so many hopes was lost! He might be sick—he might be starving—he might be dying—he might never be found again! Who could take care of him?

And who can take care of little children? Their parents cannot keep them in health; cannot cure them when sick; cannot keep them when death calls for them! Who can? They need some one who can keep them and guide them at home and abroad, on the land and on the water. And God is that greater Friend—greater than father or mother, and greater than the greatest man that ever lived. The child may be lost, but God knows where he is. The child may be sick, but He can heal him. The child may die, and be taken away from the arms of his mother, and go into that world where she cannot follow him, but He will take care of him. How I love to feel that every child is under the care of One who can do all things, and who will never forget what is committed to His hands! Sometimes I have been called to see a mother lie on her death-bed, and leave her dear little children behind her; and I have noticed that she commits them to our heavenly Father, who is faithful to His promises. She must die, but she feels sure that God will live, and that He will take care of her little ones. And sometimes I have seen the mother hang over the little bed on which her dear child lay dying, or bending over the coffin in which its beautiful little body lay, and I have seen that, amid all her tears, she could feel that her babe was safe. Oh, there is One who is so great that nothing can be lost from His sight, nothing so far off that He cannot reach it, nothing so lowly that He cannot raise it up. The little coffins in which we place the precious dust of little children will soon decay and be no more; but the eye of God will keep

it all safe. They may be out of our sight, but He will always see them.

O Mary! blessed above women! thy feet are weary in walking the streets of Jerusalem seeking for the lost child, and thy tears fall fast and thick, and thy head throbs with pain, and thy heart aches with sorrow! But cheer up, weeping one! thy child is safe! God will take care of him.

THE WEIGHING MACHINE.

WE have lost our weight. Being put in the balance, we are found many grains too light. Hence saith David, "Every man at his best estate is altogether vanity." Every power of his soul comes far short of due righteousness. The mind is blind (Eph. v. 8), vain (Eph. iv. 17, 18), foolish (Titus iii. 3), fleshly (Col. ii. 18). The memory is weak and feeble, apt to forget good (1 Cor. ii. 14), strong to evil, yea, altogether averse and rebellious (Jer. xviii. 12, and xlv. 16, 17). The conscience defiled (Titus i. 15), benumbed (Eph. iv. 19), turmoiled (John viii. 9; 1 John iii. 10), doubting (Rom. xiv. 23), erroneous (Mark x. 19, 20; John xvi. 2), superstitious (Matt. xv. 2, 3). Our affections are all unruly and disordered (Gal. v. 24; James iv. 1, 2, 3). Our joy, our fear, our hope, our love, &c., are impurely and unholy moved in us, being carried after evil and unlawful objects, or not contained within due limits, for the manner and measure of them. And thus, likewise, the members of man's body, they are now become instruments of sin, either to stir up sin in the soul (Gen. iii. 6, and vi. 2; Matt. v. 28, 29), or else to execute it, being conceived (Rom. vi. 13, 19, and Rom. iii. 13), where we see the apostle proves it by an induction of particulars: "Their throat is an open sepulchre; with their tongues they have used deceit; the poison of asps is under their lips; their mouth is full of cursing and bitterness; their feet are swift to shed blood; destruction and misery are in all their ways; there is no fear of God before their eyes," &c. And thus he who by creation was but a little lower than the angels, is now degraded and become lower than the lowest creature, and, being put in the balance with them, will be found lighter than they. He is become like the beasts that perish (Ps. xlix. 20), yea, inferior unto them: they are his schoolmaster, and preferred before him (Isa. i. 3; Jer. vii. 7). Neither is he degraded only beneath profitable, but also the unprofitable creatures, and is put in the balance with vipers (Matt. iii. 7), serpents and adders (Ps. lviii. 4, 5), roaring lions and evening wolves (Zeph. iii. 3), and with bears robbed of their whelps (Prov. xvii. 12). And not holding out weight with these, he is compared to things of an inferior nature: as trees (Matt. iii. 10, and vii. 18), to thorns (Luke vi.

44), to leaves (Isa. lxiv. 6), to reeds (Matt. xi. 7; Isa. xxxvi. 6), to thistles (2 Kings xiv. 9), to grass (Isa. xl. 6, 7). Still he is found too light, and therefore compared with things yet more base: as chaff (Ps. i. 5), dross (Isa. i. 22; Prov. xxvi. 23), lead and tin (Ezek. xxii. 18). And yet wanting, the Holy Ghost descends to things more vile, comparing him to a potter's vessel (Isa. lxiv. 8), yea, to such a vessel as is for a dishonourable use (Rom. ix. 21), and unto (not so good) sherds and broken vessels, good for nothing (Ps. ii. 8), to earth (Jer. xxii. 29; Heb. vi. 7), to dung, the rottenest and vilest earth (Job xx. 7), to dust and ashes (Gen. xviii. 27). With these man is not found able to lie in balance, wherefore he is brought into comparison with smoke (Ps. cii. 4, and xxxvii. 20), and clouds without water, carried about of the winds (Jude 12); with water (Rev. xvii. 1, 15), and with one drop of a bucket (Isa. xl. 16); with foam upon the waters (Hosea x. 7); with a very vapour which appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away (James iv. 14). Still these are with the heaviest: put him into the balance with things more light, as with a dream in the night (Job xx. 8), with a tale that is told (Ps. xc. 7), with a shadow that passeth away, and continueth not (Ps. cxliv. 4; Job xiv. 2), and yet he cannot bear it. What weights shall we next put into the scales? There is nothing left. Let us then weigh him with nothing, and we shall find that all nations upon earth are less than nothing, vanity (Isa. xl. 17); yea, they are lighter than vanity, as David testifieth (Ps. lxxii. 9), "Surely men of low degree are vanity, and men of high degree are a lie; to be laid in the balance, they are altogether lighter than vanity." Would you, then, have man's just weight? David gives it to you. If you put men of all degrees, high and low, in one balance, and vanity in the other, they will mount up (as the word imports), that is, be lighter than vanity itself; but if you put a lie in the one scale, and them in the other, then you have their just weight to a hair; for all men are liars, yea, a lie itself. And thus our weight is gone.

LIZZIE.

In a neat white house in the lower part of the rural city of H—, some years ago, lived one of the best men and most devoted pastors we have ever known. He was as affectionate and simple-hearted as the vicar of Wakefield, as devout as Fenelon, as active as Oberlin or William Jay. His house, his purse, and his heart were open to all, and consequently he died poor; with the single exception that he had purchased his house with borrowed capital, and succeeded in paying a portion of the debt. His death, which occurred in his forty-first year, was sudden and unexpected, but

serene and even triumphant. His last words were, "I mount!"

It was a terrible blow to his amiable wife and interesting group of children, most of them quite young. What would become of them? How would they live? But the dying father had commended them, in calm assurance, to the God of the covenant; and they were tenderly cared for. The church generously furnished a sufficient amount of money to pay off the mortgage on the house; and the family were kept together in their old home, according to their father's dying wish. The gentle, true-hearted mother was energetic and painstaking; the boys were affectionate and industrious; and the little girls patient and helpful. The oldest boy was a member of the church, and happily a consistent one, and having found, not long before his father's death, an excellent place, could aid a little in the support of the family. Everything worked well. Home was sanctified by the Word of God and prayer; peace and comfort reigned in the dwelling.

Lizzie, the eldest daughter, grew to be a tall, beautiful girl, sweet-tempered and vivacious. Her eyes, softly, deeply blue, had a peculiar fascination. With the delicate mouth, they were expressive of great sensibility and refinement of soul. Lizzie, therefore, at home, at school, and indeed everywhere, was a great favourite. She was in danger of being completely spoiled by flattery. But Lizzie, conscious of it, like other girls, and with a taint of imperfection common to us all, bore her honours meekly, and never lost her childlike simplicity of character.

But Lizzie was not religious. Outward things engrossed her. Girlish ambitions allured her. Hence she discovered in her heart strange depths of unbelief and waywardness. Too well educated to despise religion; nay, attracted by its beauty and power as exemplified in her parents, and especially in her sainted father, she desired to be a Christian, but failed to realise it in its true significance and glory, as a life in God. Indeed, we are compelled to confess that Lizzie was thoughtless and frivolous, and found by bitter experience that her soul, in relation to spiritual things, was empty and dead. She must be born again; and, by the grace of God, she was born again. The great change came to her, not as the mighty rushing wind, but as the still small voice. She was convinced of sin. As a child wandering in the wilderness, she longed for home; but did not know where to find it. She was sadly bewildered; but her good mother and her pastor pointed out the way. She pressed into it, and found it delightful. It led her right towards heaven.

In a word, Lizzie believed in Jesus, and accepted Him as the Way, the Truth, and the Life. She yielded sweetly to His commands, took up her cross, and followed Him.

Lizzie never went back or turned aside.

The way, though rough occasionally, was very pleasant. Light from afar beamed upon it. Angels were often there. Jesus walked by her side. It grew brighter and brighter to the perfect day. Heaven's portals were seen wide open at the end.

Lizzie did not seem an angel to most people. All, indeed, loved her; but they generally saw only the commonplace in her appearance and life. Lizzie, too, did not always burn with seraphic fire. She had no wings. Yet Lizzie was an angel, and is glorified now.

It was a pleasant, yet somehow mournful day when Lizzie left us, with her proud young husband, for a distant city. A year or more elapsed, and we heard that she was a mother. Oh, how happy Lizzie was with her angel baby, as she called her. In a few weeks, however, in consequence of exposure, Lizzie was taken deathly sick. She nursed her child as long as she could, and then turned away from it—to die.

For a few days her friends hoped against hope. She, too, wanted to live, for the sake of those she loved. But inwardly she was thinking of the possible change—the mysterious and awful transition through which she might be called to pass. Every now and then the baby was brought to her, and she would gaze, with yearning tenderness, into its little face. At last the conviction fastened upon her that she must leave it. The struggle for a few minutes was fearful; but it passed, and she sighed, "The will of the Lord be done!"

A friend had sent her some flowers. She was pleased with the gift, and remarked their freshness and beauty; but added, with a smile, "I shall soon be in a land where the flowers never fade."

She died on the Sabbath. The day was pleasant and peaceful, one of George Herbert's days—

"So calm, so bright,
The bridal of the earth and sky."

Lizzie lay quietly, exhausted in body, but calm as the summer stillness of the time. Her physician called to see her, and remarked, with a slight tone of surprise and pleasure, "Why, you are very quiet and comfortable!" "Why should I not be quiet and comfortable?" was her pleasant reply.

The physician was a Christian. Lizzie requested him to sing her favourite hymn—

"Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly."

Not being able to do this, he took the hymn-book and read the hymn, and another favourite of hers—

"On Jordan's stormy banks I stand,
And cast a wishful eye
To Canaan's fair and happy land,
Where my possessions lie."

He read also the hymn which her father so much loved, and which was sung at his funeral, years before—

"There is an hour of peaceful rest
To weary wanderers given;
There is a joy for souls distressed,
A balm for every wounded breast;
'Tis found alone in heaven."

"There fragrant flowers immortal bloom,
And joys supreme are given;
There rays divine disperse the gloom;
Beyond the dark and narrow tomb,
Appears the dawn of heaven."

Summoning her energies, Lizzie bade her friends a tender farewell. All were sobbing; she alone was calm. Her words were those of comfort and cheer. To her brother Isaac, to whom she was strongly attached, and for whose welfare she had offered many prayers, she addressed these simple but touching words, "Ikey, be a good boy, and oh, be sure and meet me in heaven!" (He will meet her there, for he, too, has become a happy Christian.)

The sun was sinking, and throwing slant rays into the chamber; the church-bells, too, began to ring for evening service. Lizzie noticed it, and appeared to be listening, when one said to her, "Is that a pleasant sound?" "Oh yes," she replied, "it reminds me of heaven."

At last she lost the power of speech. Her hands wandered, as if seeking something. Her husband put his hand near her's. She clasped it, and held it firm till she passed away. He requested her to indicate by pressure whether she continued peaceful and happy. She replied to him once or twice by a gentle movement. At last she ceased to breathe, so softly that they could scarcely tell that she was gone. The lamb, carried in the arms of the good Shepherd, was safely landed in the fold of God.

Lizzie's babe, a few weeks after, was laid by her side. Mother and child met in heaven.

RECREATION.

First, Every recreation which makes me stronger in body, happier in mind, and purer in heart, is beneficial.

Second, Every amusement which is not an excitement, but the means of healthful recreation and improvement, is allowable for a Christian. I stand upon my Christian right in reference to them all; a healthy conscience enlightened of God, is to be the best judge.

Third, No Christian should ever take part in any entertainments from which he cannot conscientiously turn to his Bible and his closet.

Fourth, No Christian should frequent any place which Jesus Christ would forbid if He were personally on earth; nor should he be seen in places so questionable that irreligious persons would be startled in finding him there. "Abstain," my friends, "from all appearance of evil."

Finally, Let me remind you of the best rule

of all—God's rule. Here it is: "Whether ye eat or drink, or whatever ye do," in work or pleasure, "do all to the glory of God." Then, when all your activities are in full play for God, and your whole brain at work in blessed schemes for studying and honouring Him, your whole hands occupied in leading men in paths of purity and truth, your whole self happy in your work, your principles, your recreations—*that is life, OH, THAT IS LIFE!* You and I have sometimes heard a military band approaching from the distance. We first catch the notes of the horn, then the rich swell of the bugle, then, as the band comes nearer, the finer, gentler, and more delicate instruments mingle in with their harmony, until at length they come upon us, with full burst, in the splendid airs of Meyerbeer or Bellini! The ear feeds on the exquisite accordances as the bee feeds on the honey of Hymettus. So a man who says, "Whatever I do, I will do for the glory of God," finds in one act a beautiful melody; in the next act a sweet harmony; in the next a delicious joy; and so he goes on in full play and full work, nobly blending power with power, affection with affection, and all with God; and making life a joyous procession to the sound of horn, timbrel, and trumpet, he sweeps in at last through the heavenly gates to the raptures of paradise. O blessed Saviour! let Thy service be my unending recreation—Thy presence my everlasting delight!

LOVE.

Lord, I can feel there's such a thing as Love
Warm in my breast, and feel it move;
I find I love my child, and so doth he:
And shall I not, my God! love Thee?

There's not one spark kindled upon mine hearth
But at first glance it quits the earth,
As if it knew the element of fire
Were some diviner thing and higher.

Is love the only fire that doth descend?
Or is my God, my God, no friend?
Sure all my doubts and fears cannot disprove
The condescension of Thy love.

The elements, we find, invert their course,
Fearing a vacuum would be worse;
And did not Love stoop low, when God did die
To fill up man's vacuity?
Reader! stop here,
And drop a tear!

When Love, that every evening makes my bed,
Had not whereon to lay His head:
Except you'll call that bloody cross and bitter,
A love-sick Saviour's bed and litter.

When Love itself being as rich as store,
To make me rich did become poor;
Unless those tears and bloody drops that fall,
You'll pearls account, and rubies call.

And can the flaming element of Love,
To store my wants drop from above?
Why can't mine earth as well to heaven grow,
As heaven's love-fire come down so low?

Why may I not, Elijah-like, aspire
To ride to heaven in that fire,
That fire of Love, that came from thence down hither,
On purpose sure to help me thither?

When Love to hatred did Himself expose,
And prick's own foot to ease His foes;
Printing full proof in His chapp'd parched skin
What flames of Love there were within.

When Love unthought, unsought for, did come:
Exchanging for a cross His crown,
Love undesired, Love undeserved, did take
Man's game to play, to save man's stake.

Whilst flames of wrath so sorely did contest
With this love-fire in Saviour's breast,
Height'ning the heat so far, till's blood boil'd o'
Issuing out at every pore,
Lord, can the eye
That reads be dry?

Ah! if it can; let not the writer's be:
No tears of Love, my God! for thee?
Lord, could Love make thee take my sins as Thine
Sure then Thy sorrows shall be mine.

The stripes that rent Thy back shall smite and I
My breast, till they have cleft my rock.
The iron that in Thine hands left such a print,
Shall strike some fire out of my flint.

Shall I not love that Friend that loved me so,
So loved me when I was His foe?
Lord, let not want of Love increase my score,
My debts were great enough before?

Had I a wit, and had I grace, I'd bring
My Saviour an enamell'd ring,
A ring whose posie should be this alone,
"Stars, get ye gone, the sun hath shone."

Stars? I mean glow-worms; earthen beauties,
I' the dark do sparkle in a ditch,
And fools mistake for stars; till touch informs,
And proves them to be silly worms.

But, Lord, my muse unworthy is to bear
The shoes that Thy fair feet do wear:
Fairer for being so swift, swift to shed blood;
Their own I mean, to do me good.

How fair's Thy face then? may I, Lord, one do
Have leave to see, though none can say,
How fair it is. My dear, the sun's a clod
To Thy bright face, fair Son of God!

Wherein still fresh, and fresh together grows,
With valley's lily, Sharon's rose—
A rose that ne'er bare prickles of its own;
Yet sinners' thorns did Saviour crown.

And shall I love my champion less for scars
He gat in waging of my wars?
Thy bruises are but beauty spots, my dear,
That make Thy Love more fair appear.

Who loves for fleshly gloss and silken skin,
May find a serpent oft within;
But Thy deep wounds, Lord, prove Thee that Thine
All lovely, to Thy very heart,
Beauty thus deep,
Will hold and keep.

Or do I love for consanguinity?
For nearness and relation? why
For me Christ took and shed that blood of His,
And do I ask how near He is?

My Lord is much more mine, than I mine own
My Lord was mine, when I was none:
My Lord, when I was lost and gone astray,
Was both my Shepherd and my way.

Surely my Lord and I are near akin,
E'er since my Saviour was made sin
For me, and I made righteousness in Him.
He is my head, and I a limb:

He is the vine, and I the branch; the root,
Whereof I am a slip or shoot;
Of my salvation He the captain is,
And I am a reprove of His.

He is my father, I His seed; nay He,
In travail of His soul, bare me:
My brother too, born for adversity;
The Joseph of the family.

He is my Maker, yet mine Husband too;
This potter me, His clay, did woo:
And rather than He'd miss the match, did make
Him a clay body for my sake.

Even all men love their own, and shall I not?
Help, Lord, and I will knit the knot;
In full acceptance of Thy free donation,
Clasp hearts and hands in sweet relation.
Lord, thou art mine,
Make me more Thine!

Oh that I were a graduate in that college
Where Love is known that passeth knowledge;
Where smiling saints do comprehend and dwell
In Love incomprehensible!

But whilst I'm low as earth, short as a span,
Fleet as a shade, narrow as man,
The height, length, depth, and breadth, of Love to
I have nor skill, my God, nor leisure. [measure,

Love that's as high as heaven, for thence it came,
And thither with it bound I am.
Love that's as long as length; eternity
Must stay how long, for so can't I.

Love that's as deep as hell, for thence it took
Me; and the day's down in my book.
Love that's as broad as sin that spreads all over;
Yet, Lord, Thy Love my sin doth cover.

If Love yet let me live a growing debtor,
I'll study hard but I'll live better:
Live, I mean Love! that's the commandments' end,
And that's the life that I intend.

Lord, what's a silver tongue if't cannot talk,
A golden leg if't cannot walk?
Faith that can mountains move when 'tis desired,
Or martyrdom, if Love ben't fired?

What if I give my goods, and all my store,
But not in Love to feed Thy poor?
But if in Love a cup of water cold,
Though the drink's mean, the cup is gold.

Love tunes my prayers, makes praises musical;
Which else at best but howl or bawl.
Love makes two mites to God as acceptable
As if to bring two worlds 'twere able.

True Love's true beauty, beauty's else but paint,
No more am I if Love I want.
Lord, help me put on Love to keep me warm:
To dwell in Love secure from harm.

To walk in Love, till Love's th' stream do lead
To Love that is the fountain-head,
Or th' ocean, which if I can't comprehend,
I'll plunge into; that in the end
Lost I may be,
If lost in Thee.

Yet when I think what pent and narrow room,
I th' Virgin's womb,
The God of Love lodged in, methinks mine heart
May hold its part.
Into mine heart oh shed Thy Love abroad,
My God! my God!
Both being Spirit, what can better suit,
Than the Spirit's fruit?
Drink thirsty vessel, till thou fill or break!
But never leak.
The broken heart, and truly contrite breast,
Holds Love the best,
And the best Love, a Love more worth than wine;
Lord, I mean Thine:
Then as the purpose of Thy grace and Love
None can remove,
Let me so love Thee as to part and sever,
Lord, never, never.
Ungirt, unblest, we say; my God, Love is
The bond of bliss
And perfectness; a grace, whose bond-men be
The only free.
Works without Faith can never, Lord, please thee
Nor profit me.
Faith without Love can't operate or move,
But works by Love.
Love is a grace that stands her ground in glory,
That upper story.

Love, when tongues, prophecies, and knowledge fail,
Ent'ring the veil,
Possesseth as supreme and highest grace
The holiest place.
When Faith and Hope do thither wait upon her,
As maids of honour,
Sole Love is left as queen of all the graces
In God's embraces.
Meanwhile, Lord, to be sick of Love to Thee,
Is health to me.
They that have not this sickness, have a worse,
Thy plague and curse.

If any man love not the Lord Jesus Christ, let him be
Anathema Maran-atha.—1 Cor. xvi. 22.

Faithful Tale's Sacred Poems.

THE KEY-STONE OF THE ARCH OF CHRISTIANITY.

BY THE LATE REV. JOHN BROWN, D.D.

THE great principles of evangelical truth are not, as many seem to suppose, unconnected facts or principles; they form part of one great, closely linked together system; and if a man is determined to be consistent, he will find that he must either hold them all, or let them all go.

The following history is, I am afraid, not an uncommon one. A young man has been instructed in the letter of the doctrines of the Christian faith. Man can instruct man in nothing more. He thinks he believes them all. He is quite sure he has never doubted as to any of them. But he has not—he never has had—true seriousness. His faith lies on the surface, or, if it have at all penetrated into the mind, there does not lie at the root that deep sense of the reality and power of "things unseen and eternal"—that realisation in the mind of the existence, and character, and government of God, and of his own relation to God as a creature and a sinner, without which men may speculate, but can never believe in religion, and without which, indeed, speculation about religion, however ingenious, or even accurate, is likely to do more harm than good. He meets, in some of the sceptical publications of the day—wearing, it may be, the form of an attempt to purify the prevailing notions of Christian doctrine or evidence—or in the intercourse of society, with certain suggestions which lead him to suspect that the doctrine of redemption through the vicarious sufferings and death of the Son of God, which he has been accustomed to hold as the very key-stone of the arch of Christianity—though he never felt his own need of it as a guilt-stricken, conscience-condemned sinner—is not reconcilable with the fundamental principles of reason and justice; and, trusting to his own understanding, he renounces a doctrine which he perhaps had long zealously maintained, but had never rightly understood nor really believed. He has made one change, and, likely, has no wish to proceed any further. He is not aware of the many alterations of sentiment to which, if he is a reflecting man, this one change must

lead, should he wish to preserve anything like conscious consistency in his religious opinions. It will probably not be long before he discover that, as he has renounced the atonement, he cannot hold the divinity of the Saviour. With his new creed, he will find it difficult to assign a reason why a Divine person should become incarnate to do all that which his new system gives Jesus Christ to do. Something far inferior to Deity might have answered the purpose. The divinity of Christ is certainly not less mysterious than His atonement, and it is not wonderful that any man's reason should recoil at the incongruity that an incarnation of Divinity should suffer and die, merely to attest the truth of doctrines, however important, or exhibit an example of virtue, however perfect. The Saviour is now degraded, in his mind, to the rank of creatures, though He still occupies the highest place in that rank. He thinks of Him as the incarnation of some super-angelic and perfectly holy nature. But a little reflection must convince him that even still his system wants coherence and consistency. For how, upon any principle his system allows him to assign, does it consist with the leading attributes of the Divine character—how is it reconcilable with the benevolence, or even the equity of God, to inflict, or allow to be inflicted, on a creature so dignified and excellent, such sufferings and such a death as Jesus Christ did undergo? To get rid of this difficulty, in opposition to the plainest declarations of Scripture, the Saviour is brought down to the level of humanity, and Jesus Christ is now with him a mere man—with this distinction, that He was free from and incapable of moral guilt or depravity. But there is no secure standing even here. The last movement has not materially lessened his difficulties. A perfect, impeccable man suffering and dying, seems as incongruous with the Divine justice and benignity, as the sufferings and death of the highest created being clothed in human nature; and, revolting as the thought would once have been to him, he begins to question whether the freedom from sin, ascribed to Jesus Christ in Scripture, can reasonably be supposed to extend further than exemption from mistake or fault in His public conduct as a divinely commissioned teacher, and ends with holding that, like other men, He was liable to sin, and with thinking His personal guilt, to a certain degree, a possible and probable thing, as being that which alone, on the principles adopted, can reconcile His sufferings and death with the perfections of the Divine character and the principles of the Divine government. Dismal as is this depth of error—more deplorable, indeed, in some points of view, than an entire renunciation of the Christian faith—I do not wonder so much that some who began with doubting or denying the doctrine of atonement have reached

it, as that any considerate person who gives up with that doctrine, can stop short of this or of open infidelity. Indeed, the denial that the Scriptures are a Divine revelation is the more reasonable course; for there are doctrines contained in them, stated in terms as explicit as language can furnish, which nothing but the admission of the doctrine of the atonement can prevent from appearing utterly contradictory. How, but on this principle, can we reconcile the equally clear statements respecting the justice and benignity of God, the moral perfection of Jesus Christ, and the Divine agency in His sufferings and death, and the bestowment of the highest blessings on persons deservedly doomed to punishment?

SCRIPTURE MISCELLANIES.

THE CALL OF THE APOSTLES.

THE Saviour, after that John was put in prison, came into Galilee, "preaching the gospel of the kingdom of God, and saying, The time is fulfilled, and the kingdom of God is at hand; repent ye, and believe the gospel." Walking by the Sea of Galilee, he saw "Simon Peter and Andrew his brother casting a net into the sea, for they were fishers. And Jesus said unto them, Follow me, and I will make you to become fishers of men. And straightway they forsook their nets, and followed him."

There had been a previous interview between Him and these two men, in consequence of the words spoken by John the Baptist to Andrew and another. Simon had been brought by Andrew his brother to Christ, and Christ had surnamed him Peter. They had not, however, followed Him constantly as disciples till they were called from their boat, on the same day that the two sons of Zebedee, James and John, received a similar call from their boat, and followed Christ. These were with their father in the ship, "mending their nets; and they left their father in the ship with the hired servants, and went after him." Their mother was Salome.

Passing by the place where the customs were received, Christ saw Matthew sitting at his business, and he said, "Follow me;" and he arose, left all, and followed Him. Matthew is also called Levi, who made a feast for Christ, and many publicans sat down with Him. The day following the interview with Andrew and Peter, Jesus "would go forth into Galilee, and findeth Philip, and saith unto him, Follow me."

These five disciples are all of the twelve of whose call we have any account. The other seven are these:—

BARTHOLOMEW, of whom we know nothing. Some, indeed, suppose that he was the same as Nathanael of Cana, because he is mentioned

by John, in the last chapter of his Gospel, as present with the disciples when Christ appeared to them, and ate with them, on the sea-shore. But this is a mere supposition.

SIMON the Canaanite, or Zelotes,—not that he was from Cana, but the word “Canaanite” is a Syro-Chaldaic word, whose Greek translation is Zelotes, or a man of zeal. The sect of “Zelots,” so called, were men distinguished for their zeal in sustaining Jewish institutions, and procuring the punishment of offences against the ceremonial law and the traditions of the elders; though the sect did not prevail to any great extent till just before the destruction of Jerusalem. Of this Simon, also, we know nothing; it being probable that in all the cases in which Simon is named, Peter is intended, as being the elder of the two. It is doubtful whether he is the Simon, as some think he is, who was named by the Jews, on one occasion, with James, and Josus, and Jude, as the brother of our Lord, or (as we know that the name in this connexion means), his kinsman. The next two were brothers.

JAMES, the son of Alphaeus (or Cleophas), was the cousin of Jesus, being the son of the “other Mary.” He is called James the Less, or the younger, to distinguish him from the brother of John. James the Less was the writer of one of the Epistles.

LEBBEUS, or Thaddeus, is Jude, who also wrote one of the Epistles. It was he who asked the question, “Lord, how is it that thou wilt manifest thyself unto us, and not unto the world?”

THOMAS, translated Didymus, or a twin, is known to us chiefly by his doubts respecting the resurrection of Christ, and his subsequent exclamation, “My Lord and my God.”

JUDAS ISCARIOT is so called from his belonging to a place called Kerioth, in the tribe of Judah—Ish Carioth (or Is Cariot) meaning a man of Carioth.

When and how these seven were called to be disciples, we do not learn. Their appointment with the other five, as the twelve apostles, is distinctly mentioned. A disciple is a learner; an apostle is a messenger; and the time came for Christ to select from His disciples, or attendant learners, some whom He should commission as apostles.

Their appointment is thus mentioned by the evangelist Luke: “And it came to pass in those days, that he went out into a mountain to pray, and continued all night in prayer to God. And when it was day, he called unto him his disciples: and of them he chose twelve, whom he also named apostles.”

The selection and appointment of the twelve apostles was preceded by a whole night of prayer. Even the perfect man, Christ Jesus, would not approach so momentous a work as the selection of those who were to be the inspired apostles without prayer, and that of no ordinary kind. On the morrow He had purposed to make choice of the men to whom

all succeeding generations would look as the first authorized expounders of the Christian religion. Never was the selection of cabinet ministers and privy councillors, ambassadors or commissioners, so important as that selection of the apostles, the prime ministers of a kingdom which was to be an everlasting kingdom—ambassadors on the high concerns of eternity between God and man. The great importance of this selection, perhaps, kept the Saviour awake all night, and, in communion with God, He sought and obtained direction. Here is an instance in which His human nature is seen to retain all its dependence, its need of prayer and of Divine guidance; the presence in His person of the Divine Word never confounding the distinction between the human and the divine, but leaving Him still “the man Christ Jesus.” And let us note, that if such as He needed to pray, and if He spent so much time in prayer to qualify Himself for important transactions in His earthly life, we cannot safely perform our duties, and, especially, we cannot discharge important trusts committed to us, unless we pray in a manner that shews us to be in earnest, with much deliberation and reflection, and repeated and protracted waiting upon God. There is nothing more profitable for one who has a solemn and important duty to perform, or question to settle, or difficulty to manage, than to retire for a longer time than an ordinary season of devotion, and spend it with God. All who have been eminently blessed as useful men refer to such seasons as having had an important connexion with their success. If churches seeking pastors were to meet frequently for special prayer, and, while using proper means to obtain information respecting candidates, would place their chief dependence on Him who, at His ascension, received such “gifts for men,” they would imitate Him in His selection of His first ministers.

Having appointed these twelve disciples, the first thing which He did, as we learn from Luke, was to deliver in their hearing, addressing Himself specially to them, the Sermon on the Mount. In this He unfolded to them some of the first principles of His religion, as they were able to bear them, deferring the more important mysteries, the deep things of God, till after His ascension, when they should have been with Him longer, and thus be fully prepared for truths which, with their ignorance and Jewish notions, they would not have been able to receive. Having kept them for about three years with Him, taking advantage of every event to instruct them and to correct them, sometimes reproving and even chiding them, but always treating them with affection, the time came for Him to leave them; and we may easily imagine the sorrow with which the announcement of that purpose filled their hearts. He finally stood with them on Mount

Olivet, and gave them their great commission to go into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature; and it came to pass, while He blessed them, that he was parted from them, and carried up into heaven, and a cloud received Him out of their sight.

At an early meeting after the ascension of their Lord, they proceeded to fill the vacancy made by the apostasy and death of Judas, and chose Matthias by lot; but no mention is afterward made of him; and this has led some strangely to question whether they did not transcend their duty and the necessities of the case, and whether it was not intended that the place of Judas should continue vacant, or be filled by the Apostle Paul. But all this implies a doubt of their inspiration. The New Testament is also silent with regard to the life and labours of Bartholomew and Simon Zelotes. That the place of Judas was to be filled, we learn from the psalm quoted by Peter at the election of a new apostle; quoted, surely, not as a verse of poetry, having a mere accidental resemblance to the case, but as an inspired prophecy, saying of Judas, "Let his habitation be desolate, and his bishopric let another take." Paul was appointed independently of any connexion with the original apostles, for special reasons, as a new, independent witness for Christ, which he takes pains to insist upon, where he says, that when it pleased God, who had separated him from his birth, "to reveal His Son in me, immediately I conferred not with flesh and blood, neither went I up to Jerusalem to them that were apostles before me." We cannot reasonably question that Matthias was divinely designated to complete the number of the twelve, after that Judas had gone to his own place. Fame or notoriety is not essential to usefulness or acceptableness with God. The labours and faith of those apostles who have no reward in the applause of men, were not disregarded or forgotten by Him unto whom "belongeth mercy; for He rendereth to every man according to his work."

THE DUTY OF LIFE INSURANCE.

NOTWITHSTANDING the obvious benefits of the practice of providing for a family or dependent friends by means of life insurance, there is in many minds a prejudice against it, as if it were a sort of gambling operation. By such persons it seems not to be considered that there is no business that is based on a more certain operation of general laws, and in which mingles less of chance, than this. The proportionate range of mortality has been ascertained with such precision, that however uncertain the life of a single individual may be, the proportion of deaths in a given number of persons for a given time may be ascertained with all the certainty of a general law.

And while the great uncertainty of the individual's life furnishes the motive for him to get insurance, the certainty as to the course of general mortality furnishes a basis on which the assurance may be pledged with safety to the company, and with equity to all concerned. So that the elements of a gambling operation do not enter into this business. It is not a game of chance, for the insurance is pledged on a basis more certain than that of ordinary commerce. It is not a game in which one party takes from another without an equivalent. For in case one dies soon after procuring his policy, he occasions no loss to the institution, in the true sense of a loss. For the object of the institution is to equalise life among its contributors, and make provision against premature death. The design of the association is answered in his case; and the very thing, which in the general was expected, has taken place. If the mortality should be greater than that assumed as the basis of the business, there would be a loss. But there is none in the case supposed.

But some minds have scrupled to effect such an assurance, lest they should involve a want of proper trust in Providence. But when it has been made clear that there is nothing unlawful nor intrinsically wrong in this mode of providing for one's family, it is then clear that it involves no more want of a trust in Providence than other required modes of providing for the same purpose. "He that provideth not for his own, and especially for those of his own household, hath denied the faith, and is worse than an infidel." The duty imposed in this text is that of making provision for the future wants and contingencies of one's family. To provide is to look forward to the future. And he who takes the responsibility of adding one to the number of families, becomes in that act bound to the community and to the great Father of all families, to do what in him lies to meet their wants. And if the system of life insurance is the best way of doing it, he is bound to take that course.

Provision made in this way, without imposing any serious burden, may prevent the anguish of a dying father, arising from the prospect of leaving his children without a penny to a cold and selfish world. Trust in God and His provision for the widow and the fatherless, is indeed the duty of the dying Christian in such a case; but a duty much easier done, after he himself has, to the extent of his ability, made provision. There is a double bitterness in the tears of a woman in the death chamber, weeping because she is about to lose at once her husband and her means of subsistence. While the provision here contemplated would at once break the shock of such a grief, and relieve it of every thought, which, in comparison of the dread eternity brought to view in the solemnities of those scenes, might be considered as sordid.

TEACHINGS FOR THE CHILDREN.

No V.

THE SOUL.

I WISH to talk to my young readers to-day about the soul, and to make it so plain that every little boy and girl can know what I mean.

You often hear about the *soul*. Do you know what it is? Look about you and see if there is any part of your body of which you can say, *This is the soul*. Is it the hand? No, that cannot think or love. You may lose it, and still live and act. Neither is it the foot, nor the eye, nor the ear, for persons lose these, and still think, and love, and live.

Did you ever think what it is that you call I, or you? Here is a little boy named William. He has fair hair, and a beautiful face, and is very small. He leaves home, and goes out on the dark sea, and is gone many years. Night after night, he hangs out on the tall masts that rock to and fro in the tempest. He sees foreign countries, and passes through many dangers and hardships. By and by, a dark-haired tall and strong man enters his mother's cottage. He finds there the same dear friends he left when a boy. His mother clasps him to her heart, and calls him her own darling William, her long-lost son. His brothers and sisters hail him as the playmate of their childhood. Yet every feature is changed, though he is still the same person that left them years ago. Now, why is this? Why is he called the son and brother, and loved as such?

Because his *soul* has not changed. Within him is something that thinks, and loves, and acts; and that keeps on thinking and acting while the body is undergoing these changes that have turned the little boy into the strong man. Now this soul is what directs the body and makes it so much more valuable than that of the beasts that perish. And when the body dies, and is laid away in the grave, the soul will still live. When therefore we speak of a person, or of ourselves, we do not mean simply his body, for that is constantly changing. When we say that he is good or bad, we speak not of his hands, or feet, or head, but of that which makes his character, and which is the most important part of him, his soul. He might lose all his limbs, his eyes, and his ears, and yet that unsightly being would be good or bad, just as his soul within him thought or acted. And when he should die, his character would be just what his soul was when it left the body.

You see a watch. Now tell me, is the gold or silver case that covers it the watch? No! Are the hands that point out the time the watch? No! It is the works within. You may take them out of the case, and they will still run on. So is it with the soul. It is not the body, the hands, the eyes, the face that make it. These are but the means by which

it makes others know what it is doing. Take them all away, and it will still think and be active and alive.

Now pause, and reflect how precious the soul is. And how much more important, that you should seek its happiness than that of the body!

Each of you, dear children, has a soul. And it must live for ever, either in joy or sorrow. It is so precious, that Christ came to redeem it. Will you seek its salvation? Will you try and think of its value, and go to Jesus, and ask that He would save it by His grace, so that when it passes away from the present life, it may live for ever in His presence, and have eternal joy before His throne.

A TRAVELLER'S RESCUE.

A TRAVELLER was crossing mountain heights alone, over almost untrodden snow. When persons are in danger of being frozen to death, they are overcome by the desire to sleep, and warning had been given to the traveller, that if slumber pressed down his weary eyelids, they would never again open to the light of day. For a time he went bravely along his dreary path. But when the darkness came, and with it blew the freezing blast of night, a weight seemed to fall upon his brain, and he could scarcely keep himself from sinking into that sleep which he knew must be fatal. At this time of danger, his foot struck a heap that lay across his path. He stooped to touch it, and found a human body half-buried under the snow-drift. As soon as he discovered what it was, he used every effort to raise and restore the fallen creature, against whom he had stumbled; he chafed his chest, and hands, and forehead, he breathed upon the stiff, cold lips the warm breath of his living soul; pressing the silent heart to the beating pulses of his own generous bosom. The effort to save another, brought back to himself life, warmth, and energy. He felt a man again, instead of being a weak creature, ready to sink down to sleep and die. He saved his brother, and was saved himself. If thou findest thy brother in peril, try to do likewise, and the Lord and Giver of Life shall give thee strength.—*English Hearts and English Hands*.

PROMISES TO GOD.

THERE is a tradition of Ovid the poet, that when his father was about to punish him for writing poetry, he promised his father never to make a verse, and made a verse in his very promise. When I do solemnly promise my heavenly Father to sin no more, I sin in my promise. I say my prayers as the Jew eats the passover, in haste. And although in bodily actions motion is the cause of warmth, the more speed I make in my prayers, the colder I am in my devotion.—*Thomas Fuller*.

Page for the Young.

THE FIRST LIE.

I SHALL never forget my first lie, although it happened when I was a very little girl. My youngest sister had a farthing, with which she wished to buy a fig; and being too ill to go down to the shop herself, she engaged me to go. Accordingly I went. As I was returning with the fig, nicely done up in a small paper, suddenly the thought occurred to me that I should like to look at the fig. So I very carefully opened the paper, when the fig looked so very tempting, I thought I could not help tasting it a little at one end. I had scarcely despatched that bit before I wanted it all, and without much more thought I ate up the whole fig.

Then, when the fig was all gone, and I had nothing to do but to think, I began to feel very uncomfortable—I stood disgraced before myself. I thought of running away off somewhere, I did not know exactly where, but from whence I should never come back. It was long before I reached home, and I went as quickly as I could, and I told my sister that I had lost the farthing. I remember she cried sadly, but I went directly out into the garden, and tried to think of something else; but in vain—my own guilt stared me steadily in the face, and I was wretched.

Although it wanted a few minutes to our dinner hour, yet it seemed very long to me. I was anxious some event might intervene between me and the lie I had told. I wandered about the garden with a very heavy spirit. I thought I would give worlds if it had not happened. When the dinner hour came, I was seated in my high chair at my father's side, when my sister made her appearance, crying, and looking very much grieved.

My father immediately inquired what the matter was. Then my mother stated the story, the conclusion of which was that I had "lost the farthing." I can never forget the look of kind, perfectly unsuspecting confidence with which my father turned to me, and, with his large blue eyes full in my face, said, "Whereabouts did you lose the farthing? Perhaps we can find it again." Not for a single instant could I brave that tone and that look, but bursting into tears, I screamed out, "Oh! I did not lose the farthing; I ate up the fig!"

A silence, as of the grave, ensued. No one spoke. In an instant I seemed to be separated at an immense distance from all the rest of the family. I left the table, and all that afternoon, the next day, and during the week, my feelings were melancholy in the extreme. But, as time wore away, and my father and mother, brothers and sisters, received me back to their love and favour, my spirits recovered their wonted tone. The event left an indelible impression on my heart. It convinced me that the way of transgressors is hard.

NORWEGIAN HYMN.

O LITTLE child, lie still and sleep,
Jesus is near,
Thou need'st not fear;
No one need fear whom God doth keep
By day and night.
Then lay thee down in slumber deep,
Till morning light.

O little child, thou need'st not fear,
Though bears should growl,
And wolves should howl,
And watch-dog's bark the silence break,
Jesus is strong;
And angels watch thee for His sake,
The whole night long.

O little child, lie still and rest,
He sweetly sleeps
Whom Jesus keeps;
And in the morning wake, how blest
This child to be!
Love every one, but love Him best,
He first loved thee.

O little child, when thou must die,
Fear nothing then,
But say Amen
To God's command, and quiet lie
In His kind hand,
Till He shall say, "Dear child, come fly
To heaven's bright land."

Then with thy angel wings quick grown,
Shalt thou ascend,
To meet thy friend.
Jesus the little child will own
Safe at His side;
And thou shalt live before the throne,
Because He died.

THE "GUEST'S" BIBLE QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNG.

OXEN.

WHAT was the Jewish law concerning an ox that should gore a man to death?

What was the Jew to do if he saw his neighbour's ox going astray?

What should he not do to the ox that treadeth out the corn?

Where is that law referred to in the New Testament?

What duty does the apostle enforce by it?

Who once slew six hundred men with an ox-goad?

What is better than a stalled ox and hatred therewith?

When was a man to give five oxen for one ox?

When did the people of Israel offer seven hundred oxen and seven thousand sheep?

What man lost five hundred, and afterwards possessed a thousand yoke of oxen?

Who once ate grass like an ox?

On what occasion were twenty-two thousand oxen offered as a sacrifice.

From what place did Christ drive them that sold oxen?

Before what apostles did a heathen priest bring oxen for sacrifice?

Who take the widow's ox for a pledge?

Who asks, "Does God care for oxen?"

What does he intend by the question?



A Family Magazine for Leisure Hours and Sundays.

WEEKLY NOS. ONE HALFPENNY.]

[MONTHLY PARTS, THREEPENCE.

BLIND BARTIMEUS.

"And they came to Jericho: and as he went out of Jericho with his disciples, and a great number of people, blind Bartimeus, the son of Timeus, sat by the highway-side begging."—MARK X. 46.

WHAT a sad sight is this! A blind beggar sitting by the way-side! His clothes are tattered and filthy. His face is burned by many a sun, and browned by many a rude wind, and furrowed with many a wrinkle, making channels for tears, and writing histories of sorrow. His hand still grasps his long staff—his only support and guide, as every morning he gropes his way from his hovel to his accustomed haunt on this high road to Jerusalem. He has taken his seat on the well-worn stone under the palm-tree, and now he waits patiently in the grateful shade for some passing traveller from whom he may ask an alms; for on the chance pittance of charity he must live. Unhappy man, if he has a wife and children depending on this slender, precarious support! More unhappy, if he must bear his dark life alone!

Is he man as God made him? Is that the Divine image? Is he possessor and lord of the world? Where is the dignity and might, the kingly dominion and grandeur of the earth's ancient ruler? Oh, how changed, how fallen, how lost! Poor Bartimeus, sad picture of all thy race! In thee I see myself and every brother, in our estate of nature. Image of the unregenerate man—blind, poor, a beggar, and helpless alike in wretchedness and ruin!

Shrink not, O believer, this is what thou wast. Shrink not, O unbeliever, this is what thou art.

Nay, the redeemed friends of Jesus will not shrink. They have long been accustomed to gaze on this sad likeness of themselves, and being now the children of adoption through grace, they still gaze upon it to renew repentance and humility, and to adore Him who has changed it to joy and peace and eternal hope.

And let all in whom Jesus Christ hath wrought no miracle of spiritual healing, look

steadily on this picture, and hear the voice of God saying, Thou art the man!

I.—HIS BLINDNESS.

Bartimeus is blind. And what is that! The eyes of his body are out. He sees no light, or colour, or form. I do not say his mind perceives nothing, or his heart feels nothing. His wits may be keen and his affections lively. I only say his bodily eyes cannot see. They are blind.

And what is true of the eyes of his body, is true, O sinner, of the eyes of your soul. He could not see the natural world, and you cannot see the spiritual world. The eye of sense may be bright in you, and its vision clear. The eye of the mind may be bright in you, and its vision clear. But the eye of your soul has been put out. It is blind.

You see I speak of three kinds of blindness. The eye of the body may be out, and we have no name for the result but blindness. The eye of the intellect may be out, and we name the result idiocy. We say the man is a fool. The eye of the soul may be out, and God names the result wickedness. He calls the man a sinner.

Think of Bartimeus. He rose this morning, and his wife blessed him, his children climbed his knees and kissed him. They ministered to his wants. They led him a little way by the hand. But he did not see them. He knew of them, but he could not behold them. Their smiles or beauty were nothing to him—he was blind.

Think of yourself, O sinner. You rose this morning, and the eye of your heavenly Father looked upon you. His hand led you, His power guarded you, His goodness blessed you. But your soul did not see Him. A vague idea that God had done it all may have occurred to you, but it had no vividness. He

was no blessed reality to you. You saw not the lineaments of a Father—the loving eye, the benignant smile. You saw nothing—your soul was blind.

Think again of Bartimeus. He went abroad, and the rich valley of the Jordan spread out before him. The stately palms rose toward heaven, and waved their feathery tops in the early breeze. The gardens of balsam were clothed in their delicate spring verdure, and Jericho sat in the midst of these vernal glories, deserving its name—Jericho, the place of fragrance, deserving its frequent description among the ancient writers—the City of Palms. And high above all was the blue sky, bending over as if to embrace and bless so much loveliness of earth; and the great sun, filling earth and sky and balmy air with glory.

But what was all this to Bartimeus? It might have been narrow and black for aught he could tell. It was an utter blank, a dreadful gloom to him. All was night, black, black night, with no star.

Why was it so to him, when to others it was splendour and joy? Ah! he was blind.

Unregenerate man, think again of yourself. You went abroad this morning, on an earth once cursed as of old Jericho had been, but spared and blessed by redeeming mercy, even as Jericho was that day blessed by the presence and healing grace of Jesus. Around you, too, was spread a world of spiritual beauty. The walls, and bulwarks, and stately palaces of the city of our God were before you. The rose of Sharon, the lily of the valley, the vine, the palm, the olive, and the fig-tree all stood about you in the garden of the Lord. Through them flowed the river of life, reflecting skies more high and clear than the azure of summer mornings ever imaged, and lit to its measureless depth by a sun more glorious than ever poured splendour even upon Eden, in our poor world's ancient prime. You walked forth amid all this beauty, and many saw it—none perfectly, yet some very blessedly—but you saw nothing. You see nothing now. Nay, you cannot see it. Strain your blind soul as you will, you cannot see it. What I have said of it seems to you but a phantasy and rhapsody, although I say it on the awful authority of God in His Holy Word, and the experience of unnumbered children of His, who are witnesses that what I say is true, and for their witness would dare to die. Why then do you not see it? Ah! the eye of the soul is out—you are blind.

I see a beautiful mother gaze anxiously on her babe. She is trying a fearful experiment. She stretches out her arms to it, beseeches it with loving looks, holds out sparkling jewels to it, and flashes them before its eyes in the very sunshine at the open window. But the little eyes move not, or move aimlessly, and turn vacantly away. And she cries out in anguish, "Oh, my poor child is blind!"

And now I understand why even tender children turn away from Christ, seeing no beauty in Him that they should desire Him, and caring nothing for all His smiles or tears, or offers of the rich jewellery of heaven. They see nothing of it all. They are blind, born blind.

I have read of a man of old to whom God had given great might, for dignity and honour and the redemption of his enslaved country, who made unwieldy mirth for thousands of scoffing Philistines. He had come from grinding in their prison, where slaves were his masters, and now he made sport in open day, while the uncircumcised triumphed and jeered. But he saw neither the dungeon nor the day, for they had put out his eyes—Samson was blind.

And now I understand how men can make themselves the slaves and scoff of devils, as they rattle their chains and dance in their fetters, and play the fool with the high powers God has given them for usefulness to their fellows, and their own glory, honour, and immortality. In the daily drudgeries of mere worldly business, and the occasional levities of mere worldly amusement, they are alike represented by fallen and degraded Samson in his blindness.

I once saw a man walk along the edge of a precipice as if it were a plain. For anything he knew, it was a plain, and safe. He was calm and fearless, not because there was no danger, but because he was blind.

And who cannot now understand how men so wise, so cautious in most things, can go so securely, so carelessly, even so gaily on, as if everything were safe for eternity, while snares and pit-falls are all about them, and death may be just at hand, and the next step may send them down the infinite abyss! Oh, we see it, we see it—they are blind!

A blind man is more taken up with what he holds in his hand, than with mountains, ocean, sun, or stars. He feels this; but those he can neither touch nor see.

And now it is plain why unconverted men undervalue doctrine, saying, that "it is no matter what a man believes, so his heart is right;" that "one doctrine is as good as another, and for that matter, no doctrines are good for much;" and that "they don't believe in doctrinal preaching at any rate." They, forsooth, they! blind worms, pronouncing contemptuously of the stupendous heights and glories of God's revelation, where alone we learn what we are to believe concerning Him, and what duty He requires of us.

It is plain, too, why they see no preciousness in the promises, no glory in Christ, no beauty in holiness, no grandeur in the work of redemption; why they make a mock at sin, despise God's threatenings, brave His wrath, make light of the blood of Christ, jest at death, and rush headlong on certain perdition. They are blind. So the Scripture

speaks. There are blind people that have eyes. "Having the understanding darkened, being alienated from the life of God through the ignorance that is in them, because of the blindness of their heart." So there is such a thing as heart blindness, as well as blindness of the bodily eye.

Unconverted men often say, "If these things are so, if they are so clear and great, why can not we see them?" And there is no answer to be given but this, Ye are blind.

"But we *want* to see them. If they are real, they are our concern as well as yours. Oh that some preacher would come who had power to make us see them!"

Poor souls, there is no such preacher, and you need not wait for him. Let him gather God's light as he will, he can but pour it on blind eyes. A burning-glass will condense sunbeams into a focus of brightness; and if a blind eye be put there, not a whit will it see, though it be consumed. Light is the remedy for darkness, not blindness.

Neither will strong powers of understanding on your part serve. The great Earl of Chatham once went with a pious friend to hear Mr Cecil. The sermon was on the Spirit's agency in the hearts of believers. As they were coming from church, the mighty statesman confessed that he could not understand it at all, and asked his friend if he supposed that any one in the house could? "Why yes," said he, "there were many plain, unlettered women and some children there who understood every word of it, and heard it with joy."

Ah, hapless souls, ye complain against the gospel, that it is hidden from you, as if that were *its* fault. And now I must bring forth a dreadful scripture which will open the mystery of your inability to understand it. Oh, it is a fearful word, which ought to make your ears tingle and your heart freeze with terror as you hear it! "If our gospel be hid, it is hid to them that are lost, in whom the god of this world hath blinded the minds of them that believe not, lest the light of the glorious gospel of Christ, who is the image of God, should shine unto them." The gospel is real and glorious, and is all the while shining on in its own divine splendour; but you are blind. Satan, the old liar and murderer, has blinded you *lest* you should see this blessed gospel and be saved. And you are lost, lost already. There is your dreadful condition, and *therefore* you cannot see the gospel!

Let the people of God no more wonder then at the clamours of infidels against the Scriptures. Would you heed a blind man criticising pictures, or raving against your summer skies? If he denies that the sun has brightness, or the mountains grandeur, will you believe him? And if a hundred blind men should all declare that they cannot see the stars, and argue learnedly that there can be no stars, and then grow witty and laugh at

you as star-gazers, would the midnight heavens be less glorious to you? When these men had thus satisfactorily demonstrated their blindness, would not the mighty works of God still prove their bright reality to your rejoicing vision? Would they not still declare His glory and shew His handywork?

And shall the spiritually blind be more trusted? Shall they be spiritual guides? No, the weakest believer who has seen that the Lord is gracious, seen any preciousness in the promises, any beauty in Christ, any glory in the Scriptures, may cling to his faith, despite the testimony and pretentious sophistries and wit of ten thousand infidels. God has opened your eyes. Satan has blinded theirs. Your testimony is positive. Theirs is negative, and necessarily worthless. A lawyer told his client that two men would swear that they had seen him commit the murder. "Ah, but," said he, "I can bring fifty men who will swear that they didn't see me commit it!" And that poor villain, guilty, but merry with his own stupid conceit, is a fair type of infidelity. It can bring men, in great numbers, it must be owned, who will swear right lustily, and with no little cursing, that they never saw any beauty or glory in Christ or His gospel. And when they have wrapped this, their whole testimony, in the mists of an unintelligible philosophy, and played off the machinery of an historical criticism, which can prove with equal ease, and by the same process, that neither Jesus nor Bonaparte ever lived, so that man has had no Redemption and the French no Revolution, and have then joined in a loud laugh at the deluded "saints" who still prefer Paul to Mr Hume, John to Mr Newman, and Jesus Christ to Dr Strauss, then infidelity has but one thing more which it can do—change its voice, put on a new disguise, and begin again.

If these men be followed, they will be found to be blind leaders of the blind, and both will fall into the ditch.

(To be continued.)

THE PARABLE OF THE GOOD SAMARITAN,

AS PORTRAYING CHRIST HIMSELF.

BEAUTIFUL as is this parable when taken simply according to the letter, and full of incentives to active mercy and love, bidding us to "put on bowels of mercies," to be kind and tender-hearted, yet how much lovelier still, provoking how much more strongly still to love and good works, when, with most of the Fathers of the Church, with many too of the Reformers, we trace in it a deeper meaning still, and see the work of Christ, of the merciful Son of man Himself, portrayed to us here. It has been objected to this interpretation, but unjustly, that it makes the parable to be

nothing to the matter immediately in hand. For what is that matter? To magnify the law of love, to shew who fulfils it, and who not. Inasmuch then as Christ Himself, He who accounted Himself every man's brother, in its largest extent fulfilled it, shewed how we ought to love and whom; and inasmuch as it is His example, or rather faith in His love towards us, which is alone really effectual in causing us to "love one another with a pure heart fervently," He might well propose Himself and His act in succouring the perishing humanity, as the everlasting pattern of self-denying and self-forgetting love, and bring it out in strongest contrast with the selfish carelessness and neglect of the present leaders of the theocracy. They had not strengthened the diseased, nor healed the sick, nor bound up the broken, nor sought that which was driven away (see Ezek. xxxiv. 4), while He had bound up the broken-hearted (Isa. lxi. 1), and poured the balm of sweetest consolation into all wounded spirits. Moreover, even the adversaries of this interpretation must themselves acknowledge the facility with which all the circumstances of the parable yield themselves to it; and it certainly affords a strong presumption that a key we have in our hand is the right one when it thus turns in the lock without forcing, when it adapts itself at once to all the wards of the lock, however many and complex. Of course, this deeper interpretation was reserved for the future edification of the Church. The lawyer naturally took, and was meant to take, the meaning which lay upon the surface; nor will the parable lose its value to us, as shewing forth the pity and love of man to his fellow, because it also shadows forth the crowning act of mercy and love shewn by the Son of man to the entire race.

If then we regard it as so doing, the traveller will be the personified human nature, or Adam as he is the representative and head of the race. He has left Jerusalem, the heavenly city, the city of the vision of peace, and is travelling toward Jericho, he is going *down* toward it, the profane city, the city which was under a curse (Josh. vi. 26, 1 Kings xvi. 34). But no sooner had he forsaken the holy city and the presence of his God, and turned his desires toward the world, than he falls under the power of him who is at once a robber and a murderer (John viii. 44), and by him and his evil angels is stripped of the robe of his original righteousness; nor this only, but grievously wounded, left full of wounds and almost mortal strokes, every sin a gash from which the life-blood of his soul is copiously flowing. Yet is he at the same time not altogether dead; for as all the cares of the good Samaritan would have been expended in vain upon the poor traveller, had the spark of life been wholly extinct, so a recovery for man would have been impossible, if there had been nothing to recover, no spark of divine life, which

by a heavenly breath might again be fanned into flame; no truth which, though detained in unrighteousness, might yet be delivered and extricated from it. When the angels fell, as it was by a free self-determining act of their own will, with no solicitation from without, from that moment they were not as one "*half-dead*," but altogether so, and no redemption was possible for them. But man is "*half-dead*;" he has still a conscience witnessing for God: evil is not his good, however little he may be able to resist its temptations; he has still the sense that he has lost something, and at times a longing for the restoration of the lost. His case is desperate as concerns himself and his own power to restore himself, but not desperate, if taken in hand by an almighty and all-merciful Physician.

And who else but such a Divine Physician shall give him back what he has lost, shall heal and bind up the bleeding hurts of his soul? Can the law do it? The apostle answers, it could not; "If there had been a law which could have given life, verily righteousness should have been by the law" (Gal. iii. 21). The law was like Elisha's staff, which might be laid on the face of the dead child, but life did not return to it the more (2 Kings iv. 21); Elisha himself must come ere the child revive. Or as Theophylact here expresses it: "The law came and stood over him where he lay, but then, overcome by the greatness of his wounds, and unable to heal them, departed." Nor could the sacrifices do better; they could not "make the comers thereunto perfect," nor "take away sins," nor "purge the conscience." The law, whether natural or revealed, could not quicken, neither could the sacrifices truly abolish guilt and reconcile us unto God. The priest and the Levite were alike powerless to help: so that, in the eloquent words of a scholar of St Bernard's, "Many passed us by, and there was none to save. That great patriarch, Abraham, passed us by, for he justified not others, but was himself justified in the faith of one to come. Moses passed us by, for he was not the giver of grace, but of the law, and of that law which leads none to perfection: for righteousness is not by the law. Aaron passed us by, the priest passed us by, and by those sacrifices which he continually offered, was unable to purge the conscience from dead works to serve the living God. Patriarch and prophet and priest passed us by, helpless both in will and deed, for they themselves also lay wounded in that wounded man. Only that true Samaritan beholding was moved with compassion, as He is all compassion, and poured oil into the wounds, that is, Himself into the hearts, purifying all hearts by faith. Therefore the faith of the Church passes by all, till it reaches Him who alone would not pass it by" (Rom. viii. 3).

If it was absolutely needful to give a precise meaning to the oil and the wine, we might

say with Chrysostom, that the wine is the blood of Passion, the oil the anointing of the Holy Spirit. On the *binding up* of the wounds one might observe that the sacraments are often spoken of in the language of the early Church as the *ligaments* for the wounds of the soul. It is, moreover, a common image in the Old Testament for the healing of all spiritual hurts. When we find the Samaritan setting the wounded man on his own beast, and therefore of necessity himself pacing on foot by his side, we can scarcely help drawing a comparison with Him who, though He was rich, yet for our sakes became poor, that we through His poverty might be rich—the Son of man who came not to be ministered unto, but to minister—“who His own self bare our sins in His own body.” Neither is it far-fetched to see in the inn the figure of the Church, the place of spiritual refection, in which the healing of souls is ever going forward—by some called on this last account an hospital—whither the merciful Son of man brings all those whom He has rescued from the hand of Satan, and in which He cares for them evermore. In harmony with this we find Christ’s work continually set forth in Scripture as a work of healing; for instance, Mal. iv. 2; Hos. xiv. 4; Ps. ciii. 3; Matt. xiii. 15; Rev. xxii. 2; and typically, Numb. xxi. 9.

And if, like the Samaritan who was obliged on the morrow to take his departure, He is not always in body present with those whose cure He has begun, if for other reasons it is expedient even for them that He should go away, yet He makes for them a rich provision of grace during His absence, and till the time of His coming again. It would be entering into curious minutiae, which rather tend to bring discredit on this scheme of interpretation, to affirm decidedly of the two pence, that they mean either the two sacraments, or the two testaments, or the word and the sacraments, or unreservedly to accede to any other of the ingenious explanations which have been offered for them. It is sufficient that they signify all gifts and graces, sacraments, powers of healing, of remission of sins, or other powers which Christ has left with His Church to enable it to keep house for Him till His return. As the Samaritan took out two pence and gave them to the host, and said, “Take care of him;” even so the Lord Jesus said unto Peter, and in him, to all his fellow-apostles, having first promised unto them heavenly gifts, and richly furnished them for their work, “Feed my sheep,” “Feed my lambs.” To them, and in them to all that succeed them, He has committed an economy of the truth, that as stewards of the mysteries of God, they may dispense those mysteries as shall seem best for the health and salvation of His people. And as it was said to the host, “Whatsoever thou spendest more, when I come again I will repay thee;” so the Lord has promised that no labour shall be in vain in Him, that He

will count what is done to the least of His brethren as done unto Him, that they who “feed the flock of God,” “not by constraint but willingly, nor for filthy lucre, but of a ready mind,” they, “when the chief Shepherd shall appear,” “shall receive a crown of glory that fadeth not away” (1 Pet. v. 2).—*Trench.*

SCRIPTURE EXPOSITOR.

“Lift not up your horn on high: speak not with a stiff neck.”—PSALM lxxv. 5.

THIS passage will receive some illustration from Bruce’s remarks in his travels to discover the source of the Nile; where, speaking of the head-dress of the governors of the province of Abyssinia, he represents it as consisting of a large broad fillet, bound upon their forehead, and tied behind their head. In the middle of this was a horn, or a conical piece of silver gilt, about four inches long, and in the shape of our common candle-extinguishers. This is called *kirn*, or horn, and is only worn at reviews, or on parades, after victory. The crooked manner in which they hold their neck, when this ornament is on the forehead, for fear it should fall forward, seems to agree with what the Psalmist calls “speaking with a stiff neck;” for it perfectly shews the meaning of speaking with a stiff neck, when you “hold the horn on high,” or erect, like the horn of a unicorn.—*Burder.*

“And now, O Father, glorify thou me with thine own self with the glory which I had with thee before the world was.”—JOHN xvii. 5.

GOD is said to glorify any person, when He gives him glorious qualities and powers; or by revealing and manifesting those glorious qualities which he hath; or when he doth receive him and treat him agreeable to his glory. The meaning of Christ’s prayer, then, must be of one or the other of all these senses. When He prays that the Father would glorify Him with that glory that He had with Him before the world was, if it be taken in the first sense, He desires that God would bestow upon Him as Mediator, or God incarnate, a glory suitable to that glory He had with Him from all eternity. If in the second sense, He desires His glory may be revealed, or become conspicuous in His human nature. If in the third, that God would receive Him honourably and agreeably; which sense is the chiefest, for it containeth the other two. The meaning, then, in short is, that He might be received to the full enjoyment of that glory which He had before the world was.—*Manton.*

“And who is he that will harm you, if ye be followers of that which is good?”—1 PETER iii. 13.

THE word translated *followers* in this text should read *imitators*; and so, whereas *following* is either of a *pattern* or an *end*, the former must be meant here, by the natural

importance of that word; and hence, by *that which is good*, is not to be understood *created goodness*. The words are capable of being read, *Him that is good*, or, which is all one, *the good*. And so it is the *increate good*, the blessed God himself, formally considered under the notion of good. The plain sense of this scripture is, that nothing can harm you if you be *like God*.—*Howe*.

"Then was the iron, the clay, the brass, the silver, and the gold, broken to pieces together, and became like the chaff of the summer threshing-floors; and the wind carried them away, that no place was found for them."—*DANIEL* ii. 35.

THIS is an allusion to the ancient method of threshing out the corn.

Corn, at the time that the above prophecy was written, was not threshed out in a barn, as is the custom among the moderns, but upon an area, or threshing-floor.

This area, or threshing-floor, was made in some open place, generally near the house, where the wind had free access to it upon all sides, and upon the summit of some high spot of ground. It was of a circular form, raised in the middle, and sometimes paved with flints, but more usually laid with clay, consolidated with great care, like the ground-floors which are to be seen in many parts of the country, and smoothed by a heavy roller. The corn was beaten out by the hoofs of cattle, or the trampling of horses driven over it, which was the general custom; though sometimes done by flails, or by a sort of carriage, without wheels, dragged over it, or by a board or beam, set with stones or pieces of iron, with a great weight laid upon it, and drawn by yoked cattle.

It was then winnowed and cleaned from the chaff by a kind of shovel, which threw it across the wind, by which means the chaff was carried quite away: and so it was, says the prophet, that the four great monarchies should be swept before the kingdom of Christ; and so it is that all its enemies and opposers shall be scattered and for ever lost.—*M. M. E.*

"The heavens declare the glory of God; and the firmament sheweth his handywork. Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night sheweth knowledge."—*PSALM* xix. 1, 2.

The heavens declare that glory which is above all expression, and beyond all apprehension. God speaks to the inhabitants of the earth by the heavenly bodies. Though nations understand not one another's language, yet all nations understand this language that God speaks to them by the works of His hands. These all shine out gloriously, they move orderly, and continue to all generations. They are as glorious now as they were the first moment that they were made, and came out of the hand of God. This is that which the Lord hath divided unto all nations under the whole heaven (*Deut.* iv. 19); namely, the sun, moon, and stars; not that men should

worship them, but admire and praise the that made them: and if the pavements of heaven be so glorious, oh what then is the glory which is within! Of all ingredients light is the most excellent. This is that which makes one star differ from another in glory. "O Lord, how manifold are thy works in wisdom hast thou made them all!"—*Psalm* cxlviii. 5.

A JEWISH APOLOGUE.

As Abra'm sat in his tent-door,
One evening, yearning to impart
His bounty to assist the poor,
And free his own great, gushing heart;

A weary tottering man drew nigh,
No vigour in him seem'd to be,
No radiance quiver'd in his eye,
A hundred years of age was he.

And Abra'm kindly help'd him in,
And spread his couch and wash'd his feet;
Alay'd the painful, pressing din,
And set before him fruit and meat.

But when the guest forbore to pray,
And bless the Lord above his meal,
Boasting of idols far away,
Before whom only he would kneel;

The Patriarch's jealous zeal arose,
A noble anger swell'd his breast;
Out in the night mid snarers and foes,
He strove to thrust his helpless guest.

Then the Lord's voice fill'd all the tent:
"O Abra'm! Abra'm! have I borne
This man an hundred years, and sent
Him food and raiment spite his scorn;

And canst thou not bear him one night,
When he so slightly troubles thee?"
And Abra'm, humbled in the light,
Embraced the stranger pleadingly!

O spirits bound unto the vile,
Think of the patience of the Lord,
Till on your lips shall wave a smile,
And from them float a loving word!

For God sees sins we cannot guess,
Yet bears with sinners day by day;
And we but for His tenderness,
Had gone as hopelessly astray.

—H. J. H.

THE TALENTS.

IMITATED FROM THE PERSIAN.

I.

Thou that in life's crowded city art arrived thou knowest not how,
By what path or on what errand—list and learn thy errand now.

II.

From the palace to the city, on the business of thy lord
Thou wert sent at early morning, to return at evening

III.

Dreamer waken, loiterer hasten—what thy task is, understand—
Thou art here to purchase substance, and the price is thy hand.

IV.

Has the tumult of the market all thy sense confused
drown'd?
Do its glistening wares entice thee? or its shouts and
confound?

v.
Oh! beware lest thy Lord's business be forgotten, while
thy gaze
Is on every show and pageant which the giddy square
displays.

vi.
Barter not His gold for pebbles—do not trade in vanities—
Pearls there are of price and jewels for the purchase of the
wise.

vii.
And know this, at thy returning thou wilt surely find the
King
With an open book before Him, waiting to make reckon-
ing.

viii.
Then large honours will the faithful, earnest service of one
day
Reap of Him; but one day's folly largest penalties will
pay.

—Trench.

THE CHURCH IN THE HOUSE. WITH LIVING PREACHERS.

THE DIVINE SUFFERINGS OF JESUS.

THE feelings of Jesus, I have said, in be-
holding and living amidst the moral ruin and
degradation of mankind, were not those merely
of an exquisitely pure and sensitive human
spirit—they flowed from a far deeper and
more awful source. It was not merely the
gentle-hearted and pitying Man of Nazareth
that trod our fallen world—it was nothing
less than the world's great Creator that, con-
cealed in that humble guise, surveyed and
moved for thirty years amidst the ruins of
His fairest, noblest work, lying wide-spread
around Him! For though this, indeed, is a
thought into which our imperfect minds can
but faintly and inadequately enter, are we
not borne out by Scripture authority in the
affirmation, that grief for the moral ruin of
humanity is an emotion to which the Divine
mind is not a stranger? You all remember
that remarkable passage in the Book of Gene-
sis, in which the mind of God is represented
as filled with sorrow and indignation at the
sad issue of His great creating work—"When
God saw that the wickedness of man was
great upon the earth, and that the imagina-
tion of the thoughts of his heart was only
evil continually, it repented God that He had
made man upon the earth, and it grieved Him
at His heart." . . . "When Jesus was come
near the city," it is written, "He wept over
it." . . . On the authority of the Word of
God, then, as well as from the reason of the
thing, we hazard the assertion that one awful
ingredient in the sufferings of that mysterious
Mourner must have been grief for the desola-
tion of His grandest work—the anguish of
spirit with which for thirty years He beheld
everywhere confronting Him the proof that
the soul of man was a ruin. . . . When
Jesus walked our world, His eye, we may well
believe, was not arrested by the bustle and
importance of its outward scenes and interests.
From all mere external things His observation
was ever diverted to what from all other eyes
was hidden, the awful mystery and moral de-

formity of the secret world of souls. Could
a human being for a single week be invested
with a mysterious power of seeing into the
hearts of those around him, and detecting all
the feelings and motives that are working
beneath the breasts of his fellow-men, doubt-
less, even to man's imperfect moral sensibility,
the disclosures thus made would be too hor-
rible for endurance, and the fatal power of
inspection would be gladly resigned. But
that which would be intolerable even to a
fallen and imperfect being, was a spectacle
from which the eye of the pure and holy
Jesus could never for a moment escape. All
hearts were unveiled to Him. He surveyed
not merely the forms and countenances of
human beings; a thousand indications tell us
that He "knew what was in man"—that He
read their souls. And everywhere as He
looked, He saw that soul, that had sprung a
pure, holy, happy thing from His hands, now
filled with selfishness and pride, and envy and
impurity, and all ungodliness—that soul that
had been destined for the companionship of
God and angels, now ripening for the black-
ness of darkness for ever! And can we doubt
that His was an anguish at the sight into
which no finite mind can enter? He could
feel for external sufferings: He looked up to
heaven and sighed for the deaf; He wept and
groaned in spirit for the dead. But what
were external suffering and death to this?
To Him the world was strewn with a more
awful than material desolation—with the
wreck of spiritual grandeur, the memorials of
lost and ruined souls: "O my Father!" we
almost hear Him exclaim, "is *this* the world
over which the morning stars sang together,
and all the sons of God shouted for joy?"—
Rev. John Caird.

THE BRUISED REED AND SMOKING FLAX.

I WANT to say one or two things to Little-
Faiths this morning. Those saints of God
who are called bruised reeds and smoking flax
are just as safe as those who are mighty for
their Master, and great in strength, for several
reasons. First of all: *The little saint is just as
much God's elect as the great saint.* When God
chose His people, He chose them all at once, and
altogether; and He elected one just as much
as the other. If I choose a certain number
of things, one may be less than the rest, but
one is as much chosen as the other; and so
Mr Fearing and Miss Despondency are just
as much elected as Great-Heart, or Old Father
Honest. Again: *The little ones are redeemed
equally with the great ones!* the feeble saints
cost Christ as much suffering as the strong
ones; the tiniest child of God could not have
been purchased with less than Jesus' precious
blood; and the greatest child of God did not
cost Him more. Paul did not cost any more
than Benjamin—I am sure he did not—for I
read in the Bible that "*there is no difference.*"
Besides, when of old they came to pay their

redemption-money, every person brought a shekel. The poor shall bring no less, and the rich shall bring no more than just a shekel. The same price was paid for the one as the other. Now then, little child of God, take that thought to thy soul. You see some men very prominent in Christ's cause—and it is very good that they should be—but they did not cost Jesus a farthing more than you did; He paid the same price for you that He paid for them. Recollect again: *You are just as much a child of God as the greatest saint.* Some of you have five or six children. There is one child of yours, perhaps, who is very tall and handsome, and has, moreover, gifts of mind; and you have another child, who is the smallest of the family, perhaps has but little intellect and understanding. But which is the most your child? "The most!" you say; "both alike are my children, certainly, one as much as the other." And so, dear friends, you may have very little learning, you may be very dark about Divine things, you may but "see men as trees walking," but you are as much the children of God as those who have grown to the stature of men in Christ Jesus. Then remember, poor tried saint, that *you are just as much justified as any other child of God.* I know that I am completely justified.

"His blood and righteousness
My beauty are, my glorious dress."

I want no other garments save Jesus' doings, and His imputed righteousness. The boldest child of God wants no more; and I, who am "less than the least of all saints," can be content with no less, and I shall have no less. O Ready-to-Halt, thou art as much justified as Paul, Peter, John the Baptist, or the loftiest saint in heaven. There is no difference in that matter. Oh, take courage and rejoice!

Then one thing more: *If you were lost, God's honour would be as much tarnished as if the greatest one were lost.* If Christ lose one of His people, He would not be a whole Christ any longer. If the meanest of His children could be cast away, Christ would lack a part of His fulness; yea, Christ would be incomplete without His Church. If one of His children must be lost, it would be better that it should be a great one, than a little one. If a little one were lost, Satan would say, "Ah! you save the great ones, because they had strength and could help themselves; but the little one that has no strength, you could not save him." You know what Satan would say; but God would shut Satan's mouth, by proclaiming, "They are all here, Satan; in spite of thy malice, they are all here; every one is safe; now lie down in thy den for ever, and be bound eternally in chains, and smoke in fire!" So shall he suffer eternal torment, but not one child of God ever shall.

One thought more and I shall have done with this head: *The salvation of great saints often depends upon the salvation of little ones.*

Do you understand that? You know that my salvation, or the salvation of any child of God, looking at second causes, very much depends upon the conversion of some one else. Suppose your mother is the means of your conversion, you would, speaking after the manner of men, say that your conversion depended upon hers; for her being converted made her the instrument of bringing you in. Suppose such-and-such a minister to be the means of your calling; then your conversion, in some sense, though not absolutely, depends upon his. So it often happens, that the salvation of God's mightiest servants depends upon the conversion of little ones. There is a poor mother; no one ever knows anything about her; she goes to the house of God; her name is not in the newspapers, or anywhere else; she teaches her child, and brings him up in the fear of God; she prays for that boy; she wrestles with God, and her tears and prayers mingle together. The boy grows up. What is he? A missionary—a William Knibb—a Moffat—a Williams. But you do not hear anything about the mother. Ah! but if the mother had not been saved, where would the boy have been? Let this cheer the little ones; and may you rejoice that He will nourish and cherish you, though you are like bruised reeds and smoking flax.—*Rev. C. H. Spurgeon.*

SCRIPTURE ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE MUSTARD-SEED PLANT.

In the parable of the mustard-seed, it is said that this seed, although the smallest of all seeds when cast into the earth, becomes, when grown up, a great tree (in a comparative sense, of course), and puts forth branches, so that the fowls of heaven come and lodge among them. I was beginning to fear that I should leave the country without having an opportunity to see any example of this plant answering to the description of it in the parable. Of the various persons of whom I had made inquiry at Jerusalem, no one was able to give me any certain information. One said that probably this species of the plant was now extinct. Another said that it was reputed to grow very large in Galilee, but could not vouch for it from personal observation. I had observed, indeed, in crossing the plain of Esdraelon, just before coming to Nazareth, that the mustard-plant was by no means uncommon there; but yet, though some of the stalks which I took pains to measure were quite large, they were still not so large as I had expected to find them, and not large enough, as it appeared to me, to suggest naturally the illustration of the parable. I was, therefore, disappointed.

Some days after this, as I was riding across the plain of Akka, on the way to Carmel, I perceived, at some distance from the path,

what seemed to be a little forest or nursery of trees. I turned aside to examine them. On coming nearer, they proved to be an extensive field of the plant which I was so anxious to see. It was then in blossom, full grown, in some cases six, seven, and nine feet high, with a stem or trunk an inch or more in thickness, throwing out branches on every side. I was now satisfied in part. I felt that such a plant might well be called a tree, and, in comparison with the seed producing it, a great tree. But still, the branches, or stems of the branches, were not very large, or apparently very strong. Can the birds, I said to myself, rest upon them? Are they not too slight and flexible? Will they not bend or break beneath the superadded weight? At that very instant, as I stood and revolved the thought, lo! one of the fowls of heaven stopped in its flight through the air, alighted down on one of the branches, which hardly moved beneath the shock, and then began, perched there before my eyes, to warble forth a strain of the richest music. All my doubts were now charmed away. I was delighted at the incident. It seemed to me at the moment as if I enjoyed enough to repay me for all the trouble of the whole journey.

Such incidental illustrations of Scripture furnish no small share of the gratification which the traveller receives from day to day, as he wanders through the lands of the Bible. He find that he has a local commentary spread everywhere around him, which brings home to him the language and scenes of the Bible with a freshness and power which no learning or skill of commentators can supply.

I am aware that some give to the original word for "mustard" a generic sense, so as to understand a tree, properly so called. But as no necessity demands such an extension of the term, it is more correct to adhere to the ordinary meaning. Besides, the evangelists include the mustard-plant of which they speak among herbs or vegetables, and thus indicate that when they call it a "tree" they make use of a popular hyperbole.

TARES.

In passing through the fertile country of the ancient Philistines, on the south of Palestine, I asked the guide one day, a native Syrian, if he knew of a plant which was apt to make its appearance among the wheat, and which resembled it so much that it could hardly be distinguished from it. He replied that it was very common, and that he would soon shew me a specimen of it. Soon after this he pointed out to me some of this grass growing near our path; and afterwards, having once seen it, I found it in almost every field where I searched for it. Except that the stalk was not so high, it appeared otherwise precisely like wheat, just as the ears begin to shew themselves, and the kernels are swelling out into shape.

This is the plant to which the Saviour re-

ferred in the parable, as the tares which sprang up among the wheat, and which the owner, because it was so much like the genuine wheat, directed his servants to suffer to remain until the harvest, "lest, while they gathered up the tares, they should root up also the wheat with them" (Matt. xiii. 24, *et seq.*). I collected some specimens of this deceitful weed, and have found, on shewing them to friends, that they have mistaken them quite invariably for some species of grain, such as wheat or barley.

—*Professor Hackett.*

ATHEISM—A DREAM.

AMONG the many gems of German literature, we regard the reflective dream of Richter, on the unsatisfying nature of speculative atheism, as one of the most striking and instructive. The author thus records his motive in committing it to writing: "That if my heart should ever become wretched enough, and withered enough, to spurn the evidences of God's existence, I might read again these pages, I might have the depths of my soul moved by them, and find again my faith and my salvation." With substantial though not literal exactness, we will endeavour to reproduce this sad picture of that utterly dark and fearful existence which ours would be, could we suppose ourselves actually bereft of the benignant presence and paternal care of Him "in whom we live, and move, and have our being," and without whose notice not a sparrow falls.

It was a summer's evening. I had laid me down to sleep upon the summit of a hill. I dreamed that I awoke, at midnight, in a churchyard. The tombs were open. The iron gates of the church, moved by an invisible hand, opened and closed in turn. On the walls I beheld shadows which no body projected. Shades of livid hue rose and flitted in the air. I advanced amid a crowd of unknown spirits, on which the seal of bygone centuries had been imprinted. These were eagerly assembling around a naked altar. The breast of each heaved with violence.

At the end of the church was the dial of eternity; but on it neither index nor figures. A dark hand slowly described its circle, and the dead read there the time.

From on high there descended upon the altar one exalted and radiant form, yet bearing the impress of an imperishable grief. The dead cried out, "O Christ, is there no God?" And He answered, "There is none. I have passed through the worlds; I have sealed the stars; and there, also, there is no God. I have descended to the lowest borders of the universe, and looking into the abyss, have cried, 'Father, where art thou?' but I have heard only the rain, as it fell, drop by drop, into the abyss; and nothing but the eternal tempest, which no law rules, has given me an answer."

Then the desolate sprits vanished like the pale vapour which the cold condenses; when, instantly, the children left their coffins, and clustering in terror about the altar, prostrated themselves before the majestic form of Him who was upon it, and cried, "Jesus, have we no Father?" But to them He answered, with a flood of tears, "We are all orphans, you and I, we have no Father."

It has been profoundly said, that atheism could not shield one from the fear of eternal suffering. This dream may serve to illustrate that thought. It paints, in vivid colours, the utterly helpless, desolate, and wretched condition of even departed spirits, which must continue in existence, but without the presence of a God and Father.

But if, on the one side of that narrow passage which lies between the island of time and the main land of eternity, there is the fearful whirlpool of speculative atheism, on the other we behold the equally perilous crag of practical unbelief. There are those who abjure the creed of the atheist, yet practically imbibe its spirit, living "without God in the world." They know God, but do not glorify Him. They do not stand in awe of Him. They do not bow before Him in humble, penitent, believing prayer. They are unaffected by His goodness, unmoved by His compassion, unconstrained by His love. The language of their lives is, "Who is lord over us?" To these, no less than to the others, living and dying in impenitency, futurity must be shrouded in the most fearful uncertainty, the same rayless, hopeless gloom.

"END THERE IS NONE."

LIGHT traverses space at the rate of a million miles a minute, yet the light from the nearest star requires ten years to reach the earth, and Herschel's telescope revealed stars two thousand three hundred times further distant. The great telescope of Lord Rosse pursued these creations of God still deeper into space, and having resolved the nebulae of the Milky Way into stars, discovered other systems of stars—beautiful diamond points, glittering through the black darkness beyond. When he beheld this amazing abyss—when he saw these systems scattered profusely throughout space—when he reflected upon their immense distance, their immense magnitude, and the countless millions of worlds that belonged to them, it seemed to him as though the wild dream of the German poet was more than realised.

"God called man in dreams into the vestibule of heaven, saying, 'Come up hither and I will shew thee the glory of my house.' And to His angels who stood about His throne He said, 'Take him, strip him of his robes of flesh; cleanse his affections; put a new breath into his nostrils; but touch not his human heart—the heart that fears and hopes and trembles.'

A moment, and it was done, and the man stood ready for his unknown voyage. Under the guidance of a mighty angel, with sounds of flying pinions, they sped away from the battlements of heaven. Some time on the mighty angel's wings they fled through Saharas of darkness, wildernesses of death. At length, from a distance not counted, save in the arithmetic of heaven, light beamed upon them—a sleepy flame, as seen through a hazy cloud. They sped on in their terrible speed to meet the light; the light with lesser speed came to meet them. In a moment the blazing of suns around them—a moment the wheeling of planets; then came long eternities of twilight; then again, on the right hand and on the left appeared more constellations. At last the man sank down, crying, 'Angel, I can go no further, let me lie down in the grave, and hide myself from the infinitude of the universe, for end there is none.' 'End is there none?' demanded the angel. And from the glittering stars that shone around, there came a choral shout, 'End there is none!' 'End there is none?' demanded the angel again, 'And is it this that awes thy soul? I answer end there is none to the universe of God! Lo, also, there is no beginning!'—*Professor Mitchell.*

LEAVING HOME.

THERE is hardly a time in the life of a youth, which seems to gather together so many tokens of a mother's affection and care, as when he is leaving the roof that has sheltered him from infancy, and going forth to prepare for, or to enter upon, the duties and scenes of life. That trunk, which no one but a mother can arrange and pack, is filled with the work of her own hands—work which she has done while he was, perhaps, asleep, or at play—on which her tears have fallen, as she has anticipated the moment of separation; and over which her prayers have often been silently offered for blessings on her child. Piece after piece is carefully put away, while the children look on, and talk cheerfully of the morrow, and know not the anxiety and care that is passing in the mother's heart. All is at length arranged, and on the last layer is placed a Bible, on the fly-leaf of which is written the mother's earnest wish, that her child may take that blessed volume as his guide through life. And when he is far away, amid scenes that are strange and new, if there is one motive next to the desire to obey God, that should, above all others, induce him to abstain from evil, and to act wisely and virtuously, it should be the wish to please his mother, and to repay her kindness and care. Nothing will so surely do this, as the knowledge that her son remembers her instructions, obeys her commands, even while absent, and is growing up in wisdom and virtue.

If these lines should be read by any who are even now recalling the hour of parting from home, and who are looking daily upon some token of a love that has never faltered, nor lost its power and tenderness, let me ask you to cherish that affection, as one of strong motives that should bind you to a life of usefulness and virtue. You are away from the scenes of your childhood, yet you know that in the dear home that you have left, prayer is daily offered for you, both at the family altar and in the closet; and that, although others claim your mother's attention and care, she never forgets her absent son. She walks through the house and misses you everywhere. Your place is vacant at the table; but your name is often spoken there, and when at evening your brothers and sisters gather around her, she thinks of you, and her eyes often fill with tears to think that you are not among them. You would not, I trust, make her unhappy by any act of ingratitude, or by any course that would tend to bring evil and disgrace upon yourself. If, then, you would be safe from the evils that are around you; if you would make happy the hearts you have left at home; if you would repay that mother for the tender interest and care she has for you, observe these few brief rules:—

1st, Daily read a portion of that mother's Bible.

2d, Morning and evening commit yourself to God in prayer.

3d, Make a full surrender of your heart to Christ, as your Saviour.

4th, Never do or say anything which you are not willing to tell your mother.

5th, Be regular in sending home a full account of all that is of any interest to yourself.

I think that no son will ever bring his mother to shame who will observe and practise these directions.

Read them over, and see if I am not right. So far as this life is concerned, a youth is in perfect safety who makes a confidant of a pious mother, and who always asks, when tempted to do wrong, Am I willing that she should know it?

But, above all, remember that the eye of God is upon you—that whether at home or abroad, whether amid the scenes of your happy childhood, or amid strangers, God is with you, and will notice and remember every thought and act of life. Live, then, as under His Omniscient eye; commit yourself wholly to Him, and He will guide and bless you. Oh should you, while absent from those that you love, find an interest in Christ, what joy will there be in the household when you return home, and meet those who, in all your absence, have without ceasing remembered you in their prayers, and who, as they see you rejoicing in the Saviour, can cherish for you the hope of a useful and a happy life!

TEACHINGS FOR THE CHILDREN.

No VI.

THE TRINITY.

"LITTLE girls," said Miss Bell, to her Sabbath-school class, "what do you understand by the Trinity?" "Three persons in one God; the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost," answered the children.

"Do you understand how there can be three persons in one God, and all equal?" asked Miss Bell.

"No, ma'am; do you think any one does?"

"I suppose you do, ma'am," said Sophia.

"No," said Miss Bell, "I do not understand how the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit are one; and perhaps I never shall if I get to heaven, and after I have been there 'ten thousand years.' This may be one of the mysteries into which the angels desire to look, and are not able. But do we not constantly believe a great many things we do not understand?"

"You don't understand how the flowers grow; or how one kind of seed always produces one kind of flower. You know the sun and the rain make the grain grow, but how you cannot tell."

An old lady in one of our quiet villages saw the telegraph posts, and the wires passing through the village. And she said, "They tell me that thing carries a message from London to Edinburgh in no time at all; but I don't believe it, and I never will believe it. It is not possible."

One day a letter came to the old lady, and on opening it she found it was a message by telegraph, saying, "Your son Robert is very ill; come immediately." She asked a great many questions as to how the message came, and when she heard that the "wires" brought it, and when she saw the date only an hour before the time she was reading it, she said, "It is a hoax. It isn't possible a message could come to me that way."

So she stayed at home. The following day she got a letter saying, "Robert has just breathed his last. Oh, how he longed to see his mother! We telegraphed you to come, and if you received it, and had started immediately, you might have seen him before he died."

Oh, how the old lady reproached herself! After that, she believed a thing she could not understand.

Now, we have the Word of God telling us of many things which our poor weak minds can no more understand than the old lady could the telegraph, or the little fly who crawls on my book can understand the words printed there; but we know they are true, because the God of all truth tells us they are. We have only to believe, and in many cases we must be contented not to understand; saying with the Psalmist, "Such knowledge is too wonderful for me, I cannot attain unto it."

Page for the Young.

TRUTHFULNESS.

Two country lads came at an early hour to a market town, and arranging their little stands, sat down to wait for customers. One was furnished with fruits and vegetables, of the boy's own raising, and the other supplied with clams and fish. The market hours passed along, and each little merchant saw with pleasure his stores steadily decreasing, and an equivalent in silver bits shining in his little money cup. The last melon lay on Harry's stand, when a gentleman came by, and placing his hand upon it, said, "What a fine large melon. What do you ask for it, my boy?"

"The melon is the last I have, sir; and though it looks very fair, there is an unsound spot in it," said the boy, turning it over.

"So there is," said the man; "I think I will not take it. But," he added, looking into the boy's fine open countenance, "is it very business-like to point out the defects of your fruits to customers?"

"It is better than being dishonest, sir," said the boy modestly.

"You are right, little fellow; always remember that principle, and you will find favour with God, and man also. I shall remember your little stand in future. Are those clams fresh?" he continued, turning to Ben Wilson's stand.

"Yes, sir; fresh this morning. I caught them myself," was the reply, and a purchase being made, the gentleman went away.

"Harry, what a fool you was to shew the gentleman that spot in the melon. Now, you can take it home for your pains, or throw it away. How much wiser is he about these clams I caught yesterday? Sold them for the same price I did the fresh ones. He would never have looked at the melon until he had gone away."

"Ben, I would not tell a lie, or act one either, for twice what I have earned this morning. Besides, I shall be better off in the end, for I have gained a customer, and you have lost one."

And so it proved, for the next day the gentleman bought nearly all his fruit and vegetables of Harry, but never invested another penny at the stand of his neighbour. Thus the season passed; the gentleman, finding he could always get a good article of Harry, continually patronised him, and sometimes talked with him a few minutes about his future hopes and prospects. To become a merchant was his great ambition, and when the winter came on, the gentleman wanting a trusty boy for his warehouse, decided on giving the place to Harry. Steadily and surely he advanced in the confidence of his employer, until, having passed through various gradations of clerkship, he became at length an honoured partner in the firm.

NEVER DENY A FAVOUR.

On a Christmas morning, an aged man went into the street to beg. Soliciting alms of a group of lads at play, they all began to search their pockets for something to bestow upon one whose benign countenance and tender expressions had won their confidence. At this moment, a bright, intelligent little fellow, whose parents had instilled other principles than benevolence, turned the scale against the suit of the poor old man.

"My father," said he, "has told me never to give anything to street beggars; 'it encourages idleness;' so, boys, you may do as you please about giving; I shall keep my money." This appeal, coming as it did from one who was a leader of the band, and appealing as it did to each boy's selfishness, had the desired effect; every hand was withdrawn from the pocket more readily than it had been thrust in, and a general shout of "Look out for street beggars!" was raised, in which all joined save one. This was a poor orphan boy, who had three halfpennies given him by his employer, to spend for Christmas; he lingered by the old man until his comrades had fled, and then offered him his little store.

"But you look," said the beggar, "as though you needed it yourself; keep it."

"No," said the noble boy, "my mother told me 'never to deny any one that asked a favour of me, if it was in my power to grant it,' and she is dead, sir; please take it; you may be an angel; she said such people were sometimes."

And an angel to him it proved. The beggar was not poor, but an eccentric aged man, who wished to find some worthy object on which to bestow his fortune. He had now found one with the principle instilled into his mind in his earliest years, to do good. And now that boy goes forth to bless the world.

THE "GUEST'S" BIBLE QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNG.

FLOWERS.

WHO says, "I am the rose of Sharon, and the lily of the valley?"

Where are the fruits of righteousness compared to the myrtle?

Where are we told that the dark winter is past, because the flowers appear?

Which flower does Jesus tell us is more gloriously arrayed than the richest monarch?

What beautiful lesson does He mean us to learn from this?

Where are we taught the brevity of human life, by comparison with a flower?

Where are children compared to olive plants?

Where is our blessed Saviour spoken of as the plant of renown?

Where is He called a tender plant?



A Family Magazine for Leisure Hours and Sundays.

WEEKLY NOS. ONE HALFPENNY.]

[MONTHLY PARTS, THREEPENCE.

THE SONG OF SIMEON.

BY HENRY SMITH, 1657.

(Continued from page 99.)

Thy servant.—The godly would not leave this privilege for all the riches in the world, for that they are the servants of God, fellows to princes and angels. They serve Him whom David, Solomon, Hezekiah, Josiah, served; yea, to whom a thousand thousand (Dan. vii. 10), even innumerable angels minister (Heb. xii. 22), even Him who is most blessed for ever. Every serving-man bears the cognisance of his master upon his sleeve. What then will the Lord say, when He cometh and findeth us marked with the badge of Satan? Surely He will say, "Give unto Satan that which is Satan's." But all the houses of Israel are sprinkled with the blood of the Lamb, and all mourners in Jerusalem are marked, and all the chosen are sealed with the seal of the living God.

Well was it said, "The poor receive the gospel." The young men are more forward in the truth and more zealous than the aged, the son than his father, the servant than his master. Once the younger brother stole away the blessing from the elder, therefore the elder hated him even for his zeal. And when was Jacob hated more than he is now? When was he so hated and persecuted as he is now by Esau? Yet, in the old time, men were more zealous in their age, than ever we hear of them to be in their youth; yea, they were zealous in the Lord's business.

Age hindered not Noah from building of his ark when God commanded him. Age hindered not Simeon from rejoicing and mirth, when he beheld and embraced the Lord Jesus Christ. Then old Simeon embraced Christ, and he enjoyed Him with hearty joy in zeal; it now where is old Simeon? There be it few of them to be seen coming to the temple to receive Christ; but now young men receive him, young Simeons, young Daniels, young Samuels, young Timothies, and young

Onesimus, and the young infants begin to speak again.

The young have Him, they are zealous, and I hope they will keep Him, though old men neglect Him.

In peace, &c.—Christ brings peace with Him, not the peace of the world, but that peace which passeth all understanding, "My peace I leave with you. My peace remain with you," saith He (John xiv. 27). Our peace is laid up in Christ, and all the peace we have, we have by Him, else it is not true peace. Simeon was just, and feared God in his life, and therefore he departed in peace. So mark the end of the just, and follow their steps, and you shall then depart in peace, like the Lamb upon the cross.

Fain would Balaam die the death of the righteous, but Balaam must then live the life of the righteous; therefore, all men look to this. Happy are they that depart in peace, who when death saith fear, and the serpent saith despair, they say by the Spirit to the flesh, "Crouch," and bid the serpent fly, while death openeth the prison doors.

For mine eyes have seen Thy salvation.—Because the Holy Ghost by inspiration had declared unto him that he should not die till he had seen Jesus Christ, therefore the same Spirit led him to the temple, and shewed that which is promised; and, having seen the same, he desired and wished to die, and be released from his earthly prison, that he might live with God. As idle and evil wishes are vain, because they are not according to faith, nor grounded upon the Word of God, so though we ask as cunningly as Jacob, and as earnestly as the sons of Zebedee, yet if we ask not in faith according to knowledge, we cannot obtain. But we should ask so that we may receive, that we may not return empty. Therefore, the ground whereon Simeon settled

himself to wish for death was, that he had received a promise of God, that he should be delivered from this miserable life when he had once seen the Light of the Gentiles, the Christ; and now he had seen his Saviour, and embraced the true Messiah, who was promised by the Father, figured in the law, and spoken of by the prophets, foretold by the fathers, and pointed at by John Baptist. For thus he reasoneth: Now that I see Thy salvation according to Thy word, and therefore the condition is now performed, let Thy promise also be fulfilled.

Have seen Thy salvation.—Seeing now He is come for whom Simeon longed, what are the troubles that are past, and the sorrows that are come to an end? So when we have our desires accomplished, seeing the sound comfort of the gospel, what should we, how may we, think either on the length of time wherein we waited for them, or the grievousness of the troubles whereby we have obtained them?

Have seen Thy salvation.—As Moses died on the mount where he saw the land of Canaan, so the godly die in the sight of God, and in the contemplation of His glory; like Stephen, who at the very instant of his death saw the heavens open, and Christ Jesus sitting at the right hand of His Father; and like Simeon here, which desireth to be loosed, and no doubt shortly died, viewing joyfully, and so thankfully beholding the Lord of life.

Beloved, you are not ignorant that the great day of the Lord is near at hand, and therefore they that have not yet seen Christ, they that have not yet embraced Him, but still sleep without oil in their lamps, shall suddenly be overtaken without the wedding garment, and shall be cast into eternal torment for ever.

Have seen Thy salvation.—There be many sights of Christ; all go not up to the mount, as Peter, James, and John; all see not His face with Moses; all sleep not in His lap with John; all are not taken up into heaven like Paul; all embrace Him not in their arms with Simeon. But as pleaseth God, so He sheweth Himself unto us; and all that love Him, both see Him and embrace Him.

To some He sheweth Himself as in a glass, to some generally, to some particularly; some He calleth early, and some He calleth late; and there is no hour in the day wherein He calleth not some to go labour in His vineyard. To some He sheweth himself by angels, and to other some by visions. Abraham saw three angels, Lot saw but two, Manoah's wife saw but one, and yet one was enough. It is said that Abraham saw Christ's days; but we see Him clearer than Abraham, and clearer than John, if we believe in Him as we should. Some see Christ and not His salvation, and some see His salvation, and do not embrace it. We see Christ when we hear His

word, and we embrace His salvation when we believe it; they see Him that hear Him, they embrace Him that follow Him.

Thy salvation.—He came not by angels, or by men, or by any other means, but only from the alone and eternal God. He calleth Him *Thy* salvation, for His name was not given Him by Joseph, nor by Mary, but by the angel of God, signifying that He was come from heaven. The Father saw Him when He was born, the Spirit came upon Him when He was baptised, the angels ministered unto Him in the wilderness, His enemies subscribed unto Him upon the cross, the Virgin travailed, the star walked, the wise men came out of far countries to worship Him. Then is not this Jehovah the mighty God whose birth is glorious, whose life is famous, whose death is meritorious? None can take upon him the authority of God, but He on whose shoulders the Lord layeth it. Then we see that our Saviour is the true Saviour sent from God; for all creatures bear witness unto Him, yea, the very devils, with all the evil spirits, do obey His voice, at whose name all knees shall bow. He came not to bring health, wealth, pleasures, or profits, for the which if He had, then multitudes of worldlings would have followed Him; but He came to bring salvation, righteousness, peace, truth, and life; therefore few care for Him. He came to save sinners, not all sinners, nor every one that saith, Lord, Lord, but He came to save penitent sinners, who turn unto God by their repentance. Therefore, He prayeth in John for those only that were given unto Him. So soon as the seed is sown, the stones refuse it, or the sun parcheth it, or the thorns choke it; and what comfort hath the lily among thorns? Therefore, Wisdom taketh her unto her wings, and whispereth, saying, "You shall seek me before I come, you shall seek me, but shall not find me, because ye have refused me when I offered myself to you."

Thy salvation.—The only Saviour is here called salvation itself; for if He were called a bare Saviour only, then you might likely understand by Him some other saviour; but here He is called salvation itself, to shew that there is no other. For there be more saviours, but no more salvations, as there be many ways to death, and yet but one death. The brazen serpent was a figure of Christ, that they which are stung by sin, by fire, and by the serpent which beguiled Eve, may make speed, because there is no remedy but to come to Christ.

There is no water can wash Naaman but Jordan; no water can wash the leprosy of sin but the blood of the Lamb. By this the Israelites were saved when the destroyer passed by. By this the Lord knoweth us to be His people. And by this the devil knoweth us to be none of his. As it is proper unto God to be called goodness, so is it proper unto Jesus Christ to be called salvation.

He is also called the way, the truth, and the life; for that life which we have is but a spark and shadow of life, but He is the true and eternal life.

Then seeing Christ is both our righteousness, salvation, and also the way, the truth, and the life, to lead us thereunto, it is as possible for us without Christ to be justified or glorified, as it is to be wise without wisdom, righteous without righteousness, or saved without salvation. Therefore, let us not be ashamed to take our water from the fountain, seeing Christ is the fountain of all wisdom, of all righteousness, of all truth, of all knowledge, of all salvation, and briefly of all goodness; for there is no other ark to save us from the flood, no other ladder to ascend with into heaven, no other Joseph to feed us in the famine, no other Moses to lead us through the wilderness.

But as the river Siloa runneth through all the land of Judea, and watereth the whole city of God, so Christ doth shew Himself all in all, and all-sufficient in mercy to save and bless all His Church with spiritual gifts. If Christ be salvation, what shall make us despair? Shall Satan? No, for He hath overcome Satan. Shall death? No, for He hath overcome death. Shall hell? No, for He hath overcome hell. Shall the law? No, for He hath fulfilled the law. Shall wrath? No, for He hath trodden the winepress of His Father's wrath. Therefore it was a sweet saying of one at his death, "When mine iniquity is greater than thy mercy, O God! then will I fear and despair."

Salvation is born, therefore we were all in the state of condemnation before; light is come, therefore we sat all in darkness before; glory is come, therefore we were all laden with shame before; life is come, to shew that we were all dead in sin before. Life is come, and light, and salvation; life to the dead, light to the blind, and salvation to the damned. For Christ is called salvation, to shew that without Him we are all damned fire-brands of hell, heirs of condemnation, and forsaken of God. To him that is sick, it is easy to be thankful when he is whole; but when he is whole, it is harder to be thankful than to be sick.

Thy salvation.—This word salvation is a sweet word, and holds me to it like an adamant; for when I thought to proceed this word said unto me, "Stay here, teach this, and teach all; learn this, and learn all; for it is the pith of all the mercies of God towards His children." Christ is called salvation, because no man shall despair, and because it is impossible to be saved without Him; for salvation is only in Him. Christ can do anything but this, He cannot save him that will not repent. He is called the salvation of God, because He came not from men, nor from angels, nor by chance, but from God himself; and therefore His name

was not given Him after the manner of men, which was that every father should name his own child, but so did not Joseph, for the angel had given direction for His name.

O Lord, what is man! that Thou art so mindful of him? O man, what is God! that thou art so unmindful of Him? If a friend had given us anything, we would have thanked him heartily for it, but to Him that hath given us all things, we will not give so much as thanks. Now, therefore, let the rock gush out water again, and let our stony hearts pour forth streams of tears in unfeigned repentance. We have all called upon you, but none regardeth us, as though God were as Baal, and as though Dives felt no pain, nor Lazarus joy, but all were forgotten. Many times Christ cometh into the temple, and there is scarce a Simeon to embrace Him; the babe is here, but where is Simeon?

If God had not loved us better than we loved ourselves, we should have perished long ere this, and yet we embrace not Christ as Simeon, who hath saved us from temporal and spiritual punishment. We are invited to a banquet; He who calleth us to it is God. What is the banquet? Salvation. Who are the guests? The angels and the saints. What is the fare? Joy, peace, righteousness; this is the fare, and we invite you every one. Yet who will come at our bidding? Some for want of faith, some for want of love, some for want of knowledge, have despised this holy banquet; yet unto this art thou called still, O soul! unworthy to be beloved.

IN AND AROUND JERUSALEM.

BY MRS JOHNSTON.

(Continued from page 105.)

AMONG all the so-called "sacred localities," the Church of the Holy Sepulchre is considered as first in importance. This spot has been marked by some kind of monument ever since A.D. 326, when the Empress Helena made a pilgrimage to the Holy City at the advanced age of threescore years and ten, and erected a number of church edifices. Whether it has been correctly located or not has been a matter of much dispute. Thousands of pilgrims, however, give full testimony to the sincerity of their faith by surmounting every difficulty, and travelling great distances, for the sake of worshipping at the holy shrine. The faith of the most devout and credulous pilgrim must, however, be put to the severest test, when he finds the reputed site of the crucifixion and resurrection in the very heart of the city, instead of being without the walls, as we learn that it evidently was, both from the Old Testament and the New. But, notwithstanding this inexplicable difficulty, we can but yield ourselves unresistingly to the *impression*, even though it be a delusion, that

this is none other than the site of the most soul-affecting tragedy ever recorded in the annals of time or the cycles of eternity. And I envy not the heart of that individual, who can enter the tomb alleged to have been that of the Son of God, and feel not emotions that he had never felt before, even though he may feel oppressed with doubts of its reality.

Determined not to be outdone by the Christians, and with the special intention of annoying them, the Mohammedans have erected two tall minarets—one in front and the other in the rear of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre—from the tops of which the five citations of the muezzim are daily wafted over the Christian dome.

The remains of various churches are found clustering around this great monumental church edifice, most conspicuous amongst which are those of Maria Minor and Maria Major—the Lesser and Greater Marys. With one exception—that of the shambles on Mount Zion—the most repulsive and noisome spot in all Jerusalem is that sink of filth called a tannery, contiguous to the church buildings on the east, specially designed by the Turks to annoy the Christians. Strong indeed must be the olfactories of the pilgrim who would visit the beautiful remains of the Palace of the Knights of St John, situated just opposite, though so well repaying a protracted exploration.

While in this neighbourhood, the enlightened traveller who would form a just estimate of the value of oral tradition in the ascertainment of the sacred localities, would do well to visit an old olive tree, which we are assured, by the blind guides of Jerusalem, is the identical bush in which the horns of Isaac's vicarious victim were entangled when Abraham was about to offer up "his son—his only son Isaac whom he loved." Now, although this spot is on Akra, instead of Moriah, where that memorable transaction is recorded to have occurred, yet thousands of credulous pilgrims every year worship at this tree in the full assurance that it is the identical bush alluded to, notwithstanding it grows upon the ground floor of an old ruined house beneath which is a cellar and a tank of water. Somewhere hereabouts they also shew to a certain class of pilgrims—those who have the bumps of ignorance, superstition, and legendary faith, well developed—something still more marvellous—the "stone that the builders rejected!" and something stranger still—reader, what do you think it is? The "gallus canticus!" yes, the veritable "cock that crew" when Peter so shamefully fell! I have not seen either of these *sacred relics*, but have no special reason to doubt that they are thus exhibited to pilgrims whose sanctity is of the right odour. But Palestine is not the only clime in which the exuberant plant of superstition thrives; for surely neither of these is half so monstrous as the "*sancta scala*," or

"sacred ladder," transferred to Rome, down which the Saviour was conducted from judgment, on whose large stone steps I saw many poor pilgrims crawling bare-kneed! or the House of "our Lady" borne to Loretto on angels' wings! How can oral traditionists, who believe in these silly Munchausen legends, find it in their hearts, or their sleeves, to laugh at the Moslems for believing that the large rock in the Temple yard commenced its flight toward Heaven on the occasion of Mohammed's celebrated Hegira, and was only prevented accompanying the prophet by the strong hands of angels holding it in its place!

Leaving the vicinity of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, and descending Palmer Street a few yards further, we enter the main thoroughfare of the city, leading from the Damascus Gate to that of Zion—upon which are situated the principal bazaars. What motely throngs of human beings!—if, indeed, all those bipeds passing before us may be honoured with such a designation. What a ferocious-looking animal is that scowling Bedawin sheikh! but proud and scornful as he is, he is compelled to give way before the haughty Turk and do him homage. But what poor half-naked women are those sitting along the bazaars selling charcoal, parsley, snails, eggs, and fruits, and vegetables of every kind—shamelessly unveiled! They are the fellahin women—the serfs of Palestine and Syria. Upon these poor creatures devolves nearly all the drudgery of farming and trafficking. To see one of these tawny females trudging to market, bearing a large basket of fruit, vegetables, or poultry, while she swings her infant in a sack on her back, and carries her next youngest astride her shoulder, and her liege lord riding before her, leisurely smoking his pipe, is not an uncommon sight. Nor does it excite the slightest degree of surprise or pity. What a clattering the clogs make upon the pavement—if such we may call the smooth rocks of every size and shape that lie here and there in the street; but they are an admirable contrivance for the ankle-deep mud of Jerusalem streets, and one very generally worn by the lower classes during the winter. It may be well to turn aside just here to examine the operations practised by silver-smiths, braziers, and other metal-mongers. How odd that pack-mule appears—with a woman and child in a basket on one side, counterpoising several large children on the other! Clear the track for that long string of camels laden with brushwood from Hebron! "Dahrac! Dahrac!" cries the camel driver, "your back! your back!" and gladly do you retreat into any alley or recess near at hand. But did ever anybody see so many cats out of Kilkenny! and such droves of dogs. These, like the bipedal inhabitants, have peculiar districts which they rigidly guard; and woe betide the poor canine that incautiously

s the line! And when a regular pitched is fought with two or three scores of rents on either side, an awful yelling howling is the consequence. This toleration of dogs and cats on the part of Mussulmans is not a little strange, inasmuch as the spit of a dog renders them unclean, and even on them the necessity of purification is insisted. But who is this strange delirious-looking wretch who is receiving such demonstrations of respect and reverence from the masses of the Mohammedans, not excepting the highest offends and dignitaries both of church and state—kissing his hands and giving him his blessing? He is naked, with the exception of a single piece of a garment; he seems to be a welcome visitor everywhere. A fellow! he is a "mejnoon," either an insane or a harmless lunatic; and all such are held in high esteem!

There are now in the pipe-making bazaar, so many hands are constantly employed; for every one smokes in Jerusalem, from the old Pasha down to the youngest slave. It is due, however, both to Turk, Jew, Christian, to record it to their praise. There is not a single tobacco chewer in the Holy City and Holy Land, except a European or American Jew and Christian.

But what sort of a character is that, with a well-filled goatskin on his back, and two vessels appended on both sides—holding his brazen pans together as he threads the crowd—lauding the excellence of his wares! He is a walking fountain, and pours forth water both sweet and bitter! Of all sorts—sherbet, lemonade, and spiced, scented water, and even arrak for the Christian! But great as the crowd is, it now scampers, and gives way to what is to be divers stacks of weeds, briars, and rushes, which move mysteriously up the street; but upon close inspection, you perceive buried underneath the huge mass a donkey by which it is borne—reminding you of the world upon the shoulders of Atlas.

Such is the fuel of the Jerusalem fires, though the kitchens are supplied with charcoal brought from Hebron. But comes another character, with whom we must be most as careful to avoid a collision as with the briars and brambles. He is a professional oil man, retailing oil from his goat-skin bottle, and every rag about him is saturated with oil; and it almost seems to come from his body. Here we meet one of the Jerusalem celebrities. He has come, like Jesus, to die at the Holy City. But he is a Jew; has visions and revelations; beholds himself the Elijah that was to come; and is ready to deliver to the restored Jews the law as they reach Jaffa; has doffed the European dress, and assumed the oriental costume of Abraham as his model in manners, dress, &c. Poor fellow! his change of dress had well-nigh cost him his life: he

was passing the court of the Holy Sepulchre on a certain occasion, and concluded to go in; but no sooner had he entered the court than he was pursued by the Christians, and only saved his life by seizing the cross that hung from the girdle of a priest, who was beating him to death, and devoutly kissing it—thus conclusively proving that he was not a Jew. There are many such characters in the Holy City—and exceedingly religious they are—but they certainly have a very curious way of shewing it.

Having wandered through the city, and weary of the confined air and crowded streets, we long for the green fields and the pleasant walks to be enjoyed outside the walls; for until we have seen Gethsemane, ascended Mount Olivet, and visited Bethany, we shall feel restless and impatient, and unable to realise fully that we are in the land of the Saviour and His Apostles.

PRECIOUS FAITH.

(Translated from the German of Count Zinzendorf,
"Ich weiss an wen ich Glaube.")

I know in whom I trust,
The Holy and the Just;
The Father's image pure and bright,
The Lord of mercy and of might.

I know in whom I trust,
Though yield to death I must,
Thou wilt not leave me in the grave,
But from its dark dominion save.

I know in whom I trust,
When Thou shalt raise the just,
I too shall in Thine image shine,
In bliss and purity divine.

Holy and precious faith!
Thou conqueror of death!
My present joy, my pledge of bliss—
Lord, evermore my faith increase.

SCRIPTURE MISCELLANIES.

HISTORY BEFORE THE FLOOD.

THE *Princeton Review* brings out the following results from several historical tables, shewing how the longevity of the antediluvians supplied the want of historical records. A sceptical suggestion arises from the idea that the story must have passed through many narrations, and that few opportunities of comparing and correcting one account by another were enjoyed. Look at the table as illustrating these points. And, first, the number of times the story must be repeated by different persons. Noah and his three sons could receive the account of the creation at the second rehearsal, and through several distinct channels:

1. Adam could relate unto Enos for six hundred and ninety-five years, and Enos to Noah eighty-four years.

2. Adam during six hundred and five years could discourse it to Canaan, and Canaan could discourse it one hundred and seventy-nine years to Noah.

3. Adam could rehearse it for five hundred and thirty-five years to Mahaleel, who had two hundred and twenty-four years to intrust it to Noah.

4. Adam had four hundred and seventy years to instruct Jared in these sublime facts, and Jared was contemporary three hundred and sixty-six years with Noah.

Through these four distinct channels Noah could receive a distinct account from Adam.

5. Adam lived till Methuselah was two hundred and forty-three years old, time enough surely to obtain an accurate knowledge of all those facts pertaining to the dawn of created existence; and Methuselah lived six hundred years with Noah, and one hundred years with his three sons.

And once more:

6. Adam lived to see Lamech, the father of Noah, till he was fifty years old, and Lamech lived with Noah five hundred and ninety-five years, with Shem, Ham and Japheth. Through these six channels the account could be brought down to the time of the flood.

All the generations from Adam to the flood were eleven. Of all these Adam was contemporary with nine, Seth nine, Enos ten, Canaan ten, Enoch nine, Methuselah eleven, Lamech eleven, Noah eight, Shem and brothers four. Thus there were never less than nine contemporary generations from Adam to the flood, which would give in one lineal descent eighty-one different channels through which the account might be transmitted.

WEALTH OF THE PATRIARCHS.

It is well that we should entertain some distinct ideas respecting the real condition of the patriarchal fathers as to wealth and power. The history dwells so little on these matters, that it requires some experience of the corresponding condition of life, as it still subsists in the East, to apprehend the force of the few intimations which do incidentally transpire.

There are probably few readers who conceive further of Abraham's establishment than that it consisted of one, or at most, two or three tents, with some half-a-dozen servants, and flocks of sheep and other cattle feeding around. Now this is altogether wrong. His encampment must have formed, so to speak, quite a large village of tents, with inhabitants equal to the population of a small town or a large village. Great numbers of women and children were to be seen there, and some old men; but not many men in their prime—these being for the most part away, from a few to many miles off, with the flocks, of which, immediately around the tents, there was probably less display than the lowest of the

common estimates of Abraham's station would assume.

We are told that Abraham was "very rich," and it is stated of what his riches consisted, but we are not told of the quantities of these riches he possessed. However, by putting things together, we may arrive at some notions not far from the truth.

We have the strong fact to begin with, that Abraham is treated by the native princes and chieftains of the land as "a mighty prince"—an equal, if not a superior to themselves. Then we learn that his house-born slaves, able to bear arms and to make a rapid march, followed by a daring enterprise, were not less than 318. A body of such men can be furnished only by a population four times its own number, including women and children. We can, therefore, not reckon the patriarch's camp as containing less than 1272 souls; and this number of people could not well have been accommodated in so few as a hundred tents.

Now, as to the cattle, one of the most tangible statements we can find is of wealth of the same sort, which, in or about the same age, rendered Job "the greatest of all the men of the east," making some allowance for the fact that Job was not exactly a nomad shepherd, but cultivated the ground also, and had a fixed residence. His wealth consisted of 7000 sheep, 3000 camels, 1000 (500 yoke of) oxen, and 500 asses. Now, it appears to us that the wealth of a camp whose chief numbered above a thousand dependants could not well have been less. Let us, however, test this by another computation. Jacob, when he was returning to Canaan with the pastoral wealth he had gained during his twenty years' sojourn in Padanaram, set apart a selection from his stock of animals wherewith to placate his offended brother. Now, as we know the number of the animals in this costly offering, we should have something to go by if we could tell what proportion this present bore to the whole. Was it a tenth, the proportion which Abraham thought a fit offering to a king? We think it was probably more, because Esau feared to impoverish his brother by taking so much from him, and was only prevailed upon to do so by Jacob's declaring that he had still enough. Take it, then, at one-fifth. Now, it is hardly to be supposed that the wealth which Jacob had been able to acquire by his twenty years' service in Mesopotamia was at all comparable to that which had been formed by Abraham in the course of more than thrice the time, on the basis of a large inheritance, and enhanced by his acquisitions in Egypt; and still less to the same property as increased during a long lapse of years by Isaac; and least of all to the property which was formed when Jacob's own separate acquisitions were added to the paternal stock. Let us therefore make what, under the circumstances, is a very moderate

alculation. Let us assume that Jacob's offering to Esau was one-fifth of his substance, and that Jacob's whole substance was equal to one-third of the patriarchal property of the same kind in Canaan. Under this view, the first column in the subjoined table shews Jacob's offering to Esau; the second gives the amount quintupled; the third exhibits the latter amount trebled; and the fourth column shews Job's property of the same kinds for the sake of comparison:—

	Esau.	Jacob.	Patriarch.	Job.
Goats, . . .	220 . .	1100 . .	3300 . .	
Sheep, . . .	220 . .	1100 . .	3300 . .	7000
Camels and colts, . .	60 . .	300 . .	900 . .	3000
Oxen, . . .	50 . .	250 . .	750 . .	1000
Asses and foals, . .	30 . .	150 . .	450 . .	500

These calculations appear to us to be corroborated by their near coincidence with the account of Job's wealth. The only serious difference is in camels, and that is very great. The difference as to sheep is more apparent than real; for although Job had twice the number of sheep assigned to the patriarchal family, he has no goats, and the patriarchal goats and sheep together form a number only 300 less than the 7000 sheep of Job.

The chief difference is caused by either the extraordinary abundance of camels in the account of Job's wealth, or the extraordinary deficiency of these animals in the stock of Jacob. We have counted the foals in the estimate of the latter, and yet the number is small in proportion to that of other animals. Upon the whole, we incline to think that Jacob, coming from Mesopotamia, where to this day camels are few in comparison with those possessed in and on the borders of Arabia, had not the usual proportion of these animals, and that, with respect to them, the estimate formed on the basis of his present to his brother does not adequately represent the wealth of the patriarchs in Canaan. There is every probability that the number possessed by them was as large in proportion to their other cattle as in the case of Job.

It cannot fail to strike the attention of the most cursory reader, that horses, which form so important a part of the modern Bedouin's possessions, are altogether absent in the statements of the same kinds of wealth belonging to Abraham, Jacob, and Job. It is scarcely possible that the animal should have been unknown to them. In fact, although Job did not possess horses, his book contains the most magnificent description of a war-horse that has ever been given (Job xxxix. 19). Again, although there is no mention of horses among the animals which Abraham received from the king of Egypt, this cannot well be owing to the want of them in that country; for they are found in the most ancient sculptures, and are in this very book mentioned as present in the funeral procession of Jacob from Egypt to the land of Canaan. The truth probably is, that horses were in these early ages used

entirely for warlike purposes, and that the powerful patriarchs were averse to the responsibility attached to the use or possession of such animals, especially in a country like Canaan, to which the use of horses, even for war, does not seem to have at this time extended. This view of the exclusively warlike character of the horse in early times throws some light upon the injunction in the law against the use of horses (Deut. xvi. 6).—*Kitto's Daily Bible Illustrations.*

FOR PARENTS.

OBSERVE the conduct of earnest parents. In addition to the communication of knowledge, they admonish, entreat, warn, and counsel. They direct the reading of their children, and watch carefully what books come into their hands. They analyse their character, and make themselves intimately acquainted with their peculiarities of disposition and tendencies, that they may know how to adapt their treatment to each. They encourage habits of subjection, modesty, reflection, conscientiousness, frankness, and, at the same time, respect for all, especially for themselves. They dwell on the pleasures of religion, and the miseries of sin. They repress faults, and encourage budding excellencies. They speak to them of the honour and happiness of good men, not only in another world, but in this. They endeavour to implant the fear of God, the love of Christ, the desire of holiness, in their hearts. Everything is done to render religion attractive, and yet to exhibit it as a holy and an awful reality. They watch the conduct, look out for matter of commendation and of censure. In short, their object and aim are the real, right, permanent formation of the religious character, the character of the genuine Christian.

Parent, you are always educating your children for good or for evil. Not only by what you say, but by what you do—not only by what you intend, but by what you are—you yourself are one constant lesson which many eyes are observing, and which many a heart receives into itself. Influence, power, impulse are ever going out from you: take care, then, how you act.

Let me then here remind you of the immense importance of three things: first, *Parental Example*. What example is so powerful as that of a parent? It is one of the first things which a child observes; it is that which is most constantly before his eyes, and it is that which his very relationship inclines him most attentively to respect, and most assiduously to copy. Every act of parental kindness, every effort to please, every favour conferred softens a child's heart to receive the impressions which such an example is likely to stamp upon the soul.

Vain, worse than useless, is that instruction which is not followed up by example. Good advice, when not illustrated by good conduct, inspires disgust. There are multitudes of parents to whom we should deliberately give the counsel never to say one syllable to their children on the subject of religion, unless they enforce what they say by a better example. Silence does infinitely less mischief than the most elaborate instruction which is all counteracted by inconsistent conduct. It is no matter, either of wonder or regret, that some professing Christians discontinue family prayer. How can they act the part of a hypocrite so conspicuously before their households, as to pray in the evening, when every action of the day has been so opposed to every syllable of their prayer. Oh, what consistent and uniform piety, what approaches to perfection, ought there to be in him who places himself twice every day before his household at the family altar, as their prophet, priest, and intercessor with God. It seems to me as if the holiest and best of us were scarcely holy enough to sustain the parental character, and discharge the parental functions. It would seem as if this were a post for which we could be fitted only by being first raised to the condition of spirits made perfect, and then becoming again incarnate, with celestial glory beaming around our character. What an additional motive is there in this view of our duty, for cultivating with a more intense earnestness the spirit of personal religion.

Would you see the result of parental misconduct, look into the family of David. Eminent as he was for the spirit of devotion, sweet as were the strains which flowed from his inspired muse, and attached as he was to the worship of the sanctuary, yet what foul blots rested upon his character, and what dreadful trials did he endure in his family! What profligate creatures were his sons; and who can tell how much the apostasy of Solomon was to be traced up to the recollection of parental example? Parents, beware, I beseech you, how you act. Oh, let your children see religion in all its sincerity, power, beauty, and loveliness; and this may win them to Christ.

But there is another thing to be observed, and that is the mischief of *excessive indulgence*. Read the history of Eli, as recorded by the pen of inspiration. The honours of the priesthood and of the magistracy lighted upon him. He was beloved and respected by the nation whose affairs he administered, and to all appearance seemed likely to finish a life of active duty in the calm repose of an honoured old age. But the evening of his life, at one time so calm and so bright, became suddenly overcast, and a storm arose which burst in fury upon his head, and dashed him to the ground by its dreadful bolts. Whence did it arise? Let the words of the historian declare, "I have told him, said the Lord, that I will

judge his house for ever, for the iniquity which he knoweth; because his sons made themselves vile, and he restrained them not" (1 Sam. iii. 13). Poor old man, who can fail to sympathise with him under the terror of that dreadful sentence, which crushed his dearest hopes and beclouded all his prospects? but the sting, the venom of the sentence, was in the declaration that a criminal unfaithfulness on his part had brought upon his beloved sons ruin both temporal and eternal. All this destruction upon his children, all this misery upon himself, was the consequence of weak and criminal parental indulgence. Doubtless this began while they were yet children; their every wish and every whim were indulged, their foolish inclinations were gratified; he could never be persuaded that any germs of malignant passions lurked under appearances so playful and so lovely; he smiled at transgressions on which he ought to have frowned; and instead of endeavouring kindly but firmly to eradicate the first indications of pride, anger, ambition, deceit, self-will, and stubbornness, he considered they were but the wild flowers of spring, which would die of themselves as the summer advanced. The child grew in this hotbed of indulgence into the boy; the boy into the youth; the youth into the young man; till habit had confirmed the vices of the child, and acquired a strength which not only now bid defiance to parental restraint, but laughed it to scorn. Contemplate the poor old man sitting at the way-side upon his bench, in mute despair, his heart torn with self-reproach, there listening with sad presages for tidings from the field of conflict. At length the messenger arrives—the doleful news is told. The ark of God is taken, and Hophni and Phinehas are slain. His aged heart is broken, and he and his whole house are crushed at once under that one sin—the excessive weakness and wickedness of a false and foolish parental indulgence.

Parents, and especially mothers, look at this picture, and tremble: contemplate this sad scene, and learn the necessity of judicious, affectionate, firm, and persevering discipline.

To all this, add earnest, believing, and persevering prayer. Let family devotion be maintained with regularity, variety, affectionate simplicity, and great seriousness. As conducted by some, it is calculated rather to disgust than to delight. It is so hastily, so perfunctorily, and so carelessly performed, that it seems rather a mockery than a solemnity—there is neither seriousness nor earnestness. On the other hand, how subduing and how melting are the fervent supplications of a godly and consistent father, when his voice, tremulous with emotion, is giving utterance to the desires of his heart to the God of heaven, for the children bending around him! Is there, out of heaven, a sight more deeply interesting than a family gathered at morning or evening prayer, where the worship is what it ought to be!—when the good man takes

"big ha' Bible," and, with patriarchal ease, reads to the household the words of heavenly truth! And then the hymn of domestic gladness, in which even infants learn to praise their Maker's praise—not better music here to the ears of Jehovah in the seraphim's song, than that concord of sweet sounds; and last of all the prayer—oh! that union of intercession in which each child longs to hear the throbbing of a father's heart for him! Ah! when this is the type of families of professors; when family religion is conducted after this fashion; when the spectator of what is going on in such households shall be compelled to say, "How lovely are thy tents, O Jacob, and thy tabernacles, O Israel!" when earnestness, after winning in the soul of the Christian, shall communicate itself to the parent, what a new state of things may we expect in the Church of Christ!—*The Rev. J. A. James.*

THE BIBLE AND REFORMS.

The Bible contains the only true principles of reformation. The Church is the divinely constituted reforming body; the Bible, the divinely appointed instrument for effecting reforms. Human ingenuity and philosophy have sought out "many inventions," by which to produce human reforms; but they never succeeded, and they never will succeed. We have not the principles with which to construct an enduring fabric. They may be as a mushroom edifice, and it may look as if as the tower of Babel, and seem to reach heaven—but it is only Babel after all. Would we see the world reformed we must start with the Bible. We must see that the Bible is brought within the reach of every family on the face of the earth; and as its purifying leaven works in the corrupt mass, it will work out a thorough, never-failing reformation. The reason is obvious: the Bible alone has the power to transform moral character—a power which belongs to no other doctrine, system, or book in the wide world. By other means men may be made to observe certain conventional rules, and to bind themselves together by certain external rites or observances, and certain outward reformations may be produced. But this is quite another thing from transforming character. Nothing short of Bible truth, the keen blade of the Spirit, can reach down into the deep and dark recesses of the heart, probe it to the core, purge its corruption, and thus purify the fountain of the moral affections, and make the person liberal and the churl bountiful. It is the mighty power of Divine truth that changes the lion into the lamb, makes the unkind sober, the profane man pure, and the knave honest. This alone can work a real, lasting reform.

MERCY.

THE molten sea, the shewbread, the bright lamps, the sweet incense, the smoke of the sacrifices, Moses's chair, Aaron's breast-plate, the preaching of the cross, the keys of the kingdom of heaven: do not all these proclaim mercy? Who would ever enter into a sanctuary, hear council, search conscience, look up to heaven, pray or sacrifice, name a God, or think of the tree of life, which is in the midst of the paradise of God, if there were no mercy? Do not all visions, revelations, covenants, promises, messages, mysteries, legal purifications, evangelical pacifications, confirm this? Yes, mercy is the air in which we breathe, the daily light which doth shine about us, the gracious rain of God's inheritance; it is the public spring for all the thirsty; the common hospital for all the needy; all the streets of the church are paved with these stones; yea, the very presence-chamber is hung with nothing but this curious arras: what would become of the children, if there were not these breasts of consolation? How should the bride, the Lamb's wife, be trimmed, if her bridegroom should not deck her with these habiliments? How should Eden appear like the garden of God, if it were not watered by these rivers? It is Mercy that doth take us out of the womb, feed us in the days of our pilgrimage, furnish us with soul's stock, close up our eyes in peace, and translate us to a secure resting-place. It is the first petitioner's suit, and the first believer's article, the contemplation of Enoch, the confidence of Abraham, the Syrophenician's phylactery, Mary Magdalene's lover, St Peter's tear-stanchover, St Paul's scale-dropper, the expedient of the penitent, the ecstasy of the reconciled, the saint's hosannah, the angel's hallelujah: by this Noah swam in the ark, Moses was taken out of the bull-rushes, Jonas lived in the belly of the whale, the three children walked in the fiery furnace, and Elias was taken up in a fiery chariot. Ordinances, oracles, altars, pulpits, the gates of the graves, and the gates of heaven do all depend upon mercy. It is the load-star of the wandering, the ransom of the captives, the antidote of the tempted, the prophet of the living, and the ghostly father of the dying: there would not be one regenerate saint upon earth, nor one glorified saint in heaven, were it not for mercy.—*Reeves' "God's Plea for Ninewah, 1657."*

RAIMENT.

ONE day, while walking with a friend, *Gottschold* met a young man dressed in the extreme of fashion, and could not help looking back at him, and exclaiming with a sigh, O Righteous God, what will be the issue of this rage for novelties and vain show? How happens it

that the world more and more seeks her honour in disgrace, and her wisdom in folly? I often think of what the Holy Spirit says (Acts xxv. 23) of Queen Bernice, viz., that she came "with great pomp" (*orig.* phantasy). The reigning fashion seems to me to be of the same phantastic character. There is hardly any one who now considers it a sin to wear a mask, and conform to the world. But, inquired his companion, can there really be so much sinfulness in the changes which dress undergoes? In itself, replied *Gotthold*, dress belongs to the class of things neutral. It makes a man neither better nor worse in the sight of God, it draws upon him neither the Almighty's favour nor frown; still the coat shews what the man and what his heart is. Can you doubt, that many a one, in his gay attire, but according to the newest style, is an idol to himself? With what pomp and pride he struts along, and fancies that none makes so fine a figure. Though one bow ever so soon or so humbly to him, yet he, on the contrary, scarcely deigns to return the salutation. In this way, the old man, whom we are bound to crucify with his affections and lusts (Gal. v. 24), is warmly clothed, expensively ornamented, and idelously revered. The money given to supply the wants of a needy brother is wastefully squandered, and the word of God in the heart choked among thorns. He whose frame of mind is such, that he is always lying abased at the feet of the Omnipotent—he who does not despise a Christian neighbour, though in poverty and rags—he who is ready at any hour, in obedience to the will of God, to exchange the finest suit for the beggar's cloak or the deathbed shroud, may, perhaps, without sin, wear costly raiment. But how the children of the world, with all their swelling pomp, shall contrive to enter in at the strait gate which leadeth unto life, must be left for them to try, if they will have it so.

My God! naked came I into this world, and naked must I again depart out of it. While my life lasts, give me the food and raiment convenient for me. If my rank or office require a better dress, disengage, at least, my heart from it, and make me unconscious of what I wear. My soul desires ornaments of a different kind. *Let the blood and righteousness of Christ be my badge and robe of honour.*—*Gotthold's Emblems.*

A BELIEVER'S GOLDEN CHAIN.

1. Hear the best men; read the best books; keep the best company.
2. Meditate often on the four last things; death, which is most certain; judgment, which is most strict; hell, which is most doleful; heaven, which is most delightful.
3. Set the watch of your lives by the Sun of Righteousness, Mal. iv. 2.
4. Be willing to want what God is not willing to give.

5. Crucify your sins, that have crucified your Saviour.

6. Do you bless God most who are most blessed.

7. Fear not the fear of men.

8. Cleave thou closest to that truth which is choicest.

9. Acquaint yourselves with yourselves.

10. Do good in the world with the goods of the world.

11. Improve that time which will be yours but for a time.

12. Learn humility from Christ's humility.

13. Be upright Christians.

14. Let it be thy art in duty to give God thy heart in duty.

15. Be diligent in the means, but make not an idol of the means.

16. Take nothing upon trust, but all upon trial.

17. Take those reproofs best which you need most.

18. Labour more for inward purity than for outward felicity.

19. Live in love, and live in truth.

20. Set out for God at your beginning, and hold out with God until your ending.—*Thos. Dyer, about 1630, Author of "Christ's Famous Titles," &c.*

NEGLECTING THE GREAT SALVATION.

Most of the calamities of life are caused by simple neglect. By neglect of education children grow up in ignorance; by neglect a farm grows up to weeds and briars; by neglect a house goes to decay; by neglect of sowing a man will have no harvest; by neglect of reaping the harvest will rot in the field. No worldly interest can prosper where there is neglect; and why may it not be so in religion? There is nothing in earthly affairs that is valuable that will not be ruined if it is not attended to; and why may it not be so with the concerns of the soul? Let no one infer, therefore, that because he is not a drunkard, or an adulterer, or a murderer, that therefore he will be saved. Such an inference would be as irrational as it would be for a man to infer that because he is not a murderer his farm will produce a harvest, or that because he is not an adulterer therefore his merchandise will take care of itself. Salvation would be worth nothing if it cost no effort; and there will be no salvation where no effort is put forth.—*Barnes.*

PRAYER.

PRAYER, like Jonathan's bow, returns not empty. Never was faithful prayer lost at sea. No merchant trades with such certainty as the praying saint. Some prayers, indeed, have a longer voyage than others; but then they return with a richer lading at last.—*Gurnall.*

Pages for the Young.

THE TEXT OF SHORT WORDS.

THERE is a text in the Bible in which the longest word has only five letters, so that even a very little one could say it. I should like you to learn it first and then see what I have got to say about it. This is it:—

"**THY WORD IS A LIGHT UNTO MY FEET, AND A LAMP UNTO MY PATH**" (Ps. cxix. 105).

A light! Even the little baby who cannot speak, turns round to look at the bright gas lamps in the street, and crows with delight when a candle is brought into the room.

"And I love a light very much," says Jane. "I remember when mother went out one day to work, and left me at home to take care of my little brother; we were very happy all day, but when evening came, and Charlie went to sleep, and the fire was nearly out, and the candles were locked up, it seemed so dull and lonely in the dark room; till presently mother came in and lighted a candle, and then, though she went away again, I did not mind any more; the candle made it all cheerful, and I got my work and learned my Sunday lessons till father came."

Another little girl named Katie lives in a farm-house which stands almost by itself. Between it and the nearest town is a steep hill-side with a wide furzy common at the top. There is no regular road over the hill, but only a little narrow path; but Katie has gone across it many, many times, and knows the way quite well when it is light. She can make way-marks of the old crooked trees which stand here and there by the path.

One day Katie's mother was obliged to send her over the hill late in the afternoon; it was a pleasant walk, while the birds were singing their last sweet song, and the sun shining in the sky before he went down. Katie did not go on quite so fast as she might. When her errand was done, however, and she got back on to the common, she tripped along fast enough, for the sun was gone, and instead of the bright streaks where he had been, hung heavy gray clouds, and the wind swept up the hill with a low sound.

Katie ran fast now, for she had often seen a storm come on like this; but before she was half across the common, the thick gray mist had gathered over the whole hill-side, and the rain fell fast. She could not now see her way; the footpath seemed to grow so narrow, she soon lost it and got in among the furze. If she stood still, the prickly bushes hurt her feet and the water crept into her shoes, and if she ran on, she only seemed to get further from the path.

Poor Katie! how much she wished for a light! She kept on bravely in the dark a little while, but at last she sat down on a stone and cried. It was dark, cold, and dreary; when on a sudden she thought she heard a

sound like some one calling. Again and again a distant shout was heard, and in a minute or two she saw far down the hill a little glimmering spark of light. She felt sure it was some one come out to meet her with a lantern; so she called loud, and presently some one answered; then the light came nearer, till it was almost close, and even by its tiny spark she could see the way in which she should go. The light was from a lantern carried by the plough-boy, who had come to meet her. The road was just as steep and long, and the rain fell as fast as before, but Katie's tears were gone, and she ran on with a light heart, for she knew that home was not far off and the light had shewn her she was in the right way to get there.

Now, I wonder why the text says the Word of God is like a light and a lamp. There are a few reasons which we will try to learn.

First, it is like a light because it makes us happy. You remember Jane did not feel half so dull and lonely, though she was alone after the light came. There is a little boy whose father and mother are dead, and who has nobody in all the world to love him and take care of him. He feels very sad, poor boy! and often goes out and sits alone to cry. But one day he took his little Bible with him, and opened it and found this verse:—"When my father and my mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up" (Ps. xxvii. 10). He dried up his tears; for he knew God was too good and wise to say what He did not mean. Then he went home a happier child, with this Word of God for a lamp to his feet and a light to his path.

God's Word also comes, like the lantern to Katie on the hill, to shew us things we could not see before. There is a child whose mother says that she is so cross, and fretful, and disobedient, I do not know what to do with her. And if you asked the girl herself if she is happy, she would say, "Oh no! I am not."

Poor child! she would like to be happy, but, like Katie on the dark common, she cannot find the way. Is there any light for her? Yes, God's Word says: "*A new heart will I give you, and a new spirit will I put within you* : and, I will take away the stony (hard) heart out of your flesh, and I will give you an heart of flesh" (Ezek. xxxvi. 27). Is not this what she wants? She fears that God will not forgive her, but the light of God's Word shews how Jesus has borne her sins in His own body on the tree, and that if she believes in Jesus, God will forgive all her sin. Surely God's Word is for her "a light shining in a dark place."

Then it is like a light to shew us the way to heaven. You sing in one of your hymns,

"Around the throne of God in heaven
Thousands of children stand."

Did they get there from the dark lands where there is no Word of God to give them light? Hear what another verse says:—

"On earth they sought their Saviour's grace,
On earth they loved His name;
So now they see His blessed face,
And stand before the Lamb."

Who told these little children that this was the *right* way? Oh, it was God's own Word which came like a light to their path, and a lamp to their feet, and shewed them that God, of His own great, free love, invites the children to His happy land, and that Jesus is the way!

WHAT A LITTLE BOY CAN DO.

"I wish, I wish, I wish," said a little boy, who awoke early one morning, and lay in bed thinking, "I wish I was grown up, so as to do some good. If I was governor, I'd make good laws; or I'd be a missionary; or I'd get rich, and give away so much to poor people; but I'm only a little boy, and it will take me plenty of years to grow up." And so, was he going to put off doing good till then? "Well," he said to himself while he was dressing, "I know what I *can* do. I can *be* good; that's left to little boys." Therefore when he was dressed, he knelt and asked God to help him to be good, and try to serve Him all day with all his heart, and not *forget*. Then he went down stairs to finish his sums.

No sooner was he seated with his clean slate before him, than his mother called him to run into the wood-house and find his little brother. He did not want to leave his lesson, yet he cheerfully said, "I'll go, mother;" and away he ran. And how do you think he found "bubby?" With a sharp axe in his hand. "I chop," he said; and quite likely the next moment he would have chopped off his little toes. The little boy only thought of minding his mother; but who can tell if his ready obedience did not save his baby brother from being a cripple for life?

As he was going on an errand for his mother, he saw a poor woman whose foot had slipped on the newly made ice, and she fell; and in falling, she had spilled her bag of beans and basket of apples, and some wicked boys were snatching up her apples and running off with them. The little boy stopped and said, "Let me help you pick up your beans and apples;" and his nimble fingers quickly helped her out of her mishap. He only thought of being kind; he did not know how this kind act comforted the poor woman long after she got home, and how she prayed God to bless him.

At dinner, as his father and mother were talking, his father said roughly, "I shan't do anything for that man's son; the old man always did his best to injure me." "But, father," said the little boy, looking up into his father's face, "does not the Bible say we

must return *good* for evil?" The little boy did not know that his father thought of what his son had said all the afternoon, and said within himself, "My boy is more of a Christian than I am; I must be a better man."

When he came home from school at night, he went to the cage and found his dear canary bird dead. "O mother! and I tended birdie so, and I loved him so, and he sang so sweetly;" and the little boy burst into tears over his poor favourite. "Who gave birdie's life, and who took it again?" asked his mother, stroking his head. "God," he answered, through his tears, "and He knows best;" and he tried to hush himself.

A lady sat in a dark corner in the room. She had lost her *two* birdies; and though she hoped they had taken angels' wings and gone to nestle in the heavenly land, she would rather have her little sons back to *her* nest again. But when she beheld the little boy's patience and submission to his Father in heaven, she said, "I too will trust Him, like this little child." Her heart was touched, and she went home with a little spring of healing gushing up there, and she became henceforth a better mother to the children yet left to her.

When the little boy laid his head on his pillow that night, he thought, "I am too small to *do* any good; but oh, I do want to *be* good, and to love the Saviour who came down from heaven to die for me. I do want to become one of the heavenly Father's dear children."

The heavenly Father's children are sometimes called children of light; and does it not seem as if beams of light shone from this little child, warming, blessing everybody that came in his way? Who will say he did not *do* good?

THE "GUEST'S" BIBLE QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNG.

SWINE.

Was the Jew permitted to eat swine's flesh?
Where is the law respecting this found?
What is like a jewel of gold in a swine's snout?

To whom does Isaiah refer as "those that eat swine's flesh?"

Who does the Lord say is "as if he offered swine's blood?"

Before what does Christ say "we should not cast our pearls?"

What does He mean by this?

What was the occasion of a herd of swine running down into the sea?

Who did Jesus say was set to feed swine?

What did he desire to eat during the famine?

What does our Saviour mean by this parable?

Have not you wandered from your Father's house?

Does the world satisfy you?



A FAMILY MAGAZINE FOR SUNDAY READING.

Edited by

THE REV. NORMAN M'LEOD, D.D., GLASGOW.

WEEKLY NOS. ONE HALFPENNY.]

[MONTHLY PARTS, THREEPENCE.

THE SOCIETY OF HEAVEN.

BY THE REV. NORMAN M'LEOD, D.D.

"CONSIDER what ample resources heaven affords for the cultivation of the social affections among persons of the highest intellect, taste, and moral worth, in God's universe. "We are come," says the apostle, "to an innumerable company of angels, to Jesus the Mediator of the new covenant, to God the Judge of all, and to the spirits of just men made perfect." Here we have summed up the society in heaven to which every saint is introduced, and in which he shall live for ever.

There are, first of all, the *angels*. At present we know only *about* those future companions. But how often does it happen thus with our fellow-men, that persons unknown to us in our early years even by name, have, in our later years, become indissolubly bound up with our joy and happiness! And so, too, the angels, whom the saints on earth have as yet never seen, shall, when the manhood of their being is reached, be their intimate friends and associates for ever. Yet let us not forget that the angels know the saints here more intimately than the saints themselves are known to their nearest and dearest friends. Thus, again, we are reminded, that as earthly friends, who have known ourselves and our family history during the forgotten days of infancy, are met by us in after years with feelings similar to those awakened by old kindred, even so will the saint, on reaching heaven, find God's angels to be not strangers, but old friends, who have known all about him from the day of his birth till the hour of his death. It is true that these high and holy ones belong to a different order of beings from ourselves; and this, we might at first imagine, must prevent their sympathising with us. But let us remember, also, that while in material forms there is no one common abiding type, by which, for example, the vegetable, beast, bird, or fish, are formed, yet that it is quite

otherwise with intellectual and moral beings; for these, all and everywhere, are made like God, and therefore made like one another. And, finally, though we might fear possibly lest beings possessed of such vast stores of knowledge—the accumulated wealth of ages—and of such high and glorious intellects, would necessarily repel us by the awe which they would inspire, and by the sense of weakness which by contrast they would reveal in a child of earth, when, with all his ignorance, he enters heaven, yet let us be glad in the thought that in them, as in the great Jehovah, all might, majesty, and wisdom become attractive when these are combined with and directed by love. The love which enables us to look up to God, so that we can call Him Father, will enable us to meet the angels in peace, and call them brethren. I am persuaded that a saint on earth, compassed about as he is with his many infirmities, would even now feel more "at home," so to speak, with angels, than with most of his fellow-men.

But "just men made perfect" also form a part of the society above. Their number is daily increasing. Day by day unbroken columns are passing through the golden gates of the city, and God's elect are gathering from the four winds of heaven. There are no dead saints: all are alive unto God, and will live together with Him.

But instead of dwelling longer on this point, I remark, in reference to this glorious society in general, that there will be *perfect union* among all its members. That union is not to be one of sameness; for there can be no sameness either in the past history or in the intellectual capacity of any of its members. How vast, for example, must be the difference for ever between the history of Gabriel, the thief on the cross, the apostle Paul, and the child who died yesterday! There is also no reason whatever to doubt that each person shall retain

marked individual features of mind and peculiarities of character there as well as here. All the stars will shine in brilliancy, and sweep in orbits more or less wide around the great centre; but each "star will differ from another star in glory." Yet this very want of sameness is what will produce the deepest harmony, such as one sees in the blending of different colours, or hears in the mingling of different notes. And I repeat it, the bond of this perfectness in heaven must be, as on earth, love. For it is love which unites exalted rank to lowly place, knowledge to ignorance, and strength to weakness—thus bringing things opposite into an harmonious whole. See how the love which dwelt in "God manifest in the flesh" poured itself into the lowest depths of humanity, and met men far down to lift them high up; so that at the very moment, for instance, when Jesus was intensely conscious of His dignity, "knowing that He came from God, and went to God," He shewed how inseparable was true love from true grandeur; for knowing this, "He rose from supper, and girded Himself with a towel, and washed His disciples' feet!" And as Jesus, in the night of the same divine affection, bridged over the gulf which separated man from Himself and His Father, drawing the impure to Him the Holy One, that they might become holy; and the ignorant to Him the All-knowing, that they might become truly wise; so shall the same divine love include within its vast embrace all in heaven—from God seated on the throne, down, through the burning ranks of cherubim and seraphim, till it reaches the weeping Magdalene, and the sore-stricken Lazarus, and the infant who has passed from the bosom of its mother to the bosom of its God! How glorious, yet how almost inconceivable, that the poorest saint here—the most ignorant, the most despised, the most solitary and unknown—shall not only admire and love, but be himself the object of admiration and of love on the part of the highest spirit there! For the King, who is not ashamed to call the poorest "brethren," will, in His adornments of their mind and heart, as well as of outward form, bestowed "according to His riches," make them worthy of the name, and fit them to move in regal grandeur, with all saints and angels, in the royal palace of His God! "Fear not, little flock, it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom."

After what I have said, it is unnecessary to prove what is assumed as so evidently true, and which I cannot really understand how any one should doubt, and that is, the mutual recognition of friends in heaven. As well ask me to prove this, as to prove that I should recognise them if we meet in a different part of the country, after having been separated from them only for a few days. What! shall memory be obliterated, and shall we forget our own past histories, and accordingly cease

to know that we have been redeemed men? or, remembering this fact, shall we be prevented from communicating our histories to others? Shall beloved friends be there whom we have known and loved in Christ here, with whom we have held holy communion, with whom we have laboured and prayed for the advancement of Christ's kingdom, and with whom we have eagerly watched for His second coming; and shall we be unable, throughout eternity, either to discover their existence, or associate with them in the New Jerusalem? Are the apostles now ignorant of each other? Did Moses and Elias issue out of a darkness in heaven, and did they recognise one another for the first time amidst the light on Tabor's hill, and then return into darkness again? Oh! what is there in the whole Word of God—what argument derived from our experience of the blessings of Christian fellowship—what in the character of God or His dealings with man—what in His promises of things to come laid up for those who love Him—that could have suggested such strange, unworthy, and dreary thoughts of the union of friends in their Father's home? Tell me not that special affection to Christian brethren, from whatever causes it may arise, is inconsistent with unfeigned love to all, and with absorbing love to Jesus. It is not so here, and never can be from the nature of holy love, and was not so in Christ's own case when He, the perfect One, lived amongst us. With supreme love to God, "He loved His Church and gave Himself for it;" with love to His Church He yet loved the disciples as "His own," while one of these was specially the loved one; while again, beyond this inner circle, He loved Martha, and Mary, and Lazarus! Tell me not that it is enough to know that our friends are in glory. I know this now, in regard to some of them, as surely as I know anything beyond the grave, yet my heart yearns to meet them "with the Lord;" and I bless Him that He permits me to comfort myself with the hope of doing so. Nor let it be alleged as an insuperable objection to all this anticipated happiness, that knowledge of the saved would imply knowledge of the lost, and that this would balance the pleasure we hope for by a great pain which we should be compelled to endure. For even admitting that such knowledge would be possessed at all, or, if possessed, give *pain*, which is highly improbable—yet surely, at the worst, this is a strange way of escaping pain, from the knowledge that some are lost, by taking refuge in the ignorance of any being saved! I shall not prove this further, but express my joy in heartily believing that we shall resume our intercourse with every Christian friend, remembering all the past, and reading it for the first time aright, because read in the full light of revealed truth; that we shall know and love them as we never knew and loved here, and shall sit down at that glorious intellectual and

moral feast, not with ideal persons and strangers, but with Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, with Peter, Paul, and John, with this or that Christian relative or friend, and with every saint of God!

But I have not as yet spoken of one Friend there who will be the centre of that bright society—"Jesus, the Mediator of the new covenant!" "I will take you to *Myself*," is the blessed promise. "We shall see Him as He is," is the longed-for vision. "We shall be like Him," is the hoped-for perfection. To know, to love, to be in all things like Jesus, and to hold communion with Him for ever—what "an exceeding weight of glory!" Jesus will never be separated personally from His people; nor can they ever possibly separate their character, their joy, their security, from His atoning death for them on earth, or from His constant life for them in heaven. It is the Lamb who will lead them to living fountains of waters, and the Lamb upon the throne that will still preside over them; the Lamb shall be the light of the New Testament, and "Worthy is the Lamb!" shall be its ceaseless song of praise. Beyond this I cannot go. In vain I endeavour to ascend, in thought, higher than "God manifest in the flesh," even to the Triune Jehovah who dwelleth in the unapproachable light of His own unchangeable perfections, and endeavour to catch a glimpse of that beatific vision which, though begun here in communion with God, is enjoyed by "the spirits of just men made perfect" there, "according to His fulness," and therefore in a measure which to us passeth all understanding. If any real spiritual intercourse with Jehovah here is "joy unspeakable"—if the gasping of the soul to possess more fails often, from its intensity, to find utterance in words—what must it be to dwell in His presence in the full enjoyment of Himself for ever! There are saints who have experienced this blessedness upon earth to a degree which was almost too much for them to bear; and there are some who have had glories flashed upon them, as if snatched from the light beyond, just as the soul was loosening from the ligaments of the body, and preparing itself for flight from its prison-house to its home;—strange moments, when things beyond were seen by the eye closing on the weary world, and overpowering bliss was experienced by the chilling heart. And if men, sinful men, yea, dying men, can ever so feel, even amidst the weakness and pain of dissolution, what is the measure of the joy which fills the souls of the redeemed at this moment in His presence, where they are made perfect and "see Him as He is!"

REVIVAL EFFORTS.

A PREJUDICE founded partly on observation, and partly upon report, but rarely upon expe-

rience, against any efforts beyond the ordinary course of ministerial and pastoral labour, exists in many minds: and if some instances of revival efforts were made the example or the standard of what is here meant by special services, they are to be dreaded and deprecated by every lover of sobriety of mind, and every friend to the credit of our holy religion. Scenes more resembling Bedlam than the solemnities of the house of God, have been set forth under the name of "revival meetings," to the disgust of the wise, the grief of the good, and the scandal of the bad. Nor is it any justification of such frantic orgies to allege that souls have been converted. Very likely. But how many have imbibed invincible prejudice against all religion; how many more, after the excitement has passed off, have become increasingly hardened; and how many have received a distaste for the ordinary and more sober ministrations of the gospel! There is, no doubt, a power in the eternal truths of the Word of God, that will exert itself, under God's Spirit, in defiance of all the revolting and inharmonious adjuncts with which they may be sometimes associated. It is not, perhaps, to be questioned that if some of the monstrosities of the Church of Rome—such, for instance, as dramatic exhibitions of the Saviour's passion—were united by some popular and energetic preacher of the gospel with a vivid appeal to the conscience, in the statement of evangelical truths, souls might be converted from the error of their ways; but would this authorise and justify us in representing the scenes of Calvary upon a stage? We eschew then, at once and for ever, all attempts at revival which offend against the majesty and sobriety of divine truth,—which violate the proprieties of public worship—produce an excitement of the passions that amounts to a kind of mental intoxication—and render tame, tasteless, and insipid, the ordinary ministrations of the sanctuary.

But is there no middle course between wild extravagance and dull formality—between the performances of the actor and the somnolence of the sluggard? Shall no stimulating treatment be adopted by a judicious physician with a collapsed patient, because some ignorant quacks have carried it so far as to bring on epilepsy or madness? I know it is the opinion of many, that all attempts to keep up, or to increase, the spirit of vital godliness in the Church, and to multiply conversions, by special services, tend to relax, on the part of both ministers and their flocks, their diligence in the use of such as are stated; and to teach them to rely on occasional and spasmodic exertions, rather than on such as are habitual. Our object, they say, should be to produce a constant and well-sustained earnestness, rather than a fitful and transient one; just as, in regard to our bodies, our aim is habitually to keep up robust health, rather than to neglect it, and then trust to occasional

and extraordinary means for restoring it. This is true. But surely, if, in the latter case, it be well to resort to special means of cure, *when* the health is impaired, and the strength is reduced—and in the best constitutions this will sometimes take place—it must be equally proper, so far as the analogy holds good, to follow this rule in reference to religion. In the best and the most watchful Christians, piety, alas, will occasionally decline; first love will abate; and vital godliness be among “the things that remain, and that are ready to die.” Who does not feel this, and lament it too? Have not all in whose soul is the life of God, and who are anxious to maintain that life in vigour, found it necessary occasionally to observe special seasons of examination, humiliation, and prayer? Is there a volume of religious biography, of any eminently good man, extant, that does not give us an account of his days of fasting and devotion, which he observed to obtain a revival of religion in his soul? Is there a Christian in real earnestness for salvation, one of more than usual piety, that does not feel it necessary to add an occasional season of devotion to his accustomed duties, in order to recover lost ground and to advance in the divine life? And does this practice take him off from his usual and regular duties of meditation and prayer? On the contrary, does it not rather lead him to supply defects, to correct negligences, and to pursue his course with fresh vigour and alacrity? Surely, if this be the case with the *individual* Christian, the same thing may be affirmed of a Christian Church.

By special services are not meant fixed periodical ones, such as yearly fasts, or a regular annual repetition of continuous preachings; for such cease to be special, and become a part of the ordinary means, and are themselves liable to sink into the same dullness of routine, and deadness of formalism, as the more frequent and ordinary means.

What is meant by special services are some such exercises as the following:—

An occasional day of fasting, humiliation, and prayer, by a religious denomination, to which all the churches shall be *invited* by the committee that manage their affairs, or which shall be determined upon by the churches themselves at their general gathering.

An occasional meeting for solemn prayer by the directors of our public institutions, when all business shall be excluded, and nothing else done but invoking the blessing of God upon their plans, their counsels, and their objects; and thus a devotional spirit be infused into all their operations. It is true they generally commence every meeting with prayer, but who has not felt how perfunctorily this is often done?

How much would it tend to keep up a right feeling and a fervent spirit in the ministry, if the pastors within a district of twenty or thirty miles diameter, were occasionally to

meet and spend a couple of days together in solemn prayer, unrestrained conference, mutual exhortation. What solemnity—what deep utterances of the heart in intercommunion of soul—might not take place! As it now is, we meet only *in* *need, business, business*, till we return home, revived a little, perhaps, in the journey, but not one whit better than times even worse, in our spiritual state. Single churches could, by voluntary action of their own, determine to keep occasionally a day of fasting, humiliation, and prayer. In the olden times of our forefathers, this was by no means uncommon; but alas, in our day we find little time, and have less inclination, for such exercises. True, it is difficult to command a week-day for any purpose: what hinders, then, that a church should not sometimes be thus apprised and the services of that day all be directed to bear on the object?

Where whole churches do not set apart seasons, why may not a few of the members who are like-minded in their devotion, in their yearnings after a higher tone of spiritual feeling, and their longing for the coming of the Spirit, agree together to designate particular times for special prayer, and blessed an invitation is it to issue from a spiritually-minded Christian to his brethren, “Come, let us set apart a season of prayer for a revival of true piety in our denomination, and the whole Church of God.”

But there is another kind of special service, which, for the purpose of conversion, is resorted to with great advantage, if conducted with propriety: I mean, continuous prayer, carried on for several successive days, accompanied by earnest prayer on the part of the members of the Church. As already intimated, this plan has been lamentably not only by certain men, called “*revival preachers*,” whose outrageous rant, frauds, and solemn trickery, have done much mischief, and have furnished the material for an apology for formalism; but others, who have made such services a pretence to call attention to a particular place, or to puff an unknown name into notice, till one almost loathes the name of “*revival meetings*.” But how different from all this “*bellows’ blowing*,” which Jay called it, are the sober and solecisms which have been, and still are caused by some ministers, to call by special attention the careless to the verities of eternal truth. When a man perceives that little good seems to result from his preaching, that souls are not converted, and that professors are lukewarm and indifferent to revelation, to the laws of propriety to the mental economy of man, in determining by a continuous course of services, to

the evenings of a whole week, to keep before the minds of the people, and to slumbering attention to its high is not this perfectly consonant with st decorum, with the most refined ensibility? Shall science, shall poli- ture, have their special services, lition? How likely a plan is it to minds of the careless, to fix the of the volatile, to decide the choice vering, and to kill the ardour of arm, thus to carry on a succession to them through a whole week? extravagance; let there be no anxious ociferation, no extravagant appeals sions; but only the vivid, solemn, al exhibition of the truth. As one the pastor, may not have strength r such services, another, or more may be called on to assist him. l this while, much prayer should n the Church for the divine blessing own upon such efforts. What can d to in such a scheme? Who has it without a blessed result? What, ere the labours of Whitefield and a, what were the labours of apostles, ontinuous services as these? It is e blessed Paul, he "disputed," or, fies by a better translation, "dis- taily" in the school of Tyrannus.

ve we doing by the *ordinary* means? s are we converting to God by our utine? Does not the work of recon- nguish in our hands? Are not the and tens of thousands perishing at and going down to the pit before

And shall we contend with routine, and custom, in our way of saving hall we be afraid to step out of our ourse even to pluck sinners as brands ernal burning?—*Rev. J. A. James.*

FLOW OF THE JORDAN.*

the stupendous miracles that have his neighbourhood illustrious, the lerful and the most suggestive was ge of the Hebrew nation through to their promised inheritance. The nes that bore witness to the fact

The Land and the Book. By W. M. Thom- twenty-five years a missionary in Syria and fe have enriched our columns before with this work. Our more thorough examina- our first impression, that for Biblical illu- ne people it surpasses any work before the s an imaginary journey through Palestine, ough over the year to cover the illustrations assages in the Bible which refer to Palestine opriate time and place, treating of harvest, in the seasons and places where they actually long. The work is intended for the people for scholars, and deserves an immense cir- ery congregational and Sabbath-school library ve many copies of it, for its reading will in- nee for and interest in the Holy Book. We observe that a cheap edition is preparing for in this country by Messrs Nelson and Sons.

have long since disappeared, and even the pre- cise spot where the passage was made is a matter of dispute; and in view of the super- stitious abuses to which such sites are per- verted, I am quite contented to have them all thus hidden, as was the sepulchre of Moses. We have the hills of Moab on the other side, the river itself that was divided, the sea, into which the water, cut off from above, subsided, and Jericho, over against which the grand miracle was performed, and these are enough for the confirmation of our faith; nor would I walk a mile or turn a stone to make the identification any closer or more perfect. There is an incidental allusion, however, in the account of the miracle, which infidels have employed to throw discredit on the entire narrative, and even upon the Bible itself, and which it is highly proper that we should explain if we can. It is said in Joshua iii. 15, that Jordan overfloweth all his banks all the time of harvest. This is the statement, and the objections against its accuracy and truth- fulness are, that the Jordan is a short and rapid river which soon runs down, and that, therefore, it could not have overflowed all its banks in harvest, for the rains have entirely ceased, and the tributaries of the river have dried up; and this plausible reasoning is strengthened and confirmed by the unquali- fied assertion that the Jordan does not over- flow its banks at all, not even in the rainy season.

To meet and refute these injurious asser- tions, various suppositions and suggestions have been put forward by the friends of reve- lation. It has been maintained that the chan- nel of the river has been deepened since the time of Joshua, and this, indeed, is very prob- able; and again that, from various causes, less water now falls upon the country of the Jordan than did anciently, and that the rains cease earlier in the spring; and this may pos- sibly be true, and, if there was any need of such hypothetical assistance to establish the veracity of the sacred historian, we should not hesitate to employ it for what it is worth; but I am persuaded that the matter in ques- tion needs no such aid. It is a plain, honest statement of a simple fact, as literally true now as it was when Joshua led the ransomed tribes into Canaan. All we need in order to clear the passage from obscurity or doubt is an adequate acquaintance with the pheno- mena of the country and the river. Let us subject the passage and the scenery to a care- ful scrutiny and analysis, and we shall find that here, as in a thousand other places, the Land illustrates and confirms the Book.

The river overflows during harvest; but where was the harvest spoken of, and what is the time of it? These inquiries are strictly essential. I visited the scene of this miracle on the 1st of April, and found barley harvest about Jericho already ended. I also found the river full to the brim, and saw evidence

in abundance that it had overflowed its banks very recently. Harvest in the vale of the Lower Jordan comes on about the middle of March. This seems early, and it is long before the crops are ready for the sickle on the neighbouring mountains, or even around the fountains of the Upper Jordan. But the reason is obvious. The valley at Jericho is thirteen hundred feet below the level of the ocean, is sheltered from cold winds on all sides by mountains of great height, and is open to the warm southern breezes from the deeper basin of the Dead Sea. It has therefore the climate of the tropics, though in the latitude of Jerusalem.

Still the rains are over, and most of the tributary streams have dwindled down to inconsiderable rills, even at this early season of the year; and how comes it, therefore, that the Jordan alone is full to overflowing? This is easily explained. The Jordan does not depend upon tributaries for its steady supply of water, but is almost wholly formed and fed by certain great fountains, which arise far north, around the base of snowy Hermon. The largest of these is called El Leddan, at Tell el Kady; the next in size is at Banias. These are the two great sources mentioned by Josephus under the names Greater and Lesser Jordan. The one from Tell el Kady is about three times as large as that from Banias, and its course is south, a little west, through the plain of the Hûleh, for about five miles, where it is joined by the Baniasy, and, in less than a mile further south, by the Hasbâny. The Jordan is thus formed by the union of these three rivers, and, winding southward through extensive marshes, flows into Lake Hûleh—the Merom of Joshua. The Hasbâny is a beautiful river, whose furthest permanent source is near Hasbetya, some eighteen miles north of Tell el Kady. The torrents from Wady et Teim greatly augment its size in the rainy season, but it depends for its permanent volume of water upon three fountains—the Fuarr, at Hasbetya; the Sareid, below Kefr Shubah; and the Luisany, at El Ghujar. To complete the account of the sources of the Jordan, the fountains of Derdara, in Merj Aiun, and the Rushiny, must be mentioned, and also those of Blata and El Mellahah. We need not pause to notice the River Jermuk, nor the fountains which flow directly into the different lakes. Those we have named are sufficient for the purpose of our illustration. The Jordan is thus made up from the joint contributions of great permanent springs, and in this fact we find the explanation of the overflow of the river so late in the season as March. These immense fountains do not feel the effects of the early winter rains at all. It requires the heavy and long-continued storms of mid-winter before they are moved in the least; and it is not until toward the close of winter, when the melting snows of Hermon and Lebanon, with the heavy rains of the

season, have penetrated through the masses of these mountains, and filled to flowing their hidden chambers and vast reservoirs, that the streams gush forth in full volume. The Hûleh—*marsh* and *lake* is filled, and then Gennesaret rises, and its accumulated waters into the swelling dan about the 1st of March. Thus it comes to pass that it does actually “overflow a banks during all the time of harvest;” does it soon subside, as other short rivers do, when the rains cease. These fountains continue to pour forth their contribution for months with undiminished volume, the river keeps full and strong all through March into April, and the proper banks of the river are still full to overflowing in the time of harvest.

To understand the passage correctly must also remember that Jordan has series of banks, and in some places the lower only which are overflowed either now or at any former period within the history of man, and to these the reference Joshua is unquestionably made. The *flat*, or river *bottom*, thus inundated, is where wide, and is generally covered with thick jungle of willow, sycamore, and trees. It was from these thickets that swellings of Jordan,” in ancient days, expelled the lion from his lair—a poetic allusion, which bears incidental testimony to the truth of his statement. At present there are no lions to be roused, but the wild boar, the jackal, the wolf, occupy his place, and, like him, before the swellings of this river.

I think it not improbable that the rise of the Jordan is, in reality, somewhat earlier now and more rapid than in the time of Joshua. The cutting off of the forests of Lebanon and Hermon may cause the waters to dissolve sooner, and the clearing away of the marshes at the head of the river allows the floods a quicker passage; and the river may be at its height, in ordinary seasons, a few days sooner than was the case three thousand years ago. It is nearly certain, also, that the channel of the Jordan deepened, and especially near the Dead Sea, so that the *extent* of the overflow may not be less than then, and of shorter duration. Without referring to these circumstances, the preceding facts and explanations are sufficient to establish the accuracy of the statement of Joshua that the Jordan overflows all his banks all the time of harvest.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

DAVID TAPPAN STODDARD, MISSIONARY TO THE NESTORIANS.

DAVID was born in Northampton, U. S. States, December 2, 1818. His boyhood distinguished equally for amiable and for

getic traits of character. Piously educated, and surrounded from the dawn of his being by the holiest influences and the best examples, he had been no stranger to profoundly serious impressions; but they were transient, and alternated with seasons of indifference, until the spring of 1836, when, during a period of unusually religious interest in the College, and (as we gather from the modest narrative) through the agency of the class-mate who has become his biographer, he was led into the fold of the Redeemer, and yielded himself up in penitence and faith to the love and service of God. The gospel ministry, to which a mother's prayers had destined him from infancy, was now his choice and goal, and he thus early yearned to devote himself to some department of the field of foreign missions, yet without settled purpose or definite aim. Among the college studies, he made unusual proficiency in mathematics, astronomy, and the natural sciences, in which, before the close of his junior year, he had acquired so solid a reputation, that he received the offer of a scientific post in the United States Exploring Expedition, then about to sail for the South Pacific. A letter to one of his brothers expresses his decision on this offer, and his reasons for it, in terms so strongly indicative of Christian manliness, and so vividly characteristic, as viewed in connexion with his subsequent life, that we cannot forbear quoting the following paragraph:—

"I could not go as a Christian; for little opportunity would be afforded me of doing good, and such a voyage *might* have a very unhappy effect on my Christian character. I could not go as a man of the world; for I have a Master, whose I am, and whom I am ever bound to serve. Were I to look only at time, and ask myself what course would be likely to advance me in worldly science, I might accept the offer. I could not, however, forget the interests of eternity and the life which I had chosen, or rather I hope I may say, the life to which I have been chosen, that of an ambassador of Jesus Christ. Parents and the family at home disapprove of the idea no less than myself; and I presume you will coincide with us all in opinion."

This noble act of self-denial proved no check upon Mr Stoddard's pursuit of science. Possessed of an unusual degree of mechanical skill, he constructed a telescope of considerable magnifying power, and made for himself an independent series of astronomical observations. Though this course of study was followed with some earnest self-questioning as to its bearing on the profession of his choice, he afterward had reason to believe that he pursued it under providential guidance; for the manual dexterity and scientific knowledge thus acquired were turned to uses of essential importance in his missionary career.

In 1842, Mr Stoddard received licence as a

preacher. In September of that year he became acquainted with Rev. Justin Perkins, D.D., of the Nestorian Mission, who had recently returned to the United States, bringing with him the Nestorian Bishop, Mar Yohannan, with the view of exciting in the Churches a warmer interest in behalf of that ancient people and that most inviting field of evangelic labour. Dr Perkins at once marked Mr Stoddard as the coadjutor he desired in his great enterprise, and the young divine, after brief deliberation, deemed it his duty to accept the call, and offer himself for the work. He was ordained at New Haven in January 1843, and on the first day of March following, he embarked at Boston for Smyrna, with his young wife, the daughter of Dr Calvin Briggs, of Marblehead, and in company with Dr and Mrs Perkins, and four other missionaries.

The larger portion of the Nestorians inhabit the wildest regions of the Koordish mountains. These are nomadic in their mode of living, poor, subject to the depredations of their Koordish neighbours, and debarred alike from the functions and the privileges of civilised humanity. About one-fourth of this people dwell in the city and on the plain of Oroomiah, where the necessaries of life are easily procured, and their condition is, on the whole, favoured and happy, though not without occasional instances of extortion and oppression by their Mohammedan masters. The entire Nestorian population does not exceed one hundred and forty thousand. Their vernacular language is the ancient Syriac, modified by time and the attrition of other tongues, and their sacred language—that of their books and worship—is believed to be the same with that currently spoken in Judea at the Christian era, and hallowed by the lips of the Divine Teacher.

We can easily conceive of the intense enthusiasm with which a man of Mr Stoddard's finely-toned sympathies and generous culture entered on the service of a people so rich in memories of early time, and in hopeful tokens of restoration to primitive simplicity and piety. On the outward passage, the new missionaries were engaged in the daily study of the language of the Nestorians, under the tuition of Dr Perkins. Their passage was rough, but short. From Smyrna they made the circuit of various missionary stations in Turkey, before commencing their long overland journey from Trebizond, "across the mountains of Armenia and the plains of Persia," to Oroomiah. This city had been the first permanent site of the mission; but the intensity of its summer heat compelled the members of the mission to establish a second station on higher ground. Accordingly, some two years before Mr Stoddard's arrival, a retreat had been prepared upon Mount Seir, and the necessary buildings constructed.

Mr Stoddard carried his telescope to Mount

Seir, and soon found that the knowledge which he was thus enabled to lay open and make visible to the intelligent and educated Persians, with whom he came in contact, was the means of undermining their prejudices against Christianity, of winning their personal respect and confidence, of impairing their faith in astrology, which in the Koran is constantly recognised as a valid science, and in various ways of insinuating the great spiritual truths of the gospel. At the same time, for the youth under his tuition it is hardly possible to overrate the religious importance of just notions as to the physical universe, in a state of society in which every scientific error is a burrowing-place for some inveterate superstition; and falsities about God, the soul, and eternity are buttressed by falsities about material objects.

Mr Stoddard rapidly acquired the vernacular Syriac, and within five months from his arrival at Oroomiah was able to take a prominent part in the instruction dispensed in the missionary schools, and soon afterward to preach intelligibly to native congregations. There occurred under his ministry and that of his colleagues, several seasons analogous in all their most hopeful features and their most gratifying results to the revivals of religion in Protestant Christendom. The awakening voice was first heard in the schools, and thence propagated through the surrounding villages, till those who had cast the precious seed into the soil, with anxious thoughts of a remote and slowly maturing harvest, could hardly ply the sickle fast enough for the ripening sheaves. If ever man had joy which angels might envy, such is the gladness poured forth in touching eloquence by Mr Stoddard, as he reports these seasons, and numbers up these trophies of his toil, in letters to his friends and the Missionary Board at home.

We are compelled to be brief, and cannot pursue, as we gladly would, the detailed narrative of Mr Stoddard's labours. His health early became impaired, in part from the debilitating influence of the climate, in part from a diligence too seldom intermitted for relaxation and repose. After several journeys, unattended by permanent relief, the alternative seemed to be speedy dissolution or a visit to his native country. He chose the latter, as his duty to his family and the mission. With his wife, nurse, and two children, he arrived at Trebizond in the summer of 1848. There his wife died of cholera, after an illness of a few hours, in perfect peace. The nurse soon followed her, and the invalid—not heart-broken, for his letters breathe only serene submission—embarked with the sole charge of his motherless children. He remained two years and a half. His health was restored, though not his full power of endurance. While here, he was not idle. He addressed Churches, public meetings, great assemblies, in behalf of the missionary cause

and his beloved Nestorians. He conducted an extensive correspondence, in the same interest, with his colleagues in Persia, and in aid of his and their plans. In February 1851, he was married to Miss Sophia D. Hazen, and on the 4th of March following, embarked with his wife and daughter, and three other missionaries, for Smyrna.

On his return to the mission, Mr Stoddard entered with new zeal on the self-denying service. But a higher Wisdom ordained that his sun should go down at mid-day. In the autumn of 1856, the attitude of the Persian government toward the mission rendered it desirable that a deputation should visit the civic functionaries at Tabreez. Mr Stoddard was selected for this service. The journey was performed on horseback, and he preached frequently by the way. His negotiations gave him much anxiety, and on his homeward route he was seized with premonitory symptoms of typhus fever. However, for thirteen days after his return, he pursued his usual routine of duty. On Christmas day he was obliged to confine himself to his bed. At the end of the first fortnight, the disease seemed to be arrested; but it soon returned, and for eighteen days he lingered on the confines of the grave. During a portion of this time, his mind was clear, and his soul sustained and gladdened by the felt presence of the Saviour, upborne by holy hymns, in the enjoyment of sweet peace and unshadowed hope. During the accessions of delirium, his words were those of trust and prayer. On Thursday night, January 22, 1857, he was translated to the heavenly society. "Eleven years before, on that very evening, he was rejoicing over the first converts of the first revival, and pointing awakened souls to the cross of Christ; and perhaps some of those souls were among the blood-washed throng who waited to convey his ransomed spirit to glory.

Were it the sole result of the missionary enterprise to nurture such Christian heroism, to develop in strength and beauty such truly great souls, to bequeath to a grovelling and mammon-worshipping generation such glorious examples of a higher life, of disinterested love and generous self-sacrifice, it would be worth all the cost expended upon it, and the precious lives which have been yielded up to its protracted martyrdom. It has demonstrated, as no other portions of modern history have, the joy-giving power of religious faith,—the independence of the soul of man on its surroundings, its sufficiency with the grace of God for its own happiness. But this is not all. The results of this evangelical labour are beyond estimate, except by the Omniscient Mind. Numerically, they may fail to satisfy the commercial spirit of our times. The expenditure divided by the number of converts would, no doubt, shew that a convert costs more than a slave—perhaps not more than it costs to kill a man in battle; all the

onary establishments in the world might be stained for several years by the money expended in a single campaign. But it must be remembered that, in a heathen or semi-civilized population, a sunken foundation must be laid before the superstructure can arrest the indifferent eye. There are languages—a debased *patois*, a mongrel tongue—to be learned without grammar or lexicon, and to be made available for the uses of instruction. Sometimes an alphabet must be introduced. Elementary treatises on the language, and vocabularies, must often be written. Then comes the work of translation, tentative, perplexing. Then there is a time to be gained upon the respect and confidence of an unimpressible people. And, after that, the chief reliance must be placed on the training of children and youth, who must be educated from native associations, kept steadily under Christian influence, and formed, by the labour of years, for future usefulness in the evangelisation of their race. Many stations the foundation is broadly and durably laid, and the superstructure gradually appears. On others, it is enough for faith and hope, that devout men and saintly women, adequate to any labour within the limits of human ability, are giving their best strength to the work. Scepticism and cavilling as to its feasibility are unworthy the Christian believer; for it is implied in his belief that Christianity has for its author the Father and Father of the human spirit, and that the one must be adapted to the other. The Christian theory, the Christianisation of the race is a possible achievement. All we can do, then, and a fervent God-speed to those who have consecrated themselves to this station.

DUTIES TO DOMESTICS.

You have a serious responsibility in regard to those who live with you. No one can be under your roof without being in some measure under your care. In old times, the domestics were treated as next to the children. They often spent their whole lives in the same household. They were taken to church with the family, and shared in all the family advantages. To the same degree in which they are deprived of other means of instruction and encouragement, they are committed to your watch and care. You stand to them in the place of father or guardian; and while they are in a Christian house, they ought not to have it to say, "No one careth for our souls." Among the means of usefulness among domestics, you should see to the following:—First, of them should be provided with a Bible; secondly, if convenient, with some useful evangelical volume. They should sometimes be supplied with suitable tracts. A good reli-

gious periodical will be as welcome and as useful in the kitchen as in the parlour.

Domestics should not be so pressed as to have no time for private exercises of devotion. They should have a regular allowance of time, both on the Sabbath and during the week, for attending on public worship, and should be permitted fully to enjoy the rest of God's holy day.

Family worship is of unspeakable value to domestics. It is to them, indeed, the *church in the house*. Affairs should be so timed and managed as to allow them to be present. The exercise should be so conducted as to interest and improve them; and towards this the singing of God's praise will contribute not a little. It is a great thing for those who are very busy, to hear at least two chapters of the Bible read every day; and the prayers offered at such a time have a great effect on their minds. I once knew an aged servant who scarcely ever attended family worship without being moved to tears.

Let your domestics share in your sympathy and your counsels. At suitable times, take them aside, and plead with them in regard to the salvation of their souls. Here is a field wide open for the labours of Christian women: in their own households they have those to whom they may be almost daily administering the truth of God.

Are there not many professing Christians, who, prompt to engage in more conspicuous duties, are very little exercised in conscience about those of their own households?

A USEFUL MEMBER.

BY THE REV. H. W. BEECHER.

THERE is a blind man in the church of which I am a member and the pastor, who is exceedingly poor. He was once prosperous in worldly affairs, a carpenter by trade. He lost his eyesight by a shower of lime in his eyes. His wife soon after was run over by some vehicle, and is bedridden for life. A dear little girl, apparently not more than four or five years old, leads him to church. They sit in front of the speaker's platform, and I look for his sightless face every Sabbath as eagerly as he listens for my voice. My preaching does him good, and his preaching does me good. While the congregation sing, I often sit and look at him, and receive the last preparation for preaching. A living instance of cheerfulness, contentment, patience, resignation, hope, and fervent piety, under circumstances which usually produce any other results than these, is not a sight of every day, and not one which I can afford to lose without heed. He will never know how many times his groping into church has struck a thrill through my heart; how many times he has softened my feelings and encouraged me; how many times he has revealed to me,

as no words, or arguments, or apologies could, the *reality* of religion, and its blessedness. But he is a great trouble to me; and in this wise—his calm and modest face, upturned, often says, or makes me say, Are you fit to preach to that man? You talk bravely about humility to him, and he *lives* it before you; you descant upon patience and contentment, you that have home and friends, books and portfolios, occupation and honour, and subsistence beyond all need for anxiety; you preach resignation and contentment to a man who lives with a manly and graceful dignity upon the charity of his brethren in Christ!

Then, too, he troubles me with such thoughts as these: You know that he is a better man than you are,—more gentle, spiritual, child-like. He leans directly upon God. The Lord's prayer means something to him, "Give me this day my daily bread." It is only now and then that we meet a case where this petition is literal—where the wasting loaf of the evening meal is literally the only thing between the man and hunger; no money, no credit, nothing for to-morrow except God's remembrance. Now, could I, who never dreamed of such a want, could I, if I had nothing between me and starvation day by day except God, so trust Him, that that would be enough? Could I receive the word of Christ, "Take no thought for the morrow what ye shall eat and what ye shall drink, and wherewithal ye shall be clothed; your heavenly Father knoweth that ye have need of these things?" And yet is there in all the world anything that ambition reaches at, or passion, that could bless the soul so much as the power to live composedly within the circuit of Christ's promise, and have from hour to hour an undisturbed peace? We have, sometimes, when seeing a healthful laughing child lying in its mother's bosom, looking up as radiantly as she looked down, thought that this was the height of sentient happiness, and pitied the little fellow, because, having nothing to compare it with, he had no idea how happy he was.

But this is the very repose and peacefulness of joy which belongs, in a far higher measure, to those who know how to say, "Our Father who art in heaven; hallowed be thy name; thy kingdom come; *thy will be done!*" It is a good thing to be poor if one is only poor enough. When one is so poor that he has nothing but God, he begins to be rich indeed.

But to return to our blind friend. He troubles me. I wish he might trouble some of my friends. Not willing to be idle, he makes such efforts as he can to support himself. He carries about a few books, and endeavours by their sale to earn a little. Now, remark how carelessness is often cruelty. He leaves his books on one day, and the next he goes about to collect the pay or the books again. Some are kind, some are indifferent, some pay him, some return the books, and some do neither. They know nothing about

it, have not seen the books. About May-day he lost money. Being sick between leaving the books and calling again, he found, when able to search for them, that families had removed. None knew or cared for his little affairs. So he found the book-business a losing concern, and gave it up. This, however, is incidental to the story to be told.

On visiting Judge —, this kind gentleman bought some of his books, and gave him besides a little gift of money, two shillings. The next Sabbath was the day on which the collection was to be taken in our church for building churches in the west. He was much stirred in his mind. He wished to contribute his two shillings, and yet feared that his friend might feel that he did wrong to give away his means of livelihood. Benevolence prevailed. He put all that he had into the plate. On Monday he called to explain and apologise to his friend for the deed. A blind man's quarter will bless some church in the west, if it carries with it his faith, and zeal, and consecration. There were hundreds and thousands of shillings given on that occasion, but this was the most liberal gift of all—it was all he had. Such are the members that make a church rich—poor in this world's goods, but rich toward God—rich in faith, in hope, in meekness, in patience, in prayer, and, according to the feeble measure of their ability, in good works. Many a church is destroyed through an ambition of having strong and wealthy men—only rich, not holy. The pulpit, perhaps unconsciously, is baited with all manner of rhetorical delicacies, and they are solicited with most flattering personal attentions. When they have conferred upon the church the favour of their presence and membership, they are thenceforward the curse of the minister and of the church. They add nothing to the moral power of the church. They bring in worldly wisdom only. The truth must always be spoken with such prudence as the fear of offending them inspires. They sit in their pews as so many insensible conductors; and the pulpit never flashes, or thunders, or strikes; all its fire of heaven is prudently and silently withdrawn by these conductors.

It may be very easy to sustain a church that has great wealth and little piety; but it is not worth sustaining. It is not a moral power. It may be difficult to sustain a church whose members are poor but full of faith and zeal; and yet, but for these, what would become of religion in the world? But is it necessarily so difficult to sustain a church of the poor! Something may be said on that subject.

LITTLE SINS.

I WILL account no sin little: since there is not the least but works the death of the soul. It is all one, whether I be drowned near the shore or in the midst of the sea.—*Hall*.

AN EVENING SONG.

BY PAUL GERHARDT.

Is that keepeth Israel shall neither slumber nor sleep.—
Ps. cxxi. 4.

Now all the woods are sleeping,
And night and stillness creeping
field and city, man and beast;
But thou, my heart, awake thee,
To prayer awhile betake thee,
praise thy Maker ere thou rest.

O Sun, where art thou vanish'd?
The Night thy reign hath banish'd,
ancient foe, the Night.
Farewell, a brighter glory
My Jesus sheddeth o'er me,
clear within me shines His light.

The last faint beam is going,
The golden stars are glowing
under dark-blue deep;
And such the glory given
When called of God to heaven,
earth no more we pine and weep.

The body hastes to slumber,
These garments now but cumber,
as I lay them by
I ponder how the spirit
Puts off the flesh t' inherit
living robe with Christ on high.

Now thought and labour ceases,
For Night the tired releases
bids sweet rest begin:
My heart, there comes a morrow
Shall set thee free from sorrow
all the dreary toil of sin.

Ye aching limbs! now rest you,
For toil hath sore oppress'd you,
trown my weary head:
A sleep shall once o'ertake you
From which earth ne'er shall wake you,
in a narrower colder bed.

My heavy eyes are closing;
When I lie deep reposing,
ul and body, where are ye?
To helpless sleep I yield them,
Oh let Thy mercy shield them!
O sleepless Eye, their guardian be!

My Jesus, stay Thou by me,
And let no foe come nigh me,
shelter'd by Thy wing;
But would the foe alarm me,
Oh let him never harm me,
still Thine angels round me sing!

My loved ones, rest securely,
From every peril surely
God will guard your heads;
And happy slumbers send you,
And bid His hosts attend you,
golden-arm'd watch o'er your beds.

—*Lyra Germanica.*

N ASYLUM FOUNDED IN FAITH.

neighbourhood of Bristol is a bene-
stitution, whose history furnishes a
illustration of the results of a firm
erful trust in God. It is an Orphan
whose five hundred children are fed,
and taught, and when at the proper
provided with an outfit and a suitable
or apprenticeship, all of which is
ithout any regular funds, by a man
not, and never had, any property, and
never solicited money for the support
stitution, for it is *founded in faith*.
e Muller, the founder, emigrated to Eng-

land from Prussia in 1829, and in 1835 began to
care for poor orphan children, renting at first a
single house, and adding others as it became
necessary, till, in 1845, four contiguous houses
were occupied by about one hundred and
thirty children, the expense of supporting the
establishment being defrayed by unsolicited
contributions. They were often reduced to
great extremities, but the wants of the day
were always supplied. In 1845, he first con-
ceived the idea of building an asylum to accom-
modate three hundred orphans, which he
judged would cost £10,000. Early in Novem-
ber, he says, "I began asking the Lord for
means." He received £1000, December 10,
the largest donation he had ever received.
Other donations followed, including a second
sum of £1000, December 30, when, asking the
Lord to go before him, he went out to select
a site for his building. The building, which
eventually cost £18,000, was commenced in
July 1847, and in June 1849 the orphans were
transferred to it.

In a little over a year he determined to
build another wing, capable of receiving over
four hundred orphans. The first donation for
this purpose was but ten shillings; but not
discouraged, he persevered, and in 1852 the
building fund amounted to £3530. The next
year it had increased to £12,531. In 1854,
over £5000 was added to it; and in 1855,
having £23,058, the new building was com-
menced, and was opened November 12, 1857.
He is now intending to build a third building
to accommodate three hundred more, for
which he has the funds in hand.

A striking feature in his subscription list is
the absence of all personal publicity, the names
of donors being carefully withheld, and even
their initials being rarely given. Contribu-
tions are received from all parts of the world,
in amounts varying from a single farthing to
thousands of pounds, and the receipt of the
one or the other is gratefully recorded. Such
an illustration of self-sacrificing devotion to a
work of Christian philanthropy, and of un-
wavering confidence in a prayer-hearing and
prayer-answering God, has seldom been given.

PROMISES.

PROMISES are like the clothes we wear. If
there be heat in the body to warm them, they
warm us; but if there be none, they give
none. So where there is living faith, the
promise will afford warm comfort; but on a
dead, unbelieving heart, it lies cold and inef-
fectual; it has no more effect than pouring a
cordial down the throat of a corpse. Again,
the promises do not throw out comfort as
the fire throws out heat; for then we should
only need to go to them in order to be warmed:
their heat is like the fire in the flint, which
must be struck out by force, and this force
can only be applied by faith.—*Gurnall.*

Page for the Young.

THE TWO SOLILOQUIES.

THE IDLE BOY.

O DEAR ME! what a terrible trouble it is to me to learn lessons and go to school! Here I have one, two—no, not two, but a whole column and a half of words, with meanings, to get by heart. I wish words had no meanings. Well, I suppose I must begin to learn them. P-r-i-s pris, o-n, prison, "a place where people are confined." Why couldn't they say school at once? that's a prison, I am sure. Well, what comes next? p-u-n pun, i-s-h ish, punish. I know the meaning of that word without the book; everybody in our house is so fond of using it. "Master Charles," says old cross nurse, "if you will spoil your clothes in this manner, I shall ask your father to punish you." "Master Charles," cries Betty, the housemaid, "you deserve punishing, that you do, scratching my chairs, and writing on my tables so." Now they are not your chairs and tables, Miss Betty. O this ugly lesson—I never shall get it! P-l-e-a-s, pleas, u-r-e, pleasure, "gratification of mind." Nay, but I am sure pleasure means swinging on gates, eating candy, blowing bubbles, and playing at watchman and thieves with all our scholars. I dare say, if Fred Jones had heard me, he'd say pleasure meant having a new book. Read, read, read—I hate reading! When I am a man, I'll never open a book, and I'll never send my children to school, and I'll have a black horse—no, it shall be a gray one, with a long tail, and I'll ride up and down the street all day long. Oh, how I wish I were a man now!

THE IDLE BOY BECOMES A MAN.

Yes, I am a man; and woe is me for having been such a little fool when I was a boy! I hated my book, and took more pains to forget my lessons than ever I did to learn them. What a dunce I was, even over my spelling! Always at the bottom of my class, and my book thumbed, and dog's-eared, and cried over—the very emblem of duncehood. "Do Charles, learn your lessons," said my father, "or you will be fit for nothing when a man." "Do, dear Charles, give your mind to your books, or I shall be ashamed of owning you for a boy," said my poor mother. But no; I must give my mind to whipping tops, and eating cakes; and a fine scholar they made me! Now, there was Fred Jones; he liked play well enough, but he liked reading also; and he learnt more out of school hours than I did in them. Fred Jones is now like myself, a man, but a very different kind of a man. He has made friends among the wise, the honourable, and the learned; I cannot be admitted to their acquaintance! He can interest others with useful information; I am obliged either to

be silent, or talk only about the weather or my neighbours. I can make out a bill of parcels, but I blunder over a letter to a friend. I see my error now, but now it is too late. I have no time to read, for I must work for my daily bread; and if I had time, I could not turn my mind to it.

I now suffer the fruits of idleness in childhood.

THE "GUEST'S" BIBLE QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNG.

STARS.

1. Where are we told that, when the cornerstone of this earth was laid, the morning stars sang together?
2. What leading part did a star perform in the most glorious event that ever transpired on earth?
3. Where did this wonderful star appear?
4. At the sounding of what trumpet did a great star fall from heaven?
5. What is the name of the star, and what does the name signify?
6. To whom did God give the promise of a seed as numerous as the stars of the heavens?
7. Where does our blessed Saviour speak of Himself as the bright and morning star?
8. Where is the light of the gospel compared to the day-star?
9. Who was the unrighteous prophet that gave the children of Israel a promise of the Saviour as the star of Jacob?
10. Under what striking circumstances was this prophecy uttered?
11. What work may we now perform that has for its reward a promise to shine as the stars for ever and ever?

ANSWERS TO "BIBLE QUESTIONS" FOR THE YOUNG.

- No. 9.—Exod. xx. 1, 8.—Rev. i. 9, 10.—Acts 12.—Num. xv. 32, 36.—Isa. lviii. 13, 14.—Acts xvi. 13.—Acts xiii. 44.—Acts xvii. 1, 2.—Luke iv. 14, 16.—Exod. xvi. 23.—Neh. xiii. 19.—Neh. xiii. 15, 16.—Isa. lvi. 2.
- No. 10.—Exod. xxi. 28.—Exod. xxiii. 4.—Deut. xxv. 4.—1 Cor. ix. 9.—1 Cor. ix. 14.—Judges iii. 31.—Prov. xv. 17.—Exod. xxii. 1.—Job xlii. 12.—Dan. iv. 33.—1 Kings viii. 63.—John ii. 14, 15.—Acts xiv. 13, 14.—Job xxiv. 3.—1 Cor. ix. 9.—1 Cor. ix. 10.
- No. 11.—Song ii. 1.—Isa. lv. 13.—Song ii. 11, 12.—Matt. vi. 29.—Matt. vi. 30.—Job xiv. 2.—Ps. cxxviii. 3.—Ezek. xxxiv. 29.—Isa. liii. 2.
- No. 12.—Lev. xi. 8.—Lev. xi.—Prov. xi. 23.—Isa. lxxv. 4.—Isa. lxxv. 3.—Matt. vii. 6.—Prov. xxiii. 9.—Luke viii. 33.—Luke xv. 13, 16.—Luke xv. 16.—Luke xv. 7, 10.—Ps. cxix. 176.—Matt. xvi. 26.



A FAMILY MAGAZINE FOR SUNDAY READING.

Revised by

THE REV. NORMAN M'LEOD, D.D., GLASGOW.

WEEKLY NOS. ONE HALFPENNY.]

[MONTHLY PARTS, THREEPENCE.

CHRIST WALKING ON THE WAVES.

A DISCOURSE FOR THE TIMES.

Translated from the German of Julius Müller, D.D.

MATT. xiv. 24-33.

As the prophets of the old covenant often gave a symbolical stamp to their actions, in order to portray the future and its great events to the people, as in a picture, so we see Christ also not unfrequently availing himself of the same practice. When, for example, he withered up the fig-tree, which bore leaves, indeed, but no fruit, he intended thereby plainly to indicate the impending fate of the people Israel. For however brilliant and promising was the jubilant reception with which they received their King when He rode into Jerusalem, He yet sought in vain among them for the fruits of a holy, earnest devotion, of an honest and faithful dependence on Him. A similar symbolical character we detect also in the transaction recorded in the text. For though the first and most direct lesson to be learned from the walking of Christ upon the storm-tossed sea of Galilee, is the dominion which He, as the Son of God, exercised over nature, yet the fact is at the same time the token of a still greater lordship which belonged to Him, and which He has continued to exercise ever since He appeared upon the earth—I mean His dominion over the spiritual life of men. Now, whilst this event, so apprehended, is full of significance for all times, it must be, to us, especially at this crisis, in the highest degree important and consoling to observe, in this picture, a vivid representation of Christ as the ruler over all the great movements now happening. And who can fail to perceive the deep meaning which Peter's attempt to walk, like his Master, upon the billows of the sea, has for us? Do we not here receive hints worthy of the most serious regard, as to the manner in which we are to conduct ourselves in this agitated time, in order to keep from sinking under its waves? In this sense, and from this point of view, we

propose to make use of the events which our text narrates. Let the walking of Christ and of His disciple Peter upon the lake of Genesareth, be the subject of our meditation. The order of the text will give the order to our discourse.

Upon the lake of Genesareth we descry, in the darkness of night, a vessel. It bears a company which is well known to us. It is the disciples of Christ, whom their Master, the evening previous, had bidden to sail across the lake alone. And does it not seem as if everything were against them, now that they are deserted by Him? The lake is stirred by a violent wind, which blows contrary. Already have they struggled many hours with the waves, and still they find themselves in the middle of the sea, which at other times they have often crossed in less than an hour.

Who among us, beloved friends, can fail to perceive that this stormy, billowy sea is a most striking image of our time, which, in its deep and universal agitation, has hardly a parallel in the history of the human race? We are now no longer engaged in a contest of isolated opinions and views, which indeed has always been waged. The highest principles, whose antagonism strikes its roots deep into the innermost depths of the human soul, have entered the list against each other for an irreconcilable combat, which has now for many years continued to rage. For a time, indeed, it appeared as if the storm, at least in the civil life of the nations, had been hushed; yet it was but a deceitful appearance, like that appalling stillness, which sometimes upon the sea interrupts for a moment the war of the storm, as if the elements were gathering strength for a redoubled violence. While the surface was calm, it heaved and swelled in the depths; and these wild commotions and pas-

sionate struggles, which have broken forth in our day, did they not all issue from the pregnant womb of the season just past, and thence derive their nourishment? And when we now look around us, what a spectacle does the present exhibit? Is not confusion everywhere in conflict with confusion, error with error, selfishness with selfishness? Do not corruption and mischief threaten us on all sides? Do not the powers of the abyss appear to have been let loose to instigate men into irreconcilable hate and strife, one against the other? Oh, my friends, let us hide nothing from ourselves; thick darkness lies over our earthly future, so that no human eye can discern it. The ship of our life, of its repose and its bliss, is every moment in danger of being swallowed up by the waves, or of being shattered upon unknown rocks.

Yet there, upon the lake of Gennesareth, the darkness begins to yield to the approaching light. The fourth watch is come; the gray of dawn appears upon those charming heights which toward the west encircle and crown the sea, while the craggy masses of rock towards the east grow blacker and darker; soon will the first streaks of the morning red glide over the lake; suddenly, and together with the twilight, lo, He suddenly appears—the long wished-for Master, walking upon the sea. Wonderful spectacle! The tossing wave sustains His foot as if it were the solid ground; the insurgent billows acknowledge, amazed, their mighty Sovereign, Him who once bade them “be still,” and they were still. With a firm and sure step He walks there upon the flowing element towards the distressed boat. The towering waves may sometimes, indeed, for a moment, hide Him from the eyes of His disciples, but they cannot block His path to the goal.

What then took place, Christian hearers, takes place again to-day. Over the foaming waves of agitated thought and feeling, which makes us fearful, He walks calmly as their Lord and Sovereign. They may rise against, but they cannot overmaster Him. They may sometimes conceal Him from the sight of His disciples, but they cannot check His course. They must at length own Him as their Master, and serve His will.

Upon the disciples, however, the sudden appearance of the Lord near the vessel makes an entirely different impression from what would have been expected. The circumstance, so miraculous and supernatural, appears to them, in the gray twilight, as something strange and fearful. As they see the form advancing towards them upon the waves, they cry out in terror, “It is a spirit!” and anticipate with fright the sinking of their vessel at its approach.

When He meets us as the mighty ruler of the world, as He whom the Father has made the Lord of the dead and of the living, to whom He has given power “to execute judg-

ment also, because He is the Son of man does there not often fall upon pious souls and trembling before Him and His irresistible power? He always stands before the Judge in a threatening form; and if they the gospel of His love, and impelled by a longing desire to draw near to Him, a quieting sense of His majesty frightens back. They still see Him only in the therefore their fear transforms the Redeemer into a destroyer.

But is anything more needed to banish fear from the soul than that He should be nearer to us and talk with us, and let us recognise Him, as He there talked with disciples, and said, “Be of good cheer, I will be not afraid.” How sweetly sound those words! How comforting their import! This is the sweet voice with which He elsewhere speaks to us in the gospel. Fear is banished. That is the tone from the beginning to the end. So He calms the timorous hearts; kindly allures them to Himself—“Fear not, I am I.” “Come unto me all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest for your souls, the heavenly peace.” You so much need amid the dangers of time, the divine comfort which will not let you sink in the floods—this shall you find in me.

Thus Peter thinks also—Peter, the man of fiery spirit and quick resolve. He sees the Master walking upon the sea; an urgent sire seizes him to be at His side, and to walk with Him upon the waves—“Lord, if thou, bid me come unto thee on the water.” And when Christ bids him “come,” he forth without hesitation from the vessel of firm assurance, and strides towards Him. With trembling joy he perceives how the flowing element is compelled to afford him a safe path. The waves may roar, but they frighten him not; the depths may open, but they cannot swallow. Already do we seem to be sharing with his Master in His dominion over nature and her rebellious powers.

My friends, if the gospel of Christ presents to us with sure, firm principles for estimating the movements of the present—if it inculcates to us the word that solves the riddle of time, the word which the prudent men of the world, the obtrusive physicians of the generation, in vain seek for, is it not as if that a powerful impulse should be roused in the ardent souls to rush with a spirit of courage into the midst of the confusion of the times in order to help to end it? in order to dispel the delusions of folly and passion, to rule with power over the wild waves of discordant opinions? And can we blame them for this desire? It is the example of the Master Himself which allures them to it, as it was with Peter; for Christ also did not withdraw Himself from the apparently inextricable confusion of His day; but He entered into the

sea of passionate strife, interfering between embittered parties, in order that by living, personal intercourse with all on every side, He might, through the divine clearness of His soul, bring light and order into the dark time and its wild movements; in order that He might point susceptible hearts to the one thing needful for founding a new, more beautiful edifice, in the impending overthrow of everything old. And it is faith in His word that empowers them for this undertaking as then it empowered Peter. This faith is the weapon with which they will contend against the resistance of hostile powers; it is the light that shall enlighten them in the darkness. And their assurance that they shall stand firm in the billowy sea, and safely advance to the goal, is grounded upon Him alone. Should we not, then, rejoice, when, with sympathetic participation in public interests, they seek to apply their excellent gifts for the furtherance of the common weal, and extend to it their pious activity? Must we not anticipate a rich blessing from their efforts? Will they not work mightily for the salvation of many? Yes, if all blossoms were to become fruits, and all fruits were to ripen! But the most beautiful blossoms of pious impulse, of noble resolve, are swept away by the storm, and the most promising fruits of enterprises well begun drop off, pierced by the worm, before they can ripen.

This, Peter, too, was obliged to experience. With a bold, confident spirit he has begun his walk upon the sea; but all at once he sees a strong gust of wind coming which rolls up yet mightier surges. Upon this he becomes terrified, his faith wavers, his courage fails: "Will not the roaring flood swallow me up?"—and ere he has time to collect himself, he begins to sink.

At such a crisis there is only one means of rescue; it is that which Peter seized upon. When he began to sink he cried, "Lord, help me!" and he did not cry in vain. Jesus is already by the side of the sinking one, and stretches out His hand and grasps him, and punishes his weakness only with the mild reproof, "O thou of little faith, wherefore didst thou doubt?"

And, surely, if we pray sincerely, we shall, with the disciple of the Lord, experience that He is near to all "that call upon Him in truth;" that He lovingly assists the weak, and despises not the anxious cry of the sinking. If we trustfully grasp His hand, and (in humility) commit ourselves wholly to His guidance, ready to sacrifice every gain, to suffer every disgrace, if only we can secure His approval—I say, if we do this, He will open ways for us through the raging waves of temptation, and will lead us out of the wild tumult upon a quiet and safe path. But while His help does not fail us, He yet administers to us His mild word of rebuke: O thou of little faith, wherefore dost thou doubt? Where-

fore didst thou let the victory slip when thou already hadst it in your hand? Would not a firm faith, which looks not upon the storm and the billows, but upon God, have continued to keep thee erect, as heretofore, in the struggle? Would not a child-like simplicity of heart have guarded thee yet longer from sinking into the sins and the corruption of the time? No, it was not that the temptations were not too great, but thine own faith was too small.

With the humbled and rescued Peter, Christ now enters the ship where the other disciples are. The wind lulls, the waves cease to roar; upon the peaceful surface of the sea the boat glides softly and swiftly to the opposite shore.

Yes, it is He alone who, as He can control and rule in the raging sea of the troubled time, can also quiet the very storm itself of the spiritual life. Upon His gospel and its divine power, rests all hope for the future. If rescue does not come from hence, there is no rescue for us at all. If faith does not again wax mighty in this disordered time—a faith which can quench the consuming fire of selfish passion, and teach us to honour the will and the word of God above everything else—then truly there is no help. By whatever other methods men may seek to heal their wounds, if these methods are not penetrated by the power of faith, it is all idle delusion, and can only serve to bring about the deceptive appearance of a cure, while the poison of the wound corrodes more and more fatally within. Were our hopes resting only on such means of human strength and prudence, oh then, indeed, should we be obliged to prepare ourselves for the approaching death-night of a melancholy bewilderment, and utter dissolution of all human relations; and, with a bleeding heart, we must look upon the dark future of the rising generation.

But does not the morning dawn upon the sea of Gennesareth, which bears that vessel with Christ and His disciples? Comforting picture of our time! Yes, it is the gray of morning, which appears, however, to fearful, anxious souls, as the twilight of evening. We are not approaching the night, but the day—a more beautiful day—where living faith and true piety shall again thoroughly penetrate the life of the nations; where, after having once and again "hewn themselves out broken cisterns which hold no water," they shall, with deeper longing, betake themselves again to the fountain from which stream forth the waters of everlasting life.

And does it not begin to break forth? Do you not see the lofty One walking in calm majesty over the lifted waves, which are forced to crouch at His feet? Do not the rays of the morning red shine before Him, and proclaim the advancing conquest of His heavenly light over the earthly darkness? Has not His Father given Him a great mul-

titude as His portion, and the strong as His spoil? Has He not become too powerful for thousands who once withstood Him; and has He not overcome them by His love, so that they now lie at His feet, and know no higher glory than that of being His possession? Ah, will not many among us, who now withstand Him, one day also bow their knees before Him, and say, "Lord, to whom shall we go? thou hast the words of eternal life, and we believe and art sure that thou art that Christ, the Son of the living God!" Yes, as there in the vessel, when He entered it and all became still, the men fall before Him, and exclaim, "Of a truth, thou art the Son of God, so will we worshipfully bow before Him, who is in the midst of us, where two or three are gathered in His name."

Of a truth, Thou art the Son of God, O Lord, and Thy Father hath given all things into Thy hand—hath called the whole human race to become Thy possession. And Thou dost pity all, and art willing to be the helper of all in the necessities of their earthly life, and dost kindly call every one of us to Thee, as Thou didst call Peter. Oh that we may willingly obey the call of Thy love, and faithfully continue in Thy holy communion. Then will the storm and the billows not terrify us. We see Thee walking upon the boisterous sea of our agitated time. We follow Thee with confident courage, and if we sink, and cry in distress, "Lord, help us!" then dost Thou reach forth Thy hand to us, Thou faithful Saviour, and dost rescue us, and strengthen us for new conflicts, until with Thee we reach the safe shore of everlasting peace, when for us the day breaks to which no night again succeeds. Amen.

SKETCHES OF THE COMMENTATORS.

MATTHEW HENRY.

WILL our readers accompany us in a brief review of the merits of the four great English divines, Henry and Gill, and Clarke and Scott, as expositors of the Bible? It were unpardonable not to place Matthew Henry at the very head of the list. His knowledge of human nature was very great, and, as he was in himself pre-eminently gifted with spiritual attainments, and thus personally conversant with it in its two aspects, as regenerate and unregenerate, he possessed a deeper insight into its workings than the mere metaphysician of the schools who, rejecting the light of revelation, and walking by the tiny sparks of his own kindling, would gather his acquaintance with man by dint of his own wayward gropings, as Belzoni would have scanned the dimensions of a mummy in the catacombs of Egypt when his lamp went out, and no ray from the heavens relieved the ebon darkness of the recess. The rare attainment of which we speak enabled Matthew Henry to render

his Commentary invaluable, as illustrative of the bearings of Scripture on Christian experience. We regret, therefore, that he did not live to complete it, had we no other reason than this to entertain the feeling. Even the deficiencies of Henry have a charm about them. In fertility of remark, in a singular power of dexterous analysis, in an exuberance of unction copiously poured over his pages, as if the composition of every sentence had been prefaced with a prayer, in a perpetual vivacity of style which sustains unbroken the attention of his readers, in a happy tact of quotation, and in a fervid earnestness that at times—as, for example, in the exposition of the parable of the prodigal son—kindles into the most solemn and majestic pathos, Henry is unrivalled. Who has not smiled over his ridiculous alliterations, and a propensity to puns that might have been the death of Samuel Johnson, who, in his hatred to such figures of speech, maintained that there was little difference between a punster and a pickpocket? How many have felt temptations to an expression of feeling somewhat louder than a smile, when our worthy expositor, speaking of the disciples mending their nets, gravely remarks that preachers hence may see the propriety of mending old, as well as making new sermons! Is there anything in all Jeremy Taylor's famous Marriage Sermon comparable to Matthew Henry's exquisite annotation on Gen. ii. 21, "The woman was made of a rib out of the side of Adam, not made out of his head to top him, not out of his feet to be trampled upon by him, but out of his side to be equal with him, under his arm to be protected, and near his heart to be beloved. In this, as in many other things, Adam was a figure of Him that was to come; for out of the side of Christ the second Adam, His spouse, the Church, was formed when He slept the sleep, the deep sleep of death, upon the cross; in order to which His side was opened, and there came out blood and water—blood to purchase His Church, and water to purify it to Himself?" We may smile at such isolated witticisms, extracted from a voluminous commentary, and though they may convey some conception of the brimming fulness of that bland and cheerful nature from which they welled forth with the most artless ease, what words can do justice to the tone of redeeming solemnity that pervades the whole work in the main? In the teeming spring of his fresh-blown and thick-coming fancies, Henry may at times seem to lose himself; and yet such is the holiness impressed on every thought which issued from his mind, capacious, if not discriminating, that, by the frank admission of all competent to judge, he is lost, not in the dust of earth, but in the clouds of heaven. Perpetual sunshine rests upon his pages, the balm of summer envelops his thoughts, and the fragrance of Paradise is revived as we read him, and that fragrance is sweetened

inexpressibly because it never fails to be mingled with a strong and crowning scent of the Rose of Sharon. Men talk of the old Puritans as sour, morose, and in their lofty aspirations after the things unseen and eternal, disdainful in all respects of the men and things of earth—the very stoics of Christianity. To name Matthew Henry is to refute the foolish representation. We can imagine him to our minds in no other character than that “of a kind-hearted old gentleman, full of wisdom and love, and mature in Christian experience, seated in an arm-chair, surrounded by his family, and talking familiarly to his children, pouring out with freedom and fluency the rich streams of a devotional and affectionate heart!”

The family of Matthew Henry, in this sense, how numerous! Generations have sat at his feet, and hung with rapture and with reverence on those lips touched with the most vivid coal from the heavenly altar. Men have accumulated since he lived a store of facts in elucidation of Scripture: history has seen her province clearly separated and distinguished from that of fable, and Providence has flashed in many a crisis of absorbing importance its own glorious interpretation on prophecy. However conscientiously Henry availed himself of all the existing learning which the times could supply, God has been good to us of later days, and much then uncertain is now fixed, much then unknown has now been brought to light, much then hid in the womb of the future has been amply unfolded. Still Henry is the Prince of Commentators. His work, breathing so much of heaven and so little of earth, will ever be regarded by the faithful of every age, not merely as a book to be bought and handled and read, but a companion in whose company we will spend the holiest of our waking hours, and with whom we will last of all shake hands in parting to rest.

W. H. G.

A FIRESIDE STORY ABOUT A MOTHER'S LOVE.

A HIGHLAND widow left her home early one morning, in order to reach, before evening, the residence of a kinsman who had promised to assist her to pay her rent. She carried on her back her only child, a boy two years old. The journey was a long one. I was following the same wild and lonely path when I first heard the story I am going to tell you. The mountain-track, after leaving the small village by the sea-shore, where the widow lived, passes through a green valley, watered by a peaceful stream which flows from a neighbouring lake; it then winds along the margin of the solitary lake, until, near its further end, it suddenly turns into an extensive copse-wood of oak and birch. From this it emerges half-way up a rugged mountain side, and entering a dark glen,

through which a torrent rushes amidst great masses of granite, it at last conducts the traveller, by a zig-zag ascent, to a narrow gorge, which is hemmed in upon every side by giant precipices. Overhead is a strip of blue sky, while all below is dark and gloomy. From this mountain-pass the widow's dwelling was ten miles off, and no human habitation was nearer than her own. She had undertaken a long journey indeed! But the rent was due some weeks before, and the sub-factor threatened to dispossess her, as the village in which she lived, and in which her family had lived for two generations, was about to be swept away in order to enlarge a sheep-farm. Indeed, along the margin of the quiet stream which watered the green valley, and along the shore of the lake, might even then be traced the ruins of many a hamlet, where happy and contented people once lived, but where no sound is now heard, except the bleat of a solitary sheep, or the scream of the eagle, as he wheels his flight among the dizzy precipices.

The morning when the widow left her home gave promise of a lovely day. But before noon a sudden change took place in the weather. Northward, the sky became black and lowering. Masses of clouds rested upon the hills. Sudden gusts of wind began to whistle among the rocks, and to ruffle with black squalls the surface of the loch. The wind was succeeded by rain, and the rain by sleet, and sleet by a heavy fall of snow. It was the month of May—for that storm is yet remembered as the “great May storm.” The wildest day of winter never beheld flakes of snow falling heavier or faster, or whirling with more fury through the mountain-pass, filling every hollow and whitening every rock! Weary, and wet, and cold, the widow reached that pass with her child. She knew that a mile beyond it there was a mountain shieling which could give shelter; but the moment she attempted to face the storm of snow which was rushing through the gorge, all hope failed of proceeding in that direction. To return home was equally impossible. She must find shelter. The wild cat's or fox's den would be welcome. After wandering for some time among the huge fragments of rock which skirted the base of the overhanging precipices, she at last found a more sheltered nook. Crouching beneath a projecting ledge of rock, she pressed her child to her trembling bosom. The storm continued to rage. The snow was accumulating overhead. Hour after hour passed. It became bitterly cold. The evening approached. The widow's heart was sick with fear and anxiety. Her child—her only child—was all she thought of. She wrapt him in her shawl. But the poor thing had been scantily clad, and the shawl was thin and worn. The widow was poor, and her clothing could hardly defend herself from the piercing cold of such a night as this. But whatever was to become of herself, her child must be

preserved. The snow, in whirling eddies, entered the recess which afforded them at best but miserable shelter. The night came on. The wretched mother stripped off almost all her own clothing and wrapt it round her child, whom, at last, in despair, she put into a deep crevice of the rock, among some dried heather and fern. And now she resolves, at all hazards, to brave the storm, and return home in order to get assistance for her babe, or to perish in the attempt! Claspings her infant to her heart, and covering his face with tears and kisses, she laid him softly down in sleep, and rushed into the snowy drift.

The night of storm was succeeded by a peaceful morning. The sun shone from a clear blue sky, and wreaths of mist hung along the mountain-tops, while a thousand waterfalls poured down their sides. Dark figures, made visible at a distance on the white ground, might be seen with long poles examining every hollow near the mountain path. They are people from the village, who are searching for the widow and her son. They have reached the pass. A cry is heard by one of the shepherds, as he sees a bit of a tartan cloak among the snow. They have found the widow—dead; her arms stretched forth, as if imploring for assistance! Before noon they discovered her child by his cries. He was safe in the crevice of the rock. The story of that woman's affection for her child was soon read in language which all understood. Her almost naked body revealed her love.

Many a tear was shed, many an exclamation expressive of admiration and affection were uttered from enthusiastic sorrowing Highland hearts, when, on that evening, the aged pastor gathered the villagers in the deserted house of mourning, and by prayer and fatherly exhortation sought to improve, for their soul's good, an event so sorrowful.

More than half a century passed away. That aged and faithful pastor was long dead, though his memory still lingers in many a retired glen among the children's children of parents whom he baptized. His son, whose locks were white with age, was preaching to a congregation of Highlanders in one of our great cities. It was on a Communion Sabbath. The subject of his discourse was the love of Christ. In illustrating the self-sacrificing nature of that "love which seeketh not her own," he narrated the above story of the Highland widow, whom he had himself known in his boyhood. And he asked, "If that child is now alive, what would you think of his heart if he did not cherish an affection for his mother's memory, and if the sight of her poor tattered cloak, which she had wrapt round him in order to save his life at the cost of her own, did not fill him with gratitude and love too deep for words? Yet what hearts have you, my hearers, if over those memoirs of your Saviour's sacrifice of Himself, you do not feel them glow with deeper love,

and with adoring gratitude?" A few days after this, a message was sent by a dying man requesting to see this clergyman. The request was speedily complied with. The sick man seized the minister by the hand, and gazing intently on his face, said, "You do not, you cannot recognise me. But I know you, and knew your father before you. I have been a wanderer in many lands. I have visited every quarter of the globe, and fought and bled for my king and country. I came to this town a few weeks ago in bad health. Last Sabbath I entered your church—the church of my countrymen—where I could once more hear, in the language of my youth and of my heart, the gospel preached. I heard you tell the story of the widow and her son"—here the voice of the old soldier faltered, his emotion almost choked his utterance; but recovering himself for a moment, he cried, "I am that son!" and burst into a flood of tears. "Yes," he continued, "I am that son! Never, never, did I forget my mother's love. Well might you ask what a heart should mine have been if she had been forgotten by me! Though I never saw her, dear to me is her memory, and my only desire now is, to lay my bones beside hers in the old churchyard among the hills. But, sir, what breaks my heart, and covers me with shame, is this—until now I never saw, with the eyes of the soul, the love of my Saviour in giving Himself for me—a poor, lost, hell-deserving sinner. I confess it! I confess it!" he cried, looking up to heaven, his eyes streaming with tears; and pressing the minister's hand close to his breast, he added, "It was God made you tell that story. Praise be to His holy name that my dear mother has not died in vain, and that the prayers which, I was told, she used to offer for me, have been at last answered; for the love of my mother has been blessed by the Holy Spirit for making me see, as I never saw before, the love of the Saviour. I see it, I believe it; I have found deliverance in old age where I found it in my childhood—in the cleft of the rock; but it is the Rock of Ages!" and clasping his hands, he repeated with intense fervour, "Can a mother forget her sucking child, that she should not have compassion on the son of her womb? They may forget; yet will I not forget thee!" —*Rev. N. McLeod, D.D., in the Edinburgh Christian Magazine.*

A SUMMER ON MOUNT OLIVET.

BY MRS SARAH BARCLAY JOHNSON.

"Mount Olivet in sighs,
Spoke mournfully—His midnight prayer was mine,
I heard it, I alone, as all night long
Upward it rose with tears for those who paid
His love with hatred."

THE malaria arising from the debris of Jerusalem compels all Frank residents, who wish

live out a full year, to pitch their tents in the country, and remain outside the walls several months of the warm season. Nothing more primitive than this way of living. Families supply themselves with the mere necessities of life, and occupy either tents or ruins around the city. Never were we happier than when living in this way on the eastern spur of Mount Olivet, just opposite Jerusalem. One is constantly reminded of the days of the patriarchs. The surrounding hills abound in grapes, pomegranates, almonds, figs, and these formed our principal articles of food. Some of our Bedawin friends brought us one day a bag of fruit from the neighbourhood of the Jordan, which they affirm are the veritable apples of Sodom. They were beaten into a powder, and whether the apple of Sodom, or fruit of Gomorrah, it was as very palatable. In exchange, they earnestly pleaded for the only looking-glass we had brought with us—of the size of one's hand. From the sensation it produced amongst them, it was evident they had never seen one before. The eyes of the women especially sparkled from very delight on surveying its reflection of the beads, coins, and tassels with which their heads were decorated. This, together with an electrical machine, telescope, and the dispensary of medicines, drew great numbers of them to our abode. Scores of these sons of the desert might be seen winding around the mountain every day, and a formidable company they were—each one mounted on his fine prancing charger, and armed with all manner of deadly instruments, very walking battery. But however wild their aspect, owing to the potent influence of medicine, we were always treated by them with the greatest kindness.

The profound ignorance of these semi-civilised beings very naturally leads to the grossest superstition, of which we often had instances. If medicinal knowledge they have none, but substitute all kinds of foolish and superstitious practices in its stead. The application of the red-hot iron is one of their most popular remedies. A man fell one day from a house-top; a messenger was despatched on a fleet horse for a Frank physician, who found him dangerously wounded, and an Arab doctor applying a red-hot iron, which, in their full belief in its efficacy, afforded the greatest imaginable comfort to the unfortunate man and to his sympathising friends! At other times, the sick man is laid near the tomb of some saint; or a golden case, containing verse from the Koran, is hung around his neck. Frequently a choice sentence from the Koran is placed in a pipe and smoked, and this they rely upon as a cure for the most dangerous maladies! Another popular mode of treatment is a severe flogging!

When a paper of medicine is given them, it is their ignorance, that they receive it

with the idea that both paper and medicine must be swallowed!

During our first summer encampment, the Pasha and his harem removed for the benefit of their health to the village crowning the top of the mountain. Great was the excitement when the long train of white sheets and attendants were seen approaching the village. Rooms had been already overspread with costly divans, and the villagers had arrayed themselves in holiday attire for their reception. Soon after their arrival, as in etiquette bound, I called to pay my respects. The queen of the harem, who is a beautiful young Circassian, handed me her own elegant narghileh to smoke. I received many other marks of favour, and was frequently assured that my visit afforded them great pleasure.

They were not long in returning my visit. A messenger, however, was first sent to say that the ladies earnestly requested the gentlemen to leave the house. (Curious ladies these!) This was of course readily complied with, however reluctantly; and we endeavoured to please our distinguished visitors. Some were not well, and wanted medicine, which we freely gave them, and they would fain have prostrated themselves in gratitude; indeed, it was sometimes a difficult task to prevent a patient from thus falling on the floor and kissing our feet. Ever after this they were frequent visitors at our encampment, notwithstanding its humble appearance; for it was a small, dilapidated house, with two rooms and a stable, so constructed that the stable was the hall of entrance. A tent was pitched near the door, of rather greater pretensions, being highly decorated with figures of white and green. But the privilege of living on this delightful mountain, so full of soul-stirring associations, and of treading daily the path so often trodden by the feet of our Saviour, fully compensated for the trivial privations we endured. For

"Here with His flock the sad Wanderer came—
These hills, He toil'd over in grief, are the same—
The founts where He drank by the wayside still flow,
And the same airs are blowing which breathed on His brow!"

Our simple manner of living gave additional enjoyment; and to contribute our mite of good by administering to the sick, as well as to scatter "the leaves which are for the healing of the nations," and, with Bible in hand, to roam over those sacred localities, were never-ending sources of pleasure.

But one of the most attractive features of this simple life is the vivid everyday reproduction of scriptural incidents.

How many passages are to be found in which allusion is made to skin bottles, which formed our most indispensable articles of furniture! The use of these still prevails extensively throughout the East, and although earthen jugs are also used, the former are greatly preferred, and much more common.

They are made of the skin of a goat or a sheep, and are so slightly mutilated by preparation for use, that they retain almost the exact shape of the animal from which they were made. They are hung on the back of a donkey, or more frequently a woman, and, having been filled with water, thousands are carried daily to the city. Abraham provided Hagar with a *bottle* of water on sending her to the desert; but, properly rendered, might it not be *water-skin*? They are sometimes regularly tanned into leather. This was no doubt the material of the wine-bottles of the Gibeonitish spies, who "did work wilily, and went and made as if they had been ambassadors, and took old sacks upon their asses, and wine-bottles old and rent, bound up." These bottles, from constant use, become rent, and when mended and patched, give full proof of good service and an ancient date. Hence, to put new wine in these old bottles would be utter folly, for the process of fermentation would cause them to "break through," which would not be the case while new and flexible.

Our camping-ground being very near the well that supplies the village with water, I often met the village maidens there, who repaired thither to fill their jugs. Their usual time for drawing water is just before night-fall, and the office is always performed by the women, as in the days of the patriarchs; for we read that Eliezer, whom Abraham had sent to obtain a wife for Isaac, made his camels to kneel down without the city by a well of water at the time of the evening, even the time that women go out to draw water. And Rebekah, the very maiden whom he sought, "came out with her pitcher upon her shoulder, and she went down to the well and filled her pitcher and came up." How often have I called upon fancy to imagine the retreating form of a Fellahah, with a vessel on her head or shoulder, and decorated with bracelets and ear-rings, to be the veritable Rebekah of old!

A stone trough is generally placed near the well, from which cattle are watered, and around it a flock of goats or sheep is usually gathered, as in the days of Jacob, who beheld a well in the field, and "three flocks of sheep lying by it." And in another particular they agree with the wells of the days of the patriarchs, in having the mouth covered with a large stone of great weight, requiring the strength of two men sometimes to move it. The usual method of drawing water is with a jug or leathern bucket, let down by a rope tied to its mouth; and when the well has been long in use, deep incisions are made by the rope in the topmost lining stones. This method was no doubt referred to by the woman at the well of Samaria, when she said, "The well is deep, and I have nothing to draw with." It is also seen from Gen. xxix. 8, that the present manner of covering the well is

the same as that which made it necessary for Rachael to require the greater strength of Jacob to roll the stone away when she came to water the flocks of her father.

Among all Orientals, even these simple Fellahin, dress is a matter of great importance, and they have a passionate fondness for ornaments. A poor Fellah, with a mud hut for his dwelling, and bread and water, literally, for his food (varied now and then with a cucumber), decorates the head of his child with gold and silver coins, which nothing less than the prospect of starvation would induce him to devote to other purposes. The women, too, wear this heavy head-gear, from which a veil of coarse white cloth hangs over the shoulder. The remainder of the dress is nothing more than a blue gown, with sleeves reaching to the ground, and a girdle around the waist. We were always made aware of their approach by the tinkling anklets, bracelets, and head ornaments.

The dress of the men is equally simple, consisting of a white tunic bound around the loins with a leathern girdle, a turban, and sometimes an outer garment of coarse material, striped brown and white, serving the double purpose of an article of apparel and a bed. And this enables us to understand the mysterious command of Christ to the sick man, to whom He said, after curing him of his disease, "Take up thy bed and walk." The dress of the Bedaweh differs but little from that of the Fellahah, but we may always distinguish the former by her tattooed face and nose-ring. Neither is there any difference between that of the men, except that the Bedawin wears a gay striped handkerchief of yellow and crimson bound around his head with a cord, while the Fellah merely wears a turban.

Our summer on Mount Olivet passed rapidly away, but the emotions which there thronged upon my soul will never be forgotten. Often did I realise that I stood on "Holy Land," and my heart went out in communion with the "mighty dead." There, in that very pathway, leading directly from the city to Jordan, by way of Bahurim, David went up, weeping, as he fled from his vile rebellious son, and looking back with wistful eye on his beloved capital, worshipped at an oratory just there, near our ruined castle. Up that path yonder, by Gethsemane, "David's greater Son," our adorable Redeemer, often toiled at the close of the day, as he left the heaven-abandoned city, to seek repose in Bethany. 'Twas on this mountain that the Shekinah lingered when it left the temple! Yonder, on that conical summit, the last conference was held with the apostles, as the Son of man was parted from them, and ascended on high, leading captivity captive. And upon this same hallowed mountain will His feet stand in "that day" when He shall come to be admired of His saints, and to take vengeance on His enemies.

LIFE THOUGHTS.*

BY HENRY WARD BEECHER.

A TEAR, dropped in the silence of a sick chamber, often rings in heaven with a sound which belongs not to earthly trumpet or bells.

I've seen luxuriant grasses growing on the tops of graves; I've seen flowers springing from the crevices of tombs; and like these are the fair and lovely moralities, and the special virtues which adorn the character of man who is not born of God's Spirit. The tree, with its corruptions, its wasting flesh, and its decaying bones, is beneath the fragrant flowers.

In some waters a man may drive strong piles, and build his warehouses upon them, so that the waters are not powerful enough to undermine his foundations; but there is an innumerable army of minute creatures at work beneath the water, feeding themselves on those strong piles. They gnaw, they creep, they cut, they dig, into the solid wood, and at last a child might overthrow those foundations, for they are cut through and ten to a honeycomb. Thus by avarice, revenge, jealousy, and selfishness, men's dispositions are often cut through and they don't know it.

It is a bad thing to live exclusively in taste and refinement. It begets a very wicked sort of selfishness. The man who lives too much in these faculties, will be perpetually stumbling upon things shocking to his feelings, for God forgot to polish all the rocks in this world. He didn't make trees all smooth. There are a thousand things that He didn't velvet on. It's a pity men should grow so refined to keep company with God in His providences.

Great crimes ruin comparatively few. It is little meannesses, selfishnesses, and immities, that do the work of death on most men; and these things march not to the sound of fife or drum. They steal with filial tread, as the foe steals on the sleeping sentinel.

Let your sorrows, when they rise and swell, like the waves of the Sound, when they at last flash forth their glories of phosphorescent light—or like the clouds that reflect the sun glorified.

From the SECOND SERIES just published by A. Strahan & Co. We cannot better describe this volume than in language of the London Press of March 10th:—"It is sent with celestial fire—rich in suggestive and original thought. Here and there we find *suggings* of gold, gems of the first water. . . . Beecher is not a saint, but he is better; he is capital—available capital—which others may draw, and send what they draw in currency in thoughts and words that will do the work of a vast deal of good."

Suppose one went to the wheat, as it waved in the field, and said: "Would you like to be made into a loaf for the queen?" "Yes," answers the wheat, "oh yes, we should like to be presented to the queen," and on it waves, swelling with pride at the thought of its consequence. But the reaper comes, and the wheat gets a stroke at the roots, and is laid prostrate. "Alas!" it sighs, "is this *going to the queen*?" But there it lies, drying in the scorching sun; and then 'tis drawn to the threshing-floor, and bruised and beaten without mercy. After this, 'tis winnowed, and then tied up in darkness, and carried to the mill. "Is not this almost over?" cries the poor wheat; but 'tis poured into the hopper and ground to powder. Then 'tis pressed and packed. And that is not all: it is mixed with water; it is worked and kneaded; it is subjected to various rapid changes, and finally to the process of cutting and shaping into loaves. "Ah! shall I not rest now?" sighs the poor wheat. "Yes; now you may rest," says the baker; and forthwith shoves the loaf into a heated oven. When baked, and not till then, it is fit to be eaten, and is presented to the queen. If God intends to honour you by allowing you to honour Him, He will lay you low, He will flail you, He will winnow you and grind you, He will knead and fashion you, and pass you through the fire; and then you will have discovered what it is needful to do with pride.

A man who makes calculation and provision for this life only, is like a sea-captain who, starting on a voyage to Europe, lays in provisions sufficient to last him only until he gets safe past the lighthouse, and out into the open sea.

Sorrows are like clouds, which, though black when they are just passing over us, when they are overpast become as if they were the garments of God thrown off in purple and gold along the horizon.

It makes a difference to God how we act. His happiness is affected by the conduct of His children; for His heart is the heart of a father. If, when my child sins, a pang goes through my own soul, and I fly to rescue him from further iniquity, it is because God struck into my breast a little spark of what in Him is infinite.

Reason is like a telescope—you can arrange it so that with it you can see only the things near to you, but it has other powers. By drawing it out, and properly adjusting the glasses, you can make what is near you grow dim, and the things far off to come near, and by and by when the lenses are all right, you can see beyond the stars, and into the heavenly city, and the magnificent background to your view is the glory of God.

WATCHING WITH THE SICK.

WHEN David Brainerd was lying on his death-bed at Northampton, a friend came one night to watch with him. As the hours wore on, he rose and went to the window to look for the first light of returning day. The dying saint, accustomed to turn every incident into food for spiritual meditation, immediately was heard to murmur, "My soul waiteth for the Lord more than they that watch for the morning; yea, I say, more than they that watch for the morning." He had not long to watch and wait. Even then the morn was breaking in the east. Over the hills was appearing the dawn of an eternal day.

Doubtless that friend felt it a privilege to watch by the dying man of God—to mark his spirit, so gentle and serene; never murmuring at his lot, to be struck down in early manhood; waiting the inevitable hour with unshaking trust, his faith strong in death. So it is always a privilege to watch by the bed of the sick and the dying. Some degree of fatigue and weakness it brings to be thus broken of rest and sleep; but how richly repaid by the lessons of wisdom there learned from the example of suffering patience, of perfect peace and immortal hope!

There is something solemn in the stillness of the sick-chamber. The sounds of day gradually sink to silence. The noise of the street is hushed. One by one the lights in the dwellings are extinguished, and all is dark, save where other anxious friends are watching over other sufferers. But those few lights gleaming here and there tell a tale of sorrow. Watching those lamps that burn all night long, one is reminded how many are sick, how many suffer, how many watch and weep. Thus a night by a sick-bed brings us into contact with that suffering which, though all around us, is generally kept out of sight, and awakens a keener sympathy for those who pine and weep unseen. How little do we think of this when in the midst of eager bustling life! As we rush along the streets, we think not of the sick-chambers on either hand. We plunge into business; the day is full of lusty life; we come home, and sleep soundly in our beds, and again awake to the same active career. At such a moment we hardly realise the existence of suffering. We think not of the thousands who are forced to lie still and suffer in silence. How many sorrows are borne in secret! How many houses whose doors are shut to the world, are filled with sorrow and weeping!

Ah! little think the gay licentious proud,
Whom pleasure, power, and affluence surround,
Ah! little think they while they dance along,
How many feel this very moment death
And all the sad variety of pain.

One night of watching by a sick-bed reminds us of these forgotten realities. It makes us thoughtful of others' woes, and opens our hearts to the children of sorrow.

But come back to the solitary room, and its teachings. The watcher sits alone with naught beside him but this pale and wasted form. No sound breaks the stillness of the room save the low breathing of the sleeper. He must be a block who would not moralise on such a scene, and at such an hour. He turns to the pillow and reflects. Poor troubled sleeper! What is before him? Will the blood ever come back into that sunken cheek? Or is it soon to be laid beneath the clods of the valley? The turning point comes near. Perhaps that soul is approaching the awful gates of death. A few more hours, and it may have passed beyond the veil, and the Great Mystery be revealed.

Thus to contemplate another's end gives the watcher a premonition of his own. "How soon shall I be lying on such a bed, and another be watching over me?" In the stillness of the sick-room he hears his own heart beat. How soon will those throbbings cease, and that heart be still for ever!

Such are the reflections suggested by a night in the sick-room. It is a time for calm thought, for meditation on the vanity of life, for repentance of sin, for solemn vows to live a better life. It is the most impressive reminder of our latter end. Night itself is the image of death. Its gathering shades and its hushed stillness are emblems of the deeper darkness and profounder silence of the grave. And when in the dead of night we watch with one who is soon to cross "the bourne whence no traveller returns," we seem brought face to face with God, and we cannot escape the solemn impressions of the hour.

May the spirit of that holy time rest with us when the morning breaks! For, long as the night may seem, at length the morning comes. How welcome is it as it appears in the east—emblem of the perpetual goodness of the Creator! Who that has watched that daily miracle of the rising of the sun, has not felt as if it were the glow of God's presence kindling over the world! That morning light brings a feeling of relief. It seems like a sudden reprieve from death—a fresh gift of existence. Then let the watcher, thus spared to live while others die, resolve to make a better use of that which his Maker gives; and as he stands at the window and welcomes a new day, let him begin a new life, and enter on a better course with the rising of the sun.

FRAGMENTS.

WE sail to glory not in the Salt Sea of our tears, but in the Red Sea of Christ's blood.—*Dyer.*

If the day of mercy leave us graceless, the day of judgment will find us speechless.—*John Wesley.*

Whilst thou art unconverted, thy body is but the living coffin of a dead soul.—*Alleine.*

Pages for the Young.

A MORE EXCELLENT WAY.

"MOTHER, mother," exclaimed Charley Morris, as he rushed into the house after school, great excitement, "what do you think we are going to do in school?"

"Study, I hope," said his mother quietly, while the little boy stopped to take breath.

"We shall have to, that's a fact," said Charley, "but that was not what I wanted to tell you, mother. You know there are just six weeks before examination, and they are going to give certificates then only to the very best scholars, who have sustained themselves correctly through the term."

"And you mean, of course, to rank among the very best, if you can," said Mrs Morris.

"Of course, I do, mother, but there is one thing more. The boy who has been at the head of his classes for the longest time is to receive, besides his diploma, a golden star to wear upon his breast. He will be called the star scholar, and will rank highest in the school."

"So you are aiming at this bright star?"

"Yes, mother, and will have it too, you will see! Dr H—— says it is a more honourable distinction than the Legion of Honour. Won't you be proud, mother, to see me wearing it at the evening exhibition. The teachers will come and tell you that I am the best scholar in the school." Mrs Morris smiled. "Won't you be glad, mother?" repeated Charley eagerly.

"Glad I shall certainly be of the scholarship that has won the honour, if it is fairly earned," replied his mother. "But what are your rounds of expectation?"

"Why, mother, I am at the head of all my classes but one, and in that there is no one above me but Harry Colton. I don't suppose there would be any hope of going beyond him, if he was always there, but he is sometimes absent at the hour we recite, and so he won't have as good a chance of keeping his place in the class."

"What is the cause of his absence?"

"He has to do errands for his mother. She takes in sewing, and they are too poor to have any servant, so Henry carries the bundles home."

"Mrs Colton has made great efforts to keep her boy at school. He is a good scholar, is he not?"

"Yes, mother; I don't know a boy that studies harder than Henry Colton."

"Not even Charley Morris?"

"No, mother; but then I am not obliged to study so much because I have been to school more regularly than he has, and then I have more time to myself at home. Why, Henry is up and studying before any one else is stirring in the morning, and always sleeps with his book under his pillow at night."

"Then if he fails to obtain the highest rank in the school, it will not be for want of diligence, or even of scholarship, but from the mere accident of his outward circumstances. But he will doubtless make a greater effort to be punctual these six weeks to come."

"He will, if he knows of the plan," said Charley moodily.

"He learns his lesson at home, does he not, so as to keep up with the class, though he should be absent for a single day."

"Yes, mother; but to-day we had a special explanation of something in arithmetic, that I know he cannot work out by himself."

"Is my boy quite conscious of the spirit he is indulging?" asked the mother gently.

"Does he really wish to gain this prize for himself at the expense of one who deserves it fully as much, and deserves it perhaps even more?"

"Then you don't want me to get the star after all, mother," said Charley after a few moments' silence.

"You will not doubt your mother's interest in your improvement, even if she should be less solicitous about this particular honour," Mrs Morris replied. "You know all the ambition I have in the world centres in my children. I would see them active, energetic, foremost if possible, in the pursuit of every honourable attainment. And yet there is 'a more excellent way' which I would have them follow; an attainment higher even than mental wealth, without which, though possessing 'all knowledge' they are nothing."

Charley's glowing ambition had somewhat cooled during his mother's calm but earnest conversation. He was listening attentively as he sat in his favourite place at her feet, though his eyes were downcast, and a sense of shame stole over him.

"You remember the passage in which this 'way' is described?" asked his mother.

Charley took down the little well-worn Bible in which he always read aloud to his mother. Turning to 1 Cor. xiii., he slowly read the first six verses.

"Do you think, mother," he asked, "that this forbids seeking any honour for one's self? It says 'seeketh not her own.'"

"It is not necessary for us to settle the bearing of this on the question of prizes in school. But one question comes nearer to the case in hand. Do you think that in strict honesty the star would be *your own*, if you gained it, not by superior scholarship, but by your more prosperous circumstances, and Henry's hindrance through his mother's necessities? The only value of the sign is in the thing signified. To me this badge would mean, not that my boy was a better scholar than Henry, but only that his father was richer than Henry's mother."

"Mother, I don't want the star at all," said Charley with a resolute effort, "that is, if Henry can get it. I am going round now, if you are willing, to shew him about the arithmetic, and to ask his mother to arrange, if possible, so that he can attend school constantly the next six weeks."

Mrs Colton's consent to the latter arrangement was easily gained, especially when Charley had begged permission to assist in doing the errands after school hours. The obstacles in arithmetic were cleared away, so that the two rivals started on their friendly race with a fair field and no favour to either. Henry had been at the head of the class just the same length of time that Charley had been, before him, when, three weeks before examination, he was taken sick. It would be difficult to say which of the two classmates was most disappointed at this derangement of the plans. Charley watched the progress of the fever almost as anxiously as Mrs Colton, and daily beset the doctor to learn the prospect of a speedy recovery.

The third week had arrived before Henry was able to be dressed, and breathe the outer air for a few minutes of the day. Examination day came, and by Charley's earnest entreaties the invalid was permitted to be present on the important occasion. He sat next his friend and leaned upon him when too weary with the effort and excitement. After many less interesting exercises, the President at last arose, and with some words of explanation, proceeded to confer, as he said, the highest mark of honour ever received in the Institution. The star was awarded "to Charles Morris, for punctuality of attendance, propriety of deportment, and success in scholarship."

There was a moment of almost breathless attention through the crowded audience, as Charley walked to the foot of the platform and was seen to address a few words to the President. Those who were nearest could hear him say:—

"The star, sir, does not rightly belong to me. Henry Colton has worked harder than I to obtain it. He is a better scholar, and but for sickness would have been at the head of all his classes."

After a moment's consultation with the gentlemen on the platform, the President replied:—

"The faculty, Morris, prefer that you should retain the star as you have literally fulfilled the conditions prescribed."

"It would not be right, sir," said Charley firmly, though with a trembling voice. "I beg you will give it to Henry."

"In that case, you must yourself bestow it," said the President. "Henry Colton will come forward."

Henry, unsuspecting what was going on, advanced, his pale face flushed with wonder and excitement. Charley, stooping down,

fastened the star upon his breast, and then supported him back to their seat. The noisy applause of the audience jarred almost painfully upon his heart, full as it was of a deeper joy than earthly fame can give—the joy of obedience to the precept. "In honour preferring one another," In his mother's loving smile he found a full reward for the sacrifice of his selfish ambition. Coveting earnestly the best gifts, he had found in the spirit of brotherly kindness, "a more excellent way." —*N. Y. Observer.*

A BEN-ONI.

BEN-ONI, in the Bible, means, "the son of my sorrow." And Benjamin means, "the son of my right hand."

Every child that is born into this world can be either a Ben-oni or a Benjamin. There is not much difference between these two names, but there is a great deal of difference between the natures which they represent. These names refer to girls as well as to boys. You can all be children of sorrow, or children of help and comfort to your parents.

There are four marks of a Ben-oni; and the opposite of these, of course, are marks of a Benjamin. They are as follows—*ill-temper, idleness, pride, and disobedience.*

Now, young readers, if you will carefully consider these four marks, you can tell whether you are Ben-onis or Benjamins.

THE "GUEST'S" BIBLE QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNG.

LAMBS.

On what memorable night did each family of Israel kill a lamb?

What was done with the blood of this lamb?

What are we taught by this ceremony?

Who said to his father, "Behold the fire and the wood, but where is the lamb?"

Who offered for a peace-offering five lambs of the first year?

When were two turtle-doves permitted to be offered instead of a lamb?

Who was led as a lamb to the slaughter?

When are the wolf and the lamb to dwell together?

To whom did the apostle refer when he said, "Behold the Lamb of God?"

Who carries the lambs in his bosom?

To which of the apostles did Jesus say, "Feed my lambs?"

On what will the wicked call to hide them from the wrath of the Lamb?

Who saw in a vision the saints clothed in robes made white in the blood of the Lamb?

To whom was Nathan the prophet sent with the story of the man who had one little ewe lamb?

Where does our blessed Saviour appear as a lamb that had been slain?

What is the song of the redeemed in heaven?

Should you not like to join in that song?



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Edited by

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[BY NINE NUMBERS, ONE HALFPENNY.]

[MONTHLY PARTS, THREEPENCE.]

A HOME SCENE AT BETHANY.*

BY THE REV. J. R. MACDUFF.

curtain rises on a quiet Judean village, a courtyard of three holy hearts. Each of the three has some strongly-marked traits of individual character. These have been so delicately and truthfully drawn that it is almost necessary to dwell minutely upon each. There is abundant material in the narrative to discover to us, in the sisters, characters—both interesting in themselves, both beloved by Jesus, both needful of the Church of God, but at the same time different, preparing by a diverse education for heaven—requiring, as we shall find, from Him who best knew their diversity, a special and peculiar treatment.

Martha, the elder (probably the eldest of the three), has been accurately represented as the type of activity; bustling, energetic, well qualified to be the head of the household, and to grapple with the stern duties and routine of actual life; quick in decision, strong and vigorous in intellect, anxious to give a reason for all she did, requiring a reason for the conduct of others, a useful if not a noble character, showing diligence in business with fervency.

Mary, again, was the type of reflection; meek, devotional, contemplative, sensitive, ill-suited to battle with the world's sorrows, the strifes and griefs of an earthly and encumbering world; one of the gentle flowers that pine and bend under the rough blasts of life, easily battered down by storm, but as ready to raise its fragrant leaves under heavenly influences. Her position was at her Lord's feet, drinking of the living waters which came welling up from the great Fountain of life; asking questions, declining all arguments, gentle and submissive, a beautiful impersonation of

the author's admirable work, "Memories of

the childlike faith which "beareth all things, hopeth all things, believeth all things." While her sister can so command her feelings as to be able to rush forth to meet her Lord outside the village, calm and self-possessed, to unbosom to Him all her hopes and fears, and even to interrogate Him about death and the resurrection, Mary can only meet Him buried in her all-absorbing grief. The crushed leaves of that flower of paradise are bathed and saturated with dewy tears. She has not a word of remonstrance. Jesus speaks to Martha—chides her—reasons with her; with Mary, He knew that the heart was too full, the wound too deep, to bear the probing of word or argument; He speaks, therefore, in the touching pathos of her own silent grief. Her melting emotion has its response in His own. In one word, Martha was one of those meteor spirits rushing to and fro amid the ceaseless activities of life, softened and saddened, but not prostrated and crushed by the sudden inroads of sorrow. Mary, again, we think of as one of those angel forms which now and then seem to walk the earth from the spirit-land; a quiet evening star, shedding its mellowed radiance among deepening twilight shadows, as if her home was in a brighter sphere, and her choice, as we know it was, "a better part, that never could be taken from her." Beautifully and delicately has a Christian poet thus drawn her loving character:—

"Oh, blest beyond all daughters of the East!
What were the Orient thrones to that low seat
Where thy hush'd spirit drew celestial birth!
Mary! meek listener at the Saviour's feet,
No feverish cares to that divine retreat
Thy woman's heart of silent worship brought,
But a fresh childhood, heavenly truth to meet
With love and wonder and submissive thought.
Oh! for the holy quiet of thy breast,
Midst the world's eager tones and footsteps flying,
Thou whose calm soul was like a well-spring, lying
So deep and still in its transparent rest,
That e'en when noontide burns upon the hills,
Some one bright solemn star all its lone mirror fills."

Of Lazarus, around whom the main interest of the narrative gathers, we have fewer incidental touches to guide us in giving individuality to his character. This, however, we may infer, from the poignant sorrow of the twin hearts that were so unexpectedly broken, that he was a loved and lamented only brother, a sacred prop around which their tenderest affections were entwined. Included too, as he was, in the love which the Divine Saviour bore to the household, (for "Jesus loved Lazarus,") is it presumptuous to imagine that his spirit had been cast into much the same human mould as that of his beloved Lord, and that the friendship of Jesus for him had been formed on the same principles on which friendships are formed still—a similarity of disposition, some mental and moral resemblances and idiosyncrasies? They were like-minded, so far as a fallible nature and the nature of a stainless humanity could be assimilated. We can think of him as gentle, retiring, amiable, forgiving, heavenly-minded; an imperfect and shadowy, it may be, but still a faithful reflection and transcript of incarnate loveliness. May we not venture to use regarding him his Lord's eulogy on another, "Behold an Israelite indeed, in whom is no guile!"

Nor must we forget, in this rapid sketch, what a precious unfolding we have in this home portraiture of the humanity of the Saviour! "*The Man Christ Jesus*" stands in softened majesty and tenderness before our view. He who had a heart capacious enough to take in all mankind, had yet His likings (sinless partialities) for individuals and minds which were more than others congenial and kindred with His own. As there are some heart-sanctuaries where we can more readily rush to bury the tale of our sorrows or unburden our perplexities, so had He. "Jesus wept!"—this speaks of Him as the human Sympathiser. "Jesus loved Lazarus"—this speaks of Him as the human Friend! He had an ardent affection for all His disciples, but even among *them* there was an inner circle of holier attachments—a Peter, and James, and John; and out of this sacred *trio* again there was one pre-eminently "Beloved." So, amid the hallowed haunts of Palestine, the homes of Judea, the cities of Galilee, there was but *one* Bethany. It is delightful thus to think of the heart of Jesus in all but sin as purely *human*, identical and identified with our own. He was no hermit-spirit dwelling in mysterious solitariness apart from His fellows, but open to the charities of life;—in all His refined and hallowed sensibilities "made like unto His brethren." Friendship is itself a holy thing. The bright intelligences in the upper sanctuary know it and experience it. They "cry one to another." There is no solitary strain—no isolated existence. Unlike the planets in the material firmament, shining distant and apart, they are

rather clustering constellations, whose gravitation-law is unity and love, this binding them to one another, and all to God. Nay—with reverence we say it—may not the archetype of all friendship be found shadowed forth in what is higher still, those mystic and ineffable communings subsisting between Father, Son, and Holy Spirit in a past eternity? We can thus regard the friendship of Jesus on earth—like all ennobled, purified affections—as an emanation from the Divine; a sacred and holy rill, flowing direct from the Fountain of infinite love. How our adorable Lord in the days of His flesh fondly clung even to hearts that grew faithless when fidelity was most needed! What was it but a noble and touching tribute to the longings and susceptibilities of His holy soul for human friendship, when, on entering the precincts of Gethsemane, He thus sought to mitigate the untold sorrows of that awful hour—"Tarry ye here and watch with Me!"

But to return. Such was the home around which the memories of its inmates and our own love to linger.

Mary, Martha, and Lazarus—all three partakers of the same grace, fellow-pilgrims Zionward, and that journey sanctified and hallowed by a sacred fellowship with the Lord of pilgrims. The Saviour's own precious promise seems under that roof of lowly unobtrusive love to receive a living fulfilment: "Where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them." Though many a gorgeous palace was at that era adorning the earth, where was the spot, what the dwelling half so consecrated as this? Solomon had a thousand years before, two miles distant, in presence of assembled Israel, uttered the exclamation, "But will God in very deed dwell with men upon earth?" He was now verily dwelling! Nor was it under any gorgeous canopy or august temple. He had selected Three Human Souls as the shrines He most loved. He had sought their holy heavenly converse as the sweetest incense and costliest sacrifice. How or where they first saw Jesus we cannot tell. They had probably been among the number of those pious Jews who had prayerfully waited for the "consolation of Israel," and who had lived to see their fondest wishes and hopes realised. The Evangelist gives no information regarding their previous history. The narrative all at once, with an abruptness of surpassing beauty, leaves us in no doubt that the Divine Redeemer had been for long a well-known guest in that sunlit home, and that, when the calls and duties of His public ministry were suspended, many an hour was spent in the enjoyment of its peaceful seclusion.

We can fancy, and no more, these oft happy meetings, when the Pilgrim Saviour, weary and worn, was seen descending the rocky footpath of Olivet,—Lazarus or his sisters,

from the flat roof of their dwelling, or under the spreading fig-tree, eager to catch the first glimpse of His approach.

When seated in the house, we may picture their converse: Themes of sublime and heavenly import, unchronicled by the inspired penman, which sunk deep into those listening spirits, and nerved two of them for an after-hour of unexpected sorrow. If there be bliss in the interchange of communion between Christian and Christian, what must it have been to have had the presence and fellowship of the Lord himself! Not seeing Him as *we* see Him, "behind the lattice," but seated underneath His shadow, drinking in the living tones of His living voice. These "children of Zion" must, indeed, have been "joyful in their King."

One of these hallowed seasons is that referred to in the 10th of St Luke, where Martha the ministering spirit, and Mary the lowly disciple, are first introduced to our notice. That visit is conjectured to have occurred when Jesus was returning to the country from the Feast of Tabernacles. The Bethany circle dreamt not then of their impending trial. But, foreseen as it was by Him who knows the end from the beginning, may we not well believe one reason (the main reason) for His going thither was to soothe them in the prospect of a saddened home? So that, when the stroke *did* descend, they might be cheered and consoled with the remembrances of His visit, and of the gracious words which proceeded out of His mouth.

And is not this still the way Jesus deals with His people? He visits them often by some precious love-tokens—some special manifestations of His grace and presence before the hour of trial; so that, when that hour *does* come, they may not be altogether prostrated or overwhelmed with it. Like Elijah of old, they have their miraculous food provided before they encounter the sterile desert. When they come to speak of their crushed hearts, they have solaces to tell of too. Their language is, "I will sing of *mercy and judgment!*"

We may be led to inquire why a character so lovely as that of Lazarus was not enlisted along with the other disciples in the active service of the apostleship. Why should Peter and Andrew, John and James, be summoned from their boats and nets on Genesaret to follow Jesus, and this other, imbued with the same spirit and honoured with the same regard, be left alone and undisturbed in his village home?

"To every man there is a work." Some are more peculiarly called to active duty, and better fitted for it; others for passive obedience and suffering. Some are selected as bold standard-bearers of the cross, others to give their testimony in the quiet seclusion of domestic life. Some are specially gifted, as Paul, to appear in the halls of Nero or on the

heights of Mars' Hill, and, confronting face to face the world's boasted wisdom, maintain intact the honour of their Lord. Others are required to glorify Him on beds of sickness, or in homes of sorrow, or in the holy consistent tenor of their everyday walk. Some are called as Levites to temple service; others to give the uncostly cup of cold water, or the widow's mite; others to manifest the meek, gentle, unselfish, resigned, forgiving heart, when there is no cup or mite to offer!

Believer! rejoice that your path is marked out for you. Your lot in life, "with all its accidents," is your Lord's appointing. Dream not, in your own short-sighted wisdom, that, had you occupied some other or more prominent position—had your talents been greater, or your worldly influence more extensive—you might have glorified your God in a way which is at present denied to you. He can be served in the lowliest as well as in the most exalted stations. As the tiniest leaf or smallest star in the world of nature reflects His glory as well as the giant mountain or blazing sun, so does He graciously own and recognise the humblest effort of lowly love no less than the most lavish gifts which splendid munificence and costly devotion can cast into His treasury. Let it be your great aim and ambition to honour Him just in the position He has seen meet to assign you. "Let every man," says the apostle, "wherein he is called, therein abide with God." However limited your sphere, you may become a centre of holy influences to the little world around you. Your heart may be an incense altar of love and affection, kindness and gentleness to man—your life a perpetual hymn of praise to your Father in heaven; glorifying Him, like Martha, by active service; like Mary, by sitting at His feet; or, like Lazarus, by holy living and happy dying, and leaving behind you "the memory of the just," which is "blessed."

RECOLLECTIONS OF WILLIAM JAY.*

THE following anecdote, in relation to Mr Jay's early preaching, I had from his own lips:

"Mr Winter being unable, through ill health, to comply with an engagement to preach a few miles in the country on the following day, (Sunday,) requested me to officiate for him. I told my tutor, that although he had given me but little time for preparation, (it then being late in the evening,) yet I would do the best I could to acquit myself of the duty. On reaching the village where the service was to be performed quite fatigued, having travelled on foot, I inquired for the residence of Winter's friend, a wealthy farmer, who was the head of the religious interest of the place and the surrounding neighbourhood. On arriving

* From "Recollections of William Jay." By his Son, A work of lively interest.

there, I gave a timorous rap at the door, and on its being opened, informed the female servant that I wished to see the gentleman of the house. The domestic asked me what I wanted with her master at so late an hour. My reply was, that Mr Winter had sent me in his place to supply the chapel on the Sunday, and had desired me personally to see her master on the subject. The servant, after bidding me go into the kitchen, said she would deliver my message; which she did, with a smile on her countenance, telling her master that Mr Winter had sent a farmer's boy, with hobnail shoes and worsted stockings, to preach in his stead. Upon the gentleman farmer making his appearance in the kitchen, he, after eyeing me from head to foot, said: 'So, my young friend, Mr Winter has sent you to preach here; is it so?' 'Yes, sir,' was my reply. The gentleman, without entering into further conversation with me, said in a low tone of voice to the servant, which I overheard, 'Who will Winter send here next?' and then, after bidding the servant to give me some supper, and get a bed ready for me in the top room of the house, abruptly took his departure.

"The next morning, whilst I was on the road on foot to the chapel to perform my duties there, a carriage passed by me containing the rich farmer and his lady, who although they saw, yet would not recognise me. This slight did not much disconcert me; for my mind was intent upon the preparation of my discourse, from a text which had occurred to me whilst in bed, as being appropriate to the circumstances of my reception, my appearance as to dress, and my youth. The text was from the sixth chapter of John, 9th verse: 'There is a lad here which hath five barley loaves and two small fishes.' In the course of my extemporaneous discourse, which soon riveted the deep attention of the rural audience, I exclaimed: 'Did God despise a lad who supplied the Son of man with food for the great multitude, in number about five thousand? No. Was it not a lad—a ruddy-faced lad—who slew Goliath the giant, and afterwards cut off his head with the great sword of that Philistine, thereby giving deliverance to Israel? Yes. And was it not a lad by whose lips God reproved the aged and hoary-headed Eli? Yes. Why, then, despise a lad?'

"When I retired to the vestry, the wealthy farmer, who was there waiting for me, shook me heartily by the hand, thanked me in the most flattering terms for what he was pleased to style my excellent discourse, and made me his guest until my departure on the following day. I need hardly mention, that instead of returning from the chapel to the gentleman's residence on foot, I was invited into the carriage, and treated with the greatest hospitality."

Mr Jay said that the only reason why he should have liked to have been the possessor of a large fortune was, that it would have af-

forded him the delight and satisfaction of assisting with small sums of money the labourers, and industrious young men starting into life. Yet, without a fortune, he would often assist the deserving. The following anecdote, which I well remember as illustrative of his kindness of heart and respect, as well as his simplicity of character and freedom from bigotry. It should be mentioned that Mr Jay was a very early riser. His morning rambles he became acquainted with a very industrious and well-known milkman of the name of Poole, who, being a good husband, was a fine, tall, handsome man. His knowledge of the individual, like that of many other industrious persons whom he thus met, generally commenced by an inquiry about the weather. 'What sort of a day it was likely to be.' One morning Poole solicited Mr Jay to lend him £10, in order to enable him to purchase a cow, which was during the day to be sold by auction along with the household furniture, plate, and other effects of a deceased wealthy old gentleman. Mr Jay, without the least hesitation, granted the favour; having on several previous occasions actually repaid him former loans. Mr Jay, on his appearance in the room of the sale, where the sale took place some time after breakfast had commenced, and found the whole company convulsed with laughter. It appeared that an old state-carriage had been put up to the auctioneer, and no advance having been made on the sum of £9 odd, the milkman made a bidding of £10, when it was immediately knocked down to him at that price, so that instead of purchasing a cow, he had chased a state-carriage, which, he was informed by some kind friends in the neighbourhood, was only fit to be broken up for firewood. Mr Jay joined in the general laugh against the milkman; but his glee was of brief duration, for shortly after the milkman's act of purchase, four silver massive candlesticks were put up by the auctioneer at 6s. per ounce. I thought that the price put upon these candlesticks was 6s. only, instead of 6s. per ounce, and he accordingly bid 6s. 6d. for them. The auctioneer, thinking that Mr Jay was desirous of becoming their purchaser, knocked the lot down to him, who, on tendering the sum of 6s. 6d. to the auctioneer, was informed amidst roars of laughter, to the evident light of the milkman, that the amount paid for the candlesticks was £78, the price having been knocked down to him at 6s. 6d. per ounce. After paying the £78, Mr Jay beat his retreat from the sale-room, accompanied by his humble friend the milkman, one moralising with the other, and concluding that each of them was unfit to enter the auction-room; Mr Jay archly telling his unfortunate companion that he might perhaps make money by the carriage if he were to exhibit it as the first state-carriage that

seen made, it having all the signs of great
ity about it. But the divine had the
the milkman; for a liberal silversmith
h, hearing of Mr Jay's simplicity, took
ndlesticks off his hands at the auction
whereas the milkman parted with the
e at the loss of £5. To show how little
y there was in Mr Jay's character, it
be mentioned that although this milk-
ad never on any occasion attended, or
be induced to enter, Argyle Chapel, yet
z, during a long illness, visited him at
lside every afternoon, and cheered his
moments.

he days of coaching, Mr Jay was well
to all the coachmen on the Bath road,
hom he was an especial favourite, not
n account of the knowledge they had
ed of him from the numerous journeys
l undertaken by coach to preach at a
or less distance from home, but also
ir daily passing him on the road during
ly morning walks.

requently have I accompanied Mr Jay, as
s five o'clock in the morning of a spring
the Gloucester road, as far as a wood,
hich he would enter by a gate, and com-
the operation of cutting down several
icks for his peas; an act of labour which
ost daily repeated at this season of the
ntil he procured a number sufficient for
rpose for which he required them. On
f these occasions he would carry them
shoulder. I have overheard the Bath
an, when passing Mr Jay thus loaded,
the outside passengers that he was
ll-known preacher at Bath. On arriving
y Place, it was quite laughable to see
e with which he laid the sticks together
hey were required for use. He inva-
until the last few years of his life, stuck
as himself; and his peas were observed
iner and more prolific than those of his
ours. I should mention that before
would attempt to commence his career
a-stick cutter, he asked permission of
roprietor of the wood to be allowed to
who instantly granted the request, say-
th a smile, "You may take the whole
way if you like, Mr Jay."

member hearing Mr Jay preach a ser-
n the text of St John, "God is love,"
was thus beautifully and touchingly
need: "Simonides, an ancient philo-
was once asked by his sovereign,—
is God?" The philosopher, in reply,
ed a day to consider the question. He
ked for two days; then for four; until
th, being pressed by the monarch for
ver, he candidly confessed, 'The more
ler this question, the less am I able to
it.'

w, my dear hearers, we will leave the
pher, and go together to a shepherd-
iding his fleecy charge on the plains
lehem, and put the question to him.

Here he is. 'David, what is God?' 'God!
He is our refuge and strength, a very present
help in trouble. He is my shepherd; I shall
not want. He maketh me to lie down in the
green pastures; He leadeth me beside the
still waters. He restoreth my soul; He lead-
eth me in the paths of righteousness, for His
name's sake. Yea, though I walk through the
valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no
evil; for Thou art with me: Thy rod and
staff shall comfort me.' Now let us away
to some fishermen of Galilee, and ask them.
Here is one of them. 'Peter, what is God?'
'God! He is the God of all grace, who hath
called us unto His eternal glory by Christ
Jesus.' Well, here is another fisherman; let
us ask him too. Here is John. 'John, what
is God?' 'God! what more can I say of Him,
what less? God is love; and he that dwelleth
in love dwelleth in God, and God in him.'

THE GRAVE AT SPITZBERGEN.

"Half-imbedded in the black moss at his feet, there lay
a gray deal coffin, falling to pieces with age. The lid was
gone, blown off probably by the wind, and within were
stretched the bleaching bones of a human skeleton. A
rude cross at the head of the grave still stood partially
upright, and a half-obliterated Dutch inscription preserved
a record of the dead man's name and age: Vaudor Schelling
Comman . . . Jacob Moor, ob. 2 June, 1768; æt. 41."—
Letters from High Latitudes.

Above, the vast eternal snows,
The glaciers' icy peaks,
Touch'd with pale tints of blue and rose,
When the short sunbeam breaks.

Below, the land-lock'd quiet bay,
The black rocks stretching far;
And the great ice-floes out at sea,
That beat against the bar.

No sound along the wide snow plains,
No echo on the deep;
But nature ev'rmore remains
Wrapp'd in a breathless sleep.

No blade of grass waves in the air,
Along the ghastly hill;—
Caught by the marvellous silence there,
The very streams stand still.

Never to fall, each frozen river
Hangs o'er the sheer descent;
Like wishes unfulfill'd for ever,
Or words that find no vent.

Only at times, from some ice-rock,
A glacier breaks away,
And startles with a thunder shock
The mountain and the bay.

Oh frozen cliffs! Oh motionless snow!
We glide into the creek,
And question of your grim repose,
The lips that will not speak.

In your cold beauty, vast and drear,
Ye lie so still and grand;
But no heart stirrings meet us here—
Unsympathising strand!

No sound in all this sparkling waste,
No voice in heaven above,—
To some strange region have we past,
Beyond the reach of love!

Ah no! some link there needs must be,
Where Christian foot has trod,
Of the great chain of sympathy
'Twixt man and man, and God.

And lo! there lie a dead man's bones
Uncover'd, where we tread,
An open coffin 'mid the stones,
A rude cross at his head.

The wild white cliffs,—the vast still main,—
The patch of scant black moss;
But still the form to rise again,
And still the letter'd cross.

And he whom tender Christian hands
Laid on this barbarous coast,
Who knoweth from what happier lands,
Or by what fortune toss'd?

Whether 'mid Amsterdam's brown piles,
His stone-pest grave should be,
Where washes round her many isles
The azure Zuyder Zee;

Or by some vast cathedral wall
His fathers laid them down,
Where chimes are rung and shadows fall,
In an old Flemish town;

Or whether 'neath some village turf,
Where children come to weep;
And lighter treads the unletter'd serf,
He should have gone to sleep—

To drone of bees and summer-gnats
In some great linden tree,
Where the old Rhine, through fertile flats,
Goes sobbing to the sea.

What matter?—though these frozen stones
Their burden could not bear,
But gave again his coffin'd bones
Into the freezing air;

Though here, to snows and storms exposed,
They bleach'd a hundred years,
Never by human hand composed,
Nor wet with human tears;

Though only the shy reindeer made
In the black moss a trace,
Or the white bears came out and play'd
In sunshine by the place;

Still, silent from the blacken'd heath
Rose that eternal sign,
Memorial of a human death,
And of a love divine.

Still, type of triumph and of woe,
Symbol of hope and shame;
It told the everlasting snow
That single Christian name.

Sleep on, poor wanderer of the main,
Who camest here to die;
No mother's hand to soothe thy pain,
No wife to close thine eye.

Sleep well in thy vast sepulchre,
Far from our cares and fears;
The great white hills that never stir
Have watch'd thee round for years.

The skies have lit thee with their sheen,
Or wrapt in leaden gloom;
The glaciers' splinter'd peaks have been
The pillars of thy tomb.

Did well those men who came of old
From Holland o'er the wave,
And left the simple cross that told
It was a Christian's grave.

Did well those men from o'er the sea,
Who witness'd in this place
The resurrection mystery,
And our dear Saviour's grace;

Who taught us at this solemn tryst,
On the bleak North Sea shore,
That the redeeming love of Christ
Is with us evermore.

—*Dublin University Magazine.*

HOME WORK.*

THERE is a safe and easily applied test by which to determine whether the Christian in society is indeed working for God or for himself. If the social work is not carried into the home, finding there a narrower, though not less difficult sphere, there ought to arise a suspicion, that excitement and love of popularity may have somewhat to do with our social zeal. That Church which sent forth its whole strength in missions to far lands, and left its home thousands to starve and die, could not be in a healthy condition; and that soul is in much the same state, which expends its energies upon work without doors, and neglects the work within. If each individual Christian performed faithfully his and her share in the *home mission*—if each cultivated carefully the little garden within his own gates—if each were a faithful steward in the household charge; there would, indeed, be fewer homes that are not homes—there would be fewer flowerless and unwatered gardens—there would be fewer of those arrears of which the Lord, when He comes, will take strict account.

There is one feeling and desire in the human heart which is universal—all wish to be *understood*. In ordinary acquaintanceship, how frequently the complaint meets the ear—"We cannot come on together, for he never *understands* me." The constitution of the one mind is a mystery to the other; the language of the one heart an unknown tongue to the other. It is strange that in the home, and by the household hearth, encircled by one family, where we might expect misapprehension to be unknown, it exists as frequently as in any other place; jars, coldnesses, constraints, and dissensions, all arise from it—while even sisters, whose hearts God has created to throb in unison, are often obliged to seek elsewhere that appreciation and sympathy which they have not found in each other. Now, there is a serious home sin involved here. Whenever any one complains of not being understood, it will generally be found to arise from the want of trying to *understand*. If people would think less of themselves, and be less intensely sympathetic with the intricacies and sensitiveness of their own hearts, and pay more attention to the peculiarities of others, the evil would probably be greatly obviated. We are aware that many feel rather proud than otherwise of "not being understood," even in their own homes, and consider it a proof of genius and highly-wrought sensibilities. We cannot help regarding it, however, as a mark of decided inferiority of mind. True genius is ever easily understood, and true genius ever easily understands. They who are really possessed of true genius, combined with deep and tender feeling, are in possession of treasures not to

* From the thirtieth thousand of "Work, or Plenty to Do and How to Do It." By Margaret Maria Browne.

be locked up in inaccessible coffers, or brought out occasionally to be counted and admired, but to be used every day to gladden and benefit all around. Let them sympathise with others, and others will soon sympathise with them. Let them cast the light of their love upon home hearts, and it will soon so illumine their own, that all who run may read the once mysterious characters.

In home work, home sunshine is a very important element. Many conscientious people strive to perform, and actually do perform, all their home duties faithfully and earnestly, and still there is felt to be somewhere a startling deficiency. They are not seen in their homes as their Saviour would have been, had He shared a home wherein to lay His head, diffusing light, and strength, and consolation. What is specially lacking there, is joyfulness blended with their work. They have not taken the joy of the Lord as their strength, and they have separated the two things which God hath joined together—duty and sunshine.

"A solemn yet a joyful thing is life,
Which being full of duties, is for this
Of gladness full, and full of lofty hopes."

Even as the sunbeam is composed of millions of minute rays, the home light must be constituted of little tendernesses, kindly looks, sweet laughter, gentle words, loving counsels; it must not be like the torch-blaze of natural excitement, which is easily quenched, but like the serene chastened light, which burns as safely in the day of the east wind as in the serenest atmosphere. Let each bear the other's burden the while—let each cultivate the mutual confidence, which is a gift capable of increase and improvement—and soon it will be found that kindness will spring up on every side, displacing constraint, unsuitability, want of mutual knowledge, even as we have seen sweet violets and primrose buds dispelling the gloom of the gray sea-rocks.

The most obvious of all home sins is that of *temper*. Too often do Christians, who are all sweetness and graciousness in society, appear (to use the simile of Rowland Hill) as if engrafted upon crab-trees in their own homes. The most visible manifestations of this sin, in passionate outbreaks, violent words, and fits of sullenness, are so odious in themselves, and cause so much misery to their authors, as well as to their victims, that when a Christian is liable to be possessed by this evil spirit, he is generally on his guard, and watches and mourns because of it. There are various lesser degrees, however, which are often perceptible in those who would be exceedingly, and, perchance, justly indignant were they to be designated as ill-tempered. The want of gentleness in tone and look—the needless difficulty and objection thrown in the way of the eager and the energetic—the undue regard to our own "dignity" (much-abused word!) when offended, forgetting that

"To err is human—to forgive, divine;"

the maintenance of our own opinions simply because they *are* our own, and the feeling of irritation at the opposition they encounter—the assumption, however slight, of superiority and self-importance—the undue attachment to our own methods and our own ways—the painful allusion and the ill-timed jest—the jealousy of others, and the over-exaction of affection, attention, and sympathy, are all offshoots of the crab-tree: and even as we find in nature the finest species of apples, if unpruned and uncultivated, returning to the native crab, so the heart, unkept and untended, will become, even when renewed, bitter in its fruits and degenerate in its soil.

Great part of the home work, therefore, will consist in a constant watch and ward over this besetting sin, in its dwelling within the heart, as well as its outward avenues. It is not enough to repress the word, if the irritated feeling remains within; it is not enough to smooth the unloving look, if the heart itself be void of love; and this must be done not for our own comfort, because a happy home is desirable, or because it is pleasant to be loved and praised, but because it is part of the work by which God is to be glorified in us. This principle must be carried into every relation of life. Without it there is danger, on the one hand, of the work being turned into self-idolatry or idolatry of others as belonging to ourselves; and, on the other hand, of its being left undone.

The mother is too apt to joy in her little ones as "her own," forgetting that they are bought with a price, and are not hers, but God's. In the instruction she chooses for them—in the amusements she permits them—in their whole training, excellent as it may be, she is prone to work at her own hands, that she and they may be exalted, or, at the best, that they may be preserved from the dangers and difficulties of the way, and secure the salvation of their souls. Too often does she forget that the chiefest motives of her work must be to bring God glory, and so to teach her children, that they in their turn may glorify Him, each spreading wider the circles of influence produced by the work of all, but more especially by the work of a mother.

The mistress would succeed better in her responsible charge—she would attain more easily to the happy medium between discouraging severity and culpable indulgence or indifference—she would not so often fail in attaching to her the hearts of her household—she would have her work better done, and her injunctions more faithfully obeyed—if she remembered that it is part of her appointed service to God, to teach those intrusted to her care to be active servants, useful members of society, and happy Christians.

There would not so often be the coldness and reserve between sister and brother, sister and sister-in-law, and even between sister and

sister, which too often mar the peace, or at least the rejoicing confidence of a family circle, were it borne in mind that not a jar, not a clouded brow, not a hasty word, but is dishonouring to His name, and grieving to His heart, who set the people of the earth in families. The solemn consideration of each having to perform to each the will of their mutual God, would soothe many an irritated spirit, and open the bolts and bars of many a closed heart.

If the wife, whose portion too often appears to be one of heart-weariness and disappointment, of hopeless exposure to selfish and unreasonable temper, would but set herself to her work, forgetting her own trials in the earnest desire to glorify God, by rectifying what is amiss in her conjugal relations, and by exerting the sweet influences of woman's affection, bearing and forbearing,—overlooking what is faulty, and cherishing what is good,—she would reap her reward in due time. The old simple story of a smile may not be out of place here. A woman who lived very unhappily with her husband came to a great divine to ask his counsel. "Always meet your husband with a smile," said the wise man. She followed his advice, and very soon returned to thank him for the blessing of a happy home. Whenever a home landscape is dreary, and its horizon clouded, we believe that it proceeds not so much from the storms of man's petulance and unreasonableness, as because woman has forgotten to draw a sunbeam from the Sun of righteousness.

In home work it must ever be borne in mind, that it is but a home for a little while, and that the chief object of the home missionary is to lead those who now circle the board and the hearth to seek the things that are above, and to form a family and a home in heaven. Often the Lord calls one of a household, and when he has engaged that heart to follow Him, He sends it home to tell what great things the Lord has done. Not always, however, is the report listened to. There may be long years of indifference, and diminished affection, and scorn, and even persecution; but let such a solitary one take courage. Let her pray unwearied the prayer of faith; and while never yielding one iota of principle, let her cultivate every iota of tenderness; let her preach silent sermons of example, and speak judicious words of precept. God will yet set her in a family of grace. The light will yet shine upon the hearts that have had light close to them, though they acknowledged it not. The prayer for all those life-relations which our Lord himself sanctioned and enjoyed, will yet be answered far more abundantly than we can ask or think.

A PARABLE.

A GENTLEMAN of the country, upon the occasion of some signal service his man had

done him, gave him a curious silver cup David (for that was the man's name) was exceedingly fond of the present, and preserved it with the greatest care. But one day, accident, his cup fell into a vessel of aqua fortis: he, taking it to be no other than common water, thought his cup safe enough, and therefore neglected it till he had despatched an affair of importance about which his master had employed him, imagining it would be then time enough to take out his cup. At length a fellow-servant came into the same room, when the cup was near dissolved, and looking into the aqua fortis, asked David, "What had you thrown anything into that vessel?" David said that his cup accidentally fell into the water. Upon this, his fellow-servant informed him that it was not common water, but aqua fortis, and that his cup was almost dissolved in it. When David heard this, and was satisfied of the truth of it with his own eyes, he heartily grieved for the loss of his cup; and at the same time, he was astonished to see the liquor as clear as if nothing at all had been dissolved in it, or mixed with it. After a little while, he saw the small remains of it vanish, and could not now perceive the least particle of the silver, he utterly despaired of ever seeing his cup more. Upon this, he bitterly bewailed his loss with many tears, and refused to be comforted. His fellow-servant, pitying him in this condition of sorrow, told him that their master could restore him the very same cup again. David disregarded this as utterly impossible. "What do you talk of?" says he to his fellow-servant. "Do you not know that the cup is entirely dissolved, and that not the least of the silver is to be seen? Are not all the little invisible parts of the cup mingled with aqua fortis, and become parts of the same mass? How, then, can my master, or any man alive, produce the silver anew, and restore my cup? It can never be; I give it over for lost: I am sure I shall never see it again." His fellow-servant still insisted that the master could restore the same cup; and David as earnestly insisted that it was absolutely impossible. While they were debating this point, their master came in, and asked them what they were disputing about? When they had informed him, he said to David, "What you so positively pronounced to be impossible, you shall see me do with very little trouble. Fetch me," said he to the other servant, "some salt water, and pour it into the vessel of aqua fortis." "Now look," says he, "the silver will presently fall to the bottom of the vessel in a white powder." When David saw this, he began to have good hopes of seeing his cup restored. Next his master ordered a servant to drain off the liquor, and to take up the powdered silver and melt it. Thus it was reduced into one solid piece; and then, by the silversmith's hammer, formed into a cup of the same shape as

before. Thus David's cup was restored with a very small loss of its weight and value.

It is no uncommon thing for men, like David in this parable, to imagine that to be impossible, which yet persons of greater skill and wisdom than themselves can easily perform. David was as positive that his master could not restore his cup, as unbelievers are, that it is incredible God should raise the dead; and he had as much appearance of reason on his side as they. If a human body, dead, crumbles into dust, and mingles with the earth, or with the water of the sea, so as to be discernible no more, so the silver cup was dissolved into parts invisible, and mingled with the mass of aqua fortis. Is it not then easy to be conceived, that as a man has wisdom and power enough to bring these parts of the silver to be visible again, and to reduce them to a cup as before—so God, the maker of heaven and earth, must have wisdom and power enough to bring the parts of a dissolved human body together, and to form them into a human body again? What though David could not restore his own cup? Was that a reason that no man could do it? And when his master had promised to restore it, what though David could not possibly conjecture by what method his master would do it? This was no proof that his master was at a loss for a method. So, though *men* cannot raise the dead, yet *God*, who is infinitely wiser and stronger, can. And though we cannot find out the method by which He will do this, yet we are sure that He who at first took the dust of the ground, and formed it into the body of man, can, with the same ease, take the dust into which my body shall be resolved, and form it into a human body again. Nay, even if a body be burned and consumed by fire, the parts of that body are no more really lost than the invisible particles of the dissolved cup. As David, then, was wrong in thinking that it was impossible for his master to restore his cup, it must be at least equally wrong for us to think it impossible that God should raise the dead.*

CONSIDER NOW.

BY BISHOP MACILVAINE.

CONSIDER NOW! Because now is the "convenient season." I mean not *your* convenient season; for it never was, and never will be, convenient for an unconverted man to renounce the world and become a follower of Christ. But it is *God's* convenient season, and therefore *your best* season for religion. "Now is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of salvation." If you wait for a season more convenient for you, you wait for one less acceptable to God; and as all your

ability to turn unto Him depends upon His Spirit, that Spirit, now quenched, may not hereafter be given.

CONSIDER NOW! Because you are daily becoming more and more indisposed and unable to consider. The cares, and habits, and prejudices of the world are getting every day a deeper and firmer hold upon your thoughts and affections. Daily is your heart growing harder, your habits more inflexible, your feelings more rigid. In a word, religion becomes a more difficult and hopeless attainment every hour it is delayed.

CONSIDER NOW! Because your sins are rapidly increasing. Every hour is an hour of additional disobedience and rebellion—an additional repetition of ingratitude to God for the blessings of His providence, and to Jesus for His redeeming love—an additional expression that you will not have God to reign over you, and thus a downright rejection of the sovereign right of your heavenly Father to your heart and life—a heinous rejection of the blood of Christ, and a most dangerous denial of "the Lord that bought you," aggravating the condemnation already upon you, setting you still further from the reach of saving mercy, grieving more deeply the Holy Ghost, and enhancing the danger that you will never turn unto the Lord.

CONSIDER NOW! Because it is almost time to die. Death will soon be here. He may be now at your door. If you say to your soul, "Take thine ease," God may say to you, "This night thy soul shall be required of thee." While you are dreaming of the prospects of the coming year, the archer may already have taken his bow and chosen the arrow, and now the fatal shaft may be upon the string, only waiting the word to strike your heart with death. Such tremendous uncertainty admonishes you to be *always ready*.

CONSIDER NOW! Because your body is in health, your mind is composed, your feelings are tranquil. You can think, feel, read, inquire, examine, and pray, without weakness to palsy your thoughts, or fever to distract them, or pain to divide them, or the confusion of a sick-room to distress, or the view of eternity just at hand to hurry and dismay your soul. Should one come to you, while burning with fever, racked with pain, and exhausted in strength, and urge you to consider some matter of difficult and important business, in which an incorrect decision would result in the greatest detriment to your property, how would you cry out at the unseasonableness of the request; and how rash would you think it, to decide a question of so much consequence in circumstances so unfavourable to all reflection! Take care, then, that you do not leave the *business of your soul*, the incorrect settlement of which must result in the loss of *your all for ever*, to be considered just on the shore of eternity—in the hurry of embarking—under the awful countenance of

* This parable is inserted in the Appendix to the late Dr John Brown's "Resurrection of Life." A very interesting account is given in the last number of the *United Presbyterian Record* of its effect upon an infidel.

death—in the weakness, the fever, the lethargy, the pains, the haste, the delirium, and the dismay of dying. "O that you were wise, that you understood this, that you would consider your latter end!"

My friend, if you will be persuaded to enter upon a serious consideration of religion, suffer me to suggest a few *subjects of consideration*.

You are accustomed to compute the value of things, you find it easy to estimate the worth of lands and houses, and to settle the price at which you should sell them. Compute the *worth of your soul*—calculate the price at which you can afford to sell it. I think I hear you exclaim at once, "It needs no calculation. Nothing in all the universe could I take in exchange for my soul. It would profit me nothing were I to gain the whole world and lose my soul." True. So said the Lord. But consider whether a price, far less than the world, has not already purchased your soul. Have you not consented to give up the care of its interests for the sake of riches, or pleasure, or some other of those paltry considerations for which religion is usually neglected? Has not your attention been thus brought away from eternity? And what was this but a mere bartering away of your soul? The sale was illegal. You may recall the transaction. But "*what thou doest, do quickly*."

There are certain *portions of Scripture* which I would suggest for your consideration. You have not repented. Jesus said, "Except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish." (Luke xiii. 3.) You have not been born again. Jesus said, "Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God." (John iii. 3.) You are not, in the scriptural sense, a believer in Jesus. He said, "He that believeth not is condemned already." (John iii. 18.) You have no holiness. The apostle said, "Without holiness no man shall see the Lord." (Heb. vii. 14.) You are of those who know not God, and obey not the gospel of Jesus Christ. The apostle said, that a day will come, "when the Lord Jesus shall be revealed from heaven with His mighty angels, in flaming fire, taking vengeance on them that know not God, and that obey not the gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ: who shall be punished with everlasting destruction from the presence of the Lord, and from the glory of his power." (2 Thess. i. 7-9.) "Consider what I say, and the Lord give you understanding in all things."

Consider in private! Not that you should be ashamed to have any one see you; but that it is of great importance to shut out the world, and get clear from all fear of interruption and observation. It is important that, when conversing with your conscience upon matters of such awful moment, you should be alone. Go by yourself. Let none be with you but Him who is to call you into judgment. Clothe yourself in the vestments of death. Stand beside your grave. Walk upon the shore of

eternity. Do all under the remembrance that heaven and hell await the issue. Be solemn, as in a matter of eternal life and death. Be candid, as if it were your last hour.

Consider with the Word of God in your hand! Let it be taken as "the lamp of your feet and the light of your path." Hold it up over all your ways, that you may see the dangers surrounding them, how they wander from the way everlasting, by what mercy you are continually held up from destruction, and how great the necessity of an immediate turning, lest it become too late to turn.

Consider with prayer! Begin with earnest supplication, that God would give you fully to perceive your dangers, sinfulness, and necessities; and grant you grace to adopt and perform whatever resolutions your condition may require.

Friend, is your heart unwilling? Do but consider the wretchedness of the condition which such unwillingness exhibits. How enslaved, how alarming!

SKETCHES OF THE COMMENTATORS.

JOHN GILL, D.D.

It seems as if we had leaped from the torrid to the frigid zone, when we enter upon the merits of the ample Commentary of John Gill, D.D. Though comparatively little known, Gill was no ordinary man. Before he had reached his nineteenth year, when most theological students are but beginning their professional studies, Gill, though engaged in the woollen trade, had mastered Latin, Greek, and Hebrew without any assistance. The self-taught youth had, moreover, studied most of the foreign theological systems written in Latin. His piety kept due pace with his learning, and from childhood he seems to have had serious convictions. The ardent thirst for theological learning, which bore him onward through many difficulties in youth, never abated in maturer years; and his varied works—tinged deeply with his peculiar tenets, for he was a Baptist and a Supralapsarian, according to the strictest sect—constitute a magnificent monument of his talents and learning and industry. His "Cause of God and Truth," written in opposition to Arminianism, abounds in valuable facts, though a dogmatic temper is too predominant in it. In 1761 he began to publish his "Exposition," by which he is now chiefly known. He seems to have possessed a numerous circle of admirers, and though many of his works are totally forgotten, and most of them but partially known, he won for himself in his own day, and in the sphere in which he moved, deep and grateful admiration. The panegyrics lavished on him after his death by his admirers border on Oriental extravagance. They pronounce him the "Castigator hereticorum," and, a title more equivocal, "Flos scholasticorum."

rior, perhaps, in learning to Henry, and controversial in his leanings, Gill is far resting as a commentator. Unwilling the immense stores of Rabbinical lore he had laboriously acquired should altogether with him and be put to no use, Gill antly obtruding them on the notice of others. Every paragraph almost bristles with the unmouthable name of Rabbi this or that, till you might imagine you were reading an exposition of the Talmud. His style is amazing. Some men have no sense of the value of time. As little has Gill any of the value of space. In spiritualising religion he is unequalled among expositors. He inserts such interpretations as the fol- lowing of Ps. viii. 8:—"Some of the ancients have understood believers among the stars; by *oxen*, the Jews; by the *beasts of the field*, idolaters and profane persons; by the *air*, the angels; and by the *fish of the deep*, devils; but these are much better explained by Cocceius, who by *sheep* understands common members of the churches; by *hose* that labour in word and doctrine by the *beasts of the field*, aliens from the kingdom of God; by the *fowls of the air*, such as are lifted up with pride; and by the *fish of the sea*, such as are immersed in carnal pleasures." To do the Supralapsarian justice, he evinces some squeamishness in swallowing such a precious morceau, and concludes, "It is best to take the matter literally." But what egregious trifling with such views in the positive and relative degree, and to talk of the obvious elevation which any sober Christian affix to the passage as only "best." Well, however, receive his due meed of

Deep spirituality of feeling, though sometimes runs to waste in such excesses have now quoted, glows throughout his Commentary; and we have much to thank the exhibition of the power of love of Christ softening into tenderness rigorous and stern controversialist. frequently very happy, too, in tracing analogies at which Scripture hints, and for a text bearing on Arminian or Anabaptist controversies, in which he has dishonoured himself by his other writings, lies away, he is very skilful in turning it to the profit of truth. Nor is he inattentive to the discrepancies of ancient versions, to which few commentators attend. His Commentary will always find a place on the shelves of a good library. It will be popular in the family. W. H. G.

THE LIGHT-HOUSE.

the false and deceptive systems of human religion have had this one cer-

tainty about them—the certainty of destroying all who embraced them, and of perishing at last themselves. New delusions are constantly rising. Old ones are as constantly passing away. The priesthood of error taught one falsity yesterday; they teach another to-day—to be followed, perhaps, by a worse one to-morrow. The man who seeks to put his trust in any of these earth-born religions is tortured and mocked by their uncertainty, their utter want of anything stable in themselves, or anything to guide and sustain those who embrace them.

Like the treacherous signal-boats that are sometimes stationed by the wreckers off an iron-bound coast, these shifting systems are continually changing their places. Like them, they attract only to bewilder, and allure only to destroy. The unwary mariner follows them with a trembling uncertainty, and only finds out where he is when he feels his ill-fated vessel crashing into a thousand fragments on the beach. But how different from these floating and delusive systems is that unchanging gospel of Christ, which stands forth like the towering light-house of Eddystone, with its beacon-blaze streaming far out over the midnight sea! The angry waves, through many a long year, have rolled on, thundering against its base; the winds of heaven have warred fiercely around its pinnacle; the rains have dashed against its gleaming lantern! *But there it stands.* It moves not—it trembles not; for it is "founded on a rock." Year after year, the storm-stricken mariner looks out for its star-like light, as he sweeps in through the British Channel. It is the first object that meets his eye as he returns on his homeward voyage; it is the last which he beholds long after his native land has sunk behind the evening wave.

So it is with the unchanging gospel of Christ. While other systems rise and change, and pass into nothingness, this gospel, like its immutable Author, is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever. While other false and flashing lights are extinguished, this, the "true light," ever shineth. The Christian goes to his Bible, and finds it always the same. The life-giving doctrines of the cross, which first brought peace to his soul, are still his solace; the precepts of the divine law are still his delight. They have never lost their ability to guide him, or their power to console him.

The friends of his early years have gone down, one by one, "to darkness and the worm," but that Almighty Friend, whom the gospel reveals, yet remaineth "closer than a brother." Upon this gospel his fathers rested their hopes, and pillowed their dying heads. Upon this he himself means to rest when his heart and flesh fail him; and he trusts that it shall be the precious heritage of his descendants, long after his own corruptible body shall have mouldered into dust.—*Rev. T. L. Cuyler.*

Page for the Young.

A BRAVE BOY.

I WAS sitting by a window in the second storey of one of the large boarding-houses at Saratoga Springs, thinking of absent friends, when I heard shouts of children from the piazza beneath me.

"Oh yes, that's capital! so we will! Come on now! There's William Hale! Come on, William, we're going to have a ride on the circular railway. Come with us."

"Yes, if my mother is willing. I will run and ask her," replied William.

"Oh, oh! so you must run and ask your ma. Great baby—run along and ask your ma! Ain't you ashamed? I didn't ask my mother."

"Nor I—nor I," added half a dozen voices.

"Be a man, William," cried the first voice.

"Come along with us, if you don't wish to be called a coward so long as you live. Don't you see we are all waiting?"

I leaned forward to catch a view of the children, and saw William standing with one foot advanced, and his hand firmly clenched, in the midst of the group. He was a fine subject for a painter, just at that moment. His flushed brow, flashing eye, compressed lip, and changing cheek, all told how that word *coward* was rankling in his breast. Will he prove himself indeed one, by yielding to them? thought I. It was with breathless interest I listened for his answer, for I feared that the evil principle in his heart would be stronger than the good. But no.

"I will not go without asking my mother," said the noble boy, his voice trembling with emotion, "and I am no coward either. I promised her I would not go from the house without her permission, and I should be a base coward if I were to tell her a wicked lie."

There was something commanding in his tone, which made the noisy children mute. It was the power of a strong soul over the weaker, and they involuntarily yielded him the tribute of respect.

I saw him in the evening among the gathered multitude in the parlour. He was walking by his mother's side—a stately matron, clad in widow's weeds. It was with evident pride she looked on her graceful boy, whose face was one of the finest I ever saw, fairly radiant with animation and intelligence. Well might she be happy in such a son—one who could *dare to do right*, when all were tempting to the wrong.

A FABLE.

A YOUNG man once picked up a sovereign lying in the road. Ever afterwards, as he walked along, he kept his eye steadfastly fixed on the ground, in hopes of finding another; and in the course of a long life he did pick up at different times a good amount of gold and silver. But all these days, as he was

looking for them, he saw not that heaven bright above him, and nature beautiful as He never once allowed his eyes to look from the mud and filth in which he sought the treasure; and when he died, a rich man, he only knew this fair earth of our dirty road to pick up money as you alone.

MORNING HYMN.

THE morning bright,
With rosy light,
Has waked me from my sleep;
Father, I own
Thy love alone
Thy little one doth keep.

All through the day,
I humbly pray,
Be Thou my guard and guide;
My sins forgive,
And let me live,
Blest Jesus, near Thy side.

Oh, make Thy rest
Within my breast,
Great Spirit of all grace!
Make me like Thee,
Then shall I be
Prepared to see Thy face.

THE "GUEST'S" BIBLE QUESTIONS FOR YOUNG.

BREAD AND WATER.

1. To whom did Abraham give "bread and a bottle of water?"
2. Who found Hagar "by a fountain of water in the wilderness?"
3. What woman "filled her bottle with water," and gave her son a drink?
4. To whom did Rebekah give a drink of water out of her pitcher?
5. Who was that asked of her father "a sign of water?"
6. Of whom did Sisera ask "a little to drink?"
7. At what place did the children of Israel murmur against Moses for water?
8. Who was it that wished to "drink of the water of the well of Bethlehem?"
9. Who was ordered to "eat nor drink water" with Jeroboam?
10. And what punishment did he get for disobedience?
11. Who fed one hundred prophets "with bread and water?"
12. Of whom did the prophet Elijah ask for "bread and water?"
13. Who ate bread and drank water "out of a juniper-tree?"
14. How many of Gideon's army lapped water with their tongue?
15. Who asked permission to have "bread to eat, and water to drink?"
16. What did the eunuch say to Philip when they came to "a certain water?"
17. Who received "bread from heaven to eat, and water out of a rock for drink?"



A FAMILY MAGAZINE FOR SUNDAY READING.

Edited by

THE REV. NORMAN M'LEOD, D.D., GLASGOW.

WEEKLY NOS. ONE HALFPENNY.]

[MONTHLY PARTS, THREEPENCE

BLIND BARTIMEUS.

(Concluded from page 123.)

II.—HIS POVERTY.

SEE now a sad result of this blindness—deep poverty. In this, too, is Bartimeus an image of every unregenerate soul. Both are poor.

When may a man be called poor? Is wealth for the body alone? Has the heart no riches? May not a mind be impoverished, a soul be bankrupt? Ah! yes, there are riches besides money, wealth to which gold and rubies are as nothing.

A man is poor when his need is not supplied. The higher the wants, the deeper the kind of poverty; the more the wants, the deeper its degree. A man with neither food nor shelter is poorer than he who lacks shelter only. And is not the man without love or hope poorer than he who has merely no fire nor bread? Who shall deny the name of poor to him whose *soul* is unfurnished? What is the chaff to the wheat, the body to the soul? Are not the soul's desires larger and more insatiable than those of the flesh? Does not the heart hunger? Is there no such thing as "a famine of truth and love?" Do desolate spirits never cower, and shiver, and freeze, like houseless wretches in stormy winter nights? Night and winter and storm—are they not also for the soul? And when it has no home in its desolations, no refuge from its foes, no shelter from the blast, no food for its hunger, no consolation in its sorrows, is it not poor? poor in the deepest poverty, which almost alone deserves the name of poverty?

How much of such poverty is there, dwelling in princely halls, clothed in purple and fine linen, and faring sumptuously every day! How often does it walk in royal processions, and flash with jewels, and handle uncounted gold! How much in the circles of wealthy "fashionable life," as it is called, by which weak souls are so dazzled, and for which weak breasts so ache! Fashionable life—with its

suspicion, and envy, and falsehood; its little meannesses and splendid cheats; its magnificent desolations and gorgeous misery! There is poverty indeed.

But let me not forget. It may also be sober and industrious and plain, and have its pew in orthodox churches. I see it before me. It has its likeness in Bartimeus, but its dreadful reality, O sinner, in you!

I saw a man beginning a long journey. It was a most perilous journey, through a wild, inhospitable country. It did not seem so at first; a green and flowery lane led from his dwelling. The road was smooth, the day bright, friends near, the prospect fair. He set gaily off in an easy carriage, attended by assiduous servants, and followed by waggons loaded with all curious provision for present amusement or need. Song and fragrance filled the morning air, and though as the early hours flew by, these fled with them, still his spirits were high, and the wheels rattled merrily over the graded way. The smiles and congratulations of friends saluted him as he passed, and some envied him. He counted himself happy, and rejoicing in his admirable appointments, gave up his heart to pleasure. The evening of the first day has come, and lo! the carriage is going down a hill. How steep it is getting! Faster and faster it goes. The air darkens, the gloom thickens, it grows cold; and faster, faster rolls the carriage downward. Nothing can check it. He tries, the servants try. He shrieks for help, but in vain. Downward dash the horses. And see! at the bottom of the hill, a river, dark, and without a bridge. The road leads into it. In rush the horses, and with struggles and groans and plunges of agony, all disappear.

But our traveller did not die in the stream. At the other shore he came forth from the water, cold, desolate, alone. His servants were gone. His treasure was gone. His amusements

were gone. And on that bleak shore, in that bitter clime, bound still for that awful journey, I saw him standing, pale, weak, in helpless despair. On, on he must go. He was hungry, but he had no food; thirsty, but there was no water; footsore, but he must walk. See, he totters, but he has no staff; dangers assail him, but he has no defence; remorse gnaws him, but he has now no resource. An irresistible destiny urges him, and while the hunger ever bites, and the way grows rougher, and horrors thicken about him, on, on he must go.

Yet he knew all this from the first, but counted it nothing. All his preparations were for the pleasant road, through green and sunny fields. He seemed rich then. Men called him so, all but one honest soul, who frankly told him that his arrangements were short-sighted, wretched, and that if he went thus, his folly was as egregious as soon his poverty would be dreadful. But he was called a rude man for his pains, and bidden begone. Why should he be ever disturbing the present joy with his doleful prophecies? The very sight of him made one melancholy, and his voice seemed to toll out his warning, like a dismal bell at a funeral. "Let us use the joys we have, while we have them, and let the future take care of itself!" So he spoke, and so he went; and now there he is.

Nay, you need not tell me that my picture is preposterous—that there is no such fool on earth. I know how wise the children of this world are in their generation, and how unnatural all this would be, if I meant the petty concerns of this life alone. But suppose I strip off the veil, and tell you that eternity is that awful journey, and life that pleasant lane, and the body that easy carriage in which the soul sets out so gaily, and death that bridgeless river, where friends can go no further, and servants must forsake us, and all the treasure of earth go down for ever? Where *now* is the unnaturalness? Has it not become natural enough—tame even from its very commonness? Thus, from your own mouth I condemn you, and from the shock you feel, when the whole scene is bounded by an inch of time, convict you of unutterable madness in preparing for the little course of this life only, and going all unfurnished for everlasting ages.

As I bid you, then, in God's name, beware, shall I be driven away as too rough for your polite ears and tender nerves? Shall I fear lest I describe the coming terrors of your remorse, and shame, and utter desolation, of your fiery, unappeasable thirst, and eternal deep poverty, so graphically, that you shall be really alarmed, and set to securing the true riches? Must I measure my periods, and make mild words drop trippingly from my tongue, lest you should believe me to be in earnest?

O souls, let me deal truly by God's Word,

and by you. Let me tell you that you *are* poor, miserably poor, and in danger of eternal poverty. Poor? You have no Almighty Comforter for your sorrows, no Infinite Redeemer for your sins, no Eternal God for your portion. You have no solid peace in this world, no well-grounded hope for another, no security for one moment more out of hell. You are an alien from God's people, a stranger from His covenants of promise. You are without the only blood which can pardon, the only Spirit who can purify, the only righteousness which can justify, without title to heaven, without meetness for it, without any hope of it, except a hope which is false and shall fail you in the day of need. Ah, "you are without Christ, and have no God," and that is poverty indeed, unspeakable, intolerable!

Bartimeus' blindness caused his poverty; and your blindness—that is, your sin—has caused yours. His blind eyes could not see all his poverty, and your blind souls cannot see yours. He could get rid of poverty, only by getting rid of blindness: and it is only by getting rid of sin, that you shall escape being everlastingly poor.

III.—HIS BEGGARY.

See now to what a sad strait this blind man's malady has brought him—he is a *beggar*. Blindness has made him poor, and poverty a beggar. In this, too, he shews the woful estate of the sinner. Every sinner is a beggar. How can it be otherwise? Can such poverty be independent? In outward poverty, a well-furnished mind, a wealthy soul, may be an inward solace. But when it is the soul that is bankrupt, there is no region still within, where it may retire and comfort itself. It *will* seek for happiness, and it *must* look without—it is forced to beg.

You have seen a blind beggar in your streets. He stands at the corner where the crowd hurries by. He hears the confused hum of busy life—the cries of the drivers, the earnest voices of men, the merry laugh of children. How lively and happy they all seem to him in his melancholy darkness; all happier than he, the poor blind beggar! In one hand he holds his long staff, while the other is reaching forth for alms. His form is bent with weariness and age. He often stands with his head uncovered, through a deference which befits his lowly errand; and then you may see that his hair is thin and white. His meek face, and lips moving, but saying nothing, his outstretched hand and sightless eyes turning this way and that, as if they tried to see and could not—these touch the heart and plead for him as no words could do.

And thus I see poor, guilty, blinded souls begging—begging of earth and sky, and air and sea, of every passing event, of one another, of all but the great and merciful God, who would supply all their need through Jesus

Christ. They must beg. The vast desires of the soul, which God gave that they might be filled from Himself, and which nothing but His own fulness can satisfy; the noble powers degraded to work with trifles; the aspirations which thrill only as they mount heavenward, but now struggle and pant like an eagle with broken wing, and his breast in the dust; the deathless conscience, filled with guilt, and touched with unappeasable wrath, drugged, indeed, and often sleeping heavily, but waking surely, and then lashing the soul inexorably—all these compel it to be a beggar. They constrain it to cry out, with the lost fiend,

"Me, miserable! which way shall I fly?"

It is not yet conscious, indeed, of a "hell" within, but its elements are there, and the uneasy burning keeps it for ever restless.

The soul was made for good, and for good it will ever cry. However debased and fallen, it still hungers for good. It may be a diseased hunger now; but it is not less ravenous for that. If it cannot find food, it will devour offal.

In its ruin, the soul feels itself an exile and vagabond. It is like a prince stolen away from his home in early childhood, and ever retaining some dim remembrance of the glory of his ancient heritage. Amid its deep poverty the royal instinct sometimes stirs within it, and it wanders weeping through the world, in search of that Eden which is no longer on earth.

"Poor pensioner on the bounties of an hour,"

the impoverished soul looks for each new hour to bring some good it has not yet. Disappointed each night, it wakes each day to beg anew its daily bread. "Who will shew me any good?" is its constant cry, and hither and thither, to and fro over the face of the earth, it wanders searching evermore for the satisfaction which still it finds not.

Begging begins in childhood. We beg then with eager hope. We are sure we shall not be disappointed. Games, holidays, sight-seeing, all promise much, and childhood begs them to make it blessed. Vexed, wearied, sent empty away again and again, the boy sees, further on, the youth, pursuing his greater hopes, and hastens to join him, confident that in higher excitements and larger liberty, in new aspirations and tenderer love, his soul's thirst shall be slaked. Deluded once more, he grows sober and wise and firm. He is older. He is a man. He lays deep plans now, puts on a bolder face, and begs with sterner importunity. He can take no denial. He *must* have happiness; he *will* be blessed. Fame, wealth, power—these have the hidden treasure he has sought so long. He knows now where it is, and they must give it up. Years are passing, his time will soon be gone, and now he begs indeed! How these idols lead his soul captive! How he toils, cringes, grovels, sacrifices for their favour!

Fame, wealth, power—deceitful gods!—still promise that to-morrow the long-sought good shall be given. But how many to-morrows come and go, and leave him still trusting to the next! Now he forsakes the pleasures he might have, dries up the fountain of his early love, sweeps all sentiment from his heart, crushes his dearest affections, tasks every power to the utmost, wrings out his heart's blood, and lays all his soul before his idol's feet—and is disappointed! Disappointed alike in failure and success! If he wins the prize, *this* is not what he coveted, and worshipped, and bargained away his soul for, and he curses it for a cheat. If he fails, he still believes that the true good *was* there, and he was near it; and he curses the chance, or envy, or hate which snatched it from his grasp.

But who shall describe the *base arts* of this beggary? The disguises, the pretences, the fawnings—all the low tricks of street-beggars—are adopted and eclipsed by those who *will* be rich, will be great, will have fame.

And what are the *profits* of thus begging the world for what God alone can give?

Observe a street-beggar for a while. How many go by and give nothing, where one drops even a penny in the hat! So many of the passing things of time refuse altogether to give the soul the good it asks.

See again. Do you mark the impudent leer of that mean boy? He knows the beggar is blind, and so he comes up pretending sympathy, and puts a pebble, a chip, in that trembling hand. So a thousand times have you seen the world do for a begging soul.

But there comes a still meaner boy; *he* puts that which, when the grateful old man's hand closes on it pierces or stings it, and laughing loudly in the blind, bewildered face, he runs away. And thus have I seen the gay, polished world put a sparkling cup to the young man's lips; but when at last it bit him like a serpent, and stung him like an adder, the polished world jeered his imprudence, and turned him from its door. His excesses and agony and death must not be seen there!

And when the beggar's gains for the day are fairly counted, what are they? A few copper coins, foul with gangrene, and little bits of silver, rarely,—enough to buy a scanty meal and a poor lodging, and to-morrow all is to begin again. And thus the world gives—few pleasures, low pleasures, brief pleasures. They stay the soul's hunger for awhile, but never satisfy it, so that straightway we must go out and beg again. The world never raised a man's soul above beggary. It is both too selfish and too poor. It gives but little of what it has, and if it gave all, gave itself, *that* would not fill and bless an immortal soul.

These things make me think how sadly all this begging from the world ends. The hour comes when the world can do no more. It is a bitter hour—an hour of pain and anguish,

of weakness and despair—the hour of death. The world is roaring away as ever, in business and mirth, all unconscious that the poor man who loved and worshipped it so, is dying. His banqueting halls, where the world used to riot, are shut. A strange guest came in, unasked, and few cared to stay with him. The revelry hushed, the splendour grew dark. He took the host by the hand, astonished and speechless, and led him to his chamber, and laid him on the bed, and whether others slept or waked, *he* was a constant watcher—with those cold, sleepless eyes! Not many may cross the threshold now, and they tread lightly, and speak in whispers. Even the blessed light of day may no more come in freely at the windows. The gloom and solitude and dreadful stillness of the grave are already closing round him. His pillow smoothed again, another drop of water, and the chill dews of the everlasting night wiped once more from his brow—this is all the poor man has to ask from the world. It is all the world has to give.

But oh, the begging of God which now begins! Bitter crying to Him whose gracious heart has been waiting to bless these many years, waiting in vain for one sigh of contrition, one prayer of faith to his infinite grace! But it is too late. His patient insulted Spirit has been grieved at length. He has departed. In anger He hath shut up His tender mercies. He will be favourable no more. His mercy is clean gone for ever. He gives no answer, and the soul, beggared now eternally, goes into outer darkness, and begins its blind, everlasting wanderings in the land of blackness and emptiness!

THOUGHTS FOR THE AFFLICTED.

In all circumstances whatever, hold fast thy confidence in thy Father's love, wisdom, and grace. To do so must ever be right, and therefore ever safe; and, in the end, must work out "the peaceable fruits of righteousness."

God is *thy* Father. He knoweth *thee*, considereth all the minute details of thy individual case, and designs for thee the greatest possible amount of good which even He can give, "according to the richness of His grace!" But then thou must receive *the* good which His love would bestow, in the way and at the time which His wisdom appoints. "Be *subject* to the Father of spirits, and *live*."

God will give thee comfort only by giving thee good—holiness *first*, peace afterwards.

God hath indeed an interest in thee, but He hath an interest in others also. Knowest thou what good God may bring out of this suffering to others besides thyself? That relative may be converted by it; this backslider recovered; and it may be made the occasion of blessing, in after years, to those bereaved children and to many others thou

knowest not of. Let God then be glorified; and esteem it an honour to suffer for the sake of others. "Wait thou only on God!" Whatever may be gained by others, nothing will be lost to thee—"thou wilt never be put to shame."

Prove thy loyalty to thy God in the presence of men, angels, and devils!

God often sends affliction to *prevent* as well as to *cure* evil. The Apostle Paul was not "exalted above measure," but "*lest*" he should be so, "God sent him a thorn in the flesh." Thou mayest never know, until judgment, perhaps, what the all-seeing Lord has thus *prevented*, or what evil *would* have come to thee or thine, but for His mercy in sending thy present "thorns." *Trust* when thou canst not trace—"What thou knowest not now, thou shalt know hereafter."

'Tis false that thou trustest Christ as thy Physician, if thou refusest His remedies! Hast thou prayed to Christ to deliver thee from evil, and to make thee His own holy child? He may now, by these very trials, be answering thy prayers in His infinite love and mercy, making thee a partaker of sufferings, that thou mightest be a "partaker of His holiness."

Afflictions of themselves do not sanctify. They are means only in the hand of the Spirit. One of the most precious gifts is an affliction sent by God; one of the greatest losses is an affliction misimproved or lost by ourselves.

Sufferer! listen to God's solemn "voice in the rod!" It is a voice of love, saying, "My son, give *Me* thine heart." Cease thy controversy with thy *Father*!

The Lord does not spare His children! "He purgeth" or pruneth them, and often with a sharp knife; but why? "that they might bring forth *more* fruit."

Pilate and Herod were perhaps in their palaces enjoying ease and comfort on the day of the crucifixion. But Mary the mother of Jesus, and John, His beloved disciple, were led into trial and standing by the cross.

You have had fiery trials. True, but had not much dross to be separated from the gold? Chastisement is not sent where it would be *useless*. A furnace does no good to dross only.

We require as much prayer in coming out of an affliction as we do when in it.

Do not torture or pain thy spirit by thinking of what may *possibly* come to thee. Those things we fear most are not always those things we have most to fear. Many of our looked-for sufferings are generally imaginary. God *forbids* us taking heed of the morrow. He gives us only *to-day*, and to meet to-day's evil promises to-day's grace.

Consider those precious words, O sufferers, "Be careful for *nothing*"—that is, do not be over-anxious for *anything* that concerns thee, *as if* God thy Father did not care for thee; "But in everything by prayer and supplica-

tion, with thanksgiving, let thy requests be made known to God." Mark the words, "with thanksgiving!" For, thus recalling thy mercies, which are more than can be remembered, thou mayest see how God hath hitherto cared for thee. And what is the promise? "The peace of God which passeth understanding shall keep thy mind and heart through Christ Jesus!"—*Edinburgh Christian Magazine*.

N. M'L.

THE OVERTURNINGS OF THE NATIONS.

BY JOHN FOSTER.

It cannot be that God has appointed the general human mind to subside in quiet enslavement and stagnation. There will be mighty commotions—a "shaking of the nations" in all probability. But the omens are very dark as to any speedy results from them of a kind to satisfy a Christian and philanthropic spirit. The gloomy omens arise from *this*, that God has his own controversy with all the nations. The assemblage of nations over which the portentous signs are darkening and thickening with the gloom of thunder, are nominally Christian nations; but for the far greater part, sunk in actual idolatry, mingled with infidelity. If some of these be excited to a grand commotion against overwhelming tyranny, the simple point of right, so far, may be plain. But this is not all. When there is a conflict between a nation of idolaters on the one side, and of mingled idolaters and infidels on the other, there is much more in the case for the jurisdiction of the Supreme Governor than a mere question of relative right in the particular matter immediately in question. He may set that question aside for a while, and, in *his* sovereign justice, make such nations the equal scourges of one another; and in such a process there may be a succession of overturnings, each apparently reversing the preceding. And when we survey the superstition and the irreligion, and the moral depravity equally combined with both through the nations of Europe, we have cause to apprehend a long train of convulsions and calamities before either liberty or religion can prevail.

Indeed, how should there be any such thing as genuine liberty in combination with the slavery of superstition, and the licence of irreligion and vice? And it is awful to think with what a measure of calamity these may first be visited, partly to punish and partly to shake and loosen their hold. If we look at superstition alone, the Popish superstition—that has, in some of the countries, taken such entire possession of the people's minds, so wholly pervaded and conformed their habits of thought, and is so interwoven in all their institutions, that a confusion and upsetting of their whole national economy may be absolutely necessary to shake this odious despotism of error and delusion. Something may be necessary to disturb, confound, and distract their minds—to

drive and tear them out of their ancient position—to force thoughts, and doubts, and new apprehensions upon them—to make a convulsive wrench of their mental fetters—to shake, and crack, and rive their prison-house. It may be necessary that the regular order of their superstitious ceremonies should be violently interrupted and broken up. It may be necessary that many of their institutions be ruined; and their ecclesiastical tyrants be rendered objects of suspicion, hostility, or contempt. *This* may be the required *overturning*; and this may be effected by political commotion—by war and revolution, backward and forward. *Necessary*, we said, not of course that God could not cause a nation's deliverance from superstition by milder means; but mild means have not been his method with corrupted, superstitious nations, (the Jews, for example,) and are very little likely to be so now. Therefore, if the Almighty be really going to accelerate the progress of his cause, and of human improvement, (and the thickening shocks and commotions of the moral world, corresponding to the images and predictions of prophecy, warrant us to hope so,) we have yet a dark and fearful prospect before us. But the consolation is, that all these *overturnings* are to displace and destroy what obstructs the cause of heaven, and of human happiness. And the object is worth all that the Sovereign Governor has doomed that it shall cost. To hasten the destruction of the spiritual reign of *the Man of Sin*, and of the stupifying dominion of ignorance, and of the oppressions of despots and tyrants, it is worth that there should be wars, invasions, and revolutions, dreadful as they are. Dreadful indeed! and thus we see what nations that forget God, and grow inveterate in evil, entail on their posterity.

"I will overturn, overturn, overturn!" The repetition of this word of solemn denunciation has a striking sound and import. How strongly it intimates the reluctance of mankind to change to what is good, to what is finally right. They and their affairs change only to what requires to be changed again; and a third time changed, and still again! What a race it is! that when driven from one position by Divine judgments and calamities, is sure to go in a direction where it must be encountered by more such judgments! so that they cannot at the first turn have the good that is intended ultimately from violent changes; there must be more changes first.

Men of easy faith and sanguine hope have sometimes, after one great commotion and change, joyously assured themselves that *this* would suffice—"The grand evil is removed, we shall now happily and fast advance with a clear scene before us." But after a while, to their surprise and dismay, another commotion and change has perhaps carried the whole affair back apparently to the same state as before! Recollect the history of the Reformation in

this land, begun by Henry VIII., established, it was gladly assumed, in the reign of his son. But that youth dies, and then we have the instant return of Popery in all its triumph, fury, and revenge. After a while, Queen Mary departs; and all the pious souls exult in liberation and Protestantism. But then again, in Elizabeth's time, there comes a half-popish, severe, spiritual tyranny. Later down, after the overthrow of the tyrant Charles, there arose for the first time a prospect of real religious liberty. But his son resumes the throne, and all such liberty was utterly abolished, and so continued long; and another revolution was required, that religious faith and worship might be free.

In human affairs there have sometimes been great overturnings, which did give a rare and glorious opportunity for good, *if*, at the juncture, there had been the wisdom and uprightness to take advantage of them; but instead, there was folly or iniquity just ready at hand! Providence did not send the wisdom and equity to guide the change. Why? Because the state of men was such as to deserve and require more vials of the divine judgments to be poured out. It has even sometimes been intended to remove and clear away almost the whole present generation, when no rigours or terrors of discipline could frighten men from their iniquities. That this last fact may be, all history testifies, and revelation too. Recollect the prophetic descriptive description, that, after the most awful plagues, the people that remained *blasphemed the God of heaven*. Were not their expressions equal to an infallible prophecy of more such visitations to destroy the survivors of the preceding!

But it is not *the wicked* alone that suffer in the mighty convulsions in human affairs, the same as in the calamitous events in the natural world. But the faithful, the children of God, have high consolation—their supreme interest is safe. The calamities are something better to them than mere inflictions and punishments. Their hatred of sin is aggravated; their sense of dependence on God exercised; they become more detached from the world; and they have faith that these events are successive measures in a Divine process for bringing about the most glorious ends at length. The brightness of these anticipated ends seems to shine back on the dark train of the main.

And here observe how different may be the ends that God has in view, from any that may be intended by the immediate chief actors. ("He meaneth not so, but it is in his heart to cut off and destroy nations not a few.") And often these actors may be amazed and confounded by results directly contrary to what they had intended. As to the actors and instruments, God will make many *bad* ones serve his great design—the lovers of commotion for its own sake, as before observed, the haters of all good order, insane ambition, bigoted superstition, and perhaps very

eminently, infidelity itself. Let us adore the wisdom and power that can make even all these work to an ultimately glorious end! That *end*, for which are all the *overturnings*, is the glorious kingdom on earth of *HIM whose right it is*; his *right* all this while, (mysterious that he should permit himself to be so long debarred!)—his right, by many and infinite claims—his right, assured by prophetic declaration. How just, then, the overturning of all things that withstand it! And if his right, how certain to be at length possessed! And how happy the scene when he shall have taken the full possession! A splendid contrast for the readers, then, of the history of our times!

THE POWER OF PRAYER.*

THE subject is a successful merchant of New York. His early life was spent in Nova Scotia, but at the age of fourteen he left the home of his childhood, and the intervening years, to the age of manhood, were spent upon the sea. During this period of his wanderings, he was constantly followed with the deep solicitude and earnest prayers of a pious mother, and to the influence of these prayers, and the constant impression made by a knowledge of that solicitude on his mind, he now ascribes his preservation from almost innumerable temptations, and his recent conversion to God.

For several years he had been accustomed to attend, with his Christian companions, upon the public services of God's house, but not till the beginning of the present year had he experienced any deep and permanent convictions of sin, or felt any apprehension from his exposed condition as one under righteous condemnation. About this time the religious interest in New York and vicinity had become very deep, and but few could be found who were not more or less anxious with reference to the salvation of the soul. In the hidden depths of the heart, thousands then carried convictions of guilt, such as they had never experienced before, and some who had even despised religion, felt strongly attracted to some of its simplest appointments.

* From a work of this title by the Rev. Dr Primo of New York, just issued by our publishers. Never was the connexion between prayer and the answer, the relation of the asker to the Giver, so revealed as in this work. Here it is confirmed by scores of facts and examples, not in history, sacred or secular, not traditionary or second-hand, but facts of present occurrence, in the midst of this noisy, busy, restless, worldly age; facts beyond all doubt or cavil, that the Lord will give His praying people whatsoever they ask in faith. Here is the written proof that God will answer prayer, and no religious man can enter into the spirit of these prayer-meetings, or read the accounts here presented, without being overshadowed with the conviction that it is a solemn as well as a blessed privilege to pray; that God is willing to give His Spirit to them who ask Him, and that believing PRAYER IS SURE TO BE ANSWERED.

The work ought to be greatly useful in stimulating the people of God to prayer. It must be that pastors will rehearse these facts in the hearing of multitudes who will rejoice in the Lord, and give thanks for such manifestations of His power.

There are many, however, who, through the force of pride, struggled hard and long to control their feelings. Their most intimate friend was not permitted to know the state of mind, and yet, in secret, they were subjects of an almost overwhelming

This class was the subject of this sketch. Several weeks he had been in a state of spiritual distress, but avoiding as far as possible the stated means of grace, and excusing himself from all special religious appointments, he was endeavouring *secretly* to seek communion with God. With this view he went quite a number of evenings in his study-room, reading his Bible and offering

Failing, however, to obtain the relief and comfort which his heart needed, and for which he had thus sought, his next resort was to "union prayer-meetings," and to religious societies with churches, where, as a stranger, he felt willing to make himself known as an inquirer. The noon hours, as well as the evenings of several weeks, were spent in attending from meeting to meeting, and running from church to church, without effecting any permanent change in the state of his mind.

He was almost ready to sink into despair, when it was made to see that the real difficulty existing in the way of his salvation was not more or less than *pride*. It was this, that had made him resort to his place of business for prayer, rather than to his room. It was this, too, that had led him to a preference to general appointments of religious worship among strangers, rather than to those services where he would have mingled with his friends.

Having now satisfied himself of his error in thus shunning the cross, he pursued in the fear of God, to embrace the possible opportunity of denying himself, and openly avowing his wretched state of mind to the church and congregation with which he had usually met for worship.

For secret purpose, with the circumstances attending it, was made known on the Sabbath following, when, at the close of the service, he left his seat, and taking a position immediately in front of the pulpit, related in an affecting manner the struggles of mind through which he had been passing, and the sorrow of heart under which, for many weeks, he had been suffering.

At the close of his statement, which—as may be supposed, produced an indescribable sensation—he remarked that he had never before God's people to pray for him, and that he did not consistently do so until, from the depths of humiliation, he had first prayed for himself. Then, in the presence of the congregation, he fell upon his knees, with a heart bursting with grief, and all his senses in its throbbing anguish, he poured out his prayer to God for mercy. The very next day he was enabled to rejoice

in a Saviour's love; and in the evening of that day, at a social meeting, he bore a feeling testimony to the amazing grace of God, as displayed in his conversion.

The following came through the matron of the *Magdalen* Asylum, where the person had taken refuge, and is certified to as being her own, and written of her own accord:—

"To the Fulton Street prayer-meeting. I desire the prayers of the Church. I feel that I have been a very wicked girl, and that I have led a very bad life, and I feel my need of Christ. I want to be a Christian."

Another:—

"The prayers of this meeting are respectfully requested for G. B.—, who has lived all his life in wickedness, and only a few days ago contemplated suicide and the great crime of murder, in the hope of ending his misery."

On reading these requests, the leader remarked that if the persons making them were present, (and one we know was present,) he wished to say to them that the Lord Jesus laid down His life for just such sinners as they—that He came to seek and to save them that are lost—He came, not to call the righteous, but *sinners* to repentance.

Then arose one in the meeting, after having made several unsuccessful attempts to get the floor, and said:—"I came to hear, not to say a word. But when, on coming into the room, I saw hanging on the wall this passage, 'Him that cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast out,' and when I hear these requests read, and feel that there are some poor sinners in this room that need just such an assurance as that, I cannot hold my peace." Then he told of another place and another scene. He was from the West—and in the West he accosted a little girl, not supposing she was a Christian;

"'Do you love the Bible?' said I to her,

"'Yes, sir, I love the Bible.'

"'Is there any one portion of it, or one passage in it, which you love better than the rest?'

"'Yes, sir, there is, though I love all the Bible; if I may be permitted, I love this more than any other: 'Him that cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast out.'"

"There she rested," said the speaker, "and there every sinner may rest his hopes for eternity. I feel impelled to speak, because I believe and feel that the destiny of souls hangs upon the hour. Look, sinners, at the passage on the wall. There is a whole sermon in it. No matter what a sinner you have been, 'Him that cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast out.' I am as sure as I feel of my own existence, that there is some sinner who needs just such an assurance as this to rest upon, and I must urge you to cast yourself upon it and be saved." Many wept.

Instantly a young lieutenant of the Navy, from the U. S. ship-of-war *Subine*, arose close beside the leader, and said: "I wish to add another passage to that on the wall. It is

this: 'Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow, and though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool.' What does my impenitent friend need more than these to assure him of God's readiness to pardon?"

Two stanzas of that beautiful hymn were sung:—

"One there is above all others,
Well deserves the name of Friend."

Then prayer followed—and prayer has been the great feature of these services; while the whole assembly appeared to be impressed with the presence of God.

A young sailor arose. He was evidently a Scotchman by birth. He was deeply impressed, as all could see by his voice and manner, that this was a critical moment, the turning-point to some awakened souls.

"Will you take a sailor's advice," said he, "a stranger sailor, you who are now deciding that at some future time you will be a Christian? will you take a sailor's advice, and not delay your choice another hour, but come now and be on the Lord's side? You cannot possibly magnify the danger of delay. You cannot believe it to be half as great as it is." And then he spoke of some of his dreadful experiences of the effects of procrastination. He related the following as coming under his own observation:—

"I remember," said he, "when in Panama, one of my brother sailors was taken very sick. I had previously, on many occasions, urged him to take Jesus as his guide, counsellor, and friend. But his answer had ever been, 'Time enough yet.' That fearful putting off, that delivering himself up to the power of Satan, who was constantly whispering in his ear, 'Time enough yet,' reached its fearful crisis at last. As he lay sick upon his mattress, his writhings and contortions denoted the fever and pain that were within. But the fever of his soul was causing much more anguish than all his bodily ailments.

"I said to him, 'You need a Saviour now.' 'Oh,' said he, 'I have put off seeking Jesus too long.' I earnestly begged him to look at the cross of Christ, and there learn what Jesus had done and suffered, that a poor sinner like him might not perish, but have everlasting life. But he replied, with choking sobs, 'Too late, too late!' 'Oh!' he cried, 'no rest for me. I am going to some place, I know not where. Oh! I know not where!' his head fell back upon the pillow. I cried, 'Ned! are you dying?' But all I heard was, through the gurgling in his throat, 'No rest!' and my dying shipmate was gone."

Another touching incident he related as intimately connected with his own conversion, bearing upon the danger of delay. It was at his own home. He had a very pious, God-fearing mother, who had never neglected any opportunity which offered to impress upon his young mind the urgent need of seeking a

Saviour in his youthful days. But he had constantly neglected to pay more than a passing attention to his mother's admonitions, until one Sabbath morning she invited a young girl, a neighbour's daughter, to accompany them to the house of prayer. "She replied, in a light and trifling manner, 'Oh, no, I cannot go till next Sunday. I shall have a new bonnet then; my old one is too shabby.' Alas! that next Sabbath never came to her. On Monday she was taken quite sick. On Wednesday she died. My mother told me, with streaming eyes, as she came home from watching at her bedside, 'Emma is gone; and gone, I fear, without conversion.' This was so sudden, so unexpected, that it woke within my heart the cry, 'What must I do to be saved?' And, blessed be God, that cry was not made in vain. Jesus had mercy on my soul. He has been ever since that time the Rock of Salvation. Oh, come to Him, all you who need the saving grace of a dying, risen Saviour! Will you take a sailor's counsel? Will you come? God is calling you! Come now."

There were not many dry eyes in the room at the close of this touching, tender, earnest appeal. It came from a warm heart, and it found its way to every heart.

SECTARIANISM.

ONE thing I shall mention as tending to depress the spirit of true religion, is the spirit of sectarianism, which so extensively prevails among the various sections of the Christian Church.

By the spirit of sectarianism, I mean that over-weening attachment to our distinctive opinions on doctrine, government, and sacrament, which leads to a disproportionate and often a distempered zeal for upholding and promulgating them; and to a state of alienation, if not of hostility, towards those who differ from us, notwithstanding their agreement with us in still more fundamental and important matters. This spirit of exclusiveness which shuts out from our affection, sympathy, and communion, all those, however evangelical in sentiment and holy in conduct, who are not within the pale of our church, and which would seem to restrict all excellence to our own body, is, whatever its abettors may imagine, not only anti-social, but positively anti-Christian. It is the essence of bigotry; the germ of intolerance; and in its last development, the spirit of persecution.

That such a spirit of sectarianism as this does prevail, is the confession and the lamentation of all catholic-minded Christians. It might seem as if this spirit were itself an indication and an operation of earnestness. So it is of the earnestness of party, but not of piety. Saul of Tarsus had no lack of this when he

was hasting to Damascus, and breathing out threatening and slaughter against the disciples of Jesus; nor the Popish inquisitors in exterminating heretics by fire and sword; but who will call this the earnestness of true religion? It is zeal, but kindled by a spark from the flaming pit below. Zeal for lesser matters, to the neglect of greater ones, and which produces more dislike, or even indifference, to those who differ from us in these minor points, than friendship, sympathy, and love to them, on the ground of those more important ones on which we are united, is an antagonistic feeling to true piety. This is easily demonstrated.—It is an injury and opposition to that truth which is the basis of all religion, inasmuch as it depresses its more momentous doctrines, and gives an undue elevation to its lesser ones.—It is an open war with that love which is the greatest of the Christian graces, the very essence of religion, and without which all else is but as sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal.—It introduces a foreign and corrupting element into true godliness, and envenoms it with the poison of malice and wrath.—It diverts attention from primary to secondary matters, and exhausts the energies of the soul in bringing forth the fruits of contention, instead of the peaceable fruits of righteousness.—It cuts off the channels of sympathy between the different sections of the universal Church, and thus deprives each part of the benefit of what may be found in the way of example, spiritual literature, and co-operation, in the other sections of the great fellowship of believers.—It tends to perpetuate our strifes and divisions, by extinguishing the spirit by which alone we are likely to come to ultimate agreement.—It fosters in many a disposition to infidelity, by disparaging the excellence and weakening the power of true religion.—It represses the true spirit of prayer, and thus is a barrier to the spread of the gospel in the world—and it grieves the Holy Spirit of God, whereby He is induced to withhold His gracious influence.

Such are the consequences of sectarianism; and can any one doubt whether this is inimical to religion? It may substitute for the fervour of a pure zeal a fiery turbulence; but this is not genuine piety; this is not the true vital warmth of a soul in full health, but the fever of a diseased and morbidly restless spirit. It is high time to stop the progress and destroy the power of this hateful temper. If we have not religion enough to vanquish sectarianism, sectarianism will acquire more and more power to vanquish religion. Let charity rise into the ascendant. We cannot do a better thing either for the Church or for the world, than to seek for a greater degree of love among the friends of Christ. How has religion been tarnished in her beauty, weakened in her influence, and limited in her reign, by these contentions among her friends! Success therefore be to those efforts which are now being

made by the sons of peace to bring the scattered and alienated followers of the Lamb into a closer union with each other; and whether THE EVANGELICAL ALLIANCE shall continue to exist or not, in its present form and constitution, all good men must join in the longings and the prayers of our Divine Lord, when He thus breathed out His heart for His disciples, "That they all may be one; as thou, Father art in me, and I in thee; that they all may be one in us; that the world may believe that thou hast sent me."—*James' Church in Earnest.*

IN THE WORKSHOP.

"You are not going to put in that piece of wood, Richard," said one workman to another.

"Yes I am. No one will be the wiser for it," was answered.

"But some one may be wronged by it."

"No very serious wrong. The worst that can happen will be a rickety drawer."

"But, Richard, if you will take the trouble to go up into the third story, and select a better seasoned piece of wood, you will then be able to furnish a drawer that will always run smoothly."

"I am not going to take that trouble. Mrs Thompson would be very far from putting herself out as much for me."

"It doesn't strike me that you have anything to do with Mrs Thompson's disposition towards you in the case. It is a simple question of right and wrong. You are at work on a bureau, for which she has agreed to pay our employer a certain price. The understanding is, of course, that the wood and workmanship are to be of good quality. Now, if you put in that piece of wood, you will wrong both Mrs Thompson and our employer. She will receive a defective, troublesome article, and he will be injured in his business—for Mrs Thompson would hardly engage him to make another piece of furniture after finding herself deceived. Your doing this thing, Richard, is, according to my notion, a violation of Christian charity."

"I don't see that Christian charity has anything to do in the matter. Mrs Thompson screwed down the price, and I am not too well paid for my part of the work. So, you see, I can't afford to be hunting about after seasoned wood. This piece comes nicely to my hand, and I am going to use it."

"I have nothing more to say," replied the fellow-workman, "except to repeat my judgment of your act, and call it a violation of Christian charity. Our praying, singing, and Bible-reading, Richard, will not help us heavenwards unless we are just between man and man. The Christian profession is nothing without the Christian life. Our religion, in order to change us radically, must descend

into all our commonest duties. It belongs as much to the shop as to the family, and as much to the family as to the sanctuary. If you put in that piece of wood, knowing, as you do, that it will render the bureau you are making permanently defective, you will hurt your own soul."

"Don't trouble yourself about my soul," was the rather short reply. "I will take good care of that. If you hadn't said so much about it—magnifying a molehill into a mountain—I might have selected a better piece of wood; but this shall go in now. I'll risk the consequences."

"The risk may be greater than you imagine. It generally is in all such cases," was the grave reply.

And here the remonstrance closed. Richard Wheeler, the journeyman cabinet-maker, worked in the unseasoned piece of wood, and went on to finish the bureau, which was sent home at the time agreed upon, and the price paid.

Time passed on. The bureau, which had been placed in the chamber of Mrs Thompson, gave good satisfaction for a time; but the unseasoned piece of wood failed at length to do its proper duty, and the drawer began halting in its work. The disproportionate shrinkage of one side of the drawer bent all the parts out of line, and so the opening and closing thereof was always attended with more or less difficulty.

Richard, the journeyman who made the bureau, was in the ware room one day, when Mrs Thompson came in, and, with some warmth of manner, said to his employer—

"I don't think you have dealt fairly by me in that bureau, Mr Cartwright."

"Rather a grave charge, Mrs Thompson," replied the cabinet-maker. "Why do you say so?"

"You haven't made it of properly seasoned wood, a thing for which I particularly stipulated," said the lady.

"I beg your pardon, Madam"—Mr Cartwright spoke with visible indignation—"the wood *was* properly seasoned."

"And I say that it was not." Mrs Thompson was growing excited. "Why, there's one drawer in particular so all awry from shrinkage in some parts of it that it requires more humouring to get it in and out than I have the patience to give. I'm tempted some days to have the whole thing pitched into the street. It would be a disgrace to the poorest cabinet-maker in the city!"

This was rather more than Mr Cartwright could bear. He lost temper entirely, and gave Mrs Thompson so bluff a reply, that she went off in a passion, threatening, as she did so, to warn all her friends against the cabinet-maker's establishment.

Richard made a hasty retreat from the ware room to the workshop. His state of mind was not one to be envied. Here was

the evil fruit of his wrong act; and what a monstrous production from so small a seed! He had not only been unjust to Mrs Thompson, but had seriously injured his employer; for it was plain that custom would be diverted from his establishment through his improper act.

On the next Sunday, he attended church as usual. He was still troubled in his thoughts by what had occurred. Singularly enough, it seemed to him, that almost every sentence spoken by the preacher had a more or less remote application to himself. Every proposition was a mirror in which he could see his own distorted image. But the closing portions of the sermon, when the preacher gathered his generalities together, and condensed them into specific applications, smote him with humiliating convictions of wrong.

"A sad thing happened this morning," said Richard's wife, on his returning from work one day in the following week. "Mrs Thompson broke a blood-vessel, and now lies very ill. The doctors have but little hope of her recovery."

"How did that happen?" asked the mechanic, with a sudden sense of uneasiness.

"She was trying to push in a drawer that didn't run smoothly, when it caught, and the jar, I believe, caused the blood-vessel to break. It was a bureau drawer. What's the matter, Richard? You look pale. Are you sick?"

His wife spoke these last sentences in a tone of anxiety.

"I don't feel very well," he answered; "but it is nothing of consequence. Did you say that she was thought to be in danger?"

"Yes. She lies very low."

Richard turned his face away. When supper was placed before him, he tried to eat, in order that his wife might not see how deeply he was troubled; but only a few mouthfuls passed his lips. Silent, and apart from the family, he sat during the evening; and the night which followed was, for the most part, sleepless.

On his way to work next morning, Richard went past the dwelling of Mrs Thompson. He almost feared to look at the house when he came in sight, lest death-signs on the door should give the fatal intelligence of her dissolution. He breathed more freely when he saw that all remained as usual. So anxious was he, that he stopped and made inquiry as to her condition.

"Something better." How the words made his heart leap!

"Is she out of danger?" he asked, almost tremblingly.

"Oh, no; but the doctor speaks encouragingly."

Richard went on his way. At night, as he returned homewards, he called to inquire again.

is no worse." This was all the comfort received; and on this he passed restless night.

he dies, am I not her murderer?" is the thought that troubled him so and made him so anxious about the Mrs Thompson. It was more than a fore all danger seemed passed; and the unhappy workman breathed more how the thin, white face, and feeble Mrs Thompson rebuked him, afterwards, as he met her one day in it! He could not rest after that, he had obtained possession of the drawer, and adjusted it so accurately lace that it might be moved in and he hand of a child. In doing this, he re to remove the defective piece of

you have you done this?" It was the question of Mrs Thompson, as Richard made all right, was about leaving her.

is confused.

I not send for you to do this."

dark eyes of Mrs Thompson looked in their hollow sockets upon the startled workman.

re was an unseasoned piece of wood drawer," said Richard, speaking with a calmness as he could assume. "I placed it there, and I alone am to Mr Cartwright believed that every the work was of seasoned wood, g to agreement. He never meant g you. He is an honest man. Oh, if you can forgive me, do so; for, e accident to yourself, I have been he most wretched of men."

do no less than forgive," answered he, gravely; "and I hope God will also; for you have been the agent it wrong."

journeyman cabinet-maker retired, asson in his heart that it was impossible to forget. After that, he tried to s religion into the workshop; and he cessful in a good degree. It was then, till then, that he began really moving ards. Before, he depended on states g, but now on just acts to his neighbourhood on a religious principle.

T. A.

WALK IN A CHURCHYARD.

E walk'd within the churchyard bounds,
My little boy and I—
e laughing, running happy rounds,
I pacing mournfully.

Nay, child! it is not well," I said,
"Among the graves to shout;
e laugh and play among the dead,
And make this noisy rout."

moment to my side he clung,
Leaving his merry play,—
moment still'd his joyous tongue,
Almost as hush'd as they.

Then, quite forgetting the command
In life's exulting burst
Of early glee, let go my hand,
Joyous as at the first.

And now I did not check him more;
For, taught by nature's face,
I had grown wiser than before,
Even in that moment's space.

She spread no funeral pall above
That patch of churchyard ground,
But the same azure vault of love
As hung o'er all around.

And white clouds o'er that spot would pass
As freely as elsewhere;
The sunshine on no other grass
A richer hue might wear.

And form'd from out that very mould
In which the dead did lie,
The daisy, with its eye of gold,
Look'd up into the sky.

The rook was wheeling overhead,
Nor hasten'd to be gone;
The small bird did its glad notes shed,
Perch'd on a gray head-stone.

And God, I said, would never give
This light upon the earth,
Nor bid in childhood's heart to live
These springs of gushing mirth,

If our true wisdom were to mourn,
And linger with the dead,
To nurse, as wisest, thoughts forlorn
Of worm and earthy bed.

Oh! no, the glory earth puts on,
The child's uncheck'd delight,
Both witness to a triumph won,
(If we but judg'd aright.)

A triumph won o'er sin and death,
From these the Saviour saves;
And, like a happy infant, faith
Can play among the graves.

R. C. TRENCH.

RELIGION IN DAILY LIFE.

RELIGION is not a perpetual moping over good books. Religion is not even prayer, praise, holy ordinances. These are necessary to religion; no man can be religious without them. But religion is mainly and chiefly the glorifying God amid the duties and trials of the world: the guiding of our course amid the adverse winds and currents of temptation, by the starlight of duty and the compass of Divine truth; the bearing us manfully, wisely, courageously, for the honour of Christ, our great Leader, in the conflict of life.—*Cairy*.

A BLACK CLOUD.

A BLACK cloud makes the traveller mend his pace, and mind his home; whereas a fair day and a pleasant way waste his time, and that stealth away his affections in the prospect of the country. However others may think of it, yet I take it as a mercy, that now and then some clouds come between me and my sun, and many times some troubles do conceal comforts; for I perceive, if I should find too much friendship in my inn, in my pilgrimage, I should soon forget my Father's house and my heritage.—*Lucas*.

Page for the Young.

LUTHER'S LETTER TO HIS LITTLE SON.

I KNOW a lovely garden, full of children with golden robes, who wander about, playing under the trees, having plenty of fine apples, pears, cherries, nuts, and plums. They sing, and frisk, and are all merriment. They have pretty little horses, with golden bridles and silver saddles. Passing before this garden, I asked the owner who those children were. He answered, "Those who love to pray, to learn, and who are good." Then I said, "Dear friend, I, too, have a child, little John Luther. May not he come into this garden, to eat those beautiful apples and pears, to ride these pretty little horses, and play with the other children?" The owner answered, "If he is very good, and says his prayers, and attends to his lessons, he can come, and little Philip and little James with him. They will find here fifes, cymbals, and other fine instruments to play upon; and can dance, and shoot with little crossbows." As he spake thus, the owner shewed me, in the middle of the garden, a beautiful meadow for dancing, where were hung fifes, timbrels, and little crossbows. But as it was morning, and the children had not had their dinner, I could not wait to see the dancing. I then said to the owner, "Dear sir, I shall write directly to my dear little John, to tell him to be good, to pray, and to learn, that he too may come into this garden; but he has an Aunt Madeleine, whom he dearly loves—may he bring her with him?" The owner replied, "Yes; they may come together." Be then very good, my dear child, and tell Philip and James to be so too, and you shall all come together to play in this fine garden. I commend you to the care of God. Give my love and a kiss for me to Aunt Madeleine.—Your loving father,

MARTIN LUTHER.

June 19, 1530.

DEEDS OF KINDNESS.

Suppose the little Cowslip
Should hang its golden cup,
And say, "I'm such a tiny flower,
I'd better not grow up;"
How many a weary traveller
Would miss its fragrant smell,
How many a little child would grieve
To lose it from the dell!

Suppose the glistening Dewdrop
Upon the grass should say,
"What can a little dewdrop do?
I'd better roll away;"
The blade on which it rested,
Before the day was done,
Without a drop to moisten it,
Would wither in the sun.

Suppose the little Breezes,
Upon a summer's day,
Should think themselves too small to cool
The traveller on his way;
Who would not miss the smallest
And softest ones that blow,
And think they made a great mistake
If they were talking so?

How many deeds of kindness
A little child may do,
Although it has so little strength,
And little wisdom too.
It wants a loving spirit,
Much more than strength, to prove
How many things a child may do
For others by his love.

THE FRENCH BOY.

A LITTLE French boy, in one of the Sabbath schools of Paris, was asked by his teacher if there was anything in the Bible about Sabbath schools. After a moment's hesitation, the pupil replied that he would tell him next Sunday. At the appointed hour the lad appeared, and from documents in hand clearly set forth three distinct propositions, namely, that the first Christian Sabbath school was held in the temple, at Jerusalem; that Christ Himself was the first Sabbath school teacher, and that He had for His pupils the Jewish doctors of the law, of whom He asked and answered questions, which greatly astonished these teachers in Israel.

THE "GUEST'S" BIBLE QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNG.

SOLDIERS.

1. Who "was ashamed to require of the king a band of soldiers?"
2. What is recorded of the "soldiers of the army which Amaziah sent back?"
3. How many soldiers guarded Peter in the prison?
4. What did King Herod desire to be done to the soldiers for allowing Peter to escape?
5. Who "was sleeping between two soldiers?"
6. What advice did John the Baptist give to the soldiers?
7. What did the soldiers give Jesus to drink?
8. How did they kill the thieves on the cross?
9. Why did they not break Jesus' legs?
10. Who ordered the soldiers to take Paul by force?
11. What was "the soldiers' counsel" regarding Paul and his companions?
12. How many soldiers guarded Paul when he was taken to Antipatris?
13. Who was "suffered to dwell by himself with a soldier?"
14. Whose soldiers "took Jesus into the common hall?"
15. Did the soldiers mock Jesus when He was on the cross?
16. What did they do with His garments?
17. What was given to the soldiers for to say that Jesus was taken away by His disciples?
18. And what verse tells us to "endure hardness as soldiers of Christ?"



A FAMILY MAGAZINE FOR SUNDAY READING.

REVISED BY THE REV. NORMAN McLEOD, D.D., GLASGOW.

WEEKLY NOS. ONE HALFPENNY.]

[MONTHLY PARTS, THREEPENCE.

A REVIVAL INCIDENT:

ILLUSTRATIVE OF THE LONG-SUFFERING MERCY OF GOD TO THE CHIEF OF SINNERS.

Who has not heard, with deep emotion, of religious revivals? Yet more blessed they who have not merely "heard" of them "with the hearing of the ear," but also have been eye-witnesses and heart-witnesses of these especial and extraordinary baptisms of the Holy Ghost; in which God, apparently setting aside ordinary means and particular instrumentality, and taking the work of grace more directly in His own hands, has wrought powerfully by His Spirit upon the minds of Christians, arousing them from their spiritual lethargy to increased faith, prayer, and activity; and has created, in particular congregations and communities, an almost universal and agonising inquiry, "What shall we do to be saved?" Amid such scenes—

— "Scenes surpassing fable,
Scenes of holy bliss"—

has the writer mingled. Among them, in the expression of humble hope, he drew the first breath of spiritual life; and whatever may be the cautious hesitancy with which some receive, or the bold scepticism with which others reject, the doctrine and the history of these baptisms of the Spirit, he will, to his dying hour, testify that there *are* especial and extraordinary "times of refreshing from the presence of the Lord," with which the Christian Church has been, and still is, favoured; and that nothing but the unbelief and supineness of the Church, limiting and dishonouring the Holy One of Israel, prevents their more gracious manifestation and their more frequent occurrence. But it is not so much the object of the writer to vindicate the reality and character of Christian revivals, as to illustrate their working, by the relation of one among many thrilling incidents associated with these hallowed occasions, on the truth of which the reader may rely, and the facts of which he will recite almost in the words of one who was an eye-witness of the scene.

On a calm autumnal evening in the year —, at the close of a Sabbath-day, a large and respectable circle assembled at the house of a mutual friend, for the purpose of indulging in that trifling, frothy conversation which is so strong a characteristic of those who, "without hope and without God in the world," are living in awful oblivion of eternity. After some hours had passed away in various topics of remark, the conversation took a sudden and awfully sportive turn upon the subject of *religious revivals*, at that time a theme of general and peculiar interest. The Spirit of God had been powerfully and gloriously at work in other and distant parts of the country—the cloud of mercy, freighted with heaven's choicest treasure, had, in its onward and brightening course, visited many villages and towns with "showers of blessing," resulting, as it was computed, in the conversion of about three thousand souls—an accession to the Church of the redeemed worthy of the primitive "day of Pentecost." The fame of these especial seasons of grace had reached the ears of the assembled company, supplying them with ample material for their unhallowed mirth. "Have you heard the news?" said Mr —. "The Rev. Mr —, whose preaching has frightened so many people, is coming to the town next week, and is to supply *our* pulpit for several Sundays." "Indeed!" repeated another; "what say you, friends?—let us have a revival; for you know this preacher is always for having something of this kind going on." "Yes," replied a third; "and you, Dr —, and you, Captain —, must be the first converts, and we must make elders and deacons of you." Thus the profanity and jesting proceeded—one after another designated, in idle sport, as subjects for the pastor's inquiry-meeting, and as candidates for Church communion—until at length, suddenly alarmed at the tone it had assumed, and at the pitch

at which it had arrived, for some reason, to them at the time unaccountable, the conversation came to a long and thoughtful pause. At length one, more courageous than the rest, broke the painful silence, and said, "What is the conclusion of the whole matter?" No one replied, all seemingly rapt in profound and solemn reflection. Here the conversation on the subject ended; and, after appointing to meet again four weeks from that evening, they dispersed.

As was expected, the minister referred to came, and commenced delivering his message from God to the people. The field of his holy and self-denying labour was most unpromising, in consequence not only of the low spirituality of the Church, and the high-handed impiety of the place, but more especially as resulting from deep-rooted and long-existing dissensions, which, it was supposed, nothing could heal.

Yet to this unforbidding soil came the sower of the precious seed, doubtless under the special anointing of the Spirit, with a heart yearning for the salvation of precious souls, and with an eye single to the glory of God. The *result* shall speak for itself. The fourth week which intervened between the evening of solemn mockery and the time appointed for the next party was drawing nigh. But God, who is rich in mercy, had other engagements than scenes of mirth for this ungodly circle, and was resolving in His infinite and compassionate mind thoughts and purposes of love. Wonderful to tell—and only to be told to the eternal honour of rich, free, and sovereign grace, abounding to the chief of sinners—that cloud of mercy which had been sailing athwart the spiritual heaven, imperceptibly and unexpectedly paused in its divine-directed career over this parched and arid spot; and just at this critical juncture unbosomed itself in torrents of blessing. Not many hours from the time appointed for the second party of pleasure, the same large circle, almost without one exception, were assembled in the *same house*, in the same room, where four weeks since they were mocking the scene of a revival—not now to renew their unhalloved sport, but as the subjects, and in the midst of the awful realities, of that spiritual anxiety of mind which none but deeply awakened and truly convinced sinners understand. They who but recently, and on the identical spot, were rallying each other with a profanation of the Lord's gracious work, were now *in very deed* smitten to the ground, writhing under an awful sense of their exposedness to the interminable woes of the second death, and uttering groans and exclamations enough to pierce the stoutest heart. God the Spirit was there, moving amongst and in them in all the might and majesty of His sin-convincing, soul-converting, heart-regenerating power. Every mind was awakened—every heart was broken—every spirit was bowed. The military man—the profes-

sional man—the merchant—the intelligent youth—the daughter of beauty, of fashion, and of song—were alike prostrate at the feet of sovereign mercy, in humble penitence and prayer. Oh what a scene was that!—what a spectacle for an angel's eye, thrilling with joy a seraph's bosom! Yea, God—even that God who has declared, "To this man will I look, even to him that is poor and of a contrite spirit, and trembleth at my word"—was present, receiving a new revenue of praise from that assembly; while the glorified Redeemer was beholding from His throne the travail of His soul with infinite satisfaction. Within the short space of one week from this memorable evening, twenty of these godly-sorrowing individuals were hopefully new creatures in Christ Jesus; while, within the limits of the town, three hundred souls became the subjects of renewing grace, and witnesses to the truth that the "Lord shall comfort Zion: He will comfort all her waste places; and He will make her wilderness like Eden, and her desert like the garden of the Lord; joy and gladness shall be found therein, thanksgiving and the voice of melody." Reader, what an encouraging instance is this of God's long-suffering mercy to the chief of sinners! Sinners they indeed were, "but they obtained mercy;" and, through the grace of the Lord Jesus Christ, *you* may be saved, even as they. Have you fled to Jesus? Are you saved? Leave not this momentous matter to the decision of a dying bed. Decide it *now*, and decide it for eternity. Is sin a felt plague? Is Jesus precious to your soul? Can you say, in humble faith, "I am my Beloved's, and my Beloved is mine?" And is daily sin daily taken to the fountain of His precious blood—there hated and mourned over, cleansed and subdued? And through trial and conflict, through evil report and through good report, are you pressing on to glory, "looking for the blessed hope, and the glorious appearing of the great God and our Saviour Jesus Christ?" Then you *are* born again; and soon, oh, how soon, you shall be in heaven! Until that happy moment, let us meditate frequently on that sweet portion of God's Word, "Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly, nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful. But his delight is in the law of the Lord; and in His law doth he meditate day and night. And he shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water, that bringeth forth his fruit in his season; his leaf also shall not wither, and whatsoever he doeth shall prosper."—*Rev. Octavius Winslow.*

THE GOSPEL IN BURMAH.

By MRS M'LEOD WYLIE.

EARLY DAYS WITH THE KARENS.

It was at the beginning of 1827 that the mission was strengthened by the arrival of Mr

and Mrs Boardman from America, who joined the brethren at Amherst. This place, which had been originally selected as the seat of the British Government, was found to be inconveniently situated, and Sir Archibald Campbell determined to remove the head quarters to Maulmain. We find, therefore, in 1828, the missionaries, Dr Judson, Mr and Mrs Wade, and Mr and Mrs Boardman, settled there, and of this period we shall give the history, in a sketch which has been sent us by Mrs Wade, now one of the oldest surviving members of the Burman Mission.

"In Maulmain we had a boarding school for Burman girls, and Dr Judson had a bamboo *mayat* at the north end of the town, while Mr Wade had a similar one at the south end, where they spent the greatest part of every day in the week, excepting Sunday, when we had regular worship in the Burman language, in the bamboo chapel near our own dwelling. Every evening in the week was devoted to the exposition of the Scriptures and familiar conversation, for the benefit of the church members, school girls, and any others who chose to attend. At that time the Karens were known only as tribes, more or less savage, inhabiting the mountains and valleys of the interior of Burmah. The few Burman converts had, however, heard their missionary teachers express a wish to become acquainted with them, and finding one who was a debtor-slave to a Burman, Ko-shwa-ba paid the small debt, and took him into his family. He proved, by being excessively rude and passionate, a very unpleasant accession to that Christian family, and though he gave some attention to the 'new religion,' Ko-shwa-ba felt constrained to put him away. This was the embryo 'Karen Apostle.' Dr Judson, who was then a member of our family, proposed to pay Ko-shwa-ba the debt of poor Ko-thah-byu, if we would find employment for him, so that he might receive further instruction; and it was not long after he came to live in our compound that we began to perceive the influence of religion on his outward character, and that, by slow degrees, light dawned upon his dark mind, and the work of the Holy Spirit became perceptible on his hard heart. He seemed deeply penitent, confessed his sins, and sought earnestly by prayer the pardon of sin, and reconciliation to God through the Saviour. It was to us a case of deep interest; but when he expressed a wish to receive the ordinance of baptism, the members of the little Burmah Church who had not had the same opportunity of seeing the great change, both outward and internal, in this poor Karen, were slow to perceive that he was fit to be admitted into their Church. And when at last he was cordially received by a vote of every member, and was to have been baptised the next Sunday, it happened to be the week that Mr Boardman and family were leaving us for Tavoy, and they, wishing to take with them two little

Karen orphan boys, who had been admitted into their school, could not induce them to go without their sister, who had lately been married to Ko-thah-byu. He therefore consented to go with his family to Tavoy, where he was soon after baptised by Mr Boardman. Ko-thah-byu could speak Burman, and while with us learned to read that language, so that an excellent Catechism, written by the first Mrs Judson, was his constant companion; and though his knowledge did not extend much beyond the contents of his little book, yet with the Holy Spirit's aid, he went forth and performed a great work. This was the 'first fruits unto God' of the Karen Mission, whose Churches now number some 14,000 regular communicants, while the nominal worshippers, and the readers of the blessed Bible, may be numbered by *tens of thousands*. While, however, this first Karen convert was yet on his way to Tavoy, Dr Judson baptised a very respectable and intelligent Burman, by the name of Ko-myat-kyau, brother to the chief native magistrate of Maulmain, who had formerly been governor of Shwaygeen, under the Burmese Government. When this brother was collector of customs among the numerous Karens of that province, he became familiar with their language, customs, &c. After his conversion, Ko-myat-kyau's mind reverted with deep interest to the Karens, and he often assured us that they would receive the gospel much more readily than the Burmans."

Mr Wade says, "My impressions on this point were so strong, that, with the advice of Dr Judson, I set out with him and two or three other Burman converts, to visit a Karen village at Dongyan, about twenty miles north of Maulmain. On our arrival every man, woman, and child had deserted their dwellings, and hid themselves in the jungle. We sat down in the shade of their houses, and after some time one or two of the men summoned sufficient courage to shew themselves, and ask our object in coming to their village. Ko-myat-kyau told them our only object was to tell them about the true God, and the way of salvation. 'Oh, is that your object?' they replied; 'we thought you were Government officials, and we were afraid; but if you are religious teachers, come to tell us of God, we are happy; we will listen. Have you brought God's Book? Our fathers say the Karens once had God's Book written on leather (parchment) and they carelessly allowed it to be destroyed. Since then, as a punishment, we have been without books and without a written language. But our prophets say the white foreigners have the book, and will in future time restore it to us. Behold the white foreigners have come, as our prophets foretold! Have you brought God's Book?' (Few of these simple timid villagers had before seen a 'white foreigner.') I replied, 'Yes, we have brought the Book of God, (shewing them a Bible) but it is in the language of the

foreigners, though parts of it have been translated into the language of the Burmans. Can you read Burman?' 'No, we cannot; you must translate it for us, as you have for the Burmans.' By this time the villagers generally had learned our object in coming, and ventured out of their hiding-places, so that we had a large company of men and women and children around us: some eagerly examining my strange dress; others astonished at the whiteness of my face; but more still, intent on hearing what I had to say about the Book of God, which they had so long expected the white foreigners to bring them. To their last request I replied, 'I came from the land of the foreigners to teach the Burmans the true religion. I have learned their language, but do not understand Karen. I am obliged to speak to you through an interpreter; but I will write to those who sent me out, to send a teacher for the Karens, who will study your language, reduce it to writing, and translate God's Word for you, if on your part you will agree to learn to read, and let your children learn; else the labour and expense will be lost. Will the Karens do it?' 'Yes, we *will*, and we will worship God when we are taught His requirements. Our fathers have told us that when the white foreigners bring us the lost Book, and teach us the true religion, we must listen and obey,—then prosperity will return to us; but if we do not listen and obey, we shall perish without remedy. Long have we suffered, and prayed for deliverance, and now that the white foreigner has come with the lost Word of God, according to the saying of the fathers, if we do not listen, we know that the threatening also will be fulfilled. Yes, we will listen and obey; but how long will it take for the teacher to come, learn our language, reduce it to writing, and translate for us the Book of God?' I said I thought it could be accomplished in ten years. 'Alas! it will not then be done in *my* day,' exclaimed a man who had nearly completed his threescore years and ten. 'But you must not wait for a new teacher, *you* must begin at once.' Many others joined in this request; but I could not then say, I will, for the idea of becoming a Karen Missionary had not yet occurred to my mind; my hands were full of work in the Burman department, and thirty converts were baptised and added to the Burman Church in Maulmain during that year.

"The Karen Chief who had taken the lead in this conversation, invited us to his house, where we remained two weeks, teaching those who came to us, from all the region around; we were treated with great cordiality, as well as respect, but the Chief was cautious about committing himself to the cause of Christianity until he knew more about it. His wife, however, imbibed at once a full conviction of the truth of what she heard, and she obtained the 'pearl of great price.' From the labour of others in after years, this village

became one of the most interesting stations of the Maulmain Karen Mission. Before leaving the Karens, I made some attempts to represent the Karen sounds by Burman characters, which I found entirely impracticable. On returning home, though I had no idea of attempting the work of reducing the Karen language to writing, my mind had received an impulse which led me on from step to step, though often interrupted for months, until, with the aid of two Karens who understood Burman, I had analysed and classified the Karen sounds, and adopted a system of representing them, which embraced all the syllables occurring in their language. This work, strange as it may seem to others, as it does indeed to myself, was accomplished before I could speak a sentence in Karen,—God gave the ability, and to Him be the praise. I adopted the Burman alphabet, giving the characters a new sound so far as necessary; for the simple reason that we had Burman type and no other in the printing office at the time, and its adoption would save much expense and delay in printing. The inadequacy of the Burman alphabet to represent all the sounds in Karen, will be perceived by the single remark, that the Burman contains but ten vowel sounds, while the Karen has fifty-four. A few new types, however, met the difficulty, and considering the ease with which the Karens learn to write, without instruction, I think no one now regrets the adoption of the Burman character for the Karen language. In the prosecution of this interesting work, my mind became involuntarily absorbed, both while sleeping and waking, and having long suffered from liver complaint, my health failed, so that I was obliged to return to my native land for a season: not, however, until I had made many excursions among the Karen villages, received many visits in return, and had seen the happy result in fourteen baptised Karens, two or three of whom gave promise of becoming preachers of the gospel to their dark countrymen. The Spelling-book and Mrs Judson's Catechism had been printed in Karen, and a Karen school opened in Maulmain, which was left in the care of Dr Judson. He likewise visited the Karen villages, and looked after the 'little flock,' as far as his numerous duties in the Burman department would permit, so that the good work went forward. The news of books in the Karen language spread rapidly through the Karen villages, and brought many visitors to the school, where they first heard of a Saviour. From Tavoy, where Ko-thah-byu had been labouring with Mr Boardman and Mr Mason (now Dr Mason), and where quite a large number had been baptised from the Karen villages of that region, two of their most intelligent young converts were sent to the school in Maulmain to learn to read their own language; both could read Burman. One of these has long been a faithful ordained

pastor of one of the largest Churches in the region of Tavoy, while the other was Sau-Quala, the distinguished Karen missionary to Toungoo. Dr Judson's Memoir truly says—"They" (the Karens) 'had never before supposed their language capable of being represented by signs, like other languages; and they felt themselves, from being tribes of crushed, down-trodden slaves, suddenly elevated into a nation, with every facility for possessing a national literature.'

Mrs Wade proceeds: "On Mr Wade's return from the United States, he was accompanied by the Rev. Messrs Vinton and Howard, missionaries to the Karens. Both having studied the Karen language at home, and on the voyage to this country, they were prepared in a good degree to commence their labours on their first arrival. The Rev. Mr Howard proceeded almost immediately to Rangoon, where a good work among the Karens of that region had been commenced by the Rev. Mr Bennet, aided by Ko-thah-byu (who had now learned to read his own language) and two or three preachers from the Karen converts of Maulmain. Mr Boardman had long been resting from his labours, and Mr Wade was directed to join Mr Mason in his arduous and lonely labours in the jungles of the Province of Tavoy, with special reference also to a Karen literature.

"Dr Judson had continued his labours for the Karens of Maulmain, as far as his duties in the Burman department would permit, so that one hundred and eleven had been baptised, Churches had been formed, a good number had learned to read their own language, and several of the most intelligent and best instructed were already travelling from village to village, preaching the 'Gospel of the Kingdom,' or watching over the little flocks in the wilderness."

"THE ROUGH HOUSE" (RAUHE HAUS)
AND DR WICHERN.

ABOUT a mile and a-half from the city of Hamburg, on a secluded height of ground, there is gathered a cluster of twenty houses of simple construction, scattered among gardens and groups of trees, while about them are ponds of water, play-grounds, and cultivated fields, where men and boys are busily at work. This institution is called the *Rauhe Haus*, or Rough House, and was established for the sake of rescuing the children of the degraded poor, in 1833, by Rev. Dr Wichern, distinguished for his philanthropic labours, and his efforts in behalf of home missions in Germany, of which he was the originator, and is now the active leader.

He is a native of Hamburg, in which place, after completing his theological studies, he began his life of Christian activity in the instruction of poor children in the Sabbath-school. He soon felt the importance of re-

moving these neglected children, who were exposed to suffering and crime of every kind at their own homes, and gathering them into a Christian home, where they should receive full school instruction, and be taught trades or manual arts by which they might support themselves in after life.

Wichern, then twenty-four years old, began at once to develop his plan with ardour and energy, though poor in everything but faith in Christ. A little gardener's cottage called the *Rauhe Haus* was presented to him, and its name was transferred to the institution, which was inaugurated in September 1833, as a Christian house of training. Before the end of the year twelve boys found a home in it, Wichern living with them as if they had been his children; teaching them, working, playing, eating, and drinking with them. The influence upon the children, who had been brought up without restraining influences, was soon seen. For the first time the knowledge of the love of God in Christ was brought home to them, and under the power of Christian love, the whole household "bore the stamp of industry, happiness, and concord."

The institution had soon to be enlarged, as new children applied to be admitted, and building after building has been added as necessity required, till the present time, the children being gathered into families of twelve. As the numbers increased, Dr Wichern sought proper assistants of a kindred spirit, who were willing to work for the children for the sake of Christ. These he instructed in the art of training children in the elementary branches of knowledge, and particularly in the Bible. These assistants, who have the oversight of the studies, labours, and plays of the boys, are called Brothers, and are generally theological students, who thus prepare themselves for pastoral usefulness.

The establishment embraces various workshops, each being under the direction of experienced tradesmen; in them, boys can serve as apprentices till they have learned the trade, and are afterwards employed as journeymen. In 1843, Wichern feeling the need of extending the same advantages to girls, formed new establishments for them, which were placed under the direction of Christian young women.

At the twenty-fifth anniversary of this institution, held in September last, Dr Wichern stated that five hundred children had been connected with it, and though, when they entered, they were poorly fed and clothed, addicted to bad habits, and wholly ignorant of God, after remaining there for some years, nearly all had since shewn, by their upright character as citizens, and by their Christian walk and conduct, the value of their training there.

In 1848, the year of the revolution in Europe, Dr Wichern brought before the Church diet his ideas and plans for reform, which for fifteen years he had been putting in operation,

and which had animated him with the hope that the evangelical Church might penetrate the whole nation with the power of the gospel. Impressed with the belief that mere political reforms could not cure the evils that afflicted his country, but that its moral regeneration was necessary, he urged the Church to engage in the work of Inner or Home Missions. His eloquence and earnestness gave an impulse to this work, which is now accomplishing so much in diffusing the blessings of a practical Christianity over Germany. It covers the whole field of Christian philanthropy, uniting in one the various efforts for the temporal and spiritual benefit of the poor and needy classes; the distribution of good books and tracts; the supply of the destitute churches with the gospel; the founding of Young Men's Christian Associations, and engaging the most active members of the Church in voluntary labours for Christ and His cause.

Dr Wichern's active and unceasing efforts for a quarter of a century for the good of his countrymen, particularly the poor and neglected, place him among the foremost of Christian philanthropists.

THE WAY TO HEAVEN.

Maturè (begin betime)—FIRST STEP.

BY HENRY SMITH, CAMBRIDGE.

As there is a heaven, so there is a way to heaven; one way Adam came from Paradise, and by another he must return to Paradise. The passage is not so stopped but there is a way, though a strait way, and a door, though it be a narrow door; and therefore few do find it—only they which, like Jacob, do see a ladder before them as Jacob did. He had many dreams before, and did not see it; at last he dreamed, and behold a ladder which reached from earth to heaven, and all the angels descended and ascended by it, to shew that no man ascended to heaven but by that ladder; this ladder is Christ, which saith, "I am the way," and therefore He bids us to follow Him. If we must follow Christ's steps, let us see how He went to heaven. He began betime, for at twelve years of age He said, "I must go about my Father's business." He made speed, for John saith, that "He spake and did more good things in three and thirty years than could be written." (John xxi. 25.) He kept the right way, for when He said, "Who can accuse me of sin?" none could accuse Him of any, though they watched Him for that purpose. He continued well, for He died like a lamb, and prayed to His Father, and forgave His enemies. Therefore we will call the steps of this ladder *Maturè, properè, rectè, constantè*,—that is, Begin betime, make haste, keep the way, and hold to the end, and thou shalt go after thy Master. Touching the first—*begin betime*—God requiring the first-born for His offering, and the first-fruits for His service, requireth the first labours of

His servants, and (as I may say) the maidenhead of every man, because the best season to seek God is to seek Him early. And therefore Wisdom saith, "They which seek me early shall find me;" but to them which defer she saith, "Ye shall seek me, but ye shall not find me." We have long purposed to serve God—and every man thinks that He should be served, but we cannot accord of the time when to begin. One says, When I am rich; another says, When I am free; another saith, When I am settled; another saith, When I am old, then I shall be fit to fast and pray. Thus because we are given to set the best last, that we may have a longer time of our sins and pleasures, like the Jews in 1 Agge, which said alway, "The time was not yet come when they should build the temple;" therefore the Holy Ghost crieth so often, "This is the acceptable time, this is the day of salvation; to-day hear His voice," like Rebecca, who taught her son the nearest way to get the blessing. So soon as man was created, a law was given him, to shew that he should live under obedience from the day that he is born. So soon as he is born, he is baptised in the name of God, to shew that when we cannot run to Christ, we should creep unto Him, and serve Him as we can in youth and age. So soon as he beginneth to pray, he saith, "Thy name be hallowed, Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done," before he ask his daily bread, to shew that we should seek the will of God before the food that we live by, much more before the sins and pleasures which we perish by. So soon as the Lord distributed the talents, He enjoined His servants to use them. (Matt. xxv. 15; Luke xix. 13.) Who is so young that has not received some talent or other? Therefore youth cannot excuse him, because the talent requires to be used of every one that hath it. So soon as God created the man and the woman, He commanded them to "increase and multiply." (Gen. i. 28.) Shall we increase and multiply in the flesh, before we increase and multiply in the spirit? The first thing that God did after He created heaven and earth, "He did separate light from darkness," (Gen. i. 14,) shewing us how we should separate our good from evil, before our good become evil. The first lesson that John taught was, "Repent; for the kingdom of heaven is at hand." (Matt. iii. 2.) The first lesson that the disciples taught was, "Repent," too; "for the kingdom of heaven is at hand," (Matt. x. 7;) and the first lesson that Christ taught was, "Repent; for the kingdom of heaven is at hand." (Matt. iv. 17.) To teach what we should do first, repent was the first lesson to young and old. Therefore David prayed, "Teach me, O Lord, to number my days" (Ps. xc. 12)—not my years, nor my months, nor my weeks, but my days; shewing that we shall answer for days as well as for years, for to-day as well as to-morrow, and for our youth, as straitly as for our age,

even as the little children were devoured with bears for mocking the prophet, (2 Kings ii. 23;) which made David to cry, "Remember not the sins of my youth," (Ps. xxv. 7,) which he would not have spoken if God did not mark the sins of youth as well as age. Therefore the fathers were charged to teach their children the same law which they had themselves. (Deut. vi. 7.) Therefore Christ rebuked the disciples who forbade the little children to be brought to Him. (Matt. xxix. 14.) For, should children honour their father, and not honour God? It was a sweet concert when the children went before Christ to the temple, and sang their hosanna, to make their fathers ashamed who did not know the Messias when He came, when their little children knew him. It is written, when Christ heard a young man answer that "he had kept the commandments from his youth," Christ began to love him, (Mark x. 21,) which shews how Christ loves these timely beginnings, when we make Him our nurse, and draw our first milk from His breasts. There is not one confession for old men, and another for young men. In the Creed the old man saith not, "I did believe in God," and the young man saith not, "I will believe in God;" but both say, "I do believe in God;" for He which is called "I am" (Ex. iii.) loveth I am, and careth not for I was, nor I will be. When Christ asked Peter, "Lovest thou me?" He looked that he should answer Him, "Yea, Lord, I love thee," (John xxi. 15,) and not drive off as Felix did Paul, "I will hear thee," (Acts xxiv. 25,) I will love thee when I have time convenient, nay, when thou hast not convenient time; for if this be the convenient time, after this the convenient time is past. Manna was gathered in the morning, because when the sun arose it did melt away; so virtue must be gathered betime, for if we stay till business and pleasures come upon us, they will melt it faster than we can gather it. Therefore, in Prov. iv., wisdom is called the Beginning, to teach us to seek the wisdom in the beginning, as a man taketh the best first. If Elijah would be served before the widow, when she had not enough to serve herself, will God be served after thee? nay, after the flesh, and after the devil? What canst thou owe Him to-morrow which thou art not indebted to-day? Yea, doth not God require morning sacrifice as well as evening sacrifice? It is an old saying, "Repentance is never too late," but it is a true saying, "Repentance is never too soon;" for so soon as we sin, we had need to ask forgiveness. Besides, repentance is a gift, and therefore it must be taken when it is offered; for if Judas could have repented when he listed, he would never have hanged himself. The time past is gone, and thou canst not call that to repent in; the time to come is uncertain, and thou canst not assure that to repent in; the present time is only thine, and thou mayest

repent in that; but anon that will be gone too. Therefore, when Christ wept over Jerusalem, he said, "O if thou hadst known in this thy day!" calling none their day, but this day. If none can be called thy day, but this day, then this is thy day of repentance, or else thou hast none at all. Therefore one resembleth the mercy of God to the pool in Jewry, where the sick and leprous lay, for at one time of the day, "an angel came and stirred the water, and then he which stepped in first was healed of his disease," (John v. 4;) he which stepped in first was healed—none but he which stepped in first—so he which taketh time is sure, but he which foreshoweth times oftener faileth than speedeth; for when golden opportunity is past, no time will fit for it. Yet, as when Christ went about to cast out devils, they said that "He tormented them before the time," (Matt. viii. 29;) so whensoever thou goest about to dismiss thy sins and pleasures, though thou stay till thou be sick and old, and ready to die, yet they will say still that thou dismisest them before the time; but then is the time when the devil saith the time is not yet, for the devil is a liar, and knoweth that what liquor our vessels be seasoned with at the first, they will taste of the same ever after. Therefore linger not with Lot, for if the angel had not snatched him away, he had perished with Sodom for his delay. They were not wise virgins, but foolish virgins, which sought not for oil before the bridegroom came; Samuel began to serve God in his minority (1 Sam. ii); Timothy read the Scripture in his childhood (2 Tim. iii. 15); John grew in spirit as he ripened in years; so whether thou be old or young, thy repentance cannot be too soon, because thy sin is gone before. If thou lackest a spur to make thee run, see how every day runneth away with thy life; youth cometh upon childhood, age cometh upon youth, death cometh upon age with such a swift sail, that if our minutes were spent in mortifying ourselves, yet our glass would be run out before we had purged half our corruption. Thus much of the first step.

THE WAGES OF WAR.

WHEN a victory is obtained on land, why—I use the language of Scripture—"the land mourns," "the earth languisheth:" fields are ravaged, fences are laid waste, houses are demolished; a garden of Eden is trampled into a wilderness. There is often also much slaughter among the brute creation, especially in that useful and generous animal, the horse. And "God takes care for oxen," and tenderly mentions the loss of very much cattle in the destruction of Nineveh. But let us refer to our own species only.

Mournful is the infliction of pain—while thousands are agonising and groaning together,

and not a few long left with their wounds bleeding and undressed.

Mournful is the loss of limbs. How we feel when a neighbour, by disease or accident, is compelled to submit to a single amputation! How we are affected, even to this hour, with the case of Mephibosheth! Poor babe! his nurse, hearing the approach of battle, fled, and he dropped from her frightened arms, and became "lame in both his feet." But how many individuals by one action are maimed, and return home leaving parts of themselves behind; moving, or carried about, mangled and dismembered; one without an eye, another without an arm, and so of the rest!

Mournful is the loss of lives. For where is the human being that is not of importance to some one? On the late news, Edinburgh was illuminated, but not entirely; one street refused its lustre—in this lived the widowed wife of the gallant Captain Duff. It was a striking exception. Darkness best suited an anguished mind, whose hope was fled. But social attachments and usefulness do not depend upon rank and office. How many a poor widow in Spain, in France, in England, whose name will never be announced in the public papers, is now weeping over a husband she will see no more! How many a child is at this hour crying, "My father, my father!"

Mournful, above all, is the loss of souls. We are far from supposing that all warfare is unlawful, and that a good man cannot be a soldier. Who has not read the "Life of Colonel Gardiner," slain by the rebels in the battle of Prestonpans? Was there ever a mind more purely and ardently pious? And, blessed be God, we have a few centurions "devout men, and who fear God with all their house." A man may ascend to heaven from the field of battle. But the moral state of armies and navies is too well known to be a secret. At any time the generality of those that compose them are ill prepared to die. How dreadfully affecting then is it to think of so many of our fellow-creatures being cut off in a moment, and sent, with all their sins upon them, to appear before the Judge of all!—so many ways is victory turned into mourning.

(From a Newspaper.)

It was a few days after the news of the battle—the very day when the mail brought the official list of killed and wounded—we were seated in the office reading over the names with a sad curiosity, seeking out those with which we were of old familiar.

We were sorrowfully enough engaged by these thoughts, when a young woman entered the office. When we say young, we mean under thirty. She had a small girl by the hand—a beautiful little creature about three years old. Both mother and child—for such no one could doubt to be their relationship who observed their features—were dressed with extreme neatness, though all the little elegancies of decoration were bestowed upon the child.

We just looked over the top of the paper, to note these particulars, when having been directed to us by the clerk, she came forward to our desk.

We handed her a chair, and while we endeavoured as well as we could to soothe her very apparent agitation, we were somewhat at a loss to account for its existence.

After a few minutes' conversation, we discovered the reason in the fact that she was a relative of a soldier in Captain ——'s company. This corps had been engaged, and, we remembered, had suffered very severely. She had been informed that the list of the killed and wounded had arrived, and she called to hear some intelligence of his fate.

She wished us to read over the names.

We again took up our paper, and proceeded to comply with her request. We shall never forget the expression of the woman's features as we read. Her agony was terrible. She was not unhandsome; but her face became ghastly pale, and her eyes looked unutterable despair as she fixed them upon the child, who was playing with a newspaper, and laughing joyously at its heedless innocence. Her lips were colourless, the perspiration started on her forehead, and as she lifted her hand to wipe the large drops away, we could see it trembling as though palsified.

The presentiment of evil had already almost broken her heart, and we knew that the relative must be a very near one.

She had avoided giving us her name, and so soon as we found the list, appalling long, which comprised the casualties of the designated corps, we began to read. We did not know when we would reach the fatal name, if at all, and at each interval we looked inquiringly in the woman's face. She said nothing, however, for some time, and we began to hope his name was not down, when we read—

"John ——, sergeant, KILLED."

Such a scream! It was the wail of a broken heart. Only one—and then still as death. That cry was ringing in our ears for a month. We immediately ran toward her, but she arose from her chair, motioned us her thanks, and without a word left the office.

We had read to her the announcement of her husband's death.

We did not do much service in the office that day.

The next morning, happening to be down on the wharf, we saw the woman and her little girl going on board the packet. She recognised us, and she spoke to her. She was crushed completely. She had grown twenty years older in as many hours. She informed us that she had resided with her husband in New York. That she was originally from the west, and on his corps being ordered to Mexico, she determined to repair to her friends and await the conclusion of the war. She had heard of the battle, and knew that Captain

—'s battery was engaged, and on her arrival in Pittsburg, had been directed to the *Journal* office for information. She arrived the very morning after the receipt of the list of killed and wounded.

We bade her good-bye. She continued her route to her girlhood's home, now desolate, and we to our daily business, a sadder man indeed.

The little incident recorded above was recalled to our mind on Saturday, by reading in a Western paper the notice of the death of "Mrs Sarah —, widow of John —, a soldier killed in the battle of Buena Vista."

It was our acquaintance—there could be no mistake.

She had grieved herself to death for her husband.—*Jay's Reflections on Victory.*

THE VOICE OF THE OCEAN.

WAS it the sound of the distant surf that was in mine ears, or the low moan of the breeze, as it crept through the neighbouring wood? Oh, that hoarse voice of ocean, never silent since time first began—where has it not been uttered? There is stillness amid the calm of the arid and rainless desert, where no spring rises, and no streamlet flows; and the long caravan plies its weary march amid the blinding glare of the sand, and the red, unshaded rays of the fierce sun. But once and again, and yet again, has the roar of the ocean been there. It is his sands that the winds heap up; and it is the skeleton remains of his vessels—shells, and fish, and the stony coral—that the rocks underneath inclose. There is silence on the tall mountain peak, with its glittering mantle of snow, where the panting lungs labour to inhale the thin, bleak air—where no insect murmurs and no bird flies, and where the eye wanders over multitudinous hill-tops that lie far beneath, and vast dark forests that sweep on to the distant horizon, and along long hollow valleys where the great rivers begin. And yet once and again, and yet again, has the roar of ocean been there. The cliffs of his more ancient denizens we find sculptured on the crags, where they jut from beneath the ice into the mist wreath; and his later beaches, stage beyond stage, terrace the descending slopes. Where has the great destroyer not been—the devourer of continents—the blue foaming dragon, whose vocation it is to eat up the land? His ice-floes have alike furrowed the flat steppes of Siberia and the rocky flanks of Schellian; and his nummulites and fish lie imbedded in great stones of the pyramids, hewn in the times of old Pharaohs, and in rocky folds of Lebanon, still untouched by the tool. So long as ocean exists, there must be disintegration, dilapidation, change; and should the time ever arrive when the elevatory agencies, motionless and chill, shall sleep within their profound depths, to awaken no more—and should the sea still

continue to impel its currents, and to roll its waves—every continent and island would at length disappear, and again, as of old, "when the fountains of the great deep were broken up,"

"A shoreless ocean tumble round the globe."

Was it with reference to this principle, so recently recognised, that we are so expressly told in the Apocalypse respecting the renovated earth, in which the state of things shall be fixed and eternal, that "there shall be no more sea?" or are we to regard the revelation as the mere hieroglyphic—the pictured shape—of some analogous moral truth? "Reasoning from what we know,"—and what else remains to us?—an earth without a sea would be an earth without rain, without vegetation, without life—a dead and doleful planet of waste places, such as the telescope reveals to us in the moon. And yet the ocean does seem peculiarly a creature of time—of all the great agents of vicissitude and change, the most influential and untiring; and to a state in which there shall be no vicissitude and no change—in which the earthquake shall not heave from beneath, nor the mountains wear down, and the continents melt away—it seems inevitably necessary that there should be "no more sea."

—*Hugh Miller.*

SOWING WILD OATS.

FOR YOUNG MEN.

MANY a young man has been lured from the path of virtue, and enticed into the road that leads, by an easy descent, into the accursed valley of destruction, through the thoughtless speech of some thoughtless person, talking flippantly about sowing wild oats, as a thing to be expected in youth.

"I had one lesson on this subject from the lips of an aged counsellor," said a valued friend to me, not long since, "which has never been forgotten. The timely warning saved me. I was nineteen years of age, and had just entered college. Young men were there from nearly every part of the country, and some of them already sadly corrupted. I was social, in high health and spirits, and with an imagination for ever carrying me beyond the actual and the present. Before I had time for reflection, and before even a consciousness of wrong had reached me, I was afloat on a dangerous sea, my boat gliding swiftly forwards, and the siren's song already in my ears.

"One night we had a wine party in the town, which ended in excesses the thought of which has called a burning blush to my cheeks a hundred times since. I had not been very well for some days previously, suffering from constant headache and low febrile symptoms. The dissipation of a night turned the scale upon the wrong side, and I was so ill the next day, that it was thought best to call in a physician. He was an old man, of the old school of gentlemen, and wise, thoughtful, and kind. He commenced, at once, the business

of finding out everything in regard to my habits, principles, and modes of thought, and there was something in him that so inspired me with confidence, that I concealed nothing. He looked grave, and offered a remonstrance.

"Oh," said I, almost lightly, 'young men must sow their wild oats. The ground will be so much the better prepared for seeding wheat, after the crop is taken.'

"An error of the gravest character," he replied, seriously, 'and one that has ruined its thousands and its tens of thousands of young men. Is a garden better prepared for the reception of good seed, for having been first permitted to grow weeds? I put the question to your common sense. Are there not some soils so filled with all manner of evil seeds, that the gardener, with his utmost toil and care, can scarcely remove the vigorous plants that spring to life in the warm sunshine and rain? It is no mere comparison, that of the human soul to a garden. It is, in reality, a spiritual garden. Truth is the good seed which is sown in this garden, false principles the evil seed, or 'wild oats,' which the enemy's hand scatters, if permitted, upon its virgin soil. Now, is it not as much an insult to reason to say that the man will be a wiser, truer, better man, for having false principles, leading at once to an evil life, sown upon the ground of his mind in youth, as it is to say that a garden will be more thrifty in after years, for being first permitted to grow weeds?'

"My stranger friend, I have lived almost to the completion of life's earthly cycle, and have seen a sad number of young men lost to the world, lost to themselves, and lost, I fear, to the company of God's blessed angels, in consequence of that single false idea sown into the earth of their minds. Oh, cast it out at once! Keep yourself pure. Let right principles, chaste thoughts, noble purposes, manly aims, grow in your garden—not the accursed wild oats! Be temperate, prudent, virtuous, obedient to superiors, honourable, kind. Aim to be a man, not a sensualist. Govern yourself as a man, instead of letting passion, appetite, or any sensual desire rule you as a tyrant. Sow no more wild oats. You will find trouble enough in your after life with the seed already scattered in your fields.'

"The scales," said my friend, "dropped at once from my eyes. I saw that the good old physician was right, and that this cant about sowing wild oats involved one of the most dangerous fallacies into which the mind of a young man could fall. It was my last folly of this kind."

T. A.

FORWARD!

A WORD FOR ANXIOUS INQUIRERS.

It is the first step that costs. When the Israelites came up to the Red Sea, the command of God was, "Speak to the children of Israel that they go forward." But how? The

Jewish leader might well cry out, We have no fleet to bear us over. "Go forward!" But, Lord! we cannot for the gulf before us. "Go forward!" Wouldst thou have us, Lord, to perish in the billows? Still the same answer comes—"Speak to the children of Israel that they go forward." The command is peremptory. It admits of no delay. And just as soon as Israel goes forth in obedience to Jehovah's voice, lo! the waves part asunder, and the mighty cavalcade marches through dry-shod! Unhesitating obedience to God always insures a blessing.

Here is a lesson for troubled inquirers. To you comes the command of God, "Go forward." Death is behind you. Hell followeth hard after you. There is no salvation in retreat. Heaven lies before you—not behind. No man ever saved his soul by relapsing into indifference. If you give up, you are lost.

1. Perhaps you say, "I have prayed many a time already, and no blessing has yet come." Will you cease to pray then? Will that bring an answer? As well might a voyager to Liverpool, when one hundred miles from port, put about his helm, and steer back to New York; he is almost there; why does the foolish man retreat? How many a soul has quitted praying when the door of mercy was just about opening to him! Go forward.

2. Another one is kept back by fear of ridicule. He cannot stand a laugh. There is a sneer waiting for him at his father's table, or a cutting sarcasm in his counting-room. He wavers before it. He winces under the slightest word, and imagines terrible things in store for himself. Go forward; the sea will open to you, and so will many a heart to cheer you on. You will inspire respect in the very quarters from which you now expect opposition. He is a weakling who is pushed back with a straw.

3. A third person complains, "I am in the dark; I cannot see my way." Then go forward, and get out of the dark. The determination to do your duty will be attended by a luminous discernment of the path of duty. God will shew you the way; only go forward, *looking for the cross*.

4. Unbelief draws back a fourth. There is only one way to conquer doubt. It is—to *believe*. Then, instead of halting and shivering in an ague-fit of indecision, take a bold decisive step. End the torturing uncertainty by going forward, "looking unto Jesus."

The only way to do a thing is to *do it*. God gives strength to the obedient. He has no promise for cowards or double-minded vacillating doubters. He bestows grace on those who try to do their duty. His grace is all sufficient for you. The deepest sea of difficulties will divide its waters for your advancing footsteps, just as soon as you determine to obey that voice which says to you, *Go forward!*

"HE ABODE TWO DAYS."

By MRS H. B. STOWE.

"Now Jesus loved Martha, and her sister, and Lazarus. When He had heard, therefore, that he was sick, He abode two days still in the same place where He was."—(John xi. 5, 6).

This language is remarkable. A message had been sent to Jesus which implied a most earnest form of prayer. The urgency of the danger was implied in the very fact that a messenger was sent a long distance to convey the intelligence to the Master. So perfect was the confidence in His affection, in His willingness to help, that it was considered simply necessary to announce the fact, confident that the desired aid would follow immediately. We urge our requests on strangers, but to our intimate friends we simply say, "I am in want," and it is enough. There was great delicacy of faith in this form of message, as if it were wronging the Master's well-known love to say more.

Yet Jesus sent no answer. Hour after hour passed—the disease marched on—the sisters in vain watched and waited—there was a dead silence on the part of that Friend of whose love they had been so secure—to whom they had thought it only necessary to announce a want to ensure its supply. The brother died.

But John, the confidential friend of Jesus, says that it was because Jesus *loved* Mary, Martha, and Lazarus, that He abode two days in the place where He was—that He did not obey the first impulse of His affectionate nature, and give them immediate help.

To them this sorrow was at last turned into joy. They found that He had not forgotten them when He seemed to have done so—that He had noticed the implied prayer, and prepared for it an answer.

Herein lies comfort for those who have presented before their Lord prayers which He as yet seems to disregard. If He abide two days still in the same place, and come not to our help, let us believe it is not because He loves us not, but because He loves us, and sees before Him the best hour and moment for granting our requests.

And if we have had dear ones for whose lives we have prayed, and who nevertheless have been torn away by death, let us see in this history the history of every such affliction. Our beloved must pass through the gates of death—it is as necessary as it was to Mary and Martha, that we should gain all that could be gained by the discipline of that sorrowful parting—but he shall rise again. The Christianity of our day thinks too little of the resurrection. Our friends shall be restored to us in bodily form and shape, perfect in an immortal youth and bloom never to die. The history of Lazarus is a representative history. It embodies for substance that of every bereaved friend of Jesus. Some beloved object draws near to death—Jesus knows it,

and does not interpose to deliver—does not interpose, because He loves. He does not prevent the dear one from passing the doors of death—He does not prevent the heart of the survivor from being wrung with the separation, but He will raise the lost again, and restore the broken bond.

Those groanings of spirit, those tears with which Jesus drew near to the grave, are declarations of the depth of the Divine sympathy with the suffering which the inevitable law of death occasions to the hapless children of men. In Nature we see only an inflexible order—a crushing regularity, a cold fatality. Here we see the mysterious Word, "by whom all things were made, and without whom was nothing made that is made," groaning and weeping over the sorrows produced by those inflexible laws which He has Himself in wisdom ordained. Wonderful scene—He groans in spirit, He weeps; but still He is firm in upholding this system and these laws. He loves, but He does not interpose to save, as generation after generation pass through these heart-rending sorrows. He abides still in His place. But there will come a time when it will be otherwise. This Almighty Weeper shall wipe away all tears from all faces. "He shall swallow up death in victory."

RULES FOR DAILY PRACTICE.

1. Come by faith to the blood of Christ, that all your sins may be pardoned.—Lev. xvi. 11; Heb. ix. 14, 28; Eph. i. 7, ii. 13; 1 Pet. i. 19; 1 John i. 7.

2. Seek by prayer the help of the Holy Spirit.—Luke xi. 13; Rom. viii. 26, 27; Gal. v. 22, 23; Eph. ii. 18; James iii. 17.

3. Try to recollect continually that God is always present, knowing every thought you think, hearing every word you speak, and observing everything you do.—Prov. xv. 3; Ps. cxxxix. 2-4, 12; Ezek. xi. 5; Heb. iv. 13.

4. Live upon Christ as the life-giving root of all true holiness.—John vi. 47-58, xv. 4-8; Col. ii. 3, 4.

5. Before you speak, ask these three questions: Is what I am going to say true? is it useful? is it kind?—Ps. cxv. 2, cxli. 3; Prov. xv. 1, 2; Eph. iv. 15, 25, 29, 31, 32.

6. Pray for a calm and thoughtful state of mind, trusting always in the Lord, for you know not what a day may bring forth.—Job xxii. 21; Isa. xxvi. 3, 4; Hag. i. 5; Matt. xi. 29; John xiv. 26, 27; Phil. iv. 2-7; James i. 2-7.

7. Remember that if religion has done nothing for your temper it has done little for your soul; and see, therefore, that your temper be kind, merciful, cheerful, meek, and affectionate.—Rom. xiii. 10; James i. 26; 1 Pet. iii. 8-11.

8. Work while it is called to-day, for the glory of God and the good of men.—John ix. 1; 1 Cor. x. 31; Gal. vi. 10.

Page for the Young.

THE PILGRIM.

"WELL, Lucy, what do you find so attractive in the opposite wall?" said Aunt Mary; "you have not taken your eyes off it for the last five minutes."

"I was not even thinking of it," said the little girl, as closing the book that lay in her lap, she drew her chair nearer to her aunt. "I have just finished reading the 'Pilgrim's Progress,' and you will think me foolish, but I was wishing, when you spoke, that I could become a pilgrim."

"That is not, by any means, a foolish wish; indeed, my dear, it is my greatest hope that you will soon set out on that very course."

"But, Aunt, you know I cannot go as Christian did. There is no 'Slough of Despond' for me to fall into, nor 'Palace Beautiful' to visit."

"As for the first named," said Aunt Mary, "I think the little girl I found shedding tears this morning, because she feared she never would get the better of an ugly temper, was in that *slough*, and pretty deeply in, too. Something like this it was she said to me: 'There is no use in hoping to improve my temper. For a whole week I have been trying to be gentle and amiable, and just now I flew into an angry passion with nurse, because she had not mended the dress I wanted to put on.' Lucy coloured; but as she did not reply, Aunt Mary continued:—"Do you not know, my dear child, that the history of Bunyan's pilgrim is intended to represent, in a measure, the course of every Christian from the time he begins to walk the narrow way of life until its close? It is only a record of the daily struggles with sin and temptation, and thanks be to God, the victories, too, which every true disciple encounters in his pilgrimage through this world."

"I know," said Lucy, "that this is the meaning; but I think the way of salvation would seem easier if, in order to be converted, we had a fearful journey to make, from the dangers of which we would be saved by shewing the same courage and perseverance that Christian did."

"Salvation would not be easier in that case," said her aunt. "You have fallen into an error that has misled many souls. Pride is at the bottom of it. It is because you are not willing that Christ should have *all* to do in saving you. It humbles you to think of casting yourself upon him as a sinner utterly undone. When Naaman the Syrian went in great pomp and splendour to Elisha, to ask to be cured of his leprosy, the prophet saw the pride of his heart, and instead of answering his request in person, sent a messenger to tell him, 'Go wash in Jordan seven times, and thy flesh shall come again to thee, and thou shalt be clean.' This made Naaman angry,

and he turned away in a rage; but his servant said, 'My father, if the prophet had bid thee do some great thing, wouldst thou not have done it? how much rather, then, when he saith to thee, Wash and be clean.' The command, 'Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved,' seems so simple, that you imagine, if in its stead some great undertaking were placed before you, you could more readily become a Christian. This is a very common stumbling-block, one that has stood in the way of the gospel in all ages of the world. Not only Heathens, Mohammedans, and Papists, but men and women, and little girls and boys too, in Christian lands are apt to have in their hearts something of that feeling. They wish to be thought better than they are, and to have from God, in part at least, salvation as their due.

"Now let me hear you say that beautiful hymn commencing—

"Just as I am, without one plea,
Save that thy blood was shed for me,
And that thou bid'st me come to thee—
O Lamb of God, I come!" S. K. R.

THE "GUEST'S" BIBLE QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNG.

LIGHT.

1. Where are we told that God is light?
2. On what day did God place the lights in the firmament?
3. What gave the children of Israel light as they journeyed from Egypt?
4. Where is it said that "the path of the just is as a shining light?"
5. Who regarded the Word of God "as a lamp unto his feet, and a light unto his path?"
6. When was it that there was light in all the dwellings of Israel, and darkness in all the land of Egypt?
7. When did David say that "he that ruleth over men should be as the light of the morning when the sun riseth?"
8. Who took the child Jesus in his arms and spoke of Him as "a light to lighten the Gentiles?"
9. Who did Jesus say was "a burning and a shining light?"
10. Where are believers designated the light of the world?
11. What are they enjoined to do with their light?
12. Who was arrested on his way to Damascus by a light from heaven above the brightness of the sun?
13. Why did the Philippian jailer call for a light?
14. When did the raiment of our blessed Saviour appear white as the light?
15. Where are we told that Satan transforms himself into an angel of light?
16. Why will there be no need of the light of the sun or moon in heaven?



A FAMILY MAGAZINE FOR SUNDAY READING.

REVISED BY THE REV. NORMAN McLEOD, D.D., GLASGOW.

WEEKLY NOS. ONE HALFPENNY.]

[MONTHLY PARTS, THREEPENCE.

PALESTINE AND THE BIBLE.

No one can study the geography of Palestine without perceiving that this narrow strip of territory was designed by Providence for some important purpose in the history of man. At the head of the Mediterranean, the gateway of Asia for the nations of the west, and the natural outlet of the great caravan commerce of Western Asia with the sea, lying in the highway of all ancient trade and conquest, the very pivot about which the intercourse of nations and of continents revolves, it is yet isolated by natural causes from all adjacent countries which might swallow up its individuality. The great mountain barrier upon the north, the sea upon the west, the deep crevasse of the Ghor and the Dead Sea upon the east, and the desert also to the east and on the south—these physical characteristics of the country stamp it in perpetuity as a land apart from all lands—fitted at once to be the theatre of great events, and to keep their unchanging record upon its unchanging features. Those features are photographed upon every page of the Bible, and the original remains to certify the fidelity of the copy. Indeed, there seems even to be the same relation of the Land to the Book which exists between the two revealed economies. In order to the complete revelation of God in the incarnation and the atonement of Christ, it was necessary that a particular people, separated for this end—since the whole effect would have been lost in the attempt to reveal these inconceivable truths immediately to nations whose religious ideas were crude or debased—should be made familiar with theophanies, with prophetic inspiration, with miraculous endowments, with sacrificial offerings, and a representative priestly intercession, and should thus form a sacred language as the groundwork of the perfect revelation of God in Christ. The comparative isolation of the Jews in their territory, and their complete isolation by that economy and polity which

were given to them by Jehovah before their entrance into the promised land, prepared the typical moulds in which the great thoughts of divine love and mercy should be fitly conveyed to an unbelieving world. And since, as compared with that disclosure of God which is made to those who see him face to face, the Bible is but the Pictorial Primer of our faith, there was need also that its symbols and illustrations should be run into some physical mould prepared to contain so much of spiritual truth as we in this period of childhood might be able to receive. What were the Bible to man without its Eden and its Jerusalem; its tree of life forfeited in the one—restored with perennial fruitfulness in the other? What were the incarnation, had not the human life of Christ been circumscribed within familiar and unchanging scenes—Nazareth and Bethany, the loved and lovely lake, and the city where He was crucified? What were the impression of the atonement itself, had it been enacted in some spirit-world, without the visible agony of the garden, and the cross lifted up on Calvary? And so in the land of Palestine, as would hardly be possible in any other land, there existed in its physical features and its everyday life, materials for a pictorial alphabet of spiritual truths—the rock, the tower, the fountain, the stream, the mountain, the forest, the desert, the cave, the gulf, the sea, the shepherd, the watchman, the husbandman, the vine-dresser, the robber, and the beast of prey—whatever could furnish a similitude for a religious truth or duty, compressed into a little territory, and then made permanent by the finger and the providence of God. "The land where the incarnate Word dwelt with men, is, and must ever be, an integral part of the Divine Revelation. Her testimony is essential to the chain of evidences, her aid invaluable in exposition. The very hills and mountains, rocks, rivers, and fountains, are symbols and pledges of things far

better than themselves. In a word, Palestine is one vast tablet whereupon God's messages to men have been drawn, and graven deep in living characters by the great Publisher of glad tidings, to be seen and read of all, to the end of time. The Land and the Book—with reverence be it said—contain the *Entire and All-Perfect Text*, and should be studied together.”—(Rev. W. M. Thomson, in “Land and Book.”) To this bold and glowing assertion of a truth which every Christian traveller in Palestine has felt, we may add the calmer but no less emphatic declaration of the same thing by Stanley, in his “Sinai and Palestine.” “It is by more than a figure of speech that natural scenes are said to have ‘witnessed’ the events which occurred in their presence. They are witnesses which remain when the testimony of men and books has perished. They can be cross-examined with the alleged facts and narratives. If they cannot tell the whole truth, at any rate so far as they have any voice at all, they tell nothing but the truth. If a partial advocate like Volney, on one side, or Keith, on the other, has extorted from them a reluctant or partial testimony, they still remain to be examined again and again by each succeeding traveller; correcting, elucidating, developing the successive depositions which they have made from age to age. . . . To some, the amount of testimony thus rendered will appear either superfluous or trivial; to others, the mere attempt to define sacred history by natural localities and phenomena, will seem derogatory to their ideal of divine character. But it will, at least, be granted that this evidence is, so far as it goes, incontestible. Wherever a story, a character, an event, a book, is involved in the conditions of a spot or scene still in existence, there is an element of fact which no theory or interpretation can dissolve. ‘If these should hold their peace, the stones would immediately cry out.’”

The historical and religious interest of Palestine, as the seat of the theocracy and the theatre of the human life of the divine Word, becomes more vivid when identified with the indestructible features of the land itself. As Isaac Taylor has said, “The great controversy of truth was maintained, single-handed, by the pastoral and agricultural tribes of Southern Syria, against all mankind beside. . . . The precipitous heights and rugged glens of Judea stood amid the deserts of the world like a high-fenced fortress held from age to age by a band of men loyal to their sovereign, though beleaguered by innumerable hosts of his foes.” The main features of the land are for ever identified with the most memorable scenes in the history of redemption. Though we should set aside all traditional sites of sacred scenes, yet so unique is the geography of the land that this abides as an unchanging witness for the authenticity of the Bible. “*The Land*” so completely tallies with “the Book,”

that this *must* have been written by men to whom every mountain and valley, and fountain and stream were familiar. Lebanon and Hermon, Tabor and the lesser Hermon, Carmel and Gilboa, Zion and the mountains round about Jerusalem, the sea of Tiberias, the Jordan, the Dead Sea, the “Great Sea,” the Kedron, the Kishon, and many a brook and fountain of sacred story, the plain of Sharon, the sea-coast of Philistia, and the great plain of Esdraelon, the scene of so many memorable battles, are unimpeachable and incorruptible witnesses to the accuracy of the Scriptures. The force of this testimony is increased by the fact that the Bible is not written after the manner of Herodotus or Strabo, with a view to define the physical characteristics of Palestine, but that every allusion to these falls into the narrative *naturally*—as when one speaks of familiar scenes to those who are equally familiar with every locality. So frequent, varied, and minute are these references of the Bible to the natural features of Palestine, and yet for the most part so informal and inartificial are they, that the supposition of imposture, invention, adaptation in the composition of Biblical history, appears not only inadmissible, but absurd and frivolous. The Book of Joshua was the “Domesday Book” of the Israelites—at least as accurate a guide to the chorography of Palestine as was the survey ordered by William the Conqueror to the chorography of England.

THE WAY TO HEAVEN.

Proper? (Keep the Way)—SECOND STEP.

BY HENRY SMITH, CAMBRIDGE.

THE second step in your journey is to keep the way. As God taught the Israelites a way to Canaan, sending a fiery pillar before them, which they did follow wheresoever it went, so when He ordained a heaven for men, He appointed a way to come unto it, which way he that misseth shall never come to the end: as Herod sought Christ over all Jewry, but none found Him but those which followed the star; so there is something still that leadeth men to Christ which we must follow, or else we cannot come where He is. There be many wrong ways, as there be many errors; there is but one right way, as there is but one truth. And therefore Jacob did not see many, but one ladder, which reached to heaven; and John Baptist is said not to prepare the ways of the Lord, but the way, shewing that there is but one right way in this life, which Solomon understandeth for the mean; and therefore he said, “Turn not to the right hand nor to the left,” implying that we may err as well of the right hand as of the left: as if he should say, some are too hot, as others are too cold; some are too superstitious, as others are too careless; some are too fearful,

as others are too confident. There is a zeal without knowledge, a love without singleness, a prayer without faith, and a faith without fruits. Therefore the apostle doth warn us to "examine whether we be in the faith" (1 Cor. xiii. 5); not whether we have a kind of faith, but "whether we be in the faith,"—i.e., the true faith. Therefore Paul saith, "Run so." It is not enough to run, but we must know how we run; it is not enough to hear, but we must care how to hear; it is not enough to believe, but we must care how we believe; it is not enough to pray, but we must care how we pray; it is not enough to work, but we must care how we work; for we cannot do good unless we do it well, as we may see in this example. Cain offered, and God abhorred; because he cared not for the manner, God cared not for his offering. Simon Magus believed, Herod listened, Felix feared, Saul obeyed, Jezebel fasted, the Pharisees prayed; but because they did not believe so, hear so, fear so, obey so, fast so, and pray so, as He which saith, "Learn of me," (Matt. vii.) When they say that they have fasted, and prayed, and obeyed Christ, He will answer them as He doth in Matthew, "I know you not." (Matt. xi.) Therefore if ye ask, like the scribe, how ye shall come to heaven, the right way to heaven is the Word, which came from heaven. But here some will say, the Word indeed doth contain the right way, but many cannot find that way without a guide. Therefore I have picked out of the Word that way which God calleth the right way. The way by which the Word doth set thee into heaven, is to do to others as thou wouldst have others do to thee, to exercise good works, and yet believe that Christ's works shall save thee; to pray without doubting, and yet be content that thy prayer be not granted; to keep within thy calling, and do nothing by contention; to bring thy will unto God's will, and suffer for Christ, because He hath suffered for thee; to repent not only for thine open and gross faults, but to count every sin great, to apply all things to the glory of God, and of everything to make some use.

Thus the Word goeth before us like the fiery pillar, and shews us when we are in and when we are out, or else the broad way would seem the best way; and therefore all which care not for the Word, go like blind men to hell for heaven. Look but to the Papists, which have the Word in an unknown tongue; some clamber to heaven by merits, some by angels, some by penance, and some by pardons, and every man hath a way by himself, and all out of the way. As Naaman answered Elisha, when he was commanded to wash himself in Jordan, "Are not Abanah and Pharpar, rivers of Damascus, better than Jordan? May I not wash there, and be healed?"—so they say, "Are not pardons as good as works?—are not pilgrimages as good as prayers?—is

not sacrifice as good as obedience?—is not reading as good as preaching?—may I not go to heaven this way and that way, as well as by the Word?" No; as no water but Jordan could cleanse Naaman's leprosy, so no way but the Word can bring to heaven. For which cause the laws of God are called the ways of God, and the Word of God is called the Word of Life, to shew that there is no way to life but the Word, which is called the way and the life. Therefore, now ye see the way. I conclude with Isaiah, "This is the way, walk ye in it." Thus much of your second step to heaven, which is, Keep the way.

SKETCHES OF THE COMMENTATORS.

CLARKE AND SCOTT.

ADAM CLARKE, in point of theological sentiment, lived at the antipodes to Gill. They resembled each other in rough energy of character, in bold and determined adherence to their respective systems, and in the extent of their oriental and antiquarian learning. The one, however, was a Supralapsarian, the other an Arminian, and neither creed can quarrel with the uncompromising firmness of their respective champions. Clarke excels both Henry and Gill in the analysis of Scripture, and his knowledge of history was greater, and he avails himself extensively of his historical acquisitions in the illustration of scriptural allusions. We know no commentator who at all approaches him in the care which he bestows on the chronology of the different portions of sacred history. His explanation of particular words and phrases is sometimes felicitous to an unrivalled degree. We would not go to Clarke for a knowledge of Scripture, so much as for a knowledge of everything *about* Scripture.

Very different from Clarke in character and disposition was the solid and single-hearted Rector of Aston Sandford. Thomas Scott fought his way through the meshes of many heresies to the truth as it is in Jesus. The struggle had been marked with no ordinary severity, though scarcely visible to human eye. The grace of God in bringing him from darkness to light, dealt with him as it deals not with the many. The realities of the gospel generally strike upon the sinner at first through the medium of his feelings. With Scott conversion was a process of reasoning throughout. Not that his heart was untouched. The stream of his affections ran smoothly, just because it was so very deep. But if ever a conversion took place in which there was less room and reason for the charge of fanaticism against the convert, it was the conversion of Thomas Scott. In a calm tide he slipped with deliberation the moorings of his unbelief, and so slowly did he pace the waters to the shores of eternal peace, that superficial observers might have failed to

notice that gales of influence from above filled his sails, and propelled him on his voyage.

The productions which issued from his pen in vindication of the truth of God were quite in keeping with the outset of his Christian career. The "Force of Truth," among the first of these, bespoke the Melancthonian ardour of the young convert, though we mark in it the same singular concentration of intellectual energy which is the distinctive type of his mind. He knew what it was to crucify the flesh by the renunciation of error too well ever to trifle with any theme which he discussed; and in his entire works, accordingly, not only is there to be found, to use the language of the poet, "no line which dying he could wish to blot," but not a word which was out of season. This is high praise when the necessities of controversy so often prompt men to the utterance of rash and reckless statements.

It is with his "Commentary" that we have now chiefly to do. We subscribe without abatement to the solemn commendation passed on it by Andrew Fuller, in himself worth a host of eulogists,—“I believe that it exhibits more of the mind of the Spirit in the Scriptures than any other work of the kind extant.” With a heart as rapt in devotedness to Christ as Henry, and far excelling him in the precision of his statements, with a grasp of truth as firm and tenacious as that with which Gill held to his orthodoxy, and far more sober and judicious than Clarke, Scott has produced an Exposition of Scripture, destined, we firmly believe, to be as enduring in value as it has been extensively circulated. In the mere matter of style, he is decidedly superior to his compeers in exposition, though the quaint cadences of Henry arrest the mind more powerfully. Scott has bestowed care in reconciling the apparent contradictions of revelation, and in the selection of his marginal references. He differs, too, from other commentators in presenting us with the essence of what may be said in exposition of an entire passage or paragraph, instead of indulging in minute comment on verses or clauses. In this respect, he may be more useful as a family expositor. Henry will take possession of the *hearts* of his readers, and long may he retain his mild and benignant supremacy over our affections! If we wish the sense of a passage obscure or difficult, we will betake ourselves to the sober and solid judgment of Scott. He speaks like an oracle to which we render grateful deference, though on passages affecting ecclesiastical polity and a particular doctrine of gospel we cannot agree with him. He commends himself to the *heads* of his readers, and we could not frame a better wish for them than that they may read his pages in the same spirit in which he wrote them, under the deep and solemn sense of responsibility to God. W. H. G.

EARLY PIETY.

THE Sabbath school at F—— was a most interesting one. The children composing it belonged principally to the middle-class of society. Their parents, for the greater part, were religious people; and the teaching of the Sabbath school being thus supplemented and enforced by home instruction, the result was considerable spirituality of mind and feeling among the scholars, and decorum in the school.

The teacher, Mr C——, was a most sincere Christian, and devoted to his work. He had been long connected with the school, and much success had followed his labours. His school being considered a model one, it was much visited. Scholars so orderly and attentive as were there, soon attracted general notice, but among them one little girl arrested particular attention. Her name was Alice Ray.

Alice was a sweet little girl whom every one involuntarily loved. She was a small, delicate-looking child. Her pale face wore an expression of premature gravity while she attended to the exercises of the school, but when conversing with her fellow-scholars her kind, gentle words were accompanied by sweet smiles. Her dark-blue eye ever beamed with good nature and sparkled with intelligence.

She was a lovely little thing, but her beauty seemed too spiritual and fragile for earth. It was not her beauty, however, that made Alice the loved of all. The fairest fruit may not be the sweetest, but Alice had an inward beauty which, unlike mere external grace, is abiding and of great value. It was her calm, agreeable disposition, her humble unostentatious manner, her love of all that was good and pure, and her simple but earnest piety, that constituted the chief charm. Her parents were in good circumstances, and being Christians, not in name only, but in deed, Alice, with her brothers and sisters, were early taught the truths of the Scriptures.

Though Alice was never seriously unwell, she was not strong; and as she grew in years she did not improve in health. As she grew older, however, her mind expanded rapidly, and her love to the Saviour increased. No one thought that Alice would be long on earth. Her parents, who were tenderly attached to her, tried every means in their power of benefiting her health, but without any very favourable result following.

Alice frequently spoke about spiritual things to her companions and others. Her views of divine truth were clear and decided. Occasional difficulties she experienced, but doubts or fears never troubled her. She spoke of death only as the beginning of eternal happiness, and alluded without reserve to the fears entertained regarding her health, frequently saying she believed her days on earth would be few; and indeed many things about her betokened an early ripening for heaven.

As long as her strength permitted, Alice attended the school regularly; and on the first Sabbath when illness prevented her from attending, both teacher and scholars were sad, when thinking about her, having a presentiment that they would see her there no more.

Alice resided in a cottage pleasantly situated, near the side of a broad stream that flowed in calm majesty through scenes of great beauty. A garden adjoined the cottage, on which, and the shining stream beyond, the window of Alice's little chamber looked down. To that chamber Alice was now closely confined. But no murmur or complaint was heard there. Her words, as before, were full of gentleness and trust in God.

For some time hopes of her recovery were entertained. It was early spring, and the summer was anxiously desired, when Alice might be removed to another locality more likely to be beneficial. The summer came, but Alice could not be removed, she was hastening away. It was pleasing and instructive to hear the words of the young dying Christian. As though her near approach to the eternal world had brought her religious life to maturity, she spoke with the experience of age. If hopes of her recovery were expressed in her presence, she at once stated her firm conviction that death would soon come, while she spoke lovingly of her friends, and sorrowed for their sorrow. She exhibited a deep interest in the progress of the school, and sent many kind messages to the scholars, but she never desired to be among them again, or to remain with her friends.

"I am going home to God," she said, on one occasion, to Mr C—. "I am going home to God, where Jesus is at His right hand."

"It is a good hope, Alice," replied Mr C—. "Heaven is the Christian's home, and it is a blessed thought that there we shall be for ever with the Lord. There all those are gone who have been His faithful followers, and there we shall go too, if we love Him steadfastly."

"Yes," she said, "Jesus loves those who love Him, and He will receive them into heaven. I wish I could love Him better; if I could recall my past life, I would strive to do so."

"You may be spared yet, Alice."

"No, no! I am sure I shall not; but I am not afraid to die. I know I shall be happier when I am away. Do not cry," she added, turning to her mother, who stood weeping by the bed-side; "you will soon come to Alice; you have all loved me very much, and I love you very much too, but soon I shall have to leave you."

"If it is our heavenly Father's will, Alice, you must," said her mother. "We hoped to have had you longer with us, but His will be done. It is a comfort to us that you have so good a hope, that Jesus is precious to your soul."

"Yes, dear mother, you and father taught me to love Him, and we shall meet beside His throne above."

Such conversations were frequent, till the effort of speaking became too exhausting for her. She then desired that hymns and passages of Scripture might be read to her, to which she listened with close attention. A special favourite with her, was the beautiful hymn beginning:—

"When I survey the wondrous cross,
On which the Prince of glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride."

It was read to her many times, and she repeated it over and over again. Contrary to all expectation, she still continued in life, though the summer was almost gone. But the end was at hand, and it came suddenly.

It was a beautiful day; summer's prime seemed to have come back again, so bright and lovely was the face of nature. Alice had requested that she might be placed on an easy chair, near the window. The exceeding warmth and beauty of the day induced her parents to comply with her request. Her father lifted her carefully, and placed her in the desired position. She looked so well that hope almost rose in his breast as he kissed her, and left to attend his business.

Alice seemed to enjoy the charming scene. The garden glowed with bright flowers; the river shone beneath the sun, and the air was filled with the song of birds. Her mother and sisters were beside her, but she seemed unconscious of their presence, nor did she answer when they addressed her. Feeling alarmed, they prepared to remove her to the bed, but a swift change passed over her countenance and arrested them. Her eyelids fell slowly down, her features became fixed as though cut in marble. They heard a few indistinct words, wherein the name of Jesus was alone recognisable. Slowly and gently her hands sank down, her breath became faint, her lips closed, and the calmness of death lay cold and still upon her.

Heaven is a glorious place; there is no night there; the redeemed, who cast their blood-bought crowns before the throne of the Lamb are a glorious throng, and many are amongst them who have died in early life.

Many live as Alice Ray lived, and many die as she died; and happiness is theirs for ever.

Youth is precious. Early piety is a blessed thing. It is best to begin to be religious when the heart is young, fresh and easily impressed. May each of my young readers feel the truth of this; and, like Alice Ray, seek that good part which cannot be taken from them. T.

READINGS FROM THE BEST DIVINES.

TRUST IN GOD.

TRUST and reliance on God is our duty and privilege. Every being has a necessary de-

pendence on Him for its subsistence; but man, of all the visible creatures, is only capable of affiance in Him, by reflecting upon his own impotence, and by considering the perfections of the Creator, that render Him the proper object of trust. It is the incommunicable honour of the Deity to be acknowledged and regarded as the supporter of all things. To put confidence in ourselves, in the advantages of body, or mind, or estate, as if we were the architects of our own felicity, is a sacrilegious usurpation. Yet vain man foment a secret pride and high opinion of himself, as if by his own prudence and conduct he might acquire a happiness, till experience confutes his pleasing but pernicious error. The truth is, were there no God, whose powerful providence governs all things, and has a special care and respect of man, he were of all creatures the most miserable. So that, besides the wickedness, we may clearly discover the folly of atheism, that deprives man of his chiefest comfort at all times, and his only comfort in the greatest exigencies. For in this mutable state he is liable to so many disasters and wretched accidents, that none can have an assurance of prosperity one day. How frail and uncertain is life, the foundation of all temporal enjoyments! It depends upon so many things, that it is admirable it subsists for a little time. The least vessel in the body that breaks or is stopped, interrupting the course of the blood and humours, ruins its economy. Sometimes in its vigorous consistence, when most distant from sickness, it is nearest to death. A little eruption of blood in the brain is sufficient to stop the passages of the spirits, and deprive it of motion and life. And the changes of things without us are so various and frequent, so great and sudden, that it is an excess of folly, a dangerous rest, to be secure in the enjoyment of them. The same person sometimes affords an example of the greatest prosperity, and of greater misery, in the space of a few hours. Henry the Fourth of France, in the midst of the triumphs of peace, was, by a blow from a sacrilegious hand, despatched in his coach, and his bloody corpse forsaken by his servants, exposed to the view of all; so that, as the historian observes, there was but a moment between the adorations and oblivion of that great prince. "All flesh is grass, and the glory of it as the flower of the grass." Whatever disguises its imperfections, and gives it lustre, is but superficial, like the colour and ornament of a flower, whose matter is only a little dust and water, and is as weak and fading. Who, then, can possess these things without a just jealousy, lest they should slip away, or be ravished from him by violence? And in this respect man is most unhappy; for besides the affliction of present evils, reason, that separates him from other creatures, and exalts him above them, is the fatal instrument of his trouble by the

prevision of future evils. Ignorance of future miseries is a privilege, when knowledge is ineffectual to prevent them. Unseen evils are swallowed whole, but by an apprehensive imagination are tasted in all their bitterness. By forethoughts we run to meet them before they are come, and feel them before they are truly sensible. This was the reason of that complaint in the poet, seeing the prognostics of misery many years before it arrived—

Sit subitum quodcunque paras, sit cæca futuri
Mens hominis fati, liceat sperare timenti.

Let the evils thou preparest surprise us; let us not be tormented by an unhappy expectation of them; let the success of future things be concealed from our sight; let it be permitted to us to hope in the midst of our fears.

Indeed, God has mercifully hid the most of future events from human curiosity. For as, on the one side, by the view of great prosperity, man would be tempted to an excess of pride and joy, so on the other (as we are more sensibly touched with pain than pleasure), if, when he begins to use his reason and apprehensive faculty, by a secret of optics he should have in one sight presented all the afflictions that should befall him in the world, how languishing would his life be! This would keep him on a perpetual rack, and make him suffer together and at all times, what shall be endured separately and but once. But though the most of future things lie in obscurity, yet often we have sad intimations of approaching evils that awaken our fears. Nay, how many tempests and shipwrecks do men suffer in *terra firma*, from the suspicion of calamities that shall never be? Imaginary evils operate as if real, and produce substantial griefs. Now, how can such an infirm and jealous creature, in the midst of things that are every minute subject to the laws of mutability, be without inward trouble? What can give him repose and tranquillity in his best condition, but an assurance that nothing can befall him but according to the wise counsel and gracious will of God? And in extreme afflictions, in the last agonies, when no human things can afford relief, when our dearest friends are not able to comfort us, but are miserable in our miseries, what can bear up our fainting hope but the Divine power—a foundation that never fails? what can allay our sorrows but the Divine goodness tenderly inclined to succour us? "Our help is in the Lord who made heaven and earth." The creation is a visible monument of His perfections. "The Lord is a sun, and a shield." He is all-sufficient to supply our wants, and satisfy our desires. As the sun gives life and joy to all the world, and if there were millions of more kinds of beings and of individuals in it, his light and heat are sufficient for them all; so the Divine goodness can supply us with all good things, and ten thousand worlds more. And His power can secure to us His favours,

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An humble confidence in Him
n anxieties, preserves a firm,
per in the midst of storms.
superiority of spirits, a true
nd over all outward things.

*x est qui posuit metus,
curritque suo libens
to, nec queritur mori.*

the vain boast of philosophers—
ower of reason they could make
o contribute to their happiness
privilege we obtain by a regular
who directs and orders all events
for the everlasting good of His
the worst circumstances we
n hope, in a certain and quiet
a blessed issue. In death itself
han conquerors. "O Lord God
sed is the man that trusts in
William Bates.

TIME'S BOOK.

e day by me did pass,
h a large dusky glass
d, I chanced to look,
y'd his curious Book
s, when sad Heaven did shed
g light upon the dead.

der'd lives I saw,
al records which thaw
d eyes still, but in
white page of thin
mooth lines, like the Sun's rays,
was writ, and all thy days.

d happy Kalendar!
youth shines like a star
r'd with tears, and may
ge the Holy way:
ugh thick pangs, high agonies,
ife breaks, and death dies.

ock night-piece which day quails,
lle-light unveils:
ne beamy line
hy bright lamp did shine
e page thy humble grave,
pen herbs, glad hopes and brave.

my thought's dear mark! which dust
to devour like rust;
st I did observe,
ng doth preserve;
ng and sure recruits,
sugar our choice fruits.

sacred bed, where lies
h's dark mysteries
ty far more bright
ne noon's cloudless light;
dry dust green branches bud,
are bleach'd in the Lamb's blood.

ry ashes! blessed sleep!
apless I still weep;
hat I have outlived
and unrelieved
less shadow, so live on,
e dead, and my joys gone.

—Henry Vaughan.

A RETROSPECT OF LIFE.*

FROM THE DIARY OF JAMES WILSON OF WOODVILLE.

"WHEN a person is actuated by the love of God as well as man, when he applies the Saviour's gracious words 'do this in remembrance of me,' not solely to the partaking of the sacrament of the Supper, but to the performance of whatever he may be called upon to do, however destructive to himself—when he has respect to the recompence of reward, and remembers that the eye of the all-seeing God, for ever sleepless and undimmed, is upon him by night and day, then is he truly steadfast and not afraid, then shall not his youth be joyless, nor his manhood useless, but even his old age, so often desolate, 'shall be clearer than the noon-day.' I shall not say that I lived without God in the world, but I often felt God-forsaken, which I surely would not have done had I simply laid myself and all my sins and sorrows at the foot of the Cross, trusting to 'the blood of sprinkling, which speaketh better things than that of Abel.' I thought, in truth, far more of my sufferings than of my sins, and looked not, at least confidently, 'on Him whom I had pierced.' Had I acknowledged the Lord in all my ways, He would have directed my paths, and made my darkness light. O God, may I now say, 'The Lord is my light and my salvation, whom shall I fear? The Lord is the strength of my life, of whom shall I be afraid?' May that faithful saying be accepted, and deeply engraven on my heart, 'that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners,' to 'blot out the handwriting of ordinances that was against us,' to reconcile the world to God, 'not imputing to them their trespasses,' so that I, who was some time 'afar off,' may be made nigh by the shedding of the Saviour's blood, while I confess with my tongue, and believe with my heart, that Jesus is the Son of God, who raised Him from the dead. O holy Father, may it come to pass that in the place where it was said unto us, 'Ye are not my people,' there shall we be called 'the children of the living God.'

"The test, as it seems to me, of a person acting upon, or being actuated by the highest principles, is this, that under similar circumstances we would again follow precisely the same course, altogether irrespective of results. But as I myself would, if I could throw myself back into former times and circumstances, in all probability follow an entirely opposite course from that which I have actually pursued, I conceive there must have formerly been (and may still exist), as great a mixture of pride and folly in the feelings by which I have been regulated, as of true humility and Christian wisdom.

"Most people in early life are fond of build-

* From "Memoirs of the Life of James Wilson of Woodville." By James Hamilton, D.D. Just published by James Nisbet & Co.

ing castles in the air, and are constitutionally careless at that period of their own interests; and my poor castles, however fair and glittering to my own fancy, certainly far brighter and more beautiful than anything I can now conjure up, were in no way founded on filthy lucre. . . . Alas! for 'gorgeous cloud-land,' and the 'world of dreams!' Alas! for the difference now greater than that of light and darkness, between the confiding imaginations of youth and the actual knowledge of after-years! Romance and reality! the peaceful repose of early and undoubting affection, and then—the battle of life. Who can relieve us from the body of sin and death? vain is the help of man; may we look evermore to that Rock which is sure and steadfast, and which, in its serene brightness, overlooks and illumines the darkness even of the valley of the shadow of death (making death itself a shadow), and which the waters of Jordan cannot overflow. . . . Yet in reading the Word of God, although my views of God's providence and scheme of redemption were very dark, I was not without consolation, and I often dwell with pleasure on such passages as the following:—'The Lord is nigh unto them that are of a broken heart, and saveth such as be of a contrite spirit.' 'The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit, a broken and a contrite heart, O God, thou wilt not despise.' 'He healeth the broken in heart, and bindeth up their wounds.' 'Sorrow is better than laughter, for by the sadness of the countenance the heart is made better.' 'To this man will I look, even to him that is of a poor and contrite spirit, and trembleth at my word.' I fear, I trembled not at the 'word,' though my soul was disquieted within me; though broken down by my sorrows, the burden of sin was not grievous, and I lightly esteemed the God of my salvation. Though weary and heavy laden, I went not to the fountain of living water, I sought not the bread of life (Lord, evermore give us that bread), but endeavoured (a vain endeavour) by a dogged resolution, an obstinate endurance of great discomforts of mind and body, to withstand adversities of whatever kind, instead of looking to Him who redeemeth the soul of His servants, so that 'none of those that trust in Him shall be desolate.' For we have not an high priest who 'cannot be touched with a feeling of our infirmities.' . . . I had great consolation then from all promises to the downcast and disconsolate, such as 'Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven;' 'Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted;' and so far this was well. But did I not put my sufferings in front of my faith, and my patient endurance almost in place of it, as if I *merited* the compassionate love of God, simply, because I suffered, instead of seeking to be justified (solely as well as freely) by His grace, 'through the redemption that is in Christ Jesus'?

"That the love of God was upon me, I do not doubt, because we know that He 'first loved us,' and this only shews how great and abounding is the compassionate goodness of Him who calleth sinners to repentance. But that I loved God in return, or that the cross which I took up and bore, was the cross of Christ, I can scarcely believe, when I call to remembrance my anxious, dissatisfied condition, my unmanly depression and discontent, and my entire want of anything that could be called Christian cheerfulness, or actual heart-felt resignation to the will of God. In fact, I brooded over my own sufferings and distresses, instead of rejoicing in that 'one offering by which He hath perfected for ever them that are sanctified—the Lamb of God which taketh away the sins of the world.' What marvel, then, that I was so often disconsolate, that I felt so seldom and so slightly the 'joy of believing?' I laboured and was heavily laden and was sore oppressed, with a painful constitution of body and a feeble constitution of mind; I was hedged in by difficulties on every side and surrounded by thick darkness; and yet I refused the call of the Divine Redeemer's love,—'Come unto me, and I will give you rest.' Had I accepted of that invitation fully and without reserve, then assuredly I might have been 'troubled on every side, yet not distressed; perplexed, but not in despair; persecuted, but not forsaken; cast down, but not destroyed.'

"I therefore come to the conclusion that my sufferings have been greatly imbibtered by my sins, and chiefly by my disobedience in not recognising, in almost any of my misfortunes, the chastening hand of a loving Father. But 'if, when we were enemies, we were reconciled unto God, how much more, being reconciled, we shall be saved by His life!'"

A PAULINE CONVERSION.

SOME years ago, in the town of B—, in Massachusetts, an aged man might be seen wending his way to the house of God, from Sabbath to Sabbath, the incidents of whose conversion were hardly less wonderful than those attending the conversion of the great Apostle to the Gentiles. "Uncle Christopher," as he was generally called, in early life had been a soldier in "the army of the Revolution" for seven years, and at the close of the war, returned home, with all the vices of the camp upon him, as was too generally the case. For years after he walked in the ways of sin and death, and his steps seemed literally to take hold on hell. Against the Church, and especially against those whom the "Holy Ghost had made overseers," he cherished a deep aversion, and often vented his spirit in scoffing and mockery. At length, under the honoured ministry of the Rev. Dr V—, the Spirit of God was poured out in that place,

the depths of sovereign mercy, this old soldier was seized, and brought the deepest conviction.

Weeks he struggled on, bowing lower ever, the more fully conscious he became lost and ruined condition. At last, brook him, and all night long, that old, who had bravely faced death at York, on his pillow in the anguish of. As morning dawned, he rose, and dressed, was about moving towards the place," when he groaned out in his agony, as he said, that the weight of sixty years of guilt was crushing him down. Just the light of a Saviour's pardoning love upon his soul. As he expressed it, struck him, which prostrated him to as suddenly as though he had been d down with an axe. In that position, dily, in alarm, were about sending for a an, supposing that he had fallen from leptic attack, or something of that er. But the prostrate one cried out, o, send for Mr V—— send for Mr "that minister of Christ, whom he had o long accustomed to revile and turn om. And now mark the change. "If n be in Christ he is a new creature; ogs have passed away, and behold all have become new." Answering to the shepherd of the flock hastened to see tonished household, and there at the e was met by the old soldier, and O, contrast! The face so long averted hrist's ambassador, or shaded with a is now all radiant with a light and joy seem more divine than human. At e old man grasped his hand, and em-him, and fell on his neck and wept a hile. Oh, this was wonderful—this was s! Here was one indeed, who, like the , was born, as it were, "out of due and born, too," not of blood, nor of the the flesh, nor of the will of man, but "

s after, the writer, then a mere lad, ts the appearance of the old soldier at yer and conference meetings; and what his childish wonder especially, was t that he used to pray with his eyes This led to many inquiries of a sainted , now in heaven, and she gave him, in ce, the above account of the truly conversion of "Uncle Christopher ."—*Congregationalist*.

NO BACK TRAIN.

DYING ADDRESS TO THE IMPENITENT.

following address, by Mrs P. P. Merill, en down by her brother, as it fell from ng lips, the Sabbath week before her and was read at her funeral, to a large gation.]

"My dear impenitent friends, I have a few words to say to you, by way of warning. I was once suddenly called to visit a sick brother. My husband could not accompany me. But the most careful arrangements were made that I should not be exposed, with my babe, to any hardship or the evening air. I took the train. All went right till after quietly sitting through a long delay of the train at a certain station. Just as the train was starting I arose, and shewing my card to a conductor, inquired if the next stopping-place would be where I must get out. Why, said he, *this is the place*. You should have got out *here*. There had been some slight misunderstanding with those who had made the arrangements, and our careful plans were all thwarted. I saw it at once. My whole frame was agitated. Possibly I might have attempted to run down the steps, had not the conductor prevented. Said I, *I can't go on! I can't go on!* My babe in my arms. We shall be out in the evening air. My brother will die before I can see him. The man laid his hand on my shoulder; but you *must*, said he. I saw that I must. Well, what shall I do? You can go on to the next station, and stop for the return train, or keep the carriage, go on to the end of the line, and return in it. I chose the latter. By the favour of Providence, and the kindness of the conductor, I arrived safely that night at the home of a sister, though this was not the place I intended to stop at. To my surprise, I found my baggage there. A coachman had recognised the baggage as belonging to the relatives of my sister's family, and carried it there, telling them he guessed I was on the way.

"I have now a comparison to make. The impenitent sinner makes all his arrangements carefully for this world; but labouring under one mistake, he sits quietly enjoying himself, not recognising the place where he should leave the pleasures of the world, till by some slight occurrence, or perhaps sudden illness or accident, he perceives that he has been quiet when he should have been bestirring himself. Like me, he is thrown into the greatest agitation. I have often drawn the comparison in my own mind. He cries, *I cannot go*. God lays His hand upon him, and says, but you *must*. He sees that he has been quiet too long. In his agitation, crying, *I cannot go*, he is hurried away with more than the speed of the train from the spot where he might have left the ways of sin.

"But there are some points of *contrast* also. I could take a return train and in part retrieve my misfortune. But, my friends, remember there is *no back train from Perdition; no back train from Perdition*. Oh, if there were, how should we see it loaded down, hurrying back into this world of misery! The rich man would be on. Many, whom we little thought to have gone that way, would be there. But I forbear. You must imagine for yourselves.

"I met *my baggage*, and all was right. You, if lost, are separate from *yours* for ever. Christ has marked it. His eye is upon it. And though for awhile He has permitted you to call it yours, He will use it for His own glory. For all the wealth of the world is His, and when the mountains shall cease to serve Him, with a fervent heat He will melt them down with all their gold and silver."

FOR THE AFFLICTED.

THE first and principal thing religiously to be remembered in the beginning of sickness is, that the soul do call herself to a serious account of sins past, of the evil committed, and the good omitted: remembering that of the Prophet, "I said I will confess against myself my own unrighteousness." (Psalm xxxii. 9.) Therefore, by ancient decree, in former time, the sick was enjoined, before sending for the physician, to make first a contrite confession, and humble acknowledgment of his sins; as if his sins were the cause of our sicknesses: and surely this decree was very respectively held in use. We will open our griefs and sores to the physician of the body; and when we humble ourselves under the hand of God, we open our sins to the Physician of our souls, who can best apply the best medicine—the mercies of Christ Jesus. —*Christopher Sutton* (1600).

CONCERNING THE FATHERLY AFFECTION AND LOVE OF GOD.

1. You know and confess, that God to all, but to Christian men especially, carrieth the affection of a father toward His children. 2. You know also, that a father, whether he maketh much of his child, or whether he chasten him, continueth a father in both; and loveth him in the one, no less than in the other. 3. Think the same of God, as touching yourself; that while He gave you good days, He loved you; and that now He sendeth you some evil, He loveth you also, and would not have sent this evil, but to be a cause unto you of a greater good; that being called home thereby, you might be at peace with Him.

Say, Before I was troubled, I went wrong; but now shall I learn Thy Word. (Psalm cxix. 67.)—*Andrews*.

THAT flower which follows the sun, doth so even in cloudy days: when it doth not shine forth, yet it follows the hidden course and motion of it. So the soul that moves after God, keeps that course when He hides His face; is content, yea, is glad at His will in all estates or conditions or events.

No scourge carries a power of changing the heart with it; that is a superadded work. Many people and particular persons, have been beat as in a mortar with variety of afflictions, one coming thick upon another,

and yet are never the wiser, and yet "*have not returned unto ME, saith the Lord.*"

Therefore, if you be afflicted, join prayer with your correction, and beg by it, that God would join His Spirit with it. Seek this *in earnest*, else you shall be not a whit the better, but shall still endure the smart, and not reap the fruit thereof. Yea, I believe, some are the worse, even by falsely imagining they are better, partly presuming it must be so, and partly, may-be, feeling some present motions and meltings, in the time of afflictions, which evanish and presently cool when they are off the fire. Ay, but these two together make a happy man; "*Blessed is he whom Thou correctest, and teachest out of Thy law.*" (Psalm xciv. 12.)—*Leighton*.

PRAYER IN THE BEGINNING OF SICKNESS.

O heavenly Father, who, in Thy wisdom, knowest what is best for me, glory be to Thee.

I know, O my God, Thou sendest this sickness on me for my good, even to humble and reform me; oh, grant that it may work that saving effect in me!

Lord, create in me a true, penitent sorrow for all my sins past, a steadfast faith in Thee, and sincere resolutions of amendment for the time to come.

Deliver me from all frowardness and impatience, and give me an entire resignation to Thy divine will; oh, suffer not the disease to take away my senses, and do Thou continually supply my thoughts with holy ejaculations! Lord, bless all the means that are used for my recovery, and restore me to my health in Thy good time; but if otherwise Thou hast appointed for me, Thy blessed will be done! Oh, wean my affection from all things below, and fill me with ardent desires after heaven! Lord, fit me for Thyself, and then call me to those joys unspeakable and full of glory, when Thou please; and that for the sake of Thy only Son Jesus, my Saviour.—*Kenn*.

EJACULATIONS IN TIME OF SICKNESS.

Father, if it be possible, remove this cup from me; nevertheless, not my will, but Thine be done. (Matt. xxvi. 39.)

Trouble and heaviness have taken hold upon me, but my sure trust is in Thee, O Lord.

Forsake me not, O my God, when my strength faileth me: haste Thee to help me, O Lord God of my salvation. (Psalm xxxviii. 21, 22.)

O heavenly Father, my hope is wholly in Thy mercy, and in the merits and sufferings of my Saviour; oh, for His sake, forgive and save me!—*Kenn*.

A Christian is like the firmament, and it is the darkness of affliction that makes his graces to shine out. He is like those herbs and plants that best effuse their odours when bruised.—*Jay*.

Pages for the Young.

THE HARD WAY.

"FRANK, I have got one more errand for you; then you may go and play all the rest of the afternoon."

"Yes, father, thank you, what is it?"

Frank's father went round behind the counter and drew out a little drawer from under it. In the meantime Frank had come up to the opposite side of the counter. His father handed him a half-crown, saying:—

"You may carry this to widow Boardman. Be careful not to lose it."

"Yes, sir, I will," said Frank, and then went outdoors. It was the first day of vacation. Frank felt very happy as he trudged along the road. He was thinking of the fine times ahead—two weeks and no school! Perhaps the pleasant day, the fresh air, and the sunlight, had something to do with making him happy. Sunshine generally makes us feel more pleasant than clouds. But something else helped to make Frank happy, although he was not thinking about it. He had been a good boy. He had done right and was doing right. It makes a wonderful difference with a boy's feelings whether he knows that he is doing right, or whether there is the uneasy feeling of sin in his heart. He can have no quiet satisfaction with this feeling.

Mrs Boardman lived at some distance up the road. Frank had already got by the school-house, and the little pond, and was just passing the willow grove, when, all of a sudden, it came into his head to make himself a whistle to blow along the way. So, putting the half-crown into his jacket pocket, he climbed over the fence and cut several of such willow twigs as he thought would be suitable for his purpose. He did not make the whistle there, but went along with the twigs in his hand, till he reached a log lying on a grass plat by the roadside. Here he sat down and made two whistles. They sounded admirably.

As he shut the widow's gate, he put his hand in his pocket to take out the half-crown, so that he might have it ready for her when she should come to the door. It was not there. Thinking he had felt the wrong pocket, he put his hand in the other, fully expecting to feel the half-crown between his fingers immediately. *It was not there.* Frank felt a little alarmed. Could he have lost it? He searched carefully every pocket, but it was not to be found. He turned around and went slowly back, looking carefully along the road for the lost half-crown. He searched around the log, in the willow grove, by the roadside, every step of the way, but no half-crown was to be seen. He went over the road again with no

better success. At length he sat down upon the log, feeling very badly, to consider what he should do.

The half-crown was lost, there was no doubt of that. His father had told him to be careful, and he had not been. Now, what should he do? His first thought was to go back to the store, and tell his father all about it. This he felt would be the right way; but he disliked to go, for he knew that his father would blame him and perhaps would punish him. Boys dislike to be punished, whether they deserve it or not. In fact, Frank had a feeling very common—that of drawing back from a disagreeable duty. Was there no other way? He stayed to think. Ah! here was a great fault! Frank knew that he had found the right path, but, instead of pursuing it immediately, he waited and cast about to find another, easier way of getting out of the difficulty. An *easier* way! Oh, what a mistake! There was no road easier than the right road. There never is. Frank thought he would not go to his father then. He would go and play with the boys awhile. Perhaps his father might never know it. At any rate he would not tell him then. So he got up and walked slowly toward the school-house green. How differently everything seemed to him! The warm summer day, the blue sky, the grass, the trees, the very air—all were changed. A few minutes ago they all looked bright and pleasant, but now not so. The change was in his own heart. An uneasy feeling of wrongdoing made him unhappy. He was not fit to enjoy the summer day.

Pretty soon he reached the school-house and engaged with the other boys in play. But still the unhappy feeling remained in his heart. Once in a while, to be sure, he would forget his sin and laugh as loudly as the merriest. But the remembrance soon came back to trouble him. There was no peace. At night he went home and sat down at the supper table with the rest. Soon after the blessing had been asked, while his brothers and sisters were talking with each other about what they had been doing through the day, his father turned to him and said:—

"O Frank, did you carry the half-crown?"

"Yes, sir," said Frank.

The question was asked so suddenly that he had no time to make up his mind what to answer. He felt then less like telling the truth than he had at first. It seemed too hard. He thought to take the easier way by answering "yes." The easier way! Poor boy, he had not learned yet that it was the hard way. He had already, during the afternoon, suffered more than if he had gone to his father

at the first and frankly told him all. And now he had made the matter far worse by telling a lie about it. Pretty soon after supper he went up stairs to bed. But when he repeated his evening prayer, he could not help feeling that God did not listen to him, and that he had no right to pray while he kept on in this wrong course. He passed a restless, dreamy night.

In the morning he woke up to find the sun shining broadly into his room. He leaped out of bed in high spirits and began dressing, thinking over at the same time some schemes for the day. But very soon the remembrance of the lost half-crown came into his mind, and blotted out at once all his happy feelings. It brought back the old wretchedness.

The day went by slowly and wearily. Frank was continually troubled by the fear of his father's finding out about the half-crown, and still more by the consciousness of his own guilt; and yet he found it harder and harder every hour to make up his mind that he would tell all about the matter, and bear such punishment as his father might inflict upon him. In the evening he could endure it no longer. The easy way had indeed become the hard way. While sitting by the parlour window he made up his mind to go and confess the whole thing. He started toward the study, where his father was. Once on the way thither his courage almost failed him; but he kept steadily on. Every new step toward the right gave him new strength. He opened the study door and came up to the table, where his father sat writing.

"Well, Frank," said he, kindly, "what is it?"

"O father," said Frank, but he could not go on. He bowed his head upon the table, and bursting into tears sobbed and wept as though his heart would break. His father with tears in his own eyes gently tried to soothe him. In a few minutes Frank raised his head and began again:—

"I want to tell you, father,"—but it was too much. A fresh burst of crying interrupted his words, as the thought of his father's kindness, and his own wretchedness and wickedness came over his mind.

"Wait a minute, Frank. Let me tell you first," said his father. "You want to tell me that you did not carry the half-crown to Mrs Boardman, that you lost it on the way, that last night you told a lie about it, that you felt very wretched all the time and wanted to tell me but did not dare. Is it not so?"

"Yes, sir," sobbed Frank.

"And now, my poor, dear boy, you have been suffering all this time, and I have been longing to have you come and tell me about your fault and be forgiven—and all this because you wanted to take a way easier than the right way; and yet you have found it a great deal harder."

Frank saw now that he had. He saw that

he might have spared himself a great deal of uneasiness, and sorrow, and sin, and his father considerable pain and anxiety, by only choosing the right way at first. He told his father so, and decided in his own mind never to choose the foolish course again. His father freely forgave him, and then they knelt together and asked forgiveness of God.

Frank's punishment was that he should earn a half-crown as soon as he could and carry it to Mrs Boardman in the place of the half-crown lost. Accordingly Frank set about earning his half-crown, and before vacation was over, he carried it with a light heart and gave it to Mrs Boardman. But the strangest part of the whole matter was this. While Frank was returning from Mrs Boardman's, his shoe struck something; he looked down and saw—the very half-crown he had lost. Frank's father had found out about the loss in the following way:—After sending Frank he started on some business for a place beyond Mrs Boardman's, but went by another road. On his way back he saw his son walking slowly along and looking down as if searching for something on the road. Thinking it might be the half-crown, he stepped into Mrs Boardman's and asked her if Frank had been there. He had not. He waited all the afternoon, hoping that Frank would come and tell him about it. At night he asked him, still hoping that, when asked, he would confess the loss. The result has been seen. The punishment was not for the loss but for the falsehood. It only remains to say that Frank did not after this choose the hard way again.

ANSWERS TO "BIBLE QUESTIONS" FOR THE YOUNG.

No. 13.—Job xxxviii. 17.—Matt. ii. 9.—Matt. ii. 9.—Rev. viii. 10, 11.—Gen. xxii. 17.—Rev. xxii. 16.—2 Pet. i. 19.—Num. xxiv. 17.—Dan. xii. 3.—1 Cor. xv. 41.

No. 14.—Exod. xii. 3.—Exod. xii. 22.—Heb. ix. 22.—Gen. xxii. 7.—Num. vii. 17.—Num. v. 7.—Isa. liii. 7.—Isa. xi. 6.—John i. 36.—Isa. xl. 11.—John xxi. 15.—Rev. vi. 16.—Rev. vii. 14.—1 Sam. xii. 3.—Rev. v. 6.—Rev. v. 12.

No. 15.—Gen. xxi. 14.—Gen. xvi. 7.—Gen. xxi. 17—19.—Gen. xxiv. 2, 10, 15, 18.—Judges i. 13, 15.—Judges iv. 18, 19.—Exod. xvii. 1—3.—2 Sam. xxiii. 15.—1 Kings xiii. 8.—1 Kings xiii. 19, 24.—1 Kings xviii. 4.—1 Kings xvii. 10, 11.—1 Kings xix. 2, 5, 6.—Judges vii. 5, 6.—Dan. i. 11, 12.—Acts viii. 36.—Neh. ix. 15.—1 Cor. x. 4.—Rev. xxii. 17.—Rev. xxi. 6.—John vii. 37.

No. 16.—Ezra viii. 22.—2 Chron. xxv. 13.—Acts xii. 4.—Acts xii. 19.—Acts xii. 6.—Luke iii. 14.—Luke xxiii. 36.—John xix. 32.—John xix. 33.—Acts xxiii. 10.—Acts xxvii. 42.—Acts xxiii. 23.—Acts xxviii. 16.—Matt. xxvii. 27.—Luke xxiii. 36.—John xix. 24.—Matt. xxviii. 12, 13.—Acts x. 7.—Luke vii. 2, 8.—Luke vii. 3, 6, 7.—Eph. vi.—2 Tim. ii. 3.



A FAMILY MAGAZINE FOR SUNDAY READING.

REVISED BY THE REV. NORMAN M'LEOD, D.D., GLASGOW.

BY NOS. ONE HALFPENNY.]

[MONTHLY PARTS, THREEPENCE.

THE RELIGION OF COMMON SENSE.

THE first decision of common sense in religion is, that the relation of a man to his Maker is a matter of consequence to his happiness and welfare, to demand thought. "Do nothing rashly" is one cardinal principle of common sense, in to all matters of life, and it is obvious every thing in life must be done rashly religion is looked at, and its claims are ad properly to all those circumstances which it has to do. In the absence of it in regard to it, some golden opportunity may be wasted past redemption every

ut, in thinking about religion, the first sion to which common sense comes is, ere is a God. She cannot explain effects t causes, and she cannot imagine this se without a wise, all-powerful, all-kind, and Upholder, and Him he calls God. Him all the crooked things of the world de straight; without Him, all is desola- d emptiness.

ut, if there is a wise, and powerful, and lent Being, who created and carries on stem of things, then common sense in- itself among His effects, and decides e is *its* creator, preserver, and constant tor; that it is in Him, and of Him, ough Him, and to Him, that all things d move, and have their being. Since it is mmon sense that anything should be i vain, it seems to be clear that each of made for some purpose—a purpose existence in the mind of God, and so to Him, and to us, that we become es or failures, as we perform or fail to a His appointed will.

it, if God made us, and made us on e that we might obediently do and be at He made us to do and be, it must be or us to be and to do according to His und plan for us. We should say, when a cturer has spent years of time, and

vast amounts of money in perfecting a machine which shall weave silk for him in gorgeous patterns, that it would neither be kind nor right for that machine (if it had the power of self-control) to set itself to the coarser and undesired work of weaving cotton or wool. It is not made for that; it is not desired to do that. It is wasting its own energies, and defrauding its inventor of the rightful results of his ingenious effort. It is common sense, then, that men should question God as to His will for them, and having ascertained what it is, yield to it unquestioned and unflinching obedience.

5. But, in deciding that God's will is right and binding on us, common sense necessarily decides that we are wrong in our daily practice. For she knows that the will of God is the last, the very last thing that man naturally stops to think of; she knows that she does not, has never taken it as the chart by which to steer her daily voyage on life's great and tempestuous sea. Therefore she knows, and she cannot deny, even to her own thoughts, that she is exactly in the position toward God in which a mutineer is toward the owners of the ship which he has seized, and whose cargo and voyage he has taken into his own hands, in defiance of their will. And as she would say that such a mutineer ought to be hanged, if he had piratically broken up a voyage on which her fortune was depending; she cannot deny that two things are true of her also, as toward God, viz.:—she ought no longer, not even for one moment, to pursue her mutiny against the Divine will, and she deserves, and of right ought to receive punishment for her past transgression. And as she meditates upon her gloomy position before God, she becomes satisfied that she has not in her position the data for deciding what her punishment justly should be. She feels that she has so imperfect an acquaintance with the plans she has thwarted; so feeble a perception

of the great principles which apply to the case, and so imperfect a knowledge of the character of the great First Cause, and of the way in which He will be likely to regard her sin, as to make it wholly impossible for her even to conjecture in what manner she will confront the great tribunal. She is in the dark. It is a gloomy and foreboding darkness. Groping there, she says, "If I only could know some things in regard to it, I should feel better. If God would only speak to me, even in His great anger, to say what He will do, I think I should feel better." And then she reasons thus: "But does not God know what miserable sinners men are, and how they daily mutineer against Him; does He not know how much they must desire light as to their future fate; and would He not be likely to speak to them in some way, to tell them that fate? He who has sown the very soil of earth so thick with kind contrivances for human comfort in its lowest needs—is it not likely that He would remember and supply this greater necessity? If He would do so; if He would speak to me, write me a letter out of heaven; somehow tell me what is before me; what I must do; what I may depend upon—oh, I should thank Him with a great thankfulness!"

6. And while common sense is saying this, her eye lights upon a book—the book—which says it is from God. She opens it! Can it be? *Did* God write it? Why not? Doesn't He know we need it? Doesn't He know we are wretched and lost without it? Why not write it, taking hold with His great hand of the fingers of scribes, and guiding them to write, as we shew children how to shape their letters? Why not? It may be—at least, it *may* be. There is nothing *absurd* in the idea that, when we need light from God, He should procure the writing of a book to bring us that light. She will open it and see how it reads. If it is weak, worthless, wicked—she will quickly close it in scorn and contempt. But, if it reads like a good volume, and a great volume, and a gracious volume—if it is full of truth that she knows, and that her innermost heart responds to, so far as she is capable of following it along its upward slope, and if, when it gets beyond the region of her knowledge, it still appears sensible and sound, and, above all, if it just meets her case—recognises her mutiny, condemns it, on principles that seem obviously just, yet goes on to communicate that unknown light which she has so longed for on the dark problem—then she will (all things favouring, and nothing frowning on her conclusion) say, "It *is* God's book; He knew I wanted it; He wrote it for me." She reads it. Her eye kindles along its pages. Her eye fills, when it speaks of the sinner's sad, sad state. It describes her. That, at least, is true. She reads on. She catches a glimpse of Calvary, and of Jesus hanging there for her mutiny, in her stead;

and with clasped hands, and streaming tears, and tremulous, yet jubilant utterance, she stammers out—"Yes, yes, *my* Lord, *my* God, *my* Saviour. He has died for my mutiny, and I need not die. I need not be punished now, for *He* has bore my sins in His own body on the tree. I need not die. I must only believe. Wonderful! Blessed! For me to consent to it, and be a mutineer no more!—that is all! Wonderful. Thanks be unto God for His unspeakable gift! I will repent; I do repent. I am forgiven. I will go and sin no more, but for the rest of my life on earth I will serve and follow Him who thus loved me, and gave himself for me. I will tell *everybody* that they need not die; that Jesus Christ had died for them. That is common sense! that I will do."

Have we overdrawn, or wrongly drawn this outline. Is it not common sense for a man to *think* about his conditions of life; thinking about them to conclude that there is a God who has choices, and plans, and preferences for His creatures; that these plans and preferences include him and his career; that he *ought* to inquire for and be guided by them; that as a matter of fact he has not done so; that he is guilty for such neglect; that he is thus a mutineer on the high sea of life, deserving punishment for his crime; that he has no way unassisted of knowing in what way—if in any way—his mutiny can be terminated by reconciliation and the remission of penalty from God; that the Bible comes to supply that need, and is what it ought to be if it came on that errand; that its commands to penitence, and faith, and holiness, are reasonable, and demand immediate obedience? Can anybody strike out one of these links, and say, "That is not common sense?"

SCRIPTURAL MISCELLANIES.

ARTS BEFORE THE FLOOD.

It seems very clear to us that the antediluvians, commencing with the knowledge imparted to Adam before his fall, and acquired by him subsequently, did make high improvement in the arts, and attained to a state of considerable civilisation. If this be true, there is consequently no foundation for the notion of man's gradual progress from the savage to the civilised condition. Indeed, how any one who believes in the sacred origin of the Book of Genesis can take that view, is inconceivable. According to that account, the various nations of the world are descended from the men who survived the deluge, and who were certainly not an uncivilised family. They built a large and capacious vessel, and their doing this implies the possession of tools suited to so great a work; they were also skilled in agriculture, and Noah betook himself to the culture of the ground as soon as he quitted the ark; the successful management of so many diverse animals that were

committed to his care in the ark, implies much knowledge of cattle. All this we know; and knowing this, it is not too much to suppose that the various members of this family possessed all the arts which existed before the deluge, and of which we have already taken some notice. Indeed, there is evidence of this in the great undertakings of their descendants, previous to their dispersion into nations and languages.

But it will be asked, if this were the original condition of mankind, how came so many forms of savage life to exist? How is it that some of the commonest social arts are unknown to many nations—that there are those to whom (as already shewn) the use of fire is unknown, and that many are in their entire condition but a few degrees above the beasts that perish? Is it possible that these are descended from civilised ancestors, have lost much that their primeval fathers knew, and have retrograded rather than advanced in the scale of civilisation? Painful as it may be to those who uphold the doctrine of human progress, the affirmative is, we apprehend, not only probable but certain; and might be illustrated by a cloud of examples in which nations have gone back in civilisation, and have lost arts which were in former times known.

A very sensible and thoughtful writer has expressed this fact perfectly in accordance with the view we have long entertained. "The first men were not wandering and ignorant savages, although those who wandered from the parent stock and ceased to have any connexion with it, generally fell into a state of barbarism and ignorance, as in Africa, America, and the Asiatic and other isles. Science, arts, and civilisation were confined to those who maintained their connexion with the central stock of the first men, or departed in numbers sufficient to enable them to exercise and carry along with them the subdivisions of art and labour necessary to civilised life." Besides, many of the separated parties in the course of their migrations arrived at regions in which, from the difference of products, of climate, and of the physical circumstances of the country, some of the arts cultivated by the original families were no longer needed, and would therefore cease to be cultivated, and be in a few generations forgotten.

The arts of useful life, which were lost in the process of dispersion, are known to have been recovered in the course of time, either by re-invention, under the same conditions as those in which they were first discovered, or by renewed communication with those branches of the human family which still retained possession of them. The latter process is indicated by the numerous traditions of various ancient nations, who traced the origin of their arts and civilisation to some stranger who came to them from the sea, and imparted

instruction to them. And as to the former process, it is clear that families which lost the arts belonging to their original condition, when that condition became changed, often recovered them when, by the lapse of time, the population had so increased, and other circumstances had so arisen, as to restore the need for them. Hence we find the invention of various arts claimed by different nations, which could not, since the original dispersion, have had communication with each other.

Upon the whole, it seems to us that the civilisation and knowledge in art of the antediluvians, and of the postdiluvians up to the dispersion, have been greatly underrated, by our views having been too much directed to the progressive civilisation of particular branches of the human race, which had greatly degenerated from ancient knowledge. Indeed, when we consider the advantages which length of days afforded to the earliest generations of mankind, giving to one man in his own person the accumulated knowledge and experience of a thousand years, it seems difficult to over-estimate the advancements that may have been made, and the knowledge in art that may have been acquired. We think much of the advantages we possess in books, which give to us the knowledge of the past. But their advantages were greater. There are few books of more than two or three centuries old, from which we derive any knowledge, in at least the material arts, of any avail to us; but then fathers could impart, by the living voice and by the living practice, the knowledge of a thousand years, to sons who might build up the experience of another thousand years upon that large foundation. If man had gone on advancing to this time, at the same rate, upon the knowledge possessed by the antediluvians, it is inconceivable to what he might not have attained; or if, indeed, we had only progressively advanced upon the knowledge possessed by the ancient Assyrians, Egyptians, Babylonians, and Phœnicians, or even upon that of Greece and Rome. But God has put limits to human progress, lest man should be exalted above measure. The shortening of human life, the confusion of tongues, and the consequent dispersion, did, in primeval times, the work which has since been accomplished by less direct agencies, and which have successively said to man in the highest state of his advancement, "Thus far shalt thou go, and no farther; and here shall thy proud mind be stayed."

Thus it has come to pass, that one nation after another has become highly civilised; has fallen; the arts it possessed were lost or discontinued; dark ages followed; then arose other nations, gradually recovering these old arts, and perhaps inventing some new ones; but not more perhaps than serve to counter-balance the old ones that have not been recovered. We too much overrate the present, because we know it better than the past.

But ancient histories, and monuments older than history, disclose to us that there were, two, three, and four thousand years ago, nations scarcely less advanced in material civilisation, and in the arts of social life, than ourselves; and who certainly possessed arts that we do not, and were able to execute works which we cannot surpass, and some that we cannot equal, sufficient to counterbalance our possession of arts which they had not acquired, and our execution of works they had not imagined. It has been proved that many, and it may prove that more, of our inventions and improvements, are but revivals of old things. This was felt twenty-seven centuries ago, by one who knew the primeval history as well as we do, if not better; and there is deep truth in the words of the Preacher: "The thing that hath been is that which shall be; and that which is done is that which shall be done, and there is no new thing under the sun."

From such catastrophes which have from time to time thrown back the tide of human advancement, and prevented man from fully gathering the fruit of the tree of knowledge, for which his soul has hungered ever since the fall, we think ourselves exempt by means of the printing press, which has embalmed our inventions and discoveries beyond the possibility of loss. It may be so: but let us grant that whatever advantage in this respect we possess, was enjoyed more abundantly by the primeval fathers, by reason of the length of their lives; so that it is morally impossible but that their material condition should have been one of high and progressive advancement, during the period which is now under our survey.

In further corroboration of the argument, that the recent invention of many arts, and the savage condition of many nations, is not adverse to the conclusion, that the fathers of mankind were not a barbarous but a cultivated people, let us listen to the hypothesis built by Plato upon natural and thoughtful reasoning from known facts. He admits that men in these ancient times possessed cities, laws, and arts; but desolations coming in the shape of inundations, epidemics, malaria, and the like, those that escaped betook themselves to the mountains, and kept sheep. Most of the arts and sciences which were formerly common, were then more and more disused and forgotten among them. But mankind afterwards multiplying, they descended into the valleys; and, by degrees, mutual conversation, the necessities of their condition, and the due consideration of things gradually revived among them the arts which had been lost by long intermission.

Sir Matthew Hale, who, in his profound work on the Primitive Origination of Mankind, incidentally touches on this subject, says:—"We are not to conclude every new appearance of an art or science is the first production of it; but as they say of the river

Tigris and some others, they sink into the ground, and keep a subterranean course, it may be for forty or fifty miles, and then break out above ground again, which is not so much a new river as the continuation and reappearance of the old: so many times it falls out with arts and sciences, though they have their non-appearance for some ages, and then seem first to discover themselves where before they were not known, it is not so much the first production of the art as a transition, or at least a restitution, of what was either before in another, or in the same, country or people: and thus also some tell us that guns and printing, though but lately discovered in Europe, were of far ancient use in China."—*Kitto's Daily Bible Readings.*

THE WAY TO HEAVEN.

Recd (Make haste)—THIRD STEP.

BY HENRY SMITH, CAMBRIDGE.

"MAKE haste." For this cause Paul saith, "Run," which is the swiftest pace of man, as though he should go faster to heaven than to any place else in the world. His meaning is this, that as a man doth watch, and run, and labour to be rich quickly, so he should hear, and pray, and study, and use all means to be wise quickly. This the apostle understandeth when he biddeth us to add—as if he should say, When thou art in the way, and knowest good from evil, every day kill some vice, and every week sow some virtue, and make thy two talents five talents, thy five talents ten talents, and ever be doing; and at last it shall be opened, because thou hast knocked. Christ saith, "The kingdom of heaven is got by violence," (Matt. xi. 12;) therefore a man must be earnest and zealous in the religion that he professes, or else it makes no matter of what religion he is; for if he be but lukewarm, God threateneth to spue him out of His mouth. (Rev. iii. 15, 16.) Every man hath a kind of religion, and the religion of most is to be like one another, as merciful as others, as humble as others, as devout as others; but God saith, "Be holy as I am," not as others are. For Christ saith, "Except your righteousness exceed the righteousness of the Pharisees, although they were holier than others, ye shall not enter into heaven." This is, except ye be more than statute Protestants, who go to the church, and hear a homily, and receive once a-year, but will not offend any person, nor leave any custom, nor bear any charge, nor suffer any trouble for the glory of God, ye shall come to heaven, when the Pharisees come out of hell. As love delighteth men, so zeal pleaseth God; for zeal is the love of God. Therefore every sacrifice was offered with fire, to shew with what zeal they should burn who come to offer prayer, or praise, or thanks unto the Lord. Therefore the Holy Ghost descends in fire, to shew the fervency of them upon

the Holy Ghost resteth. Therefore cherubims were portraited with wings the people, to shew that they should earnest and quick about the Lord's as as the cherubims. Therefore God not take a lame nor halting sacrifice, how He abhorreth slackness in all ties. Therefore St James says, "Be o hear." We must be swift to pray, o obey, swift to do good, for he is rsed only which doth not the Lord's s, but he "which doth it negligently" (viii. 10)—i. e., he which doth anything it, like him that would "bid his farewell, and follow Christ after." i. 21.) The hound, which runs but for e, runs as fast as possibly he can; the which flieth but for the partridge, flieth as possibly she can; and shall he ns for heaven creep more slowly than l? Who hath so much faith as the s? yet how oft doth Christ say, "O ye faith!" complaining that their faith little. And therefore when Peter an- Him that he loved Him, as though he Him not enough, Christ asked him whether he loved Him; and as though d Him not enough yet, He asked him "Lovest thou me?" For He would love Him as He loved us, when His blood was shed for us; therefore, when nanded his love, He measured it by rt, saying, "Thou shalt love God with heart, with all thy strength, with all nd. Thrice He repeated all, lest we keep anything from him. Our Saviour t, that "his Father is glorified" (John that we bring forth fruit, but in that ing forth much fruit." Is it not better essels of gold than vessels of brass? not see how Christ rejected him who kept many commandments, because dd not do one commandment? For ck which he would not do, our Saviour o reckoning of all that he did. It was r the apostles that they left all and d Christ presently; but this should written but to teach us with what e should follow Christ, watching the soon as it riseth, and the pillar so soon moveth. In this strive and go one be- other, as Peter and John strove who come first to the sepulchre; for if a could be saved when he was almost tian, Paul would not have laboured to im altogether a Christian. Therefore, purity be counted heresy, yet remem- t Christ saith, "None can see God but e in heart." (Matt. v.) and know that s no dealing with those mockers, but ver them as David answered Michael, he scorned him for his humbleness, he I will be more humble yet;" so when ock thee for thy zeal, spite them with al, for evil is not overcome but with good. e have passed the third step to heaven.

LINES TO A BEREAVED PARENT.

WHEN on my ear your loss was knell'd,
And tender sympathy upburst,
A little rill from memory swell'd,
Which once had soothed my bitter thirst:

And I was fain to bear to you
Some portion of its mild relief,
That it might be as healing dew
To steal some fever from your grief.

After our child's untroubled breath
Up to the Father took its way,
And on our home the shade of death
Like a long twilight saddening lay;

And friends came round with us to weep
Her little spirit's swift remove,
This story of the Alpine sheep
Was told to us by one we love:

"They, in the valley's sheltering care,
Soon crop the meadow's tender prime,
And when the sod grows brown and bare,
The shepherd strives to make them climb

"To airy shells of pastures green,
That hang along the mountain side,
Where grass and flowers together lean,
And down through mist the sunbeams slide.

"But naught can tempt the timid things
That steep and rugged path to try,
Though sweet the shepherd calls and sings,
And sear'd below the pastures lie:

"Till in his arms their lambs he takes,
Along the dizzy verge to go,
Then, heedless of the rifts and breaks,
They follow on o'er rocks and snow.

"And in those pastures high and fair,
More dewy soft than lowland mead,
The shepherd drops his tender care,
And sheep and lambs together feed."

This parable, by nature breath'd,
Blew on me as the south wind free,
O'er frozen brooks that float unsheath'd
From icy thralldom to the sea.

A blissful vision, through the night,
Would all my happy senses sway,
Of the Good Shepherd on the high,
Or climbing up the stony way,

Holding our little lamb asleep;
And, like the burden of the sea,
Sounded that voice along the deep,
Saying, "Arise and follow me!"

—James Russell Lowell.

VEGETABLE PRODUCTIONS OF PALESTINE.

BY J. T. BARCLAY, M.D.,
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In giving a brief synoptical view of the vegetable productions of Palestine, it will be most expedient, as it also is most natural, to exhibit the subject in the order of its development by nature—ploughing, sowing, and reaping—and open the calendar with the usual commencement of the rainy season, which happens also to begin with the Jewish civil year. The parching drought of summer having prevailed for more than half the year, the whole vegetable kingdom appears to be held in durance and obedience, until the windows of heaven are once more opened, and the reviving showers begin to fall about the period of the autumnal equinox. The Feast of Tabernacles or in-gathering of crops, at the end of the year (Exod. xxiii. 15, 16), was celebrated on the 15th Tisri (Sept.), at the end of the year.

The annual routine of vegetation being now completed, and the husbandman having reaped all that he has sown, or indeed can sow, without the mollifying influence of rain to restore the cracked and indurated earth, he anxiously awaits the first shower, that he may lay the foundation of another series of crops. Having gone to the banks of the river Jordan, and selected a bifurcated limb, with such crooks and proportions that one prong may serve as a beam, another as a handle, and the remainder as a stock for the attachment of a piece of iron, he hitches to this primitive plough a cow and a donkey, and stirs up the soil—if not as effectually, at least as rapidly as an "unclean" pig would do.

October.—Under favouring circumstances much wheat and barley are sown this month. All the ordinary garden esculents are also committed to the earth, as well as sesame, chickpea, and other lentiles.

The grape season is still well maintained, but pomegranates are becoming scarce. Olive-trees threshed for the last berries. Pistachio nuts make their appearance at the bazaars. If the rains have set in early, a few flowers begin to appear towards the close of the month: and radishes, lettuce, and other vegetables of rapid growth are already sufficiently matured for use. The seed that was sown in the spring may now be gathered. The cotton crop is now fully matured. The species of cotton heretofore cultivated in Palestine, has not commanded a good price abroad; but Mr Smith, the able and enterprising American Consul at Beirut, having made a large experiment with American seed, near Jaffa and Tyre, succeeded in raising an article of excellent staple, which, though its production only cost $3\frac{1}{2}$ pence per pound, readily brought one shilling in London. Fig leaves begin to blacken and fall.

November.—The principal sowing of wheat and barley is made in this month. Deciduous trees are now generally denuded. Such dates as have matured are now collected; but it is only on the plains that they attain to much perfection. A few olives still gleaned. The vintage terminates this month. The grapes not heretofore consumed as an article of diet, or converted into raisins, are trodden in the wine-press, and set fermenting in the vat for wine or vinegar. Some of the expressed juice, however, instead of being thus appropriated, is boiled down to the consistence of molasses, under the name of *dibs* or *dibes*, and is far superior to any kind of sugar-cane treacle. The raisins, as well as figs, are rather indifferently cured, and are mainly consigned to the still by the Jews and Christians, and converted into arrak, and alcohol of no mean *bead*—but great quantities of them are consumed as a cheap and wholesome article of diet. Although Ichabod is evidently written upon Eshcol, yet it still produces most delicious grapes, particularly a seedless species, very

much sought after by housekeepers. The vines are generally permitted to lie upon the ground in a state of the utmost neglect, without the slightest bracing or training; but in some of the vineyards of Eshcol, a bracing is most effectually accomplished by tying together the tops of three or four neighbouring vines.

December.—The earth fully clothed with rich verdure. Wheat and barley still sown, also various kinds of pulse. Sugar-cane in market. Cauliflowers, cabbages, radishes, lettuce, lentiles, &c.

Ploughing still continues at intervals.

January.—Last sowing of wheat and barley. Last roasting ears of American maize—being the third successive crop from the same piece of ground! A few trees in leaf. Beans in bloom. The almond-tree blossoms, and, in rapid succession, the apricot, peach, and plum.

Cauliflowers, cabbages, &c. Oranges, lemons, citrons, and limes. New leaves on the olive-tree. Douraplanted. The mandrake in bloom—also the wormwood—absinthium, santoreium judaicum.

This is midwinter, and fire becomes indispensable to the comfort and health of the Frank population of the city; though the natives build no fires, for merely warming themselves (except, perhaps, a few exposed outdoor shopkeepers), contenting themselves throughout the winter with additional clothing.* Charcoal is the principal fuel made use of for domestic culinary purposes. But many thousand bundles of sticks and brush are also consumed: both are brought from Hebron and the banks of Jordan, eighteen or twenty miles distant. In the large baking establishments, the only fuel used is green thorns, brushwood, and thistles, in bunches the size of sage, brought from a considerable distance on donkeys, and great is "the crackling of thorns under the pots." Lime-kilns are built in the midst of fields that abound in thorns, thistles, and rank weeds and grasses; which are dug up, and thrown into the furnace, through a narrow aperture—and such is the disposition of much of "the grass which to-day is, and to-morrow is cast into the oven,"—for mountain-like piles of it are required for these various purposes. All the village bakeries are heated by the excrement of cows and camels. It is to be hoped that the late discovery of good coal in Mount Lebanon, will lead to great improvement in the social condition of all Syria.

February.—Barley may still be sown. Snap-beans begin to mature sufficiently for table use. Apple-trees in bloom.

Hyacinths, daffodils, tulips, ranunculuses,

* There is not in all Jerusalem a single fire-place, and perhaps not half a dozen chimneys, even to the bakeries and soap manufactories. A few stoves, however, have been introduced amongst a few Frank families residing there as consuls, missionaries, &c. But the cooking and warming of the natives is almost exclusively done by means of a few pieces of charcoal burnt in a pile of ashes, in a little furnace made of clay and straw, about the capacity of two gallons.

lilies, narcissus, geraniums, scarlet poppies, anemones, daisies, and many other familiar flowers in bloom, spreading themselves over the country in rich carpets; besides vast numbers of unknown herbs, springing everywhere in the fields. Cauliflowers, onions, carrots, beets, radishes, &c. Oranges, &c., &c.

March.—Beans and peas in market. Trees all in full leaf. Pear-trees in bloom—also the apple-tree, palm, and black-thorn.

Sage, thyme, and other aromatics. Various kinds of mint. Both fruit and flowers on orange and lemon-trees. The fig-tree blossoms. Date-palm in flower.

Cauliflowers now in their highest state of perfection, equal to the best English or American.

The pot of the carob-tree nearly ripe—very much like the honey-shuck.* The crop of celery sown in July now perfected. Rue parsley, hyssop, leeks, onions, garlic, &c.

The flowers of last month are still to be found either in the valleys or mountains.

(To be continued.)

THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN UPON EARTH.

IN commencing to preach in the desert, John the Baptist said to the people, "Repent, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand."

Such also were the first words of Christ, when He entered upon His ministry, "Repent, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand."

In like manner, when He sent the apostles to the lost sheep of the house of Israel, He gave them for the theme of their instructions, these words, "Repent, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand."

This is a coincidence remarkable indeed. Since the forerunner, Christ himself, and His disciples, announce, before everything else, the establishment of the kingdom of heaven, we may conclude that the whole Christian economy is involved in this doctrine, as in its germ, and that it is of infinite importance to understand it well.

Yet the great idea of the kingdom of heaven has not in general received the serious attention which it deserves; many even who make a profession of piety, are ignorant of the true meaning of this expression.

If we were to ask our readers, what is the kingdom of heaven? several of them would doubtless reply, the kingdom of heaven is heaven; it is the abode of angels and the elect; it is the everlasting country at which Christians arrive on their departure from life.

Now, here they fall into a great error. The kingdom of heaven does not exist only in heaven; it begins already upon the earth. It is not after death only that it can be reached;

* This carob fruit is sometimes called the "food of John the Baptist;" and also supposed to have been the *hustle* on which the Prodigal Son sustained himself in his direful extremity!!

before death it must be entered. Whoever is not in this kingdom on this side the grave, will not be in it on the other.

The kingdom of heaven, which the Scriptures call also the kingdom of God, or the reign of God, is formed by the union of the faithful of all lands, and of all times. It includes at once those who are reposing in their heavenly mansion, and those who are preparing to enjoy a place there. This great multitude, which no man can number, of every nation, of every tribe, of every people, of every tongue; the patriarchs and the prophets, who lived before Jesus Christ, the apostles and the Christians who lived after Him, the children of God who live now; all together are comprehended in the kingdom of heaven, or rather are the kingdom itself; for we must understand here, not an empire which is measured in space, but a reign which exists in souls.

It is termed the kingdom of heaven, because everything which relates to it, its origin, its head, its members, its laws, its privileges, all come from heaven, and lead again to heaven.

The founder of the kingdom of heaven is Christ. Before His advent upon earth, He had already children of the kingdom, but they were such only by Him, because they saw His day, because they received in advance a portion of the blessings resulting from the work which He has accomplished.

As Jesus is the founder of the kingdom of heaven, He is also the king. It is He who governs it, extends it, strengthens it, fortifies it against its adversaries; it is He who, by the Holy Spirit, gives motion and life to all the members of this vast body.

The fundamental law of the kingdom of heaven is love. In the kingdoms of the earth fear is the principal mean of preserving subjects in obedience; but Jesus Christ receives as His those only who obey through love. Whoever does not love Him is not in His kingdom.

The favours bestowed upon the children of the kingdom of heaven are of two kinds,—the one they obtain in this life, the other they will obtain in the life to come; and it may be added, that the former blessings are the foretaste of the latter. The present blessings consist in the pardon of sins, peace and joy of heart, sanctification, communion with God, and assurance of a happy eternity. The future blessings of every true member of this kingdom will be faith changed into sight, hope changed into reality, the contemplation of God face to face, a perfect purity, a felicity infinite and imperishable.

Such is the kingdom of heaven.

There is in this world, and beyond this world, another kingdom completely opposed to it. It is the kingdom of the prince of darkness, of the god of this world, of the great adversary, the kingdom of Satan.

The devil is the founder and king. This

kingdom is composed of all those who follow their disordered passions, who abandon themselves to the lust of the flesh, to the lust of the eyes, to the pride of life, and who remain in the bondage of sin.

The kingdom of heaven is light; the kingdom of Satan is darkness. In the kingdom of heaven truth reigns; in the kingdom of Satan, falsehood. In the kingdom of heaven, the Holy Spirit operates; in the kingdom of Satan, spirits malignant and impure are at work. The law of the kingdom of heaven is love; the law of the kingdom of Satan is hatred. The children of the kingdom of heaven have peace; the children of the kingdom of Satan, war. The kingdom of heaven is heaven here below, heaven after death; and the kingdom of Satan is hell here below, hell after death.

We cannot conceive things more removed from each other, more opposed to each other, than these two kingdoms. Between them is all the difference which separates truth from falsehood, good from evil, day from night, life from death, happiness from misery.

Mark well, that it is necessary to be either in the one or the other. There are not three kingdoms—there are only two. There are not three states of the soul. We all must choose truth or falsehood—God or mammon—Christ or Belial—the kingdom of heaven, or the kingdom of darkness.

In vain may you endeavour to settle upon a species of neutral ground between the two kingdoms: there is no neutral ground. If you belong not to the one of these two kingdoms, you belong infallibly to the other. It is impossible to be at the same time in prison and at liberty: you are either free or fettered. It is likewise impossible to be at once in the kingdom of heaven and in the kingdom of Satan; you are emancipated in Christ, or you are the slave of the tempter. You cannot be all at once living and dead; these two conditions exclude and destroy each other. No more can you be all at the same time living with Christ, and dead in sins.

It is essential to insist forcibly on this point; for many imagine it possible to occupy a middle position between faith and unbelief, between the service of Christ and the service of the prince of this world. A maxim convenient indeed, and which might be adopted with eagerness by the mass of mankind: for it permits the gratification of one's passions, while completely preserving the hope of eternal happiness. But the Bible sanctions no such compromise; it everywhere tells us, and in terms the most energetic, that there are but two kingdoms, two masters, two nations, two cities, two futures.

Each one must decide for himself.

Observe again, that we are not *born* in the kingdom of heaven. That which is born of the flesh is flesh; that which is born of corruption is corruption. Among men there are

differences of character, of temperament, of intelligence, of education; but there is *not* that radical and absolute difference which distinguishes the member of the kingdom of heaven from the child of the kingdom of Satan.

If we continue what we are by nature, *our* choice is already made, our portion is already fixed; it is the choice of falsehood, it is *the* portion of death.

So when Jesus Christ and the apostles announced the establishment of the kingdom of heaven, they said at the same time, "Repent ye:" in other words, "It is necessary that you be changed, it is necessary that you be regenerated, it is necessary that you become new creatures, to enter into the kingdom of heaven;" sufficiently indicating that every unconverted man is not in this kingdom.

Finally, observe that our soul remains after death that which it was before. It is a strange and yet wide-spread delusion to suppose that our soul, in quitting its material covering, totally changes its sentiments and affections. It is imagined, for example, that a worldly soul ceases to be worldly as soon as it is no longer attached to the body; it is imagined that an impious soul becomes all at once pious; that a soul at enmity with God suddenly betakes itself to the love of God; in a word, it is imagined that the soul, from the single circumstance that it is disengaged from its earthly bonds, is changed into a new soul. And upon this singular conjecture, which cannot summon to its support any passage in the Bible, the idea is formed that even although you may not have been in the kingdom of heaven upon earth, you can enter it in the mansion of eternity.

But upon serious reflection, this hypothesis would overturn even the doctrine of the soul's immortality; for that which causes one soul to differ from another, is that it has the convictions, the feelings, the hopes, which are peculiar to, and inherent in it. Now, if you contend that the soul is totally changed by the single fact of death, you might as well aver that God has annihilated our soul, and created a new one, from which it would follow that our continuity of existence would be lost entirely.

Once more, the soul continues after death, in its essential inclinations, that which it was before. It carries before the tribunal of Christ the sentiments, the affections, the dispositions, good or bad, which it had on earth. The unconverted soul remains unconverted; the unrighteous soul remains unrighteous; the soul opposed to God remains opposed; the filthy soul remains filthy; the soul which was not in the kingdom of heaven remains without that kingdom.

Weigh well these solemn thoughts; and strive to enter by the strait gate, before it is closed on you for ever. Work while it is day, for the night cometh, when no one can work.—*From the French.*

SABBATH-SCHOOL TEACHERS.

"How I wish I was in Henry's class!" said right-eyed boy, named Charlie, as he came one Sabbath afternoon, and seated himself thoughtfully by his mother's side.

"And why wish to be in Henry's class?" said the mother. "Has my little son learned that one teacher can tell him, and so is shing for a new one; or does he think a rd lesson will become an easy one, if he anges the person that hears it?"

"Oh, not that, mamma, but I am so tired of ting with nothing to do. Our teacher does t care anything about us; he hears the les- n as if he was glad when it was through, d I am sure *we* are, when he says, 'Boys, ep still until school is done,' and takes his ok and reads. Some of us go to sleep, some isper and play, some count the panes of as in the windows, and all are glad when e bell rings for the close of school. It isn't in Henry's class. They all look so happy, d the lessons are so interesting, he says he shes it would last all day. Oh, if I was ly there!"

"What makes the difference?" said the other, mentally, for it was a question Charlie ould have been puzzled to answer. And at *did* make the difference?

These teachers were each active, consistent ristians, ready to labour in any part of the rd's vineyard that should be appointed em. They were also familiar with the riptures, well versed in all portions which e "profitable for doctrine, for reproof, or : instruction," and each earnestly desirous at his pupils should become "wise unto sal- tion." But here the resemblance ceased. ary's teacher *loved* his work, and the young arge committed to his care. Charlie's ight from a sense of duty; he knew it was ll for children to be instructed in the Sab- th-school, and that some one must take the sponsibility of teaching them. Contenting mself with hearing the lessons recited pro- rly, and preserving order in his class, he agined his scholars were too young to gain uch immediate benefit from his labours, but couraged himself with the hope that the ed, although it should "lie long buried," ould "at last spring up and bear fruit abun- ntly." And so it may, if the "birds the air" do not pluck it up before it has ken root.

When Henry's teacher came to his class, s face beaming with interest, the light was flected back from those young faces as from mirror. Children are quick to discern the elings of those who care for them. And so, ring the whole exercise, the attention was ed by attractive means upon the lesson, d there were few wandering glances, or ndering thoughts. Familiar illustrations, milar texts of Scripture, an oft-repeated mm, some incident that had occurred during

the week, were so interwoven with the pas- sages committed to memory, that they not only served to illustrate them, but also to strengthen the impression upon the mind. Every eye was intently fixed upon the teacher, waiting for the words that should fall from his lips; there was no opportunity for him to "sit down and read;" his only regret was, that the hour should be too short for him to finish his instructions. A glance at his weekly course may in a measure ac- count for this unusual interest. He was ever looking for materials to carry into the class; anything that had a reference to the lesson, or could be introduced with profit, was re- membered and related. An incident, trifling in itself, was often made the means of im- pressing some solemn truth, or detecting some sinful propensity, as nothing else could have done. Appropriate illustrations are easily found, if one is earnestly seeking them.

This teacher was also well acquainted with his class, familiar with their peculiarities, their childish joys and sorrows. When he saw them at their sports, he did not pass by on the other side, but gave them a friendly greeting, praised the new kite that was just floating in the wind, or commended their mi- litary skill as soldiers; thus they felt he was a *friend* as well as teacher. In addition to the instruction on the Sabbath, he often met his pupils during the week, and in a more familiar way repeated the solemn entreaties, and enforced the sacred truths of the Bible. Finally, his Sabbath-school class was very near his *heart* at all times, and earnest were the petitions he daily offered for their salvation. So true is it, "we cannot pray fervently for an object without becoming interested in it."

It is strange that such labours should be crowned with success, that many from that little band should go out to the world clothed with the armour of Christ, ready to labour for others, even as they had been favoured; while a few, called in their early years to exchange these earthly teachings for the hea- venly, are, we trust, very near to the Saviour, who, when He was upon earth, called little children unto Him, "put His hands upon them and blessed them."

LIFE TRUTHS.

BY ARCHBISHOP LEIGHTON.

WE will not be convinced how basely and foolishly we are busied, though in the best and most respected employments in the world, as long as we neglect our noblest trade of growing rich in grace, and the comfortable enjoyment of the love of God. Our Saviour tells us there is *ONE* thing needful. By delay, we may lose the present opportunity, and, in the end, our own souls. All blessings are attendant on grace. There is no peace but in reconciliation with God; the persuasion of that alone, makes the mind clear and serene,

like a fair summer's day. A holy heart that gladly entertains grace, shall find that it and peace cannot dwell asunder.

Consider how the news of some small outward advantage raises our light, vain hearts, and makes them leap within us; and yet the news of a kingdom prepared for us, if we indeed believe, stirs us not at all; our hearts are as little affected with it as if it concerned us not at all; and this is too clear an evidence that indeed it concerns us not. Our portion, as yet, is not in it.

If you would be spiritually healthful and vigorous, and enjoying much of the consolations of heaven, be sparing of those of the earth; and what you abate of the one, shall be certainly made up in the other.

Hope and fear are the strongest passions of the mind: the apostle urges the *hope* of that glory of which the gospel displays, and *fear* of God, as the greatest and most powerful judge. This fear is a holy self-suspicion: the more a Christian believes and loves, the more unwilling he is to displease God.

Regard not what men think, though thy nearest friends, but study only to please God, and then thou shalt please Him indeed. If we find the love of sin and the world work stronger in our hearts than the love of Christ, we are not, as yet, partakers of His redemption.

When the Word of God is once received by faith, it cannot be obliterated again; all the powers of darkness cannot destroy it, although they be never so diligent in their attempts that way. This, therefore, is what we should learn—thus to hear, esteem, and love this holy word; to despise all the outward vanities of this perishing life; all the outward pomp, yea, inward worth; all wisdom and natural endowments, in comparison of the heavenly light of the gospel preached unto us. Rather to hazard all than lose that, and banish all other things from that place which is due to it; to retain it alone in our hearts as our only treasure here, and the certain pledge of glory laid up for us in heaven.

Good works must be done with a single intention and right principle, without any vain opinion of meriting by them with God, or any vain desire of gaining applause with men; but merely out of love to God, and man for His sake.

Is the heart yet unbroken? give it to God, with a desire that it may be broken; and if He break it, thou shalt not repent thy gift.

Think not that you believe, if your heart be not taken up with Christ—if His love do not possess your soul, so that nothing is pre-

cious in comparison with Him—if you cannot despise and trample upon all advantages, that either you have, or would have, for Christ, and count them, with the apostle, loss and dung in comparison of Him.

If Christians would consider how little, and for how little a time, they are concerned in any thing here, they would go through any state, and any change of state, either to the better or the worse, with very composed minds; always moderate in their necessary cares, and never taking any care at all for the flesh, to fulfil the lusts of it.

Will you sell eternity for a moment of such pleasures, as a moment of eternity is more worth than an eternity of the other? Consider, when men are on their death-beds, and near their entry into eternity, what they then think of all their toiling in the earth, and serving their own hearts' lusts—when they see that of all these ways nothing remains to them but the guiltiness of their sin, the accusations of conscience, and the wrath of God.

PIETY IN HUMBLE LIFE.

CHRISTIANITY hallows the most menial employments in life, and the servant in the kitchen may have God as truly as the minister in the pulpit. The motive and the aim of life are of more importance than the condition. The following story by old Hugh Latimer is an illustration:—

We read a pretty story of St Anthony, who, being in the wilderness, led there a very hard and strait life, insomuch as none at that time did the like; to whom came a voice from heaven, saying:—

"Anthony, thou art not so perfect as is a cobbler that dwelleth at Alexandria."

Anthony, hearing this, rose up forthwith, and took his staff and went till he came to Alexandria where he found the cobbler. The cobbler was astonished to see so reverend a father come to his house. Then Anthony said to him:—

"Come and tell me thy whole conversation, and how thou spendest thy time."

"Sir," said the cobbler, "as for me, good works have I none, for my life is but simple and slender. I am a poor cobbler; in the morning, when I rise, I pray for the whole city wherein I dwell, especially for all such neighbours and poor friends as I have. After I set me at my labour, when I spend the whole day in getting my living, and I keep me from all falsehood, for I hate nothing so much as I do deceitfulness: wherefore, when I make to any man a promise, I keep it, and perform it truly, and thus I spend my time poorly, with my wife and children, whom I teach and instruct, as far as my wit will serve me, to fear and dread sin. And this is the sum of my simple life."

CHRISTIANITY IN ADVANCE OF SCIENCE.

PERHAPS there has been no age since the light of Christianity dawned on the world, which has at once more earnestly demanded and more signally encouraged the efforts of the people of God in the great work of the world's redemption. Even the apostolic age and the period of the Reformation were scarcely more marked than this. A momentous battle is yet to be fought; the means and instruments of victory are yet in the hands of the Church, and a valiant use of them is demanded alike by the greatness of the conflict and the assurance of success. No age has made bolder assaults on Christianity than this. It is not, indeed, an age of prisons and faggots, for the genius of civil government now generally disowns them; but it is an age in which the deepest and most untiring researches of science, and the most impassioned sentiments and loftiest flights of literature are both stealthily and openly arrayed against the cross. And, unfortunately for the truth, it is not an age characterised by calm, clear, logical thinking; it is more an age of sentiment, of imagination, of rhetoric. Few sit patiently down to a book of simple and exact truth. Unless it is smartly dashed with impassioned sentiments, bristling with sharp points, and wrought into the witchery of romance: or replete with such facts as out-romance fiction itself, found in the history of those stark mad with sin and lust, it is no book for the million. And men of profound philosophy also, false to their position, are found among those who esteem themselves wiser than Jesus Christ.

But a better day is at hand. We see its dawn already. Not a few are becoming tired of idle speculation, and are looking earnestly for substantial truth. They are those who take sober and earnest views of life; who think, study, search, and pray for truth, and prize it above all gold and glory; who place the eternal riches of the soul in the knowledge and love of God, before the most alluring enchantments of pleasure, and the most glittering crowns of ambition. These are the men who have fought the battles of Christianity through to this hour; they are men of honourable scars and bruises, all in the front; they will continue to do as they have done, only more and better; they will, in the strength of God, fight the battle through to final victory and glory. Not a single fear for the result. We know in whom we have believed. Neither the vain boasting of those who claim to be in advance of Christianity, and regard it as old fogysm and worn-out superstition, nor the wild passions of the baser sort, will avail to move an hair's-breadth from its foundations this rock of eternal ages. There it stands, and ever will! The world grown too wise for Christianity!

All that the world knows worth knowing is due to it. Science in advance of Christianity! There is no science worthy of the name, that has not reached its port by following Christianity as its leading star. "It is the scientific sceptic," one has well said, "who looks mean, and poor, and almost contemptible, beside the Christian philosopher. It is still found that Christianity is far in advance of all that science has collected from the depths, and brought down from the heights of the universe. Every year proves that we must make apologies for science—none for Christianity. Like a distant star, the gospel grows in lustre, in beauty, and in purity, the nearer we approach it. Time writes no wrinkles on the brow of our religion. It came not from the dust, and to the dust it does not return."—*Rev. H. Winslow, D.D., Geneva.*

PRAYER.

THE following beautiful prayer was copied from the Latin Breviary of the Great St Bernard Monastery, by Rev. Daniel Wilson; it is believed to have been composed by St Augustine, the founder of their order.

"Come, Holy Spirit, and send from heaven a ray of Thy light! Come, Thou father of the poor, Thou giver of gifts, Thou light of the world, the blessed comforter, the sweet guest of the soul, and its sweetest refreshment; Thou, our repose in labour, our coolness in heat, our comfort in affliction! O most blessed Spirit, fill full the hearts of Thy faithful people! Without Thy influence there is nothing in man which is not weakness and guilt. Oh, cleanse that which is sordid; bedew that which is dried up; heal that which is wounded; bend that which is stubborn; cherish in thy bosom that which is cold; guide that which is wandering, and grant unto Thy servants, putting their trust in Thee, the merit of Thy righteousness; grant them final salvation; grant them everlasting joy! O Lord, hear our prayer, and let our cry come unto Thee!"

HONOUR TO LABOUR.

Two men I honour, and no third. First, the toil-worn craftsman, that with an earth-made implement laboriously conquers the earth, and makes her man's. Venerable to me is the hard hand, crooked, coarse, wherein, notwithstanding, lies a cunning virtue, indefeasibly royal as of the sceptre of this planet. A second man I honour, and still more highly: him who is seen toiling for the spiritually indispensable, not daily bread, but the bread of life. These two in all their degrees I honour: all else is chaff and dust, which let the wind blow where it listeth.—*Carlyle.*

Page for the Young.

PREPARATION FOR HEAVEN.

ON a soft and easy couch lay little Harry Russel. Everything which the wealth of his parents could purchase was around him—the most costly playthings, the most beautiful pictures, and the most luscious fruits. But one after another was laid aside, and still he moaned and cried—

"I wish I was well! I do not want to lie down here; I am afraid I shall die!" His nurse tried to soothe him, for she was afraid he would die, and she wished to get him to think of Christ. So she said, gently, "Harry, wouldn't you like to go to heaven?" "No," said Harry, "it is too far, and I do not know the way; and when I would get there I shouldn't know anybody, and I would cry to come home to mamma."

Poor Harry! he spoke the truth. He did not know anybody there; for his mamma had never taught him about Christ, and, if it had been possible for him to get there without knowing Christ, he would have been very unhappy. Perhaps some of my little friends think, if they only get to heaven, it is no difference how they live while here. But they must remember that, unless God prepares us for heaven, we should be very uncomfortable if we were to be taken just as we are.

Suppose you had been playing in the street, and had fallen in the mud, and your mother, to punish you, had taken you to the parlour, where a number of guests were assembled, and compelled you to remain there in your soiled garments; wouldn't you feel very much ashamed as you compared yourself with those around you?

It would be just so if you were taken to heaven without a change of heart. Every one there would be so pure and holy that you would be ashamed to look up. Angels who never sinned would be tuning their golden harps to the praise of the Saviour. Redeemed saints would join the song with still sweeter melody, to tell something of wondrous love, but *you*, you alone would be silent. You could not tell how He had changed your heart, and given you a heart that could love Him, for your heart would be unchanged. You could not praise Him for bringing you there; you would rather beg Him to send you with those who were no better than yourself, so that they could not look down upon your miserable condition.

Think of little Harry, and do not close your eyes without asking your heavenly Father to give you a new heart, that you may love Him more, and serve Him better, than you have ever done before.

PRINCIPLE PUT TO THE TEST.

BY COWPER.

A youngster at school, more sedate than the rest,
Had once his integrity put to the test :—
His comrades had plotted an orchard to rob,
And ask'd him to go and assist in the job.

He was very much shock'd, and answer'd—"Oh no!
What, rob our poor neighbour! I pray you don't go!
Besides, the man's poor, and his orchard's his bread;
Then think of his children, for they must be fed."

"You speak very fine, and you look very grave,
But apples we want, and apples we'll have;
If you will go with us, we'll give you a share,
If not, you shall neither have apple nor pear."

They spoke, and Tom ponder'd—"I see they will go;
Poor man! what a pity to injure him so!
Poor man! I would save him his fruit if I could,
But my staying behind will do him no good."

"If this matter depended alone upon me,
His apples might hang till they dropp'd from the tree;
But since they *will* take them, I think I'll go too,
He will lose none by me, though I do get a few."

His scruples thus silenced, Tom felt more at ease,
And went with his comrades the apples to seize;
He blamed and protested, but join'd in the plan;
He shared in the plunder, but pitied the man.

Conscience slumber'd awhile, but soon woke in his breast,
And in language severe the delinquent address'd :
"With such selfish and empty pretences away!
By your *actions* you're judged, be your speech what it may."

THE "GUEST'S" BIBLE QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNG.

LOVE.

1. To whom did Jesus say "that the first and great commandment was to love the Lord our God with all our heart and soul and mind?"
2. How did He say the second commandment resembled the first?
3. Who served seven years for his wife, and regarded them only as a few days because of the love he had to her?
4. Which of his children did Jacob love most?
5. What visible proof did he give him of his love?
6. Of whom did David say, "Thy love to me was wonderful, passing the love of women?"
7. Which of the disciples is marked out as being especially loved by Jesus?
8. To whom did the Saviour three times put the question, "Lovest thou me?"
9. Where are we told to love our enemies?
10. Who sent a message to Jesus, saying, "He whom thou lovest is sick?"
11. Why did the Jews exclaim at the grave of Lazarus, "Behold how he loved him?"
12. Of whom did Jesus say, "She loved much, much being forgiven her?"
13. Who is the young man of whom we read, "Jesus looking on him, loved him?"



A FAMILY MAGAZINE FOR SUNDAY READING.

REVISED BY THE REV. NORMAN McLEOD, D.D., GLASGOW.

WEEKLY NOS. ONE HALFPENNY.]

[MONTHLY PARTS, THREEPENCE.

GOD'S WORD IN THE HEART THE POWER OF TRUE REFORM.

BY REV. GEORGE CHEEVER, D.D.

Thy Word have I hid in my heart that I might not sin against thee. Here is the true scriptural and radical reformer, and the element of all radical and permanent reform. It is written, it is written, it is written! Thy Word, thine, O God, for my salvation! Thy Word, mine, O God, for thy work, to do thy will, and conquer with this weapon! "Then said I, Lo, I come, delighting to do thy will, O my God! Yea, thy law is within my heart." Thy Word have I hid in my heart for this purpose. "I have preached righteousness in the great congregation; lo, I have not refrained my lips, O Lord, thou knowest."

But again, lest any man should contrive, out of the duty of *hiding*, an apology for *concealing* and *refraining*, as if God's Word were to be handled deceitfully, and not *manifested* against all sin—"I have not refrained my lips, O Lord, thou knowest. I have not hid thy righteousness within my heart, but have declared thy faithfulness and thy salvation." Here is hiding and not hiding. Thy Word have I hid, thy righteousness have I not hid. Thy Word have I hid in my heart, that I might have my tongue set at liberty to declare it, that I might preach thy righteousness with my lips.

That I might not sin against thee; this is the beginning, this the first element and characteristic. It is a great proof of a true hope, and of true piety, if a man loves the Word of God because of its sanctifying power, and uses it, and applies it, for its sanctifying efficacy. Therefore he must apply it against sin. This is God's own great use of it in the world, to conquer sin. It must be applied to all sin; it is the agent of salvation only by conquering sin; it brings the soul to Jesus for this very purpose, for the accomplishment of this very work. The gospel preached for salvation, while the gospel against sin is

hidden, will but prove a salvation in sin, not from it.

Thy Word hid, that I might not sin. It is not to be hidden from sin, but manifested against it. It is to be hidden in the midst of sin, put right into the very heart and centre of sin, thrust in there; yea, a reigning sin, a popular sin among sinners in society, just as leaven is hid in three measures of meal, till the whole is leavened. Of course, in such a case, it makes a great fermentation, a great agitation, for it casts out sin, and new creates the whole material into living bread. Its special operation is against sin, and the proof of the experience of its living and abiding power is when it lays hold of sin, conquers it, casts it out. Sometimes the Word must be applied as the surgeon's knife, as the sword of the Spirit, piercing even to the dividing asunder of the joints and marrow, of the very frame and centre of the soul.

This hiding of the Word of God in a good and honest heart is a preparation for the sowing of it in other hearts, and in all the community. Hiding it in his own heart as the remedy against sin, the active agency for salvation, the power of salvation, a man is prepared to go forth with it weeping, sowing precious seed. He will go, weeping over the sins and miseries of the world, and not hating them merely. He will go with a sympathising spirit, having compassion upon sinners, in the case of some, but making a difference, and others saving with fear, pulling them out of the fire, hating the very sight, and thought, and nearness of their iniquities.

This experience is varied. "Horror hath taken hold upon me, because of the wicked that forsake thy law." And again, "My zeal hath consumed me, because mine enemies have forgotten thy Word." The disregard of the Word of God, but especially the perversion and defiance of it, sometimes makes

righteous men, like Elijah at the trenches of Baal, on fire with the thunderings and lightnings of Jehovah.

But then, again, "I beheld the transgressors, and was grieved, *because they kept not thy Word.*" It is grief toward God, and jealousy for the honour of God. This is a great element. And again, "Rivers of waters run down mine eyes, *because they keep not thy law.*" It makes a tender and sympathising being of a man, both for God and men, when God's Word is hid in the heart, as well as a bold and energetic soldier.

The Word hid in a man's heart is a key to other hearts; and a true Christian can make even a wilderness like the garden of the Lord; a sympathising Christian will find out other hearts, and if not find them, set the instrumentalities at work to make them. Blessed are they, whose strength, O Lord, is in thee! in whose heart are the ways of them who, passing through the valley of Baca, make it a well; the rain also filleth the pools. With their weeping, sympathising, loving hearts, they go from strength to strength, every one of them in Zion appearing before God, and bringing their sheaves with them.

It is interesting and beautiful to note the power of Christian sympathy, and the instinctive quickness and acuteness in the discernment and discrimination of the fountains of Christian feeling and power. We have heard of water-magicians, who, with their divining rods, will tap the earth, where there seems to be no sign of water, and tell you to dig, for the water is there. There is a spiritual discernment like this in true piety. Sometimes the land seems sterile as an Arabian desert; there are no wells, nor springs, nor fountains, and the heavens are like brass, and the air as a furnace, and the whole land is parched, baked, clod-hardened. But a sympathising, living heart shall pass over that very region, and strike upon a place, and dig down, and there shall flow forth living water.

There is an intuition in real love, that almost infallibly feels and knows the presence of that precious element, the hiding of that power, the place where its gushing sympathies are treasured, and knows also how to draw them forth. The well-diggers for others are those that have the well in their own hearts. It is a great power. It is the hiding of God's power, to have the Word hidden in a good and honest heart. This prepares and makes the true reformer, and vain are all reformations, where the Word of God, and some honest regard for His will and glory, are not at the bottom. This is the rule of all true philanthropy, what is God's will? what does God's righteousness, what does Christ's gospel require? not, what is convenient, what is expedient, but what is in accordance with God's Word and will.

Then again, it is not a milky, mucilaginous application of God's Word that is needed

against sin, nor an emollient, or palliative, merely, that so many physicians prescribe, and so many patients are fond of; as, for example, the conservatives of sin, and apologists for it, and doctors of its abuses in the case of slavery. Leeches ought to be applied to draw blood, and are not to be boiled into a poultice, much less concocted into a medicated soup to nourish the system, and give it strength to bear up under the sin. Just to think of treating slavery as an institution, which the Word of God must by no means attack as sin in itself, that being radicalism and *ultraism*, but must merely teach the moral duties that grow out of slavery, and oppose the evils and abuses of the system! Let the system stand, with all its vested rights, which you have no authority to meddle with! You may safely and prudently oppose its *extension*, but you are forbidden to attempt its *abolition*. If you are an abolition doctor, you shall be turned out of the house. You can be admitted to practise only with palliatives, and only upon symptoms, not upon the sin itself, as sin. The four millions that are sick and dying, you must leave alone, unvisited, untouched, and must confine your efforts to the outskirts, to keep the cancer from extending into new territories. Let it still eat, undisturbed, where it rages; to meddle with it there would be sheer madness.

Open your dictionary at the word *palliate*, that being the whole amount of many persons' efforts in the way of reform, especially against slavery. "To *palliate*, to clothe, to cover, to cover with excuse, to soften by favourable representations, to cure imperfectly or temporarily, not radically, to ease, not cure." Keep the disease, by all means, do not excommunicate it, do not abolish it, but keep it, and work with it. The patient is profitable, in this case, only while he is diseased; ease him, but do not cure him, and he will pay you for thus doctoring him as long as he lives.

But this is not God's method, this is not a gospel reform. God's Word is to be used against sin for its abolition. It is a word of righteousness, a medicine for cure, and not merely a milk for comfort. And every one, says Paul, that useth milk, is unskilful in the word of righteousness.

VEGETABLE PRODUCTIONS OF PALESTINE.

(Continued from page 223.)

April.—Wheat and barley harvest already commenced on the plains of the Jordan, if the rains have not been more than usually protracted. Sugar-cane set. Grass very rank, and all vegetation very luxuriant.

Horses are now universally tethered in the green barley fields, to enjoy uninterruptedly, for several weeks, the "spring grazing."

Beans, onions, peas, artichokes, lettuce, cucumbers, a species of onion much resembling

ling a large turnip, very acrid and pungent when raw, but mild and edible when well boiled. The uncultivated and unimproved Arab potato is now seen in great abundance.

Lavender, rosemary, &c. White mulberry ripe. *Cistus roseus* in bloom—the supposed rose of Sharon. Oleander in bloom.

Great variety and numbers of plants—one of them entirely unknown, has several different kinds of flowers on it. The fields abound in the richest carpets of brilliant flowers—that luxuriate in the frequent alternations of sun and shower. Early roasting ears. First ripe apricots.

May.—Harvest in progress both on the mountains and in the valleys. Almonds ripening. Apples in market, but very inferior, as all kinds are throughout Syria. The “mandrakes” give forth a smell and ripen their fruit. Many vegetables still sown, and vegetate without rain—as pumpkins and various kinds of squashes. Many esculents are raised as well at the conclusion of the rainy season as at the commencement. Vegetation having attained its maximum, now begins rapidly to decline for want of rain.

Late in the month water-melons, muskmelons, cantelopes, &c., are in market; but generally only from the plains. The Sultan is supplied with those grown upon the shores of Lake Tiberias, pronounced the finest in the world. Cucumbers, onions, tomatoes, potatoes, maize. Oleanders still in bloom. Walnuts and blackberries ripe. First crop of sycamore figs—the jimaze or mulberry fig—for such is the import of its Greek name.

June.—Threshing still continues. Figs in market, cherries, plums, damascenes, now abundant. Cedar berries. Herbage becoming parched, the nomad Arabs begin to move northward with their flocks. The Fellahin, with a view of improving the quality, and hastening the process of maturation, are observed touching the fig with an oiled rag, affixed to the extremity of a long pole. Olives, almonds, figs, quinces, plantain fruit, and bananas: a few grapes ripe also. Licorice-plant and dandelion. Egg-plant in great perfection and abundance; will continue in market for months. Doum fruit from Jericho. Hanna gathered to dye the hands, by way of checking perspiration, as well as beautifying them.

The season of making rose-water, by distilling the fragrant petals from “Wadi el Word” (Valley of Roses), and exposing the jars in the sun.

July.—Abundant supply of pears, nectarines, peaches, grapes, melons, potatoes, tomatoes, egg-plants, &c. The Indian fig, prickly pear, or cactus fruit, now ripe, and largely consumed. The trunk of the Jerusalem variety is about as thick as the human body, and usually but little longer, generally recumbent—its oval leaf is eight or ten inches long, five or six broad, and nearly one inch thick—well studded

with prickles—each leaf (with few exceptions) grows from the end or side of another, and soon becomes converted into a limb. The gaudy yellow flowers that also put forth from the edges of its mammoth leaf, produce a delicious golden-coloured cucumber-shaped fruit. These leaves, if placed a yard or two apart and covered ever so slightly with earth, even in midsummer, soon take root, and form one of the most impenetrable hedges imaginable.

If the cochineal insect really thrives as well upon it as is reported, the inexhaustible supply about Jerusalem opens a wide field for an industrial enterprise of a very laudable and remunerative character—the employment of the poor Jews in Palestine. The cocooneries are in full operation this month. Fine plums, damascenes, peaches, dates, cucumbers, pumpkins, and water-melons—the latter are sometimes preserved through winter. Their seeds are also salted and preserved for eating. Various kinds of gourds likewise.

Millet, doura, linseed, and tobacco. There are several species of tobacco cultivated in Palestine—being incessantly smoked by men, women, and children; but always being suffered to run to flower, it is milder than that raised in the United States. First grapes ripe.

August.—All the fruits and vegetables of this goodly land are now mature. Figs, grapes, citrons, and pomegranates still abound. Tomatoes, egg-plants, &c., &c. Turkish corn or doura, and millet ripening. That truly rich and valuable tree, whose beautiful silvery leaf has been so long the emblem of peace—the perennially green olive of the earliest species—has now fully matured its berries, which being gathered, first by shaking, and then by beating the trees, are taken to the mill, and being ground into pulp, the “sweet oil” is extracted by pressure.

September.—Grapes, olives, pomegranates, pears, plums, citrons, peaches, tomatoes, potatoes. Cotton rapidly maturing, and hemp in bloom. Millet, doura, maize (Egyptian). Most of the lentiles are gathered within four months after planting. Chick-peas, lupins, beans, fenugreek. The crop of sesame, sown immediately on the removal of the barley, is now somewhat matured, but not gathered, till next month: its expressed oil is called *serage*, and is used very extensively for culinary purposes, and of late for burning—since the price of olive oil has advanced so much. The castor-oil plant (*palma christi*), which in the United States is generally an annual, or at most a biennial plant of six feet in height, is here a perennial tree twenty feet in height. Wild fennel is now matured, several species of flowers spring up through the hard desiccated earth, without a particle of moisture—and yet are very esculent.*

* There are certain plants here that seem to have the remarkable faculty of attracting moisture from the atmosphere, even when it is exceedingly arid. This phenomenon

The grape-gathering season continues a month or two longer, but by the end of this month, the earth having made an abundant return of all her varied productions, refuses all assistance from man, and makes the rains a *sine qua non* to further effort.

The foregoing notices are intended to apply mainly to Jerusalem. Very material alterations would be required for the region of the sea-coast, and all lower districts of country, and especially for the valley of the Dead Sea, and the lower portion of the Jordan, which is quite a tropical region.

THE WAY TO HEAVEN.

Constant (Persevere to the end)—FOURTH STEP.

BY HENRY SMITH, CAMBRIDGE.

THE fourth step in this happy journey is, Persevere to the end; for if you begin betimes, and go aright, and make haste, and continue not to the end, your reward is with them of whom Paul saith, "Their end is worse than their beginning." There is nothing in our life which suffers so many eclipses and changes as our devotion; hot and cold, in and out, off and on, not in one mood so long as the sparrow sits on the ground, but looking like the chameleon to the colour of it which we see. If we see good, it puts us in a good thought; if we see or hear evil, it turns us from good to evil again. Thus man is rolled upon a wheel that never stands still, but turns continually about, as though he were giddy and treading the maze. He is upon the side of a hill, where it is easy to slide, and hard to get up the flesh; therefore the apostle, moved with pity, seeing man stand on such a slippery ground, as it were in a ship ready to sink, or a house bending to fall, he cries to them that stand surest, "Take heed lest you fall"—*i. e.*, when thou hast put on thy armour of light, and art in the spiritual field to fight the Lord's battles against the world, the flesh, and the devil, turn not back like Demas, but remember the comfort of Elisha, that there be "more with thee than against thee," and that the tempter can overcome none but them which yield. Other servants change their masters for better masters, but all that serve God are like the servant which received a print in his ear after the manner of the Jews, in token that he would serve his master for ever, like the vestures which bear their own mark. Therefore the Holy Ghost cries so often, "Be faithful even unto the death; be not weary of well-doing; take heed lest you fall;" for when thou art weary of thy godliness, God doth not count thee good, but weary of goodness; and

may be observed in some of the sepulchres and caves, through whose fissures minute radicles have forced their way, and may be seen at all times bespangled with myriads of minute drops of water; while not a particle is visible or in any way appreciable, elsewhere.

when thou declinest from righteousness, God doth not count thee righteous, but revolted from righteousness. Therefore Paul saith, "Pray continually," as though prayer were nothing without continuance. Jacob did not overcome God so soon as he began to wrestle with Him, but when he had wrestled with Him all night. And it is said that Christ took pity on them that stayed with Him. "I will not leave thee," said Elisha to Elijah; so we should not leave God. Some came into the vineyard in the morning, and some at noon, but none received any reward but they which stayed till night. As God's mercy endureth for ever, so our righteousness should endure for ever. Every thought, and word, and deed, of a faithful man is a step towards heaven. In every place he meeteth Christ, everything puts him in mind of God; he seeks Him to find Him, and when he hath found Him, he seeks Him still, he is not satisfied, because at every touch there comes some virtue from Him. Jacob served seven years for Rachel, and after them he served seven more, and yet he was content to serve seven more; and when he had served so many years, "they seemed unto him as nothing, because he loved her." He who served so long for Rachel served all his life for heaven; and if he had lived till this day he would have served God still, and thought it nothing, because he loved Him. To have the ark but a while doth more hurt to the Philistines than benefit them, so to serve God but a while doth more damage us than help us; for happier is the child which never began than Judas, whose end was worse than his beginning. What a lamentable thing it is to hear this plaint of him who was once the strongest in the world—Sampson hath lost his strength for Delilah, for the love of Delilah, that doth not love him! To shew what a shame it is to end worse than we begin, Christ shews what a reproach it was to him who began to build and could not set up the roof; the passengers pointed with their fingers, and said, "This man began a foundation, but he could not cover it;" so they will say, "This man thought to be holy, but he could not keep promise." "What shall I say," saith Joshua, "when Israel turns the back?" When Israel turns the back, this astonished him; and this makes the whole temple shake, when the pillars tremble. What an offence is it to the Church to see Peter deny Christ, who said even now that he would never forsake Him!—to see Lot commit incest with his daughters in the mount, who strived so to preserve them chaste in Sodom!—to see Solomon worship idols, who erected the temple for the worship of God!—to see Noah mocked of his son for drunkenness, for whose righteousness his son escaped,—as if the stars should fall from heaven, and light go from the sun. Wisdom is angry with him who leaveth his righteousness to become worse; the vine would

forsake her grapes, the olive would not forsake her fatness, the fig-tree would not forsake his sweetness, but the bramble did. It is not the vine, nor the olive, nor the fig-tree, but he is a bramble made for the fire, which leaveth the joys (Judg. iii. 9). Let the man turn to the vomit, and the swine to the mire; but thou, like Abraham, hold on thy way unto the evening, even the evening of thy life, and a full measure shall be measured unto thee. This is a long step, and it is like a horse, which loveth short journeys; therefore how can he hold out so far? When one told Socrates that he would very soon go to Olympus, but he feared that he would not be able to endure the pains, Socrates answered him, "I know that thou usest to walk every day between thy meals, which thou continue forward in thy way to Olympus, within five or six days thou shalt come hither." How easy was this, and yet he saw that it was the way to heaven. If men did but themselves as much to do good as they do to their brains to do evil, they might go to heaven with less trouble than they go to hell. Idle hours are enough to get wisdom, knowledge, and faith, till we are like angels among men. If thou look only to the things of this world, and tell all the thorns which lie in the way, thou shalt go fearfully, wearily, and unwillingly; everything shall turn thee aside, and every snail shall step before thee, and take away thy crown from thee; but then lift up thine eyes from the earth, and look to Christ, and the Spirit assisting, the Father blessing, the angels comforting, the Word directing, the crown inviting, and thy fetters shall fall from thee, and thou shalt rise like the eagle, and marvel how the thing could seem so hard, and be so easy; when ye do well, remember that ye change not for the worse, do as ye do then, and ye shall continue in it to the end.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF MARY ANNE SCHIMMELPENNINCK.*

MARY ANNE SCHIMMELPENNINCK was born on the 11th of November, 1778, at her grandfather's house of business in Birmingham, where her father, Samuel Galton, then lived. Her father belonged to the Society of Friends. Her mother was a descendant of Robert Barrington, the Apologist. On both sides she had an inheritance of worldly wealth and mental endowments. When she was very young, she was removed to Barr, a beautiful estate in a few miles of Birmingham, and there she lived in a style of considerable costliness and show. French governesses, a Swiss bonne, and other whose business it was to take Mrs. Galton's messages to the housekeeper, and to

Life of Mary Anne Schimmelpenninck, Author of "Select Hints of Port Royal," and other Works. Edited by her son, CHRISTIANA C. HANKIN. London: Longmans.

reign supreme in her absence, a carriage and pair, with out-riders, and a constant succession of visitors, all tell of open-handed and perhaps lavish expenditure. Mr Galton's mind was a storehouse of scientific information. Minute in observation, accurate and painstaking, "with an ardent thirst for knowledge, and a desire to bring everything to the standard of perfection," he excelled in natural history, botany, geology, and chemistry. He was a member of the Royal Society and of the Linnæan Society. His mornings were spent in Birmingham, where he was known as a diligent and keen man of business; but each day, on returning home, he gave his whole energies to his favourite scientific experiments. It was his pleasure, too, to draw around him men of similar tastes and acquirements. Among the distinguished names enumerated by his daughter, we find those of Dr Withering, and Dr Darwin, Sir W. Herschel and Sir Joseph Banks, Dr Solander and Dr Afzelius, Mr Day and Mr Edgeworth, Mr Boulton and Mr Watt. Most of these belonged to a society which held its meetings, alternately, once a month, at the house of each of its members. Every member was himself a centre of intellectual friends, foreign as well as English, and each was permitted to bring any of his friends with him. From the age of eight years to four or five and twenty, Mary Anne Galton was familiar with this meeting and its members.

While Mary Anne's intellect was supplied with constant food, and stimulated into an early development, her heart was left without culture or guidance. She was rarely the associate of her younger brothers and sisters, her delicate health and her taste for learning making them unsuitable companions for each other; and her intercourse with her mother was broken by long intervals. There was little to strengthen the ties of her domestic affections. But her nature was sympathetic and loving; and that nature, left to itself, produced fruit in excess, and was a source of much after-sorrow. Her imagination, too, needed a gentle curb that was not provided. She admired the magnanimity and all the great qualities that her mother displayed, and mourned to feel herself at an immeasurable and hopeless distance; yet she did not venture to tell to any one her heart's grief. As to her religious training, that was lamentably defective. During her early youth, vital godliness amongst the Society of Friends was well-nigh extinct. We may well imagine how cold, and dry, and heartless must have been their worship, when the Spirit, whose work it was their vocation pre-eminently to recognise, cease to actuate their forms with His life-giving presence. Any Church that preaches by symbols and dogmas retains, even in a state of partial decay, memorials of better times and of a true faith; and is ready to give some response to an awakening spirit of inquiry. But Mary Anne Galton had had no water of

baptism sprinkled on her brow, nor had her young lips been taught to repeat the Apostles' Creed. Aeneas and Ulysses were familiar names to her, before she had learned anything of Christ's coming into the world,—before, indeed, she knew who was the Maker of the world.

When fifteen years of age, she was sent to Margate for the benefit of her health, and was there thrown among "cold and argumentative unbelievers," and "profane and immoral persons of genius." But it pleased God, who, through all the years of her imperilled youth, had wonderfully suggested by His Spirit thoughts of heavenly birth, to lay her low with typhus fever. On her recovery, a voice from above seemed to speak to her soul, and to promise that if she would seek the Lord with her whole heart, He would be found of her. Now, she knew and answered to the voice that hitherto she had failed to recognise; and though, for some years, the light towards which she was ever pressing shone afar off, yet she had a hope within that it would be one day reached. When she was about twenty years of age, she was again staying at Bath with her family. She had no heart to enter into the gaieties around her; for her soul was hungering for the bread of life. One morning she excused herself from going into the Pump-room with her mother, and agreed to wait for her in the bookseller's shop close by. Looking at the books that lined the well-filled shelves, she wondered whether any of them contained a word to satisfy her soul's great need. A sense of unhappiness overwhelmed her, and she wept bitterly. By and by she saw that she was not alone. A pleasing young woman, sitting opposite, looked at her earnestly, and said in a kind, sweet voice, "I am afraid you are much afflicted: is there anything I can do to assuage your grief?" Mary Anne's proud spirit had been thoroughly humbled, and her distress was too true and too deep to admit of her casting away the remotest chance of comfort; so she said, "Oh, can you do anything for a wounded spirit, who knows not where or how to obtain peace?" The stranger paused for a moment, and then said, "There are many kinds of misery which try the hearts of men, but for them all there is one only remedy, the Lord Jesus Christ;" and then she invited her, weary and heavy-laden, to come to the Saviour. This interview was the turning-point in Mrs Schimmelpenninck's life. Her unknown friend proved to be Miss Tucker, a "Labouress" of the Moravian Church. An unexpected providence directed her to the very house where this lady resided, when her parents decided on leaving her at Bath for a time, and there, among simple-hearted Christians, she found that rest for her soul which she had so long sought in vain.

At the age of twenty-eight, Mary Anne became the wife of Mr Schimmelpenninck, a

member of a good family of Dutch extraction, engaged in business, and living in Bristol. Some speak of her marriage as "respectable and insipid." It does not seem to us to deserve this covert sneer. We confess to a prejudice in favour of Mr Schimmelpenninck from the simple fact that he had

"Sensibility to love,
Ambition to attempt, and skill to win"

so gifted a woman as Mary Anne Galton. Then we are told that he had good sense, a large fund of information, a taste for literature and the arts, and much kindness and amiability of disposition. It is certain that from the date of her marriage, Mrs Schimmelpenninck was free to follow her own religious convictions. Thenceforward her life was happier than it had been in her more brilliant early home; perhaps happier than it would have been had her husband possessed distinguishing talents; for, little as ladies are disposed to believe it, those who gain the world's homage and set its many tongues astir, are not always the best domestic associates. When they prove so, it is because their genius and acquirements are held in combination with simplicity, kindness, and lowliness of heart.

Mary Anne's training had not prepared her for every-day married life. Mrs Galton, one of the most ideal and least practical of educators, to avoid vulgar contact, and to give time for higher pursuits, had left cooking and needlework out of the list of her daughter's accomplishments. Perhaps she did not contemplate the probability of her marriage without a train of dependents such as did the work at Barr; we may thus find some excuse for the omission of kitchen lessons. But for any lady, married or single, needlework seems to us an essential branch of knowledge. Its mechanical progress, stitch steadily following stitch, helps to calm woman's often restless or ruffled heart; its small exigencies bring home vagrant thought, and demand contriving skill; and pleasantly as well as usefully does it fill up interstices of time. Men choose to laugh at needlework, except as a means of livelihood; and they often ignorantly urge those for whom their own hands love to toil, to lay it down; but women know its moral worth.

Shortly after her marriage, painfully feeling her own "incomplete views," and the lack of Church communion, and being permitted, through her husband's kindness, to make her own choice of the society she should join, Mrs Schimmelpenninck took some steps towards uniting herself with the Moravians, they having been God's first messengers of good to her soul. But "the lot," about which she stood in doubt, proved, at that time, an insuperable bar to her entrance into their Church. Her thoughts then turned to the Wesleyan Methodists, and she sought and found a place among their members. She was baptised by

hodist minister on the 5th of December and a fortnight afterwards she partook of Lord's Supper. Although her union with the Wesleyan Methodists was not of years' continuance, yet it was effectual in giving a new direction to her mental energy. Thenceforth she had clearer views of her own privilege, and trod with more joy the path of Christian duty. Mingling free and friendly intercourse with her Christian disciples, she found that there was work for each to do; and she set about her work zealously. For a course of years she took an active part in many charitable institutions in Bristol. She was ever willing to impart knowledge to young people, gathered around her in classes for this purpose, and she met frequently with Christians for reading the Scriptures, and other religious exercises. And well was it that she had the supports of a true friend and the employments of an active coadjutor. Soon after her marriage she was called through the great trial of her life. A difference of opinion between her parents and her husband, as to the disposal of certain property, followed. The friends of Mr and Mrs Schimmelpenninck acted as mediators, and their efforts were conceded in 1811; but Mrs Gallich spirit took offence, and from that time to the day of her death she neither saw nor took any notice of her daughter. With exception, her whole family pursued the same line of conduct. As long as a reconciliation could be looked for, she prayed for it; but when it was sought it both directly and indirectly; when at last it seemed certain that no reconciliation could change the feelings of her relatives, she continued to receive any tidings of them through the public prints, and other indirect channels, with the keenest interest. In her case, love long outlived hope. Her husband's death, in 1817, filled her with grief; those who watched her as she passed through the deep waters, scarcely thought it likely that she should be brought through.

Ever after she put on a mourning dress when the month of November came, as if only exchanging it for bright colours on Christmas-Day, "in sympathy with the things that day commemorated to the glory of God's children."

Many years after her marriage, her husband's business affairs became embarrassed. It is strengthening to note with what cheerfulness, with what quick perception, she met this change of outward circumstance. Pressing sorrow is often best alleviated by entering diligently on some new and interesting branch of study. Mrs Schimmelpenninck sought relief and found it in acquiring a knowledge of the Hebrew language, and in making acquaintance with the works of the Port-Royalists. Mrs Hannah was the first to introduce these to her.

In the year 1814, she visited her

husband's friends in Holland. There she became acquainted with a Jansenist bishop, Count Grégoire. With him she visited the tomb of Jansenius, and, through his help, she obtained many valuable Port-Royal works little known in England. Literature had always been her delight; now it became an occupation, and, possibly, a temporal aid. By her "Select Memoirs of Port-Royal," which passed through many editions, her name was soon extensively known. Other works succeeded this; among them her "Theory of Beauty and Deformity;" an "Essay on the Comparative Value of Grecian and Gothic Architecture;" "Biblical Fragments;" "Voices of the Cross to the Hearts of Young Disciples;" and many small tracts. The theories that she advocates are open to objection and discussion; but these writings manifest the genius, attainments, and extensive research of their author. In the year 1838, she and her husband removed to Harley Place, Clifton, where he died in June 1840. Her own health had long been in a precarious state; and from this time she led a life of comparative seclusion. But her retirement was cheered by the visits of her most intimate friend, Mrs Richard Smith, and by the frequent society of other favoured companions. She was in the habit of reading most of the publications of the day, and always had two or three books of different kinds on hand. She was skilled in music and drawing, and had a particular aptitude for making charts, plans, and maps. Her mornings were spent in some branch of study, and her evenings in happy discourses, with illustrations by her ever-ready pencil.

Having overcome her scruple about the lot, Mrs Schimmelpenninck joined the Church of her early preference in 1818; and she remained in its communion to the day of her death, blessed in its ordinances, and succoured by its members. On Good Friday 1850 she joined the services of the Moravian Church in Bristol for the last time. Just before setting out, she heard that an old friend was in dying circumstances. She took a scrap of paper, and wrote as follows:—

"MY VERY DEAR AND HONOURED FRIEND,—May all the blessings of Him who, at this hour, hung upon the cross for us be with you on this day. May He give you the full, deep, double blessing of the rich atoning blood, and the purifying stream of water. Oh! may He make your bed in your sickness; and as the heavens open to you, may you, like Stephen, see Him in glory at His Father's and your Father's right hand. Remember me still before Him. . . . Thank you, thank you, for the many blessed hours of sweet communion we have taken together before Him, in the land of our pilgrimage. Oh! may we soon rest together in His holy presence, and rejoice before Him together! . . . My dear and very honoured friend, to Him whom your

soul best loves, I commend you. I know His angel encamps around your bed, encamps with a double purpose,—to watch over you under the eye of Him whose love neither slumbers nor sleeps, and because even the holy angels, by seeing His works in His living temple, the hearts of His children, learn more of the manifold wisdom and love of God in Christ. And thus both the angel in glory and the disciple in dust are privileged to minister to each other out of the rich abundance that alike replenishes both. Farewell! Pray for me in finishing my pilgrimage, as I give thanks for you on the threshold of His glory."

Throughout her own prolonged illness, in hours of extreme pain, and in months of depressing langour, she proved the sustaining power of Divine grace, and was often filled with holy joy. After one sleepless night, her first words were, "I am so comfortable, so happy." "What makes thee so?" asked Miss Hankin. "The presence of God," she replied; "I awake, and feel He is waiting to be gracious. His mercies are new every morning—numberless. And then I speak to my dear Lord, and He speaks to me. Can more be desired?" She departed this life on the evening of the 29th of August 1856.—*Abridged from an able article in the last number of the London Review.*

ON PRAYER.

BY AN IRISH PEASANT.

PRAYER 's the sweetest, noblest duty,
Highest privilege of man,
God 's exalted, man 's abased,
Prayer unites their nature one.

God alone can teach His children
By His Spirit how to pray—
Knows our wants, and gives the knowledge
When to ask and what to say.

When a child needs food and raiment,
Why not ask his parent dear?
Ask in faith, then, God 's our Father;
He 's at hand requests to hear.

PRAYER 's an easy, simple duty,
'Tis the language of the soul;
Grace demands it, grace receives it,
Grace must regulate the whole.

God alone must be exalted,
Every earthly thought must fall,
Such the prayer and praise triumphant!
Then does God reign over all!

Every heart should be a temple,
God should reign our souls within,
Every day should be a sabbath,
Every day redeem'd from sin.

Every place, a place of worship,
Every time, a time of prayer,
Every sigh should rise to heaven,
Every wish should anchor there.

Heartfelt sighs and heaven-born wishes,
And the calm uplifted eye,
All our prayers that God will answer
They ascend the throne on high.

ONLY WAITING.

[A VERY aged Christian, who was so poor as to be in an almshouse, was asked what he was doing now. He replied, "Only waiting."]

Only waiting till the shadows
Are a little longer grown;
Only waiting till the glimmer
Of the day's last beam is flown;
Till the night of earth is faded
From the heart once full of day;
Till the stars of heaven are breaking
Through the twilight soft and gray.

Only waiting till the reapers
Have the last sheaf gather'd home;
For the summer time is faded
And the autumn winds have come.
Quickly, reapers, gather quickly
The last ripe hours of my heart,
For the bloom of life is wither'd,
And I hasten to depart.

Only waiting till the angels
Open wide the mystic gate,
At whose feet I long have linger'd,
Weary, poor, and desolate.
Even now I hear the footsteps,
And their voices, far away;
If they call me, I am waiting,
Only waiting to obey.

Only waiting till the shadows
Are a little longer grown;
Only waiting till the glimmer
Of the day's last beam is flown;
Then from out the gather'd darkness,
Holy, deathless stars shall rise,
By whose light my soul shall gladly
Tread its pathway to the skies.

THE LAPSE OF TIME.

THERE is something very insidious in the lapse of time. When you pass the frontiers of a new country, they stop you at once and demand your passport. They look to see whence you have come, and whither you are going; and everything reminds you of the transition. The dress of the people is peculiar. Their language is strange. The streets and houses, the conveyances, the style of every thing, is new. And often the features of the landscape are foreign. Unwonted crops grow in the fields, and unfamiliar trees stand in the hedgerows, and quaint and unaccountable creatures flit over your head, or hurry across your path. And at any given moment you have only to look up, in order to remember, "This is no more my native land; this is no longer the country in which I woke up yesterday."

But marked and conspicuous as is our progress in *space*, we recognise no such decided transitions in our progress through *time*. When you pass the frontiers of a new year, there is no one there with authority to demand your passport; no one who forcibly arrests you, and asks, Whence comest thou? or, Whither art thou going? Art thou bound for the better country, and hast thou a safe-conduct in the name of the Lord of the land? But you just pass on—'46, '47, '48—and every year repeats, *We demand no passport*. Be sure you can shew it at the journey's end, for it is certain to be needed there. And as nothing

stops you at the border, so in the new year itself there is nothing distinguishable from the year that went before. The sun rises and the sun sets. Your friends are about you all the same. You ply your business or amusements just as you did afore, and all things continue as they were. And it is the same with the more signal epochs. The infant passes on to childhood, and the child to youth, and the youth to manhood, and the man to old age, and he can hardly tell when or how he crossed the boundary. On our globes and maps we have lines to mark the parallels of distance; but these lines are only on the map. Crossing the equator or the tropic, you see no score in the water, no line in the sky to mark it; and the vessel gives no lurch, no alarm sounds from the welkin, no call is emitted from the deep, and it is only the man of skill, the pilot or the captain, with his eye on the signs of heaven, who can tell that an event has happened, and that a definite portion of the voyage is completed. And, so far, our life is like a voyage on the open sea, every day repeating its predecessor—the same watery plain around, and the same blue dome above—each so like the other, that you might fancy the charmed ship was standing still. But it is not so. The watery plain of to-day is far in advance of the plain of yesterday, and the blue dome of to-day may be very like its predecessor, but it is fashioned from quite another sky.

However, it is easy to see how insidious this process is, and how illusive might be the consequence. Imagine that in the ship were some passengers—a few young men, candidates for an important post in a distant empire. They may reasonably calculate on the voyage lasting three months or four; and provided that, before their arrival, they have acquired a certain science, or learned a competent amount of a given language, they will instantly be promoted to a lucrative and honourable appointment. The first few days are lost in the bustle of setting all to rights, and in the pangs of the long adieu. But at last one or two settle down in solid earnest, and betake themselves to the study of the all-important subject, and have not been at it long till they are **progress** easy and delightful. To them the voyage is not irksome, and the end of it is full of expectation. But their comrades pass the time in idleness. They play cards, and smoke, and read romances, and invent all sorts of frolics to while away the tedium of captivity; and if a more sober companion venture to remonstrate, they exclaim, "Lots of time. Look how little signs of land. True, we have been out of port six weeks; but it does not feel to me as if we had moved a hundred miles. Besides, man, we have first to pass the Cape, and after that we may manage very well." And thus on it goes, till one morning there is a loud huzzza, and every passenger

springs on deck. "Land a-head!" "What land?" "Why, the land to which we all are bound." "Impossible; we have not passed the Cape." "Yes, indeed; but we did not put in there. Yonder is the coast. We shall drop anchor to-night, and must get on shore to-morrow." And then you may see how blank and pale the faces of the loiterers are. They feel that all is lost. One takes up the neglected volume, and wonders whether anything may be done in the remaining hours; but it all looks so strange and intricate, that in despair he flings it down. "To-morrow is the examination day. To-morrow is the day of trial. It is no use now. I have played the fool, and lost my opportunity." Whilst their wiser friends lift up their heads with joy, because their promotion draweth nigh. With no trepidation, except so much as every thoughtful spirit feels when a solemn event is near, without foreboding and without levity, they look forth to the nearer towers and brightening minarets of that famed city which has been the goal of many wishes and the home of many a dream. And as they calmly get ready for the hour of landing, the only sorrow that they feel is for their heedless companions, who have lost a glorious opportunity to make their calling and election sure.

And so, my dear friends, we here are a shipful of voyagers bound for eternity. There is a certain "wisdom" which, if we learn it on the passage, will secure us a welcome and a high promotion whenever we land. It is the knowledge of Christ crucified. If we know Him, and are found sufficiently acquainted with Him, He is the Lord of the better country, and whether we land to-night, or be left a long while at sea, He will say, "Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world." But from the delusion I spoke of, few set about learning this knowledge in time. Every day looks so like its brother—yesterday as lifelike as the day before, and the present day as hale and hopeful as either, that it becomes very natural to say, "To-morrow will be as this day, and much more abundant." And so the golden moments glide away. One is constantly adjusting his berth, and finds new employment every day in making it more comfortable or more complete; and will perhaps be so engaged the night when the anchor drops, and the sails are furled. And many more amuse themselves. They take up the volume which contains the grand lesson, and look a few minutes at it, and put it past, and skip away to some favourite diversion; whilst they know full well, or fear too sadly, that they have not reached the main secret yet. And so in various ways, instead of giving all diligence to be found in Christ at His appearing, many are squandering in frivolity their precious term of probation.

Oh, dear brethren! it is time to be num-

being the days. It is time to apply your hearts unto wisdom. It is time to read—time to listen, for the great hereafter. It is time to take up that blessed book with which, at the outset, God graciously furnished you, and make sure of that excellent knowledge, without which you cannot see His face in peace. It is time to be seeking an interest in the Lord Jesus Christ. It is time to be done with trifles; time to break away from silly or ensnaring company, and give yourselves resolutely to the one thing needful.

"When you can read your title clear
To mansions in the skies,
You'll bid farewell to every fear,
And wipe your weeping eyes."

When you can say, "I know whom I have believed"—when you can aver, "I am persuaded that Christ is able to keep that which I have committed unto Him"—when you have found in the blood of Jesus a cleansing from all your sin, and in *His* merits your own title to glory—a wondrous relief will come over your spirit, and you will have no forebodings about the end of the voyage. When we announce, as now we announce, that we are crossing another parallel, the intelligence will cause you no perturbation. And should you wake up at midnight and hear the hurrying steps and novel voices which bespeak the vessel come to port, you may calmly rise and make ready, for your friend is *there*, and your title is *here*. The gospel you believe, and the Saviour you know.—*Rev. J. Hamilton, D.D.*

BE GENTLE.

"I WALKED," says Henry Martyn, "into the village where the boat stopped for the night, and found the worshippers of Cali by the sound of their drums and cymbals. I did not speak to them, on account of their being Bengalees. But being invited to walk in by the Brahmans, I walked within the railing, and asked a few questions about the idol. The Brahman, who spoke bad Hindustani, disputed with great heat, and his tongue ran faster than I could follow, and the people, who were about one hundred, shouted applause. But I continued to ask my questions without making any remarks upon the answers. I asked among other things, whether what I had heard of Vishnu and Brahma were true, which they confessed. I forbore to press him with the consequences, which he seemed to feel, and so I told him what was my belief. The man grew quite mild, and said it was *chula bat* (good words) and asked me seriously at last, what I thought—was idol worship true or false? I felt it a matter of thankfulness that I could make known the truth of God, though but a stammerer, and that I had declared it in the presence of a devil. And this I also learned, that the power of gentleness is irresistible."

BLESSEDNESS IN SORROW.

THERE are times when some great sorrow has torn the mind away from its familiar supports, and laid level those defences which in prosperity seemed so stable—when the most rooted convictions of the reason seem rottenness, and the blossom of our heavenward imagination goes up before that blast as dust—when our works, and joys, and hopes, with all their multitude, and pomp, and glory, seem to go down together into the pit, and the soul is left as a garden that hath no water, and as a wandering bird cast out of the nest—in that day of trouble, and of treading down and perplexity, the noise of viols, the mirth of the tabret, and the joy of the harp, are silent in the grave. Blessed is the man who, when cast into this utter wretchedness, far away from all creatures and from all comfort, can yet be willing, amidst all his tears and his anguish, there to remain as long as God shall please.—*British Quarterly.*

LEISURE MOMENTS.

OTHER sinners serve the devil for pay; but cursers and swearers are volunteers, who get nothing for their pains.—*Boston.*

To say in compliment, "I am a sinner," is easy: but to cry with the Publican, indeed, "God be merciful to me a sinner" (Luke xviii. 13), is the hardest prayer in the world.—*Wilcox.*

We should use the means of grace, as though we could do everything; and trust in God, as though we could do nothing.—*John Wesley.*

God's corrections are our instructions; His lashes our lessons; and His scourges our schoolmasters. Whence, both in Hebrew and Greek, chastening and teaching are expressed by one word.—*Brooks.*

The Dutch have a good proverb—Thefts never enrich; alms never impoverish; prayers hinder no work.

When a Christian gives way to sinful passion, he makes sport in hell.—*W. Mason.*

One sin entertained fetcheth in another; and if it be forced to lodge alone, either departeth or dieth.—*Bishop Hall.*

Do good with what thou hast, or it will do thee no good.—*Penn.*

Unless I see something beyond the grave worth dying for, there is nothing on this side worth living for.—*Thomas Adam.*

No sin can be little; because there is no little God to sin against.—*Brooks.*

If thou risest from a low estate to a great one, it is but like stepping from a boat or barge into a ship; thy dangers continue, for thou art still upon the sea.—*Calamy.*

Pages for the Young.

THE STORY OF TELA, THE SQUIRREL.

MR OSBORNE lived just at the foot of a high hill. His house faced the east, and before it ran a beautiful little river, creating one of the most charming meadows ever seen. The early lark built her nest here, and sang her morning song. The nighthawk played over it in his gay circlings, late in the evening; and when it was too dark to see his airy form, the sweet whip-poor-will opened her song in notes so clear and sweet, that the very hills repeated them. Here was Mr Osborne's farm, and a more lovely spot could scarcely be found. He was a good farmer, a benevolent man, and greatly respected and beloved. Just at the back of his house, on the top of the hill, overlooking all the premises, stood an old oak. It was gnarled, and had a hollow in its trunk, where the squirrels found a home. One day in autumn, when nearly sunset, an old gray-headed squirrel climbed up the tree to find a night's lodging. He did not belong there, but lived a little further off, on the same farm. But he had been abroad, and felt too weary to travel further. On getting up into the tree, he was greatly surprised to see a young squirrel, whom he well knew, perched upon a limb, looking hungry, cold, and discontented.

"What's the matter, Tela?" said he; "you look as if you had a fit of sickness! What ails you?"

"Why, Pero," said Tela; "I am sick—of everything! Would you think it! Since our last dispute about Mr Osborne, I have a desire to know more about him. You said he was a wise, and benevolent, and good man. I thought he was neither, and I now know I was right, and you were wrong. He kind! He wise! He benevolent! I know better!"

"But, Tela, whose corn have you laid up in this tree, for your winter's food?" said Pero.

"No thanks to him," retorted Tela. "He did not give it to me. I had to go to his corn crib and tug it all the way home—up the hill too!"

"Yes, and he saw you carrying off an ear one day, and when the boys got the gun to shoot you, he told them not to do so, and called you a young rogue, and wondered how so small a fellow could carry such a great ear of corn. Wasn't that kind and benevolent, when you were stealing the corn which he had raised and brought home?"

"He didn't raise it," muttered Tela.

"Who did?" asked Pero.

"It grew itself," said Tela, with bitterness. "But I'll tell you just how it is. Last night I determined to spend this day in watching Mr Osborne, to see what he was about for one day; and here I have been all day long, without eating or drinking, perched up here in

the cold; and I've seen enough. And I declare to you that he is neither wise, kind, nor benevolent!"

"Well, what have you seen so dreadful?" asked Pero.

"I got up early and ate my breakfast hastily," said Tela, "and ran up here. But Mr Osborne was up and about, and had done a great many things first. Then I was so far off that I could not see all he did. But I've seen enough to make me shudder. There was an old sheep out in the woods near by, and she had one little lamb. It was all her comfort. She was very fond of it. What should he do, but go and take that little lamb from its poor mother, and carry it home and shut it up out of her sight! The poor mother has been bleating and crying all day."

"Go on," said Pero.

"Then I saw him go to the dove-cote. There were two beautiful young doves. Their necks were green, and their eyes were bright, and they were just ready to fly. The old dove doted upon them. What do you think! Mr Osborne took the beautiful things in his hand, and in a moment wrung both their necks off! You call that kindness, do you?"

"I listen," said Pero.

"Then I saw him lead his old horse, Yellowly, out of the barn, and put a rope round his neck and twist it up with a stick, till he was almost choked, and then he drove a sharp iron into his neck, and out spurted blood—near a pailful! This was the faithful old Yellowly, who had been his servant so long! Was this your goodness?"

"Go on," said Pero.

"Well, after dinner, he came out of the house with a gun in his hand, which he loaded with a tremendous charge. I trembled lest he should point it at me. Then he whistled for his dog Echo—the beautiful dog Echo—(only I hate dogs; they're always chasing us squirrels!) and when the dog came up with a confiding eye, and a wag of the tail, as much as to say, 'Well, master, he raised the gun coolly, and shot poor Echo dead! The boys have been crying ever since.'"

"Anything more?" asked Pero.

"More! yes. I shudder to relate it. His little boy came running to him in the forenoon crying. What do you think Mr Osborne did? He took off the little fellow's coat, and whipped out his knife, and in a moment cut a piece out of the little boy's arm! How it bled! How the poor child cried! And this was his father! And this is your kind, and wise, and benevolent Mr Osborne!"

"Are you through with your grievances?" said Pero.

"Yes; and I should think I had seen enough for one day," said Tela.

"Now, then, hear me patiently. You are young, Tela!"

"Not so very young," said Tela; "I am almost five months old!"

"Ay," said Pero; "but I am old. I have seen sixty moons, and I have seen a great deal, and learned a great deal. You are a poor little squirrel!"

"Not so very little," said Tela, cocking up his tail. "I'm almost as big as my grandmother!"

"You are a poor little squirrel," continued Pero, "and can see but indistinctly what Mr Osborne does. But all you have told me now, only goes to confirm me, that he is a wise, kind, and benevolent man. Shall I explain myself, Tela?"

"Do so," said Tela; "for I wonder what you can say for him."

"Well, in regard to the lamb. That old sheep had got out of the fold, and had wandered out in the woods with her lamb. She had no food, and the nights are growing cold, and the dogs are prowling round to devour them. Last night, several sheep were killed in the neighbourhood by dogs. Mr Osborne has been trying for a long time to get this sheep back into the fold, with the rest of the flock, but she would not come. He has now taken the lamb and carried it home. The mother will bleat all day, perhaps, but by night she will find where it is, and will go into the fold and be housed, and fed, and protected. Was this act unkind?"

"No," said Tela. "But the killing the doves—those young doves!"

"About two miles from here," said Pero, "is a poor sick man. He has been very sick, and the physicians said he must now have a little food. So Mr Osborne dressed the doves, and went over to carry them, and the poor man is now tasting them, and in his heart blessing the kindness of Mr Osborne. Was this deed unkind?"

"No," said Tela. "But what do you say about hurting poor old Yellowly so, the faithful old creature almost bled to death?"

"Old Yellowly knawed his halter last night and got out, opened the door to the corncrib, and ate till he had nearly killed himself. This morning Mr Osborne found him nearly dead; and he must either be bled freely, or be a cripple for life. So he bled him at once, and the old fellow is already relieved, and feels better, and will not, probably, be a cripple. So you see this, also, was wise, kind, and benevolent."

"Yes; but shooting that dog! coolly shooting poor Echo! So affectionate and confiding!" said Tela.

"True," said Pero, "and few masters ever loved a dog more. But some days since Echo was bitten by a dog supposed to have the hydrophobia, and to-day he has shewn symptoms of madness; and so, to prevent his cattle, and family, and neighbours being

bitten, Mr Osborne shot his favourite. He loaded his gun heavily, so as to put him out of pain in an instant. It did so. The dog never moved a limb after the flash of the gun. Here was wisdom, and kindness, and benevolence."

"Well, you have the strangest way of explaining things," said Tela. "I wonder what you will say about cutting his child's arm off! It must be a difficult thing to explain that?"

"Not at all," said Pero. "Mr Osborne noticed this morning that Echo acted strangely, wouldn't eat, and ran away from the pump; but he did not think much about it, till the child came running to him, saying that Echo had snapped at him, and bitten his arm. It then flashed upon him that Echo must be running mad, and that his child must die with that most horrible of all deaths, the hydrophobia. So he snatched his knife, and cut out the place bitten, before the poison spread, and thus he has probably saved the life of his child. He then ran and shut up the dog till he could kill him, as you saw him do. Now was not this deed, which you thought so mysterious and cruel, wise, and kind, and benevolent?"

Tela nodded his head, as much as to say yes.

"And you have been watching him all day, and perverting all his acts, and calling him unkind and foolish, and wicked, when it was all owing to your own ignorance. Now let us go down into your hole and make a supper of Mr Osborne's corn, which you have stolen and grumbled about, because he did not raise it and bring it to your house!"

So the squirrels ran down and ate a hearty supper, just as we have now made a hearty dinner.

"Boys, do you understand my story?"

"I think I do," said Crawford.

"What does it mean?"

"It means that God plans what He will do, which is called decrees, and then He carries out those plans; and if they seem dark and mysterious to us, it's because we are like the little squirrel, Tela, and cannot see all that he does, or understand all his reasons."

"Very well," said Mr Fox. "You see if the little squirrel had been able to understand the whys and wherefores, he would have admired, instead of finding fault with the good man, on whose bounty he was living. You see, too, that if it was right and wise for Mr Osborne to do all those things, it was right for him to determine to do them. So with God. If we could understand all His acts, they would all be seen to be wise, and kind, and benevolent. It is equally plain, that whatever is wise for God to do, it is wise for Him to determine to do. This is His decree; and thus He executes His decrees in the works of creation and providence."—*Dr Todd.*



A FAMILY MAGAZINE FOR SUNDAY READING.

REVISED BY THE REV. NORMAN M'LEOD, D.D., GLASGOW.

WEEKLY NOS. ONE HALFPENNY.]

[MONTHLY PARTS, THREEPENCE.

THE CHRISTIAN'S DUTY IN A TIME OF REVIVAL.

THE Song of Deborah and Barak * describes the indignation of God against the inhabitants of a Hebrew village, because, while their brethren jeopardied their lives in the high places of the battle, they refused to take part in the conflict, and came not to the help of the Lord against His enemies. The instruction to be gained from this passage may be stated thus: Indifference and laziness in God's service at a time when great effort is required, is beyond measure odious in His sight, and must draw down His anger. Especially is this the case when the service to be entered on is peculiarly spiritual in its nature, and essential to the prosperity of Zion. If the angel of God pronounced so heavy a curse upon the people of Meroz, because they withheld their assistance, when the object in view was only a temporal victory, how much more criminal must it be for God's children to remain inactive, when the object to be gained is the eternal salvation of souls, and the advancement of the Redeemer's kingdom! Or, if the physical cowardice and negligence which we read of in these ancient Israelites excited God's indignation so strongly, when He called them to aid in the nation's deliverance from mere temporal enemies, with what increased displeasure must He behold, in a revival of religion, the soldiers of Christ sleeping on their posts, and negligent of spiritual duty, when He is calling them to the work of saving souls in the battle against sin and Satan!

We are to consider our character as Christian soldiers, and our responsibilities as a church and as individuals, in sustaining the work of God's grace, which is always a conflict with sin and Satan. We have enlisted under the banners of the Lord Jesus Christ, the Captain of salvation. When a soldier puts

his name on the company's roll, especially in a time of open war, he looks for nothing but battles and sieges, long marches and dangerous attacks, and expects to hold himself in readiness for active service whenever his commander requires. Now, it is always open war with us; we never can have any truce with Satan. Ours must be a *life* of warfare, and we are not to look for any thing else. This is not the place of our rest, and indeed the rest of heaven itself is not idleness, but consists in blessed activity. While we are in this world we are in an enemy's country, and must never lay aside our armour, nor relax our vigilance.

But there are times of peculiar danger, interest, and importance, seasons of divine visitation, and critical conjunctures of life or death to souls, when our responsibilities are increased. And it becomes us to inquire anxiously, and with very great solemnity of heart, what addition it is that any thing like a season of religious revival makes in the array of our dangers and duties. We are to feel that at such a moment every thing we do, or think, or say, takes hold upon eternity with very great directness and power, and involves consequences of infinite importance. And at such a time especially comes in that great sentence of God to an army on duty: "To him that knoweth to do good, and doeth it not, to him it is sin." We must remember that, as a church, it becomes us to put on our beautiful garments, to be prepared to entertain our heavenly King, and to receive a long and delightful visit of refreshment and sanctification from His presence. It becomes us to take a heavenly position, to be united, affectionate, and warm-hearted, and to have our social meetings animated with holy fervour, and full of Christian sympathy and love to souls. It becomes us to walk closely and humbly with God, to be fearful of doing any thing which may grieve away His Spirit, to

* "Curse ye Meroz, curse ye bitterly the inhabitants thereof; because they came not to the help of the Lord, to the help of the Lord against the mighty."

feel as if we hardly dared breathe, while the operations of divine grace are becoming so visible, while such solemn movements are taking place around us, while every thing borrows a hue from eternity, and while the angels of God are round about us and in the midst of us, busy, here and there, on their errands of mercy.

How then are we to come to the help of the Lord in a crisis of spiritual conflict, and for the support of the work of His grace?

Christians are bound to possess and to cultivate a deep sense of dependence on the Spirit of God, an all-prevailing sense of the impossibility of accomplishing any thing but by His Spirit, through the instrumentality of His truth. This dependence on divine truth, and on the Spirit of God to give it efficacy, is at the foundation; and if this foundation be laid deep, the work built upon it will be strong and lasting. It is a great grace, a powerful grace, an effectual grace, this overmastering and constraining sense of dependence on the Divine Spirit. No man ever possesses it, but with a clear view and vivid sense of divine truth, and of the glory of God, and of the guilt and ruin of men in their sins; no man possesses it, but with love to Christ and love to souls yearning and active within him. But this grace, wherever it prevails, carries the yearning heart first of all to God, to the throne of grace, to plead there, prostrate at the mercy-seat, for this gift of the Spirit, and next, constrains to an equally earnest activity with perishing sinners, to bring them under the pressure and power of the truth by the Spirit. A man who feels that he can do nothing without God, but longs to do every thing for Him; a man who sees immortal souls around him crowding down to ruin, and longs to save them for Christ's sake, through Christ's atoning sacrifice, cannot but earnestly plead for the outpouring of God's Spirit, to accompany God's truth, and at the same time will be employed, as God gives him opportunity, in presenting that truth to the consciences of men, and bringing them under its influence. These are the two great primal forms of Christian duty and effort in and for a revival of religion. A man will not, can not, be faithful in these directions, but by the power of the Spirit of God in his own heart; and wherever any good number of Christians in a church are thus awakened, animated, active, and faithful, the revival of religion is there begun, and will assuredly go forward.

For the gaining and maintaining of this sense of dependence on the Spirit of God, and for the procuring of this gift of the Spirit for others, incessant and fervent prayer, especially secret prayer, is the Christian's first duty. He ought to be weeping and pleading in secret places, with a heart longing for the salvation of perishing sinners. "They shall come with weepings, and with supplications will I lead them;" a text that not only indi-

cates the supremacy of prayer among the means necessary and efficacious for the revival of God's work, but also the kind of prayer—out of a broken heart and a contrite spirit. Indeed, whatever we do, in coming to God for dying men, or in seeking to bring them to Him, the deepest humility and tenderness are requisite, with an anxious, trembling, weeping heart, because of our own deficiencies and unworthiness. Our insensibility and want of love to Christ, and to the souls of our fellow-sinners, ought to fill our hearts with grief. And we ought to plead, with a broken-hearted earnestness, that God will not, on account of our sins, remove His presence from us. What sluggish, idle, selfish, unprofitable servants have we all been! In what a mist of worldliness have we been enveloped! How have we gone about our own business, and neglected God's! Our very best state of feeling has been half sin, and amidst all God's mercies, commands, entreaties, and warnings, we have been half asleep. We have not deserved to be visited with anything but judgment, and yet God is loading us with blessings! It is proper, therefore, that we come to the throne of grace with weepings, and with tearful, importunate supplications, out of a broken heart and a contrite spirit, both for ourselves and others. Thus Daniel came and received the blessing.

But it is to be noticed, that if we pray with earnestness, then with earnestness we shall also act. And we *must* act by direct personal effort for the conversion of those around us. We must no longer live as if men were not dying in their sins, nor keep our lips as silent on the subject of religion, as if it were intended only for the grave. Alas! how many opportunities we constantly pass by and lose, for kind and tender admonitions to our irreligious friends! And what multitudes in a miserable eternity are now, while they bewail their own folly, cursing the coldness and unfaithfulness of Christians, and their neglect to tell them of their danger! There is not a Christian who now hears me, but might speak, from time to time, tenderly and freely to some impenitent sinner; and yet it is to be feared that a great many Christians never trouble themselves in the least concerning this duty. And if it be so, then, as far as that goes, your intercourse with immortal beings, so far from leading them to imagine that there is anything important in eternity, heaven, hell, or that you feel any anxiety for their future happiness, would incline them to suppose that you scarcely think of it. And your profession of religion, and whatever you do in consequence of it, perhaps appears an inconsistency, while they often say within themselves, as they meet you on earthly business, but never hear a word on the infinitely important business of eternity—"I wonder that he never speaks to me upon the subject; it

cannot occupy much space in his own soul."

You ought surely to remove this reformation from your profession, and this sin from your own soul. I know that the habit will be difficult to break through. It may be still more difficult to form the habit of addressing your companions freely, and faithfully, in regard to eternal things.

But every important duty is more difficult; and this heavenly habit is one which you may acquire, and you may join the influence of a holy life and example. If you will, you may be so heavenly-minded and so accustomed on all proper occasions to speak of eternity and heavenly things that wherever your companions meet they shall expect, as a thing of course, to find you your general theme of conversation the business or relaxation on which they are engaged, a direct arrest of their worldly thoughts for a few moments at least, and an attention to the one grand theme of all-giving and overwhelming interest, which now occupies and controls your whole mind. In their inmost souls they will respect you, and they will reverence the consistency of your own character, and will love you for your piety for their good. Wherever you go, you will go as a being of a higher order, and you will be expected, before you separate from your acquaintance, to tell them something of that blessed life which you are leading, something of that holy city of which you are soon to be an inhabitant; something, of their own melancholy estrangement from God, and of that dark world to which they are fast tending; and something of the preciousness of your Saviour, and of the blessedness of that salvation, which it makes possible to see them reject. You will be thrown around yourself a heavenly atmosphere, so that all with whom you associate will experience its power; and even the hardened will find their insensibility won by your gentle and unassuming demeanour, through which religion is divested of its stately, formal, and artificial appearance, and made a part of the natural conversation, and happiness of the thousand opportunities of doing good which are ringing up around you, of which you have had no expectation; and when you are called into eternity, with the white robe put on, and the palm in your hand, there around you a happy throng of spirits, who, you will be told, are the fruits of your benevolent private ministry on earth, and the crowns of your rejoicing in the presence of the Lord Jesus.

Consider the reasons for such activity. You ought so to come to the help of the cause because God commands it; because it is a duty for you; because your insensibility hinders the arrows of divine truth, the hard-hearted, lulls the sinner to

sleep, blinds his moral vision, makes him stupid, grieves the Holy Spirit, and discourages the efforts of your Christian brethren; and because, if you do not, you have no reason to think yourself a disciple of Christ. Sure I am that the natural insensibility of sinners is dreadful enough without having it increased by the still more shocking indifference of Christians. To the continuance of that insensibility you must be found accessory, unless you obey the command of God, and come to His help against the mighty. Besides the commands, and all the encouraging, animating promises of God, you have the love of Christ to constrain you. You belong not to yourself, but to Jesus. Think of His mercy, His dying love, and your immeasurable obligations to Him, in redeeming you from sin and death and the wrath to come. Why were you called and made a partaker of His love, when thousands around you have adhered to their wretched, melancholy choice of perdition? If you ever have been made a partaker of Christ's love, must it not kindle to a new flame in anything like a revival of religion? But if your piety is of such a character that it fails to make you sympathise with your Lord and Master in His compassion for sinners; if it make you stupid, inactive, without warmth; if it suffer you to be neglectful of the salvation of others, then, dear friend, it is worth lamentably little. No man in his senses but would think it a fearful hazard to take such a piety as his passport to eternal life. If you do not feel anxious for the welfare of other souls, it is high time to look to your own. If in the midst of the work of God you can still sleep, then you had better begin your Christian life over again, and come humbly to the meeting of inquiry with anxious, trembling sinners; for what evidence ought to be looked for of a man's piety and growth in grace, if it be not a heavenly interest in the welfare of perishing immortal souls around him? Everything is put to hazard by such dreadful insensibility.

It is an insensibility that can be overcome if you choose; indeed, we can contrive to remain insensible, only by interposing the veil of time and sense between our souls and eternal realities. If we knew we had but a day longer to live, or that some one of our dearest friends now impenitent would be called into eternity this week, we should not long be complaining of insensibility. But if in such a case we should be roused up effectually, we ought to be now. If death, the judgment, and the eternal realities of heaven and hell will powerfully agitate us and our friends, when we stand in the midst of them, they ought to do it now, for faith makes these things present to us, and we know that they will be present, when happiness will be as dear and misery as dreadful as they are now.

We need now to act, to pray fervently, and to act fervently, and not to be surmising, sus-

pecting, wondering, hesitating. While one man is standing still and speculating about the lions in the way, another, who possesses the warm zeal of the gospel, will have prayed a dozen sinners into the kingdom of heaven. We need to act fearlessly, committing the result to God. If your neighbour's house were on fire at midnight, would you let the fear of making a great disturbance, or spoiling the night's rest of the people, prevent you from giving the alarm, or make you ceremonious in doing it, or would you think it necessary, in using the fire-engine, to be very careful not to wet any individual or any furniture in the way? If we wait for a perfectly convenient season, we shall wait till the graves are ready for us. If the farmer should neglect to sow his corn-field because he is afraid there may be some bad ears in the harvest, or to cut his hay in a sunny day because he fears a storm to-morrow, his field would lie fallow for ever, and his hay would rot where it grew. And if we do not faithfully perform our duty, leaving the result with God, all our anticipations will be blasted.

It is not the scabbard of conservatism that we need to brandish, as Christian soldiers, but the sword of the Spirit and the weapon of all prayer; it is not prudence that we need, but earnestness, activity, and zeal. In the heat of the contest, what is the scabbard good for without the sword, or what should you think of a man who should throw away his sword and brandish his scabbard? It is the part of good sense as well as courage in such cases sometimes to throw away the scabbard, as a proof that you are resolute, and because it is a useless incumbrance; but who would think of leaving his weapon and wielding its sheath? Yet Satan sees a great many soldiers doing this, and not only so, but calling upon others to use nothing but the scabbard.

Now do we need to use with more directness and earnestness than ever the sword of the Spirit, which is the Word of God. Now do we need to be a thousand times more active and fervent in the service of our Saviour; we need to feel a thousandfold more for the welfare of perishing sinners, and to change our sluggish Christian character for one of heavenly zeal and energy, one that better adorns our profession; we need to be more humble, more penitent, more faithful in Christian effort for the conversion of sinners, more incessant and earnest in prayer. We need to plead with an earnestness that cannot be expressed, an importunity of spirit for which there is no language, that God would in mercy continue and increase the work of His grace. Then it will go on; there will be new repentance on earth and new joy in heaven. Religion never will decline with us if we are truly unwilling it should. But if we ourselves would keep hold on the slightest hope of heaven, we cannot do it with any ground of confidence while sluggish in the service of

that Saviour who purchased us with His own blood. If we ever hope to be useful, we cannot do it, unless we wake from our spiritual slumbers, and so pray, and watch, and strive, that for us to live it may indeed be Christ.—C.

THE WIDOW'S ONLY SON.

"MOTHER, I will be everything to you that I can be; I promise you that."

The boy lifted his head. A look of high resolve made the young brow man-like in expression. Not yet had ten summers deepened the gold on those fair locks. The earnest blue eye looked fondly in the faded face that bent over him. There was a world of love in his soul—a love that was not only lip-deep—but was proved by acts of self-denial.

They were poor—that mother and son—oh, how poor they were! You could almost see how poverty had drifted over everything about them—drifted whitely over the pine chairs and tables—drifted over the humble quilt that had grown so faded—drifted over their clothes, and through them, till patch after patch was placed on the sad havoc that pitiless, drifting want had made.

But in holy heart-love they were richer than the Rothschilds; yes, out of their bank in heaven—that bank directors here might sneer at—they drew every day, every hour, uncounted treasure.

"Mother, I will be everything to you that I can be; I promise you that."

The words are beautiful enough to be repeated. Henry Locke smiled, because as he spoke there came tears to his mother's eyes. He had that morning been promised a place in a little country store, five miles from the cot, or rather cabin, where they lived. It was but a small pittance, but of late the mother had grown so feeble that she could earn nothing; could scarcely do the little that order and neatness called for at her hands.

Five shillings a week! It was a very little sum, but better, much better than nothing. Besides, Henry was to have his meals with his employer, and could, if he chose, sleep there. But he did not choose. For a glad smile from mother; for a pressure of that feeble hand; for the tender, Christian words that came from those pale lips, he was bravely willing, after his day's hard work, to walk the five miles, dark and tedious though the way was. Often he came bringing some little delicacy that he had earned, and which was sweet to the invalid, because he brought it.

One night the sky was curtained with clouds. The widow looked from her little window facing the hilly road along which the hay-waggon went on their way to the city, and said, as she saw the twilight deepening earlier than its wont, "He will not come to-night."

No; he would not surely come that night. The wind blew fiercely, and sent the branches

of the old apple-tree rattling against the clap-boards; and threw the rain, as with a spite, over the little windows, sheeting them, and making dreary music. So the widow, quite confident that Henry would not venture in that storm, read her Bible till her heart kindled with the holy words, and putting out her little light, went to her rest.

She knew not how long she had slept, when a voice awakened her. The sweet voice, so dear to her, was crying, "Mother! mother!" At first she thought it a dream, but listening intently, she heard, blending with the wail of the wind, that cry, and a sound against the latch greeted her. Instantly rising, she groped for a light, unfastened the door, and, behold, there stood Henry, a piteous sight, indeed, covered with mire, literally, from head to foot. His face was wet, but the honest, happy smile was noways abated.

"My boy! how could you come on such a night?" exclaimed the widow.

"Why, mother! storm couldn't keep me from you," was his hearty response. "I've had the greatest time, though, you ever did see—lost my way, got into a creek, and it must be midnight—but I meant to come, for my master gave me a trifle over to-night, and I knew how much you needed it."

"My dear boy!" sprang from the mother's full heart, with a tear or two that trickled down her pale cheeks.

"I wonder I haven't thought of it before," she said, musingly. "After this, I'll put a light in the window. To be sure, it won't shew far; but when you get to the top of the hill, it will be pleasant to see it, and know that I am watching for you."

For three years the lamp was placed in the little window every night. People often remarked it, and "as bright as mother Locke's little window," became a favourite saying.

At the end of that time, young Henry was offered a good place on board of a whaling vessel, and he resolved to accept it. It cost him none knew what a struggle, to part from the being he loved with an almost worshipful affection. But he knew that the time had come when he must go forth in the world to do battle for himself and for her, and a sailor's life was his coveted calling.

"It seems to me, Henry," said the mother, when, with a trembling lip, she parted from him, "as if I must still put the light in the little window. I shall think sometimes I hear the sound of your footsteps, the click of the latch, your pleasant voice. O Henry, Henry, if I could but light you over the stormy waters!"

"Mother, God will do that," said Henry, pointing to the glowing heavens. "God will light me through storm and through calm; but, mother, I shall think every night that the lamp is in the window; that you sit near it; that somebody blesses you for the guiding ray; and above all, that you are praying for me."

The long voyage was almost ended, but another voyage was to end before that. The widow Locke was taken ill. Yet, with unfading regularity, with feeble step and tremulous hand, nightly the dear woman trimmed the little lamp, and placed it in the window. Still, when the bended form could no longer totter about the cottage, when she lay helplessly upon her bed, and the neighbours came in to care for her, she would say, "Put the little lamp in the window; my Henry will be thinking of it."

Night after night, and even until her eyes grew dim, she would watch the radiance of the flickering light, only saying, sometimes, "Shall I live to hear his footsteps? Will that feeble flame still burn, when my life's light has gone out?"

"Pray with me," she murmured, "that I may see him before I die. Oh for this most precious boon!"

In vain all prayer. Slowly, more slowly, the wheels went round, and the pulses, like ebbing drops, fell fainter and fewer, until, one calm night in summer, the waters were scarcely stirred.

She lay quietly; a smile upon her lips, her eyes closed, her hands folded.

"I have longed to see him," she said; "I have prayed earnestly, but I have given it all up now. I shall not meet him in this world."

"Have you put the light in the window?" she asked, suddenly, earnestly, a few moments after. "It is growing dark."

Alas! it was not the light that was growing dark.

Her hands grew cold. Over her countenance came that mysterious shadow that falls but once on any mortal face.

"O my boy! my boy!" she whispered, "tell him,"—they bent lower to catch the failing words—"tell him I will put a light in the window of heaven, to guide his footsteps there."

The thrilling sentence was hardly spoken, when the shadow dropped from the suffering face, and it smiled in the calm majesty of death.

Followed a funeral; humble hearts attended the body of one who was loved for her sincere goodness, all through the hamlet; and on the hill-side, in a little graveyard, she was buried.

Not many days after, a great ship came into the port of a busy city. Among all those who stepped from her decks, none were more hopeful, more joyous, than young Henry Locke. He had passed through the ordeal of a sea life, so far, unscathed. No blight of immorality had fallen upon him. He had kept himself as spotless as if at every night-fall his feet had been turned towards the door of his mother's cottage. How his heart bounded as he thought of her! Strangely enough, he never dreamed she might be dead.

It did not occur to him that, perhaps, her silver locks were lying under the lid of the coffin. Oh, no! he only thought of the pleasant light in the window, that her hands had trimmed for him.

Beautiful and bland was the day on which he travelled again the long-accustomed road. How pleasant now to go home with sufficient to provide for the comfort of that dear mother! She should never want again. He would take her to a better home, and give her the luxuries he had once longed to see in her possession. That old arm-chair—she should have a new one, easy in motion, elegant in material. The faded shawl, that he had seen folded and refolded year after year; the old-fashioned bonnet, with its one band of crape; these, yes, everything, should be replaced with newer and better. The flowers on the road all smiled as he looked toward them; the very kine seemed to him turning their meek eyes at the sound of strange footsteps, to know that his heart was glad with love and anticipation. Hope on, dreamer! Yonder comes one, who trudges on laggingly—a farmer, in heavy boots and frock, his whip in his hand. He cheers the lazy oxen, but suddenly stops, amazed.

"I see you know me," said the young sailor, smiling. "Well, Mr Brown, how is?"

"Know ye? why, how tall ye are. So"—his eye drops, his mouth trembles—"so ye've got home."

"Yes, and glad enough to get back again—how's my mother?"

"Your—mother—" he says it in that slow, hesitating way, that telegraphs ill-tidings before they are told in words.

"Yes—is she well? is she expecting me? Of course she is; we're late by a month, full."

"Your mother, Henry, well—the old lady—" he plays with his whip, or, rather, strikes it hard on the dusty road. How can he crush that happy heart?

"There, you need not speak!" cried the young man in a voice of sudden anguish; and he recoiled, almost staggering, from the farmer's side, and buried his face in his hands.

"Henry, my poor lad, your mother is—"

"Don't! don't!" cried the other, shewing now a face from which all colour had fled. "O my mother! my mother!—she is gone, gone—and I coming home so happy!"

For some moments he sobbed as in agony. How dreary the world had grown! The flowers had lost fragrance; the sun warmth; his heart seemed dead.

"Henry, she left a message for you," said the old farmer, wiping his eyes with the sleeve of his frock.

"A message for me?" it seemed as if the white lips could hardly speak.

"Yes, says she—(so my wife told me, and so the minister said)—tell Henry I will put a light in the window of heaven, to guide his footsteps there."

"Did she, oh did she say that? God bless you for telling me! All my long voyage I have thought of the light in her little window. I have seemed to see it streaming along, along down to the foot of the hill, till it grew brighter and brighter as I drew nearer. A light in the window of heaven? Yes, mother, I will think still you are waiting for me. I could not see you in these long years, but I knew the light was burning. I cannot see you now, but I know the light is burning. I will come, mother."

Slowly and reverently he went to the hill-side graveyard, and there he knelt and wept upon her lowly grave. But not there, he thought her. A sweet vision was vouchsafed him. All robed in heavenly garments, he saw the beautiful soul he had called mother, and, streaming from the brightness of her glorious home a slender beam seemed to come, trembling, to his very feet. Then he knew that the light was placed in the window of heaven.

Once more he knelt in the little room where he had last left her. Nothing was removed, but oh, how much was wanting! There, on the window-sill, stood the little lamp—that brought the tears afresh. But he took his mother's well-worn Bible, and, kneeling by the bedside, as if she could hear him, he sought her Saviour, and consecrated himself to a life and work of righteousness. From that cottage he went out into the world, carrying his grief as a sacred memorial, but seeing always wherever his work led him, his waiting mother, and the lamp in the window of heaven!—M. A.

PROSPERITY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LIFE THOUGHTS."

ALTHOUGH a state of happiness is evidently the normal condition of the mind—every one of its faculties answering its design only when in the experience of pleasure—yet enjoyment is one of the most dangerous experiences; and a continuous course of enjoyment—or *Prosperity*—is that which few can bear. And, on the other hand, trouble, not meant to be man's companion, is the almost indispensable condition of spiritual progress. The heart seldom grows rich except amid afflictions. To be sure, a mind keyed to poetic influences may have a growing richness of sensibility to the *beautiful*; but the love of truth, of goodness, and especially the holiness of *self-denial*—the joy of spending one's self for the good of others—is seldom learned in any school save that of pains and griefs. This has been the world's recognised experience; both poetry and philosophy of old, and sermon and homily of modern times, have given every variety to the expression of it; and yet all, with or without experience, alike steer clear of trouble as the greatest harm, and spread their sails for prosperity as the greatest good!

Let us see how even good men talk.

There is a woman tenderly reared, carefully cultured, happily married, and full of life and joy; her husband dies, her means are scant, her children are dependent upon her, her plans fail, without complaint she sinks for want of society toward obscurity, touches of poverty surprise her, sickness tracks her path, redoubled exertions bring scarcely a moment's relief, and her joy is like a taper struggling against a midnight of darkness. Men say—poor woman, what a life of trial is hers! what a mysterious providence is that which deals with so good a woman thus severely!

But how sweet-minded she grows, how gentle and patient! Her resignation is not sullen and compulsory, but confiding and hopeful,—her faith in God rises above the top of all trouble, and she has learned to *do without this world*,—greater riches than to possess the whole of it! Men wonder why God so smites, and her guardian angel, seeing the meaning of all this, is in full and constant praise of God's singular mercy to her! For we are born in the ore; we need to be blasted, broken, cast into the furnace and smelted, refined, sent to the mint for God's image and superscription to be stamped upon us, before we are fit to circulate in heaven!

All the world agrees to congratulate the man whose wealth has sprung up like grass, growing night and day. His house is exchanged for a better; his luxuries increase; his station among men is continually higher, his power is greater. A thousand envious bosoms repine because they have, with greater strife, so much less fruit than he.

But in God's sight, what has this man gained?

His pride has redoubled its authority; his ambition is secularised; his more generous sympathies are drying up. Selfishness, and a sordid wish of more pre-eminence, are gaining upon him. The world's horizon bounds his eternity. He can afford to drop God. He has enough without him. What need of a heaven to a man whose heart every day tells him that this world is quite good enough for him! Death is a dream, seldom hovering over his fancy, and when dreamed of, a nightmare! This man is not vicious, nor hard as a usurer, nor anything else but a good fellow in the sight of man; but in God's sight he is earthly, covetous, alive wholly to the enjoyments of the present, and utterly dead to spiritual life and to the future!

If one were to be heard praying that God would send him afflictions, the hearer would shudder, and the prayer seem audacious; but when one prays for secular prosperity, all think it a safe and natural prayer—although Affliction is a Teacher, and Prosperity a Deceiver! The one has wren's wings, but an angel's heart; the other has a radiant face, but the soul of a sorcerer!

But is Prosperity, then, to be forsworn? and is one to bow down his head like a bulrush?

No. It is as much a Christian's duty to bear prosperity as to endure adversity. God appoints our experiences; it is ours to profit by them. But our heart should know, that it is more perilous, a greater trial of faith, a severer school of religion, to pass the enchanted land of prosperity, than to go through the valley and shadow of death. It is a time for watching, for fear, for divine help. It is not the time for withdrawing the foot from the closet; for forsaking the circle for social prayer; for letting go the hand of God!

We believe the Church to be in great danger. The signs of harm are beginning to appear. There is an intensity of earnestness in business; there is a sanguine enthusiasm for the future; there is such a rush with the crowd to be rich; there is such a manifest increase of wealth; there is so much more gaiety, and gaiety, too, not for the sake of social enjoyment, but for the sake of ostentation—the extravagance of vanity; there is, withal, such impatience of rebuke, and restlessness under restraint, as give occasion for alarm and warning!

We have surveyed the influences, in the midst of which the members of our churches do, for the most part, live, and we do not believe that there is any power that can keep them from being swept away, but the power of God *realised in the soul*. It is our full conviction, that when secular affairs reach a certain degree of prosperity, there are no restraints known among men, no Sabbaths, no church bonds, no family influences, no habits, and no conscience that will long resist the rising stream, which first rushes over, and then sweeps them away! A soul that lives as seeing Him who is invisible can stand. Nothing but the sense of God—nothing but the eye of God felt—nothing but the heart of God sending tides upon ours, can redeem a Christian from the dangers of an overwhelming prosperity.

Instead of praying less, a Christian should pray more; instead of letting his business run into the time set apart for the family and for the prayer-meeting, he should build the bank higher, and more jealously guard that time from invasion; instead of security, and the intoxication of hope, and the garrulous folly of security, Christians ought now to take hold of hands, talk more with each other of religious interests—hold each other up, and make common resistance to the common danger!

But above all, let two dangers be resisted—

1. Do not let the prosperity of worldly men change your ideas of *right and wrong*. Do not imitate worldly men against your conscience for the sake of their prosperity. Read the thirty-seventh Psalm, and see if you are not already in need of such caution!

2. Do not become so drunk with success as to feel that it is your own skill and energy alone that has prospered you. Read Deut. viii. 11–20. The warning of this solemn passage was never more needed than now. Atheism

is the child of prosperity; not an avowed, philosophic atheism, a child of the *thoughts*; but that corrupt atheism of the heart, that neither sees a God, nor feels the need of any; but insolently says to a man's own right hand,—Thou art God; thy skill and thy power have achieved this prosperity!

THE MOTHER'S DREAM.

"And I will give him the morning star."—REV. II. 28.

METHOUGHT once more to my wishful eye
My beautiful boy had come;
My sorrow was gone, my cheek was dry,
And gladness around my home.

I saw the form of my dear lost child:
All kindled with life he came;
And he spake in his own sweet voice, and smiled,
As soon as I call'd his name.

The garb he wore look'd heavenly white
As the feathery snow comes down;
And warm, as it shone in the soften'd light
That fell from his dazzling crown.

His eye was bright with a joy serene,
His cheek with a deathless bloom,
That only the eye of my soul hath seen,
When looking beyond the tomb.

The odour of flowers from the thornless land,
Where we deem that our bless'd ones are,
Seem'd borne in his skirts; and his soft right hand
Was holding a radiant star.

His feet, unshod, look'd tender and fair,
As the lily's opening bell,
Half veil'd in a cloud of glory, as there
Around him in folds it fell.

I ask'd him how he was clothed anew;
Who circled his head with light;
And whence he return'd to meet my view,
So calm and heavenly bright.

I ask'd him where he had been so long,
Away from his mother's care;
Again to sing me his infant song,
And to kneel by my side in prayer.

He said, "Sweet mother, the song I sing
Is not for an earthly ear:
I touch the harp with a golden string
For the hosts of heaven to hear.

"It was but a gently fleeting breath
That sever'd thy child from thee!
The fearful shadow, in time call'd Death,
Hath minister'd life to me.

"My voice in an angel choir I lift,
And high are the notes we raise;
I hold the sign of a priceless gift,
And the Giver, who hath our praise.

"The bright and the morning Star' is He,
Who bringeth eternal day;
And, mother, He giveth Himself to thee,
To lighten thine earthly way.

"The race is short to a peaceful goal,
And He is never afar,
Who saith of the wise, untiring soul,
'I will give him the morning star.'

"Thy measure of care for me was fill'd,
And pure to its crystal top;
For Faith, with a steady eye, distill'd
And number'd every drop.

"While thou wast teaching my lips to move,
And my heart to rise in prayer,
I learn'd the way to a world above—
The home of thy child is there!

"The secret prayers thou didst make for me,
Which only thy God hath known,
Arose, like sweet incense, holy and free,
And gather'd around His throne.

"My robe was fill'd with the perfume sweet,
To shed upon this world's air,
As I joyful knelt at my Saviour's feet
For the glorious crown I wear.

"In that bright, blissful world of ours,
The waters of life I drink—
Behold my feet, as they've press'd the flowers
That grow by the fountain's brink!

"No thorn is hidden to wound me there;
There's nothing of chill or blight,
Or sighing, to blend with the balmy air—
No sorrow—no pain—no night!"

"No parting?" I ask'd, in a burst of joy;
And the lovely illusion broke—
My rapture had banish'd my beautiful boy—
To a shadowy void I spoke!

But oh! that star of the morn still gleams
With light to direct my feet
Where, when I have done with my earthly dreams,
The mother and child may meet.

THE MORAL ASPECT OF OUR GREAT CITIES.

BY THE REV. DR GUTHRIE.

THERE is a remarkable phenomenon to be seen on certain parts of our own coast. Strange to say, it proves, notwithstanding such expressions as the stable and solid land, that it is not the land but the sea which is the stable element. On some summer day, when there is not a wave to rock her, nor breath of wind to fill her sail or fan a cheek, you launch your boat upon the waters, and, pulling out beyond lowest tide-mark, you idly lie upon her bows to catch the silvery glance of a passing fish, or watch the movements of the many curious creatures that travel the sea's sandy bed, or, creeping out of their rocky homes, wander its tangled mazes. If the traveller is surprised to find a deep-sea shell embedded in the marbles of a mountain peak, how great is your surprise to see beneath you a vegetation foreign to the deep! Below your boat, submerged many feet beneath the surface of the lowest tide, away down in these green crystal depths, you see no rusting anchor, no mouldering remains of some shipwrecked one; but, in the standing stumps of trees, you discover the mouldering vestiges of a forest, where once the wild-cat prowled, and the birds of heaven, singing their loves, had nestled and nursed their young. In counterpart to those portions of our coast where sea-hollowed caves, with sides the waves have polished, and floors still strewn with shells and sand, now stand high above the level of strongest stream-tides, there stand these dead, decaying trees—entombed in the deep. A strange phenomenon, which admits of no other explanation than this, that there the coast line has sunk beneath its ancient level.

Many of our cities present a phenomenon as melancholy to the eye of a philanthropist, as the other is interesting to a philosopher or geologist. In their economical, educational, moral, and religious aspects, certain parts of this city bear palpable evidence of a corre-

ponding subsidence. Not a single house, nor a block of houses, but whole streets, once from end to end the abodes of decency, and industry, and wealth, and rank, and piety, have been engulfed. A flood of ignorance, and misery, and sin, now breaks and roars above the top of their highest tenements. Nor do the old stumps of a forest, still standing upright beneath the sea-wave, indicate a greater change, a deeper subsidence, than the relics of ancient grandeur, and the touching memorials of piety which yet linger about these wretched dwellings, like evening twilight on the hills—like some traces of beauty on a corpse. The unfurnished floor, the begrimed and naked walls, the stifling, sickening atmosphere, the patched and dusty window—through which a sunbeam, like hope, is faintly stealing—the ragged, hunger-bitten, and sad-faced children, the ruffian man, the heap of straw where some wretched mother, in muttering dreams, sleeps off last night's debauch, or lies unshrouded and uncoffined in the ghastliness of a hopeless death, are sad scenes. We have often looked on them. And they appear all the sadder for the restless play of fancy. Excited by some vestiges of a fresco-painting that still looks out from the foul and broken plaster, the massive marble rising over the cold and cracked hearth-stone, an elaborately carved cornice too high for shivering cold to pull it down for fuel, some stucco flowers or fruit yet pendant on the crumbling ceiling, fancy, kindled by these, calls up the scenes and actors of other days—when beauty, elegance, and fashion graced these lonely halls, and plenty smoked on groaning tables, and where these few cinders, gathered from the city dust-heap, are feebly smouldering, hospitable fires roared up the chimney.

But there is that in and about these houses which bears witness of a deeper subsidence, a yet sadder change. Bent on some mission of mercy, you stand at the foot of a dank and filthy stair. It conducts you to the crowded rooms of a tenement, where—with the exception of some old decent widow who has seen better days, and when her family are all dead, and her friends are all gone, still clings to God and her faith in the dark hour of adversity and amid the wreck of fortune—from the cellar-dens below to the garrets beneath the roof-tree, you shall find none either reading their Bible, or even with a Bible to read. Alas! of prayer, of morning or evening psalms, of earthly or heavenly peace, it may be said the place that once knew them, knows them no more. But before you enter the door-way, raise your eyes to the stone above it. Dumb, it yet speaks of other and better times. Carved in Greek or Latin, or our own mother tongue, you decipher such texts as these:—"Peace be to this house." "Except the Lord build the house, they labour in vain that build it." "We have a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." "Fear God;" or this, "Love your neighbour." Like the

mouldering remnants of a forest that once resounded with the melody of birds, but hears nought now save the angry dash or melancholy moan of breaking waves, these vestiges of piety furnish a gauge which enables us to measure how low in these dark localities the whole stratum of society has sunk.

Now there are forces in nature which, heaving up the crust of our earth, may convert that sea-bed again into forest or corn land. At this moment these forces are in active operation. Working slowly, yet with prodigious power, they are now raising the coasts of Sweden in the old world, and of Chili in the new. And who knows but that these subterranean agencies, elevating our own coasts, may yet restore verdure to those deep-sea sands—giving back to the plough its soil, to waving pines their forest land. And thus on our shores, redeemed from the grasp of the ocean in some future era, golden harvests may fall to the reaper's song, and tall forests to the woodman's axe. We know not whether this shall happen. But I do know, that there is a force at work in this world—gentle yet powerful—commonly slow in action, but always sure in its results, which, mightier than volcanic fires, pent-up vapour, or rocking earthquake, is adequate to raise the most sunken masses of society, and restore the lowest and longest neglected districts of our cities to their old level—to set them on the platform even of a higher Christianity.

Can these people ever be raised? Can those "dry bones live?" "Where is the Lord God of Elijah?" are questions, distressing questions, which, when worn and weary, and disappointed, and cast down, and heart-sick, we have been often tempted to ask. Of such times, we could say with David:—"We had fainted, unless we had believed to see the goodness of the Lord in the land of the living." But this voice of God came sounding down from heaven, saying:—"Though ye have lain among the pots, yet ye shall be as the wings of a dove covered with silver, and her feathers with yellow gold." When ready to sink under a sense of our own feebleness, it is said to us:—"The chariots of God are twenty thousand, even thousands of angels; the Lord is among them, as in Sinai, in the holy place." To the question, Can these lost ones be recovered? the answer came in these brave, and bold, and cheerful terms:—"I will bring again from Bashan; I will bring my people again from the depths of the sea, that thy foot may be dipped in the blood of thine enemies, and the tongue of thy dogs in the same." And, as he stood on the heights of inspiration, looking far away into distant time, and commanding an extent of prospect hid from common eyes, we heard the prophet announce the approaching of the promised event, a glorious gospel change:—"They have seen thy goings, O God; even the goings of my King in the sanctuary. The singers went before, the players on instru-

ments followed after; among them were the damsels playing on timbrels. There is little Benjamin with the ruler, the princes of Judah with their council, the princes of Zebulon and the princes of Naphtali. Thy God hath commanded thy strength. Strengthen, O God, that which thou hast wrought for us. Sing unto God, ye kingdoms of the earth, O sing praises unto the Lord."

Yes. To put new vigour into his sinking energies, a man has only to "remember the years of the right hand of the Most High." How does the Gospel of Jesus Christ, crowned with triumphs, point her sceptre, not to families, nor hamlets, nor cities, but whole nations, raised from the lowest barbarism and the basest vices!

We cannot despair so long as we do not forget that the power of God, and the wisdom of God, and the grace of God, have nothing to do within our shores which they have not done already. Are our lapsed classes rude and uncultivated, ignorant and vicious? So were our forefathers, when Christianity landed on this island. She took possession of it in Jesus' name, and conquered bold savages, whom the Romans could never subdue, by the mild yet mighty power of the gospel. God's "hand is not shortened that it cannot save, nor is His ear heavy that it cannot hear."

No. Jerusalem was sealed to ruin—doomed beyond redemption. Our brethren, our cities are not so. We have not to mourn as those who have no hope. As on a summer day I have seen the sky at once so shine and shower, that every rain-drop was changed by sunbeams into a falling diamond, so hopes mingle here with fears, and the promises of the gospel shed sunlight on pious sorrows. Weep we may; weep we should—weep and work, weep and pray. But ever let our tears be such as Jesus shed beside the tomb of Lazarus, when, while weeping, groaning, He bade the bystanders roll away the stone—anticipating the moment when the grave at His command would give up its dead, and Lazarus be folded a living brother, in the arms that, four days ago, had swathed his corpse. Be such our tears and anticipations. Sustained by them, we shall work all the better; and all the sooner shall our heavenly Father embrace the most wretched of these wretched outcasts. Faith may be cast down, but cannot be destroyed. There is no reason, because we are "perplexed," ever to "despair." Black as the prospect looks, the cloud presents one aspect to the world, and another to the Christian. I stand on the side of it that lies next the sun. There, with the sun shining at my back and the black cloud in my eye, I see a radiant bow which spans its darkness, and reveals in heavenly colours mercy to a fallen world. "It is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance, that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners."—*The City: Its Sins and Sorrows.*

CHRISTIAN CHEERFULNESS.

THEY are right who say the Christian should be cheerful; for who in the wide universe has cause for gratitude if he has not?—he who was on the border of despair, with ruin and wretchedness on every side, and is now sheltered from harm under the shadow of a great Rock. The one thought that you are pardoned—that Redeeming Love has chosen you, and will never yield you up to the power of sin, is surely abundant cause for joy, enough to fill the heart with rapturous delight.

But stay, I hear you say, "Yes, all this in itself is sufficient to make the darkest night light as day, but the uncertainty! How can I, a poor, unworthy, erring creature, prone to wander from the right way, and ever needing to be chastened and led back to duty—how can I presume to say that I am a Christian, to hope that I shall inherit the promises?" And I answer, the more unworthy you regard yourself in comparison with the great Exemplar, the better; still you need not fear that Jesus will turn away from or disown you. He says, "Come and follow me;" and all you have to do is to arise and obey. This you did long ago, when you first began a Christian life. True, you have often stumbled by the way—have sometimes turned aside into the paths which led you from Him, and lingered in the bowers of worldly ease and self-indulgence. But you found no happiness there, and with penitential tears you lifted again the cross to your shoulders, and in His strength resolved to err no more.

Look up, then, the light of a glorious future shines around—voices from the heavenly world often meet your ears. You are blessed, for already you are tasting the joys of forgiving grace and pardoning love. Sorrows, reverses, conflicts now and then, it may be, often encompass your path, but these need not dismay you, since they are sent to purify and fit you for a better life. Was your Saviour living again on earth—did He once more tread the hills of Judea, or the lake shore of Galilee, and you heard His voice calling you to follow Him, would you stop to argue with yourself,—"I am not fit to be His disciple; I am not worthy to walk beside Him, or to listen to His voice?" Rather would you not gladly hasten to obey, and, studying His examples, listening to His precepts, strive to be like Him day by day?

Then go not sorrowing and doubting through all your earthly pilgrimage, mourning as one without hope. Let the world see that the Christian life is a happy one, and let your unvarying cheerfulness win them to a participation of its joys.

But you tell me you cannot change your nature, which leads you to see the dark side of every picture. Then grace can help you to change it, and faith can give you many a vision of a Saviour's love, that will illu-

find the deepest shadows you may find on earth.

The cheerfulness we speak of is not levity, and need not be mistaken for it; nor is it the exuberant delight of a young heart that has known no sorrow, and dreamed not of trial. It is a deeper calm, a serener happiness than an innocent child can know. It has been chastened by affliction, and quickened by gratitude. It is a foretaste of the bliss of heaven, an anticipation of release from the bondage of sin. It may not be ours to have it constantly; but it may, by prayer and watchfulness, become habitual, and its absence shall be brief and rare.

Such happiness will not lead to selfishness, rather will it overflow the heart with love to others. It will exclude all gloom, and fill us with a sense of security and peace, which shall increase until we reach perfect felicity in the paradise of God.

THE MAGNITUDE OF SIN.

THE Scriptures everywhere present to our view sin in its true deformity. Not one of us can have a just idea of the guilt and enormity of sin in the sight of God. We have been so accustomed to live in the polluted atmosphere of this world, which drinks in iniquity as water and eats it as bread, that we cannot discern the sin which everywhere so completely surrounds us. My experience is briefly this. We find in the Bible these words:—"We were sometimes foolish, disobedient, deceived, serving divers lusts and pleasures, living in malice and envy, hateful, and hating one another." For a long time I could not admit this declaration, it appeared to me so evidently an exaggeration; and even after God had by His grace turned my heart toward Him in the day He had marked from all eternity, it was long before I could completely accept it. And even now, I cannot comprehend it to the full, though convinced that it is perfectly true; and if I do not realise it in my experience, the fault is entirely mine. It was this that made me comprehend the necessity of a witness existing before us, without us, and above us. I accept this declaration as coming from God, because I find it in His Word, and I pray that He may reveal to me the full meaning of it by His Holy Spirit. I have, by the grace of God, attained (I do not say in a short space of time—these things do not advance so rapidly—but in an interval of several years) to a clearer view of this doctrine, and to a deeper feeling of its truth in my own heart; and I am sure that when I shall have laid down this mortal tabernacle, I shall acknowledge it to be the most faithful resemblance that has ever been traced of my heart—I mean of my natural, unregenerated heart. Let us pray that God would gradually more and more reveal to us our state of sin.—*Adolphe Monod.*

RULES FOR TRAVELLERS AND VISITORS.

IF RESIDING IN THE COUNTRY.

1. NEVER neglect your accustomed private duties of reading, meditation, self-examination, and prayer.
2. Never fail to attend some place of worship on the Lord's day, unless prevented by such circumstances as you are sure will excuse you in the eye of God.
3. Never entertain invited company on the Lord's day, and pay no visits, unless to the sick and needy, as acts of benevolence.
4. Never engage in anything, either on the Lord's or on any secular day, which will compromise your Christian consistency.
5. Seek to do good to the souls of your family, and all others within your reach.
6. Always remember that you are to "stand before the judgment-seat of Christ."

IF TRAVELLING.

1. Never, on any plea whatever, travel on the Lord's day.
2. Make your arrangements to stop, if possible, in some place where you can enjoy suitable religious privileges.
3. Every day find or make time for your private duties of reading, meditation, self-examination, and prayer.
4. Carry tracts and good books with you to read, distribute, or lend, according to circumstances.
5. Seek for opportunities to do good to the souls of those into whose society you may fall.
6. Never, by deed or conversation, appear to be ashamed of your religious profession.
7. Remember you are to "stand before the judgment-seat of Christ."

THE CLOSET.

No Christian can be comfortable or prosperous without retirement. Popular ministers may preach, converse, or pray in public, to the edifying of others, and yet decline in their own souls for want of examination, humiliation, and secret prayer, suited immediately to their own case. Nay, the most able ministers will generally cease to be very useful if their religion is neglected, or hurried over in a formal manner. This the fervent Christian knows. He will, therefore, redeem time for retirement at the expense of many inconveniences; and the friends of popular ministers should consider this, and not too much intrude upon the regular needful hours for retirement of those persons in whose company they most delight. In prosecuting the work of God, our own inclinations must be thwarted, we must not "spend our time" with them when duty calls us another way, or when a prospect is before us of doing essential good.—*Scott.*

Page for the Young.

FAITHFULNESS IN LITTLE THINGS.

"Is Mr Harris in?" inquired a plainly, but neatly dressed boy, of twelve or thirteen, of a clerk, as he stood by the counter of a large book-shop.

The well-paid clerk regarded the boy with a supercilious look, and answered, "Mr Harris is in, but he is engaged."

The boy looked at the clerk hesitatingly, and then said, "If he is not particularly engaged, I should like much to see him."

"If you have any business to transact, I can attend to it," replied the clerk; "Mr Harris cannot be troubled with children like you."

"What is this, Morley?" said a pleasant-looking elderly man, stepping up to the clerk; "what does the boy want?"

"He insisted on seeing you, though I told him you were engaged," returned the clerk, a little abashed by the manner of his employer.

"And what would you have with me, my lad?" inquired Mr Harris, kindly.

The boy raised his eyes, and meeting the half-scornful glance of the clerk, said, timidly—

"I wish you to look at the bill of some books which I bought here about three months since. There is a mistake in it which I wish to correct."

"Ah! my boy, I see," replied Mr Harris; "you have overpaid us, I suppose."

"No, sir," answered the boy. "On the contrary, I purchased some books which are not charged on the bill, and I have called to pay you for them."

Mr Harris folded his arms across his breast, regarded the boy earnestly for a moment, and then asked, "When did you discover this mistake?"

"Not until I had reached home," replied the lad. "When I paid for the books I was in a great hurry, fearing the boat would leave before I could reach it, and did not examine the bill."

"Why did you not return and rectify the mistake?"

"Because, sir, I live at some distance from the city, and have not been able to return until now."

"My dear boy," said Mr Harris, "you have given me great pleasure. In a long life of mercantile business, I have never met with an instance of this kind before. You have acted nobly, and deserve a recompense."

"I ask no recompense," returned the boy, proudly; "I have done nothing but my duty, a simple act of justice, and that deserves no reward but itself."

"May I ask who taught you such noble principles?" inquired Mr Harris.

"My mother," answered the boy, bursting into tears.

"Blessed is the child who has such a mother," said Mr Harris, with much emotion, "and blessed is the mother of such a child! Be faithful to her teachings, my dear boy, and you will be the staff of her declining years."

"Alas! sir," sobbed the boy, "she is dead. It was her sickness and death which prevented me from coming here before."

"What is your name?" inquired Mr Harris. "Edward Lockhart."

"Have you a father?"

"No, sir, my father died when I was an infant."

"Well, my boy, what were the books which were forgotten?"

"Tacitus and a Latin Dictionary."

"Let me see the bill. Ha! signed by A. C. Morton; I will see to that. Here, Mr Morley," called Mr Harris; but that functionary was busily engaged in waiting on a customer at the opposite side of the shop, bowing and smiling in the most obsequious manner.

"Edward," continued the kind-hearted Mr Harris, "I am not going to reward you for what you have done, but I wish to manifest my approbation of your conduct in such a manner as to make you remember the wise and excellent precepts of your departed mother. Select from my stock any ten books you choose, which, in addition to the ten you had before, shall be a present to you; and henceforth, as now, my boy, remember and 'not despise the day of small things.' If ever you need a friend, call on me, and for your mother's sake I will assist you."

When the grateful boy left the shop, through his own tears he saw the moistened eyes of his kind benefactor.

THE "GUEST'S" BIBLE QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNG.

Who are said to "flee when no man pursueth?"

Who said to a boy, "Run, find the arrows?" What son of a king prepared him "fifty men to run before him?"

Who said, after a battle, "Let me run and bear the king tidings?"

What goes forth "like a strong man to run a race?"

What mother in her affliction desired to run to the man of God?

What man once ran after a general who had been healed of a fearful disease?

For what purpose did he follow him?

What afterwards befel him?

With what tidings to the king of Babylon does a prophet say, "One post shall run to meet another?"

On what occasion did John outrun Peter?

Who ran to Peter with the news that Christ had risen from the dead?



A FAMILY MAGAZINE FOR SUNDAY READING.

REVISED BY THE REV. NORMAN McLEOD, D.D., GLASGOW.

WEEKLY NOS. ONE HALFPENNY.]

[MONTHLY PARTS, THREEPENCE

THE HEALING OF THE DAUGHTER OF THE SYROPHENICIAN WOMAN.

Matt. xv. 21-28; Mark vii. 24-30.

At no time during His earthly ministry does Christ seem to have overpassed the limits of the Jewish land; nor, when it is said that He "departed into the coasts of Tyre and Sidon," have we here a statement which militates with this assertion. It was only "into the borders of Tyre and Sidon," as St Mark tells us, that He went; and even St Matthew's words need not, and certainly here do not, mean more than that He came into the confines of that heathen land. The general fitness of things, and more than this, His own express words on this very occasion, "I am not sent but unto the lost sheep of the house of Israel," combine to make it most unlikely that He had now brought His healing presence into a heathen land; and, moreover, when St Matthew speaks of the "woman of Canaan," as coming out of that district, or "of the same coasts," he clearly shews that he has no other intention than to describe the Lord as having drawn close to the skirts of that profane land.

Being there, He "entered into a house, and would have no man know it;" but as "the ointment bewrayeth itself," so He, whose "name is like ointment poured out," on the present occasion, "could not be hid;" and among those attracted by its sweetness was a woman of that country—"a woman of Canaan," as St Matthew terms her; "a Greek, a Syrophenician," as St Mark—meaning by the first term to designate her religion, that it was not Jewish but heathen; by the second, the stock of which she came, being even that accursed stock once doomed of God to a total excision, root and branch, but of which some branches had been spared by those first generations of Israel that should have destroyed all. Everything, therefore, was against her; yet she was not hindered by that everything from drawing nigh and craving the boon that her soul longed after. She had heard of the

mighty works which the Saviour of Israel had done: for already His fame had gone through all Syria; so that they brought unto Him, besides other sick, "those which were possessed with devils, and those which were lunatic, and He healed them." (Matt. iv. 24.) And she has a boon to ask for her daughter, or rather, indeed, for herself; for so entirely has she made her daughter's misery her own, that she comes saying, "Have mercy on me, O Lord, thou Son of David; my daughter is grievously vexed with a devil;" as on a later occasion the father of the lunatic child, "Have compassion on us, and help us." (Mark ix. 22.)

But she finds Him very different from that which report had described Him to her; that had spoken of Him as the merciful Son of man, who would not break the bruised reed, nor quench the smoking flax, who encouraged every weary and afflicted soul to come and find rest with Him. He who of Himself came to meet the needs of others, withdrew Himself from hers; "He answered her not a word." In the language of Chrysostom, "The Word has no word; the fountain is sealed; the Physician withholds His remedies;" until at last the disciples, wearied out with her long entreaties, and to all appearance more merciful than their Lord, themselves come to Him, interceding for her that He would grant her petition to her, and send her away. Yet was there in truth the worm of selfishness at the root of this seemingly readier compassion of theirs, and it betrays itself when they give their reason why He should dismiss her with the boon she asks, "for she crieth after us;" she is making a scene; she is drawing on us unwelcome observation. Theirs is that heartless granting of a request, whereof we all are conscious; when it is granted out of no love to the suppliant, but to leave undisturbed the peace and selfish ease of him from whom at length it is extorted—a granting such as his

who gave, but gave saying, "Lest by her continual coming she weary me." (Luke xviii. 5.) Here, as so often, under a seeming severity, lurks the real love, while under the mask of greater easiness selfishness lies hid.

But these intercessors meet with no better fortune than the suppliant herself; and Christ stops their mouth with words which seem to set the seal of hopelessness on her suit, "I am not sent but unto the lost sheep of the house of Israel." (Cf. Matt. x. 5, 6.) But in what sense was this true? All prophecy which went before declared that in Him, the promised Seed, not one nation only, but all nations of the earth should be blest: He Himself declared, "Other sheep I have, which are not of this fold: them also I must bring, and they shall hear my voice." (John x. 16.) It has happened indeed before now with the founders of false religions, that, as success beckoned them on, the circle of their vision has widened; and they who meant at first but to give a faith to their tribe or nation, have aspired at last to give one to the world. But here all must have been known: the world-embracing reach of His faith was contemplated by Christ from the beginning. In what sense then, and under what limitations, could it be said with truth that He was not sent but unto Israel only? Clearly it must be in His own personal ministry. That, for wise purposes in the counsels of God, was to be confined to His own nation; and every departure from this the law of His ministry was, and was clearly marked as, an exception. Here and there, indeed, He gave preludes of the greater mercy which was behind. Before, however, the Gentiles should glorify God for His mercy, he must first be "a minister of the circumcision for the truth of God, to confirm the promises made unto the fathers." (Rom. xv. 8, 9.) It was only as it were by a rebound from them that the grace was to light upon the heathen world; while yet that issue, which seemed thus accidental, was laid deep in the deepest counsels of God. (Acts xiii. 44-49; Rom. xi.) In the form of Christ's reply, as St Mark gives it, "Let the children first be filled," the refusal does not appear so absolute and final, and a glimpse appears of the manner in which the blessing would pass on to others, when as many of these, of "the children," as would, have accepted it. But there, too, the *present* repulse is absolute: the time is not yet; others intermeddle not with the meal, till the children have had enough.

The woman hears the repulse which the disciples who had ventured to plead for her receive; but is not daunted or disheartened thereby. Hitherto she had been crying after the Lord, and at a distance; but now, instead of being put further still, "came she and worshipped Him, saying, Lord, help me." On this He breaks the silence which hitherto He has maintained towards her; but it is with an answer more uncomfortable than was the

silence itself: "He answered and said, It is not meet to take the children's bread, and to cast it to dogs." "The children" are, of course, the Jews, "the children of the kingdom." (Matt. viii. 12.) He who spoke so sharply to them, speaks thus honourably of them; nor is there any contradiction in this: for here He is speaking of the position which God has given them in His kingdom; there, of the manner in which they have realised that position. On the other hand, extreme contempt was involved in the title of dog given to any one, it being remarkable that the nobler characteristics of the animal, although by no means unknown to antiquity, are never brought out in Scripture. (See Deut. xxiii. 18; Job xxx. 1; 1 Sam. xvii. 43, xxiv. 14; 2 Sam. iii. 8, ix. 8, xvi. 9; 2 Kings viii. 13; Matt. vii. 6; Phil. iii. 2; Rev. xxii. 15.)

There are very few for whom this would not have been enough; and, even if they had persevered thus far, now at least they would have gone away in anger or despair. But not so this woman; she, like the centurion, and under still more unfavourable circumstances than his, was mighty in faith; and from the very word which seemed to make most against her, with the ready wit of faith, she drew an argument in her own favour. She entangled the Lord, Himself most willing thus to be so entangled, in His own speech; she takes the sword out of His own hand, with which to overcome Him, "Truth, Lord: yet the dogs eat of the crumbs which fall from their master's table." Upon these words Luther, who has dwelt on all the circumstances of this little history with a peculiar love, and seems never weary of extolling the mighty faith of this woman, exclaims, "Was not that a master-stroke? she snares Christ in His own words." And oftentimes he sets this Canaanitish woman before troubled and fainting hearts, that they may learn from her how to wring a Yea from God's Nay; or, rather, how to hear the deep-hidden Yea, which many times lurks under His seeming Nay. "Like her, thou must give God right in all He says against thee, and yet must not stand off from praying, till thou overcomest as she overcame, till thou hast turned the very charges made against thee into arguments and proofs of thy need—till thou, too, hast taken Christ in His own words."

Our translation of the woman's answer is not, however, altogether satisfactory. For, indeed, she accepts the Lord's declaration, not immediately to make exception against the conclusion which He draws from it, but to shew how in *that very declaration* is involved the granting of her petition. "Saidest thou *dogs*? it is well; I accept the title and the place; for the dogs have a portion of the meal—not the first, not the children's portion, but a portion still—the crumbs which fall from the master's table. In this very statement of the case thou bringest us heathen,

thou bringest *me*, within the circle of the blessings which God, the great householder, is ever dispensing to His family. We also belong to His household, though we occupy but the lowest place in it. According to Thine own shewing, I am not wholly an alien, and therefore I will abide by this name, and will claim from Thee all which in it is included." By the "masters" she does not mean the Jews, which is Chrysostom's mistake; for thus the whole image would be disturbed; they are "the children:" but by the "masters" she would signify God, using the plural to correspond to the plural, "dogs," which Christ had used before; in the same way as Christ Himself says, "Then the *sons* are free (Matt. xvii. 26), having spoken plurally before of "the *kings* of the earth," while yet it is the one Son only, the only begotten of the Father, whom He has in His eye. He, the great Master and Lord, spreads a table for all flesh; and all that depend on Him, in their place and order, are satisfied from it—the children at the table, the dogs beneath the table. There is in her statement something like the prodigal's petition, "Make me as one of thy hired servants"—a recognition of diverse relations, some closer, some more distant, in which divers persons stand to God—yet all blest who, whether in a nearer or remoter station, receive their meat from Him.

And now she has conquered. She who before heard only those words of a seeming contempt, now hears words of a most gracious commendation—words of which the like are recorded as spoken but to one other in all the gospel history: "O woman, great is thy faith!" He who shewed at first as though He would have denied her the smallest boon, now opens to her the full treasure-house of His grace, and bids her to help herself, to carry away what she will: "Be it unto thee even as thou wilt." He had shewn to her for awhile, like Joseph to his brethren, the aspect of severity; but, like Joseph, He could not maintain it long; or rather, He would not maintain it an instant longer than it was needful, and after that word of hers, that mighty word of an undaunted faith, it was needful no more: "For this saying go thy way; the devil is gone out of thy daughter."

Like the centurion at Capernaum (Matt. viii. 13), like the nobleman at Cana (John iv. 53), she made proof that His word was potent, whether spoken far off or near. Her child, indeed, was at a distance; but she offered in her faith a channel of communication between it and Christ. With one hand of that faith she had held on to that Lord in whom all healing grace was stored, with the other to her suffering child—thus herself a living conductor by which the power of Christ might run, like an electric flash, from Him to the object of her love. "And when she was come to her house, she found the devil gone out, and her daughter laid upon the bed," weak

and exhausted, as it would appear, from the paroxysms of the spirit's going out. Or this last-mentioned circumstance may indicate only that she was now taking that quiet rest which hitherto the evil spirit had not allowed. It will then answer so to the "clothed and in his right mind" (Luke viii. 35) of another who had been similarly tormented.

But the interesting question remains, *Why* this bitterness was not spared her, why the Lord should have presented Himself under so different an aspect to her, and to most other suppliants? Sometimes He anticipated their needs, "Wilt thou be made whole?" (John v. 6); or if not so, He who was waiting to be gracious required not to be twice asked for His blessings. Why was it that in this case, to use the words of an old divine, Christ "stayed long, wrestling with her faith, and shaking and trying whether it were fast-rooted" or no? Doubtless because He knew that it was a faith which would stand the proof, and that she would come out victorious from this sore trial; and not only so, but with a stronger, higher, purer faith than if she had borne away her blessing merely for the asking. Now she has learned, as then she never could have learned, "that men ought always to pray and not to faint;" that when God delays a boon, He does not therefore deny it. She has learned the lesson which Moses must have learned, when "the Lord met him, and sought to kill him" (Exod. iv. 24); she won the strength which Jacob had won before, from his night-long struggle with the angel. There is, indeed, a remarkable analogy between this history and that of Jacob. (Gen. xxxii. 24-32.) There, as here, we note the same persevering struggle on the one side, the same persevering refusal on the other; there, as here, the stronger is at last overcome by the weaker. God himself yields to the might of faith and prayer; for a later prophet, interpreting that mysterious struggle, tells us the weapons which the patriarch wielded: "He wept and made supplication unto Him," connecting with this the fact that "he had power over the angel, and prevailed." (Hos. xii. 3, 4.) The two histories, indeed, only stand out in their full resemblance, when we keep in mind that the angel there, the Angel of the covenant, was no other than that Word, who, now incarnate, "blest" this woman at last, as He had blest at length Jacob at Peniel—in each case rewarding thus a faith which had said, "I will not let Thee go, except Thou bless me."

Yet, when we thus speak of man overcoming God, we must never, of course, for an instant lose sight of this, that the power whereby he overcomes the resistance of God is itself a power supplied by God. All that is man's is the faith or the emptiness of self, which enables him to appropriate and make so largely his own the fulness and power of God; so that here also that word comes true, "Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of

heaven." Thus, when St Paul (Col. i. 29) speaks of himself under an image, which rested originally on Jacob's struggle, if there was not a direct allusion to it in the apostle's mind, as *striving* for the Colossians' striving, that is, with God in prayer (see iv. 12), he immediately adds, "according to *his* working which worketh in me mightily."

We may observe, in conclusion, that we have three ascending degrees of faith, as it manifests itself in the breaking through of hindrances which would keep from Christ, in the paralytic (Mark ii. 4), in the "blind man at Jericho" (Mark x. 48), and in this woman of Canaan. The paralytic broke through the outward hindrances, the obstacles of things merely external; blind Bartimeus through the hindrances opposed by his fellow-men; but this woman, more heroically than all, through apparent hindrances even from Christ Himself. These, in their seeming weakness, were three mighty ones—not of David, but of David's Lord and Son—that broke through opposing hosts, until they could draw living water from wells of salvation. (2 Sam. xxiii. 16.)—*Trench on the Miracles.*

FOR THE AFFLICTED.

As the hard frosts in winter bring on the flowers in the spring, as the night ushers in the morning star, so the evils of affliction produce much good to those who love God.

1. As it is our preacher and tutor—"Hear ye the rod." (Mic. vi. 9.) Luther said he could never rightly understand some of the Psalms till he was in affliction. Affliction teaches two things. (1.) What sin is. In the Word preached, we hear what a dreadful thing sin is, that it is both defiling and damning, but we fear it no more than a painted lion; therefore God lets loose affliction, and then we feel sin bitter in the fruit of it. A sick-bed often teaches more than a sermon: we can best see the ugly visage of sin in the glass of affliction. (2.) Affliction teaches us to know ourselves. In prosperity we are for the most part strangers to ourselves; God makes us know affliction, that we may better know ourselves: we see that corruption in our hearts in the time of affliction which we would not believe was there. Water in the glass looks clear, but set it on the fire and the scum boils up. In prosperity a man seems to be humble and thankful—the water looks clear; but set this man a little on the fire of affliction, and the scum boils up—much impatience and unbelief appear. "Oh!" saith a Christian, "I never thought I had such a bad heart as now I see I have; I never thought my corruptions had been so strong, and my graces so weak."

2. Afflictions work for good, as they are the means of making the heart more upright.—In prosperity the heart is apt to be divided.

(Hos. x. 2.) The heart cleaves partly to God, and partly to the world; it is like a needle between two loadstones—God draws, and the world draws; now, God takes away the world, that the heart may cleave more to Him in sincerity. Correction is a setting the heart right and straight. As we sometimes hold a crooked rod over the fire to straighten it, so God holds us over the fire of affliction to make us more straight and upright. Oh, how good it is, when sin has bent the soul away from God, that affliction should straighten it again!

3. Afflictions work for good, as they conform us to Christ.—God's rod is a pencil, to draw Christ's image more lively upon us. It is good that there should be symmetry and proportion between the head and the members. Would we be parts of Christ's mystical body, and not like Him? His life, as Calvin says, was a series of sufferings—"A man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief" (Isa. liii. 3.) He wept, and bled. Was His head crowned with thorns, and do we think to be crowned with roses? It is good to be like Christ, though it be by sufferings. Jesus Christ drank a bitter cup, it made Him sweat drops of blood to think of it; and though it be true He drank the poison in the cup (the wrath of God), yet there is some wormwood in the cup left, which the saints must drink! only there is this difference between Christ's sufferings and ours—His were satisfactory, ours are only castigatory.

4. Afflictions work for good, as they are the means of loosening our hearts from the world.—When you dig away the earth from the root of a tree, it is to loosen the tree from the earth; so God digs away our earthly comforts, to loosen our hearts from the earth. A thorn grows up with every flower. God would have the world hang as a loose tooth, which, being twitched away, does not much trouble us. Is it not good to be weaned? the oldest saints need it. Why does the Lord break the conduit-pipe, but that we may go to Him in whom are "all our fresh springs?" (Pa. lxxxvii. 7.)

5. Afflictions work for good, as they make way for comfort.—"In the valley of Achor is a door of hope." (Hos. ii. 15.) Achor signifies trouble. God sweetens outward pain with inward peace. "Your sorrow shall be turned into joy." (John xvi. 20.) Here is the water turned into wine. After a bitter pill, God gives sugar. Paul had his prison songs. God's rod has honey at the end of it. The saints in affliction have had such sweet raptures of joy, that they thought themselves on the borders of the heavenly Canaan.

6. Afflictions work for good, as they are the means of making us happy.—"Happy is the man whom God correcteth." (Job. v. 17.) What politician or moralist ever placed happiness in the cross? Job doth: "Happy is the man whom God correcteth." (Job v. 17.)

It may be said, How do afflictions make us happy? We reply, that, being sanctified, they bring us nearer to God. The moon in the full is farthest off from the sun; so are many farther off from God in the full moon of prosperity: afflictions bring them nearer to God. The loadstone of mercy doth not draw us so near to God as the cords of affliction. When Absalom set Joab's corn on fire, then he came running to Absalom. (2 Sam. xiv. 30.) When God sets our worldly comforts on fire, then we run to Him, and make our peace with Him. When the prodigal was pinched with want, then he returned home to his father. (Luke xv. 13.) When the dove could not find any rest for the sole of her foot, then she flew to the ark. When God brings a deluge of affliction upon us, then we fly to the ark of Christ. Thus affliction makes us happy, in bringing us nearer to God. Faith can make use of the waters of affliction, to swim faster to Christ.

7. Afflictions work for good, as they put to silence the wicked. How ready are they to asperse and calumniate the godly, that they serve God only for self-interest! Therefore God will have His people endure sufferings for religion, that He may put a padlock on the lying lips of wicked men. When the atheists of the world see that God hath a people, who serve Him, not for a livery, but for love, this stops their mouths. The devil accused Job of hypocrisy, that he was a mercenary man, all his religion was made up of ends of gold and silver: "Doth Job serve God for nought? Hast not thou made a hedge about him?" &c. "Well," saith God, "put forth thy hand, touch his estate." (Job i. 9.) The devil had no sooner received a commission, but he falls a-breaking down Job's hedge; but still Job worships God (chap. i. 20), and professes his faith in Him: "Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him." (Chap. xiii. 15.) This silenced the devil himself. How it strikes a damp into wicked men, when they see that the godly will keep close to God in a suffering condition, and that, when they lose all, they yet will hold fast their integrity!

8. Afflictions work for good, as they make way for glory. (2 Cor. iv. 17.) Not that they merit glory; but they prepare for it. As ploughing prepares the earth for a crop, so afflictions prepare and make us meet for glory. The painter lays his gold upon dark colours, so God first lays the dark colours of affliction, and then He lays the golden colour of glory. The vessel is first seasoned before wine is poured into it: the vessels of mercy are first seasoned with affliction, and then the wine of glory is poured in. Thus we see afflictions are not prejudicial, but beneficial to the saints. We should not so much look at the evil of affliction as the good; not so much at the dark side of the cloud as the light. The worst that God does to His children, is to whip them to heaven.—*Watson.*

OBOOKIAH,

AND THE INTRODUCTION OF THE GOSPEL INTO THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.

AN orphan boy on one of the Sandwich Islands, of twelve years old, is seen escaping from a scene of the most disgusting carnage. He bears on his back an infant brother of only two months old. They are pursued; the infant is transfixd with a spear, while the lad is spared, and led away the captive of war. He is the only survivor of his family. The father and mother, with these two boys, had, on the approach of the enemy to their village, fled to the mountains; but were soon sought out and cut to pieces before the face of their children. Henry, the surviving boy, remained for some time with the man whom he had seen kill his father and his mother; but is at length found by an uncle, who takes him to his house, and keeps him one or two years. Again is he, with his aunt, a prisoner of war, makes his escape, secretes himself at a little distance, whence he soon saw his aunt conducted from the prison to a precipice, from which she was thrown headlong, and dashed to pieces. Now, alone in the world, and disconsolate, he determines to end a miserable existence in the same way he had seen his relative meet her tragic death. As soon as the enemy disappeared from the precipice, he approached to execute his horrid purpose. But being discovered by one of the hostile party, he is rescued just in time to save a life which should be the hand of Providence to bring life and immortality to light among his benighted countrymen.

Again we find him, by some means, once more restored to his uncle; yet, weary of life, and the last of his race, he never ceases to bemoan his parents. In this state of despondency and wretchedness, he conceives the strange idea of seeking an asylum in some foreign country.

While in this state of mind, an American ship arrives. Young *Obookiah* was immediately on board to seek a passage to America. His uncle refused to let him go, and shut him up in his house. But the young adventurer finds means to escape, and is again on board, and is allowed to sail.

But mark the next link in the chain. There is on board this vessel a pious young man, (Russel Hubbard,) a student of Yale College, who becomes a friend of young Henry, and takes much pains to instruct him in the rudiments of learning, of which he was totally ignorant.

After a few months we find Henry in New Haven. Wandering about the college-yard, he attracts the attention of E. W. Dwight, who, from this time, becomes his friend and teacher, is introduced into the family of Dr Dwight, and finally comes to the knowledge of Samuel J. Mills, who takes him to his father's in Torrington. Thence, after some time, he is trans-

ferred to Andover, becomes a Christian, lives in different places in Massachusetts, Connecticut, and New Hampshire; everywhere adorns a good profession, manifests a burning zeal for the salvation of his countrymen, and much solicitude for the salvation of all men. At length we find him in the mission school at Cornwall, the same decided, consistent Christian, the industrious scholar, the amiable companion, ever loved, and highly respected.

He has by this time produced a strong interest in favour of the Sandwich Islands. A mission thither was always his fond hope, and the object of his unremitting toil. It was a much cherished idea, that he might return, a messenger of peace, to his deluded countrymen; and for this purpose he used all diligence to be prepared. But, strange dispensation of Providence! he is cut down by the relentless hand of death, before he sees one of his benevolent schemes for his native island executed.

But let us pause here, and mark the hand of God. The time of blessed visitation had come for the isles of the sea. The English Churches had already taken of the spoil of their idols, and were rejoicing and being enriched by their conquests. The American Zion must participate in the honour and profit of the war. Hence, Henry Obookiah, an obscure boy, without father or mother, kindred or tie, to bind him to his native land, must be brought to our shores; be removed from place to place, from institution to institution, everywhere fanning into a flame the smoking flax of a missionary spirit, and giving it some definite direction; be made the occasion of rousing the slumbering energies of the Church on behalf of the heathen, and of kindling a spirit of prayer and benevolence in the hearts of God's people; and finally, and principally, his short and interesting career, and, perhaps, more than all, his widely lamented *death*,—should originate and mature a scheme of missions to those islands, the present aspect of which present scenes of interest scarcely inferior to those of the apostolic age. Behold what a great matter a little fire kindleth!

But there is another aspect in which we must view the pleasing interposition. While Henry Obookiah was being used as the hand of Providence in preparing (through Mills and Hall, Griffin and Dwight, and others on whom his influence bore) the American Church to engage in a plan of benevolent action, definitely directed towards the islands of the Pacific, there was a process transpiring *at* the islands still more interesting, if possible, and more strongly marked as the handiwork of God. Already had the decree passed for the destruction of idolatry, and those islands, too, were *waiting* for the law of their God.

An incident here will illustrate. I give it as taken from the lips of the Rev. Mr Richards on his late visit to this country. On the arrival of our first company of missionaries,

a consultation of the king and chiefs was held, whether they should be allowed to remain. Different opinions were advanced, supported by as different reasons. The second day of these deliberations had nearly closed without any decisive result. Now there came into the council the aged secretary of the late king, who had just returned from a neighbouring island. He had long been a sort of chronicler of the nation. His mind, in the absence of written documents, was a kind of historical depot. His opinion was asked, and his decision determined the momentous question, whether the "glad tidings of great joy," which had then, for the first time, reached the islands, should be proclaimed, or the darkness of death which then brooded over them become darker than before.

Addressing the young king, he said, "What did the late king, your father, enjoin on you as touching these men who now ask your protection and a residence among us?" "He left in charge nothing concerning these men," said the young king. "Did he not repeat to you what *Vancouver* said to him, as he looked upon our gods, and pitied our folly?—how he said that not many years would elapse before Englishmen would come and teach a better religion, and that you must protect such teachers, and listen to them, and embrace their religion? Now they have come, and what would your father have you to do with them?"

He resumed his seat; the young king recalled the charge of his royal sire, and this "little matter" fixed the decision that opened the flood-gates of mercy to thousands of the most abject of our race, formed the commencement of a successful career of benevolent action, which shall not cease with time. Discern ye not the finger of God here?—*Hand of God in History.*

A SUMMER SONG.

BY PAUL GERHARDT.

Go forth, my heart, and seek delight
In all the gifts of God's great might,
These pleasant summer hours;
Look how the plains for thee and me
Have deck'd themselves most fair to see,
All bright and sweet with flowers.

The trees stand thick and dark with leaves,
And earth, o'er all her dust, now weaves
A robe of living green;
Nor silks of Solomon compare
With glories that the tulips wear,
Or lilies' spotless sheen.

The lark soars, springing into space,
The dove forsakes her hiding-place
And coos the woods among;
The richly-gifted nightingale
Pours forth her voice o'er hill and dale,
And floods the fields with song.

Here with her brood the hen doth walk,
There builds and guards his nest the stork,
The fleet-wing'd swallows pass;
The swift stag leaves his rocky home,
And down the light deer bounding come,
To taste the rich long grass.

The brooks rush gurgling through the sand,
And from the trees on either hand
Cool shadows o'er them fall;
The meadows at their side are glad
With herds, and hark! the shepherd lad
Sends forth his mirthful call.

And humming, hovering to and fro,
The never-wearied swarms now go
To seek their honey'd food;
And through the vine's yet feeble shoots
Stream daily upwards from her roots
New strength and juices good.

The corn springs up, a wealth untold,
A sight to gladden young and old,
Who now their voices lift
To Him who gives such pleanuous store,
And makes the cup of life run o'er
With many a noble gift.

Thy mighty working, mighty God,
Wakes all my powers; I look abroad
And can no longer rest;
I too must sing when all things sing,
And from my heart the praises ring,
The Highest loveth best.

I think, Art Thou so good to us,
And scatterest joy and beauty thus
O'er this poor earth of ours—
What nobler glories shall be given
Hereafter in Thy shining heaven,
Set round with golden towers!

What thrilling joy, when on our sight
Christ's garden beams in cloudless light,
Where all the air is sweet,
Still laden with the unwearied hymn,
From all the thousand seraphim,
Who God's high praise repeat!

Oh, were I there! Oh, that I now,
Dear God, before Thy throne could bow,
And bear my heavenly palm!
Then, like the angels, would I raise
My voice, and sing Thy endless praise
In many a sweet-toned psalm.

Nor can I now, O God, forbear,
Though still this mortal yoke I wear,
To utter oft Thy name;
But still my heart is bent to speak
Thy praises; still, though poor and weak,
Would I Thy love proclaim.

But help me; let Thy heavenly showers
Revive and bless my fainting powers,
And let me thrive and grow
Beneath the summer of Thy grace,
And fruits of faith bud forth apace
While yet I dwell below.

And set me, Lord, in Paradise,
When I have bloom'd beneath these skies,
Till my last leaf is flown;
Thus let me serve Thee here in time,
And after in that happier clime,
And Thee, my God, alone!

DEATH'S VISIT TO THE VILLAGE.

THEY say that the people live longer in the untry than in town, and, perhaps, they may few short years; but be not deceived by the ying, my country friends, for the word of e Eternal is gone forth: "The days of our ars are threescore years and ten; and if by ason of strength they be fourscore years, t is their strength labour and sorrow; for it soon cut off, and we fly away." (Ps. xc. 10.) ither town nor country can prevent the its of Death.

Death came up the village. It was in the ring; the fresh leaves were budding forth,

and the snow-drops were peeping out of the ground. He went into the thatched cottage by the ash-tree, where sat old Roger Gough in his arm-chair, with his brow wrinkled and his hair white as flax. Roger was taken with the cramp in the stomach, and soon ceased to breathe. "What man is he that liveth, and shall not see death? shall he deliver his soul from the hand of the grave?" (Ps. lxxxix. 48.)

The wheelwright's wife sat, with her baby, her first-born, in her lap. It smiled as if it lay asleep, and breathed softly. The mother went on mending stockings, every now and then casting a fond look at her little treasure. That day week its gentle spirit departed, leaving the fond parents half heart-broken. How uncertain is human life! "It is even a vapour that appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away." (James iv. 14.)

Death went down the village in summer. The heavens were bright with sunbeams, and the earth seemed to smile; the gardens were in their glory, and the merry haymakers were busy in the fields. The sexton's son had long been ailing, and all agreed that he could never struggle through the winter. The red tinge on his cheek was not a healthy hue; consumption had marked him for the grave. He had taken to his bed for a fortnight, when his head fell gently back on his pillow, and he went off like an infant going to sleep. "As for man, his days are as grass; as a flower of the field, so he flourisheth. For the wind passeth over it, and it is gone: and the place thereof shall know it no more." (Ps. cii. 15, 16.)

Butcher Hancocks was the strongest man in the parish; but he was no match for Death. His chest was broad, his arms were sinewy and strong, and his frame bulky and well knit together. "As hearty as Hancocks," was a common adage. No matter; sickness soon robs the stoutest of his strength, and pulls down the tallest man to the ground. The fever fastened upon him, so that one hour he raged with heat and thirst, and the next his teeth chattered with the cold. His neighbours carried him to the grave. "Lord, make me know mine end, and the measure of my days, what it is; that I may know how frail I am. Behold, thou hast made my days as an hand-breadth, and mine age is as nothing before thee; verily, man at his best state is altogether vanity." (Ps. xxxix. 4, 5.)

Death crossed the village in autumn. The orchard-trees were bending beneath their load, the sickle was at work among the wheat, and the scythe was sweeping down the barley. Never was known a more abundant year. The loaded teams were seen in all directions, and the gleaners were picking up the scattered ears from the stubble. Farmer Blunt was a wealthy man. He was in the field with the reapers, when he suddenly fell to the ground. Some said he was suddenly struck by the sun, and others that it was a fit of apoplexy; but whatever it was, Farmer Blunt never spoke

after. You may, perhaps, have seen his tomb by the stone-wall of the churchyard, with the iron palisades round it. Truly may each of us say, "There is but a step between me and death." (1 Sam. xxi. 3.)

Widow Edwards lived in the shed at the back of the pond. It was a wretched habitation; but the poor cannot choose their dwelling-places. The aged widow had wrestled hard with poverty. Her bits and crops were few and far between. Her son, who ought to have been a staff for her old age to rest on, was at sea. He was roving and thoughtless; but there is a heartache in store for him on account of his aged mother. Death found the widow alone lying on her straw. No one was at hand to comfort her, or to close her eyes. "Watch, therefore; for you know not what hour your Lord doth come." (Matt. xxiv. 42.)

Death went round the village in the winter. The icicles were a foot long, hanging from the pent-house in the carpenter's yard; and the snow lay here and there in heaps, for it had been shovelled away from in front of the cottages. Not a stone's-throw from the finger-post at the end of the village, dwelt Abel Froome, the clerk's father. For years he had been afflicted, but his mind was stayed upon Christ, the Rock of ages, and he loved to think of eternal things. He had lived to a goodly old age; and as a shock of corn fully ripe for the harvest, he was ready to be gathered into the garner of God. While his days were numbering, his heart had applied unto wisdom; and he knew Him whom to know is eternal life. Death found him sitting up in his bed, with the Bible in his aged hands, and the last words that fell from his lips were, "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, according to thy word: for mine eyes have seen thy salvation." (Luke ii. 29, 30.) Thus died Abel Froome. "Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright, for the end of that man is peace." (Ps. xxxvii. 37.)

The habitation of Harry Tonks was in a wretched plight when Death crossed the threshold. Harry was an infidel, and scoffed at holy things. His days were mostly spent in idleness, and his nights in poaching, and in tippling at the "Fighting Cocks."

Often had Harry defied Death at a distance as a bugbear; but when he came in reality, he trembled like a child. Pain racked him, and poverty distressed him; but that was not all, for his conscience was at work within him, and his mind was disturbed. "The spirit of a man will sustain his infirmity; but a wounded spirit who can bear?" (Prov. xviii. 11.) It was a horrid sight to see Harry clenching his hands, tearing his clothes, and gnashing his teeth in anguish, and quite as bad to hear the curses he uttered in his despair. He died as the wicked die—without joy, without hope,— "Driven from the light into darkness, and chased out of the world." (Job xviii. 18.) "Rend your heart and not your garments, and turn unto

the Lord your God: for he is merciful and slow to anger, and of great kindness, and repenteth him of the evil." (Joel ii. 13.)

If Death thus goes up and down, and across and around the village, at all seasons of the year; and if he takes away the old and the young, the feeble and the strong, the rich and the poor, the righteous and the wicked, how long will he pass by THEE? Is it thy prayer—"Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his?" (Numb. xviii. 10.) Is Christ thy hope, thy trust, thy salvation? If so, thou mayest indeed rejoice, and say with exultation, "Yea, though I walk through the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me." (Ps. xxxiii. 4.)—*Thoughts for the Thoughtful.*

THE GREAT REVIVAL OF LAST CENTURY AND ITS EVANGELISTS.

NEVER has century risen on Christian England so void of soul and faith as that which opened with Queen Anne, and which reached its misty noon beneath the second George—a dewless night succeeded by a sunless dawn. There was no freshness in the past and no promise in the future. It was a listless, joyless morning, when the slipshod citizens were cross, and even the merryandrew joined the incurious public, and, forbearing his ineffectual pranks, sat down to wonder at the vacancy. The reign of buffoonery was past, but the reign of faith and earnestness had not commenced. During the first forty years of that century, the eye that seeks for spiritual life can hardly find it; least of all that hopeful and diffusive life which is the harbinger of more. Doubtless there were divines, like Beveridge, and Watts, and Doddridge, men of profound devotion, and desirous of doing good; but the little which they accomplished only shews how adverse was the time. And their appearance was no presage. They were not the Ararats of an emerging economy. The power which startles or melts a people is zeal surcharged with faith in the great realities, and baptized with the fire of heaven—that fervour which, incandescent with hope and confidence, bursts in flame at the sight of a glorious future, and which, heaping "coals of fire" on the heads of opponents, at once consumes the obstacle, and augments its own transforming conflagration.

GEORGE WHITEFIELD.

Of this power the splendid example was WHITEFIELD.* The son of a Gloucester inn-keeper, and sent to Pembroke College, his mind became so burdened with a sense of sin, that he had little heart for study. God and eternity, a holy law and his own personal shortcoming, were thoughts which haunted

• Born 1714. Died 1770.

moment, and compelled him to live for salvation of his soul; but, except his tutor and a few gownsmen, he met with no one who shared his earnestness. And though strong, they were all more or less in error. Winning the influential minds of the University was no one to lead them into the knowledge of the gospel, and they had no religious leader except the genius of the place and its own choosing. The genius of the place was an ascetic quietism. With an unclouded conscience and a resolute will, young Whitefield went through the salutary specifics of Kempis, Kestanza, and William Law; in his anxiety to exceed all that is recorded by the rubric, he would fast during Lent on black bread and sugarless tea, and in the cold till his nose was red and his cheeks blue, whilst, in the hope of temptation wild beasts, he would wander through church meadows over dark. It was this pursuing this course of self-righteousness that he was seized with alarming fits. It sent him to his Bible, and, whilst reading and yearning over his Greek Testament, the "open secret" flashed upon his view. The discovery of a completed and gratuitous salvation filled with ecstasy a spirit prepared to appreciate it; and from their great deepening, his affections thenceforward flowed, unceasing and uninterrupted, in the one channel of love to that Saviour who, on his behalf, performed all things so excellently. The Bishop of Gloucester ordained him, and on the day of his ordination he wrote to a friend, "I myself shall ever have the honour of styling myself 'a prisoner of the Lord' who am not; but, indeed, my dear friend, I am all heaven and earth to witness that, the Bishop laid his hand upon me, I myself up to be a martyr for Him who upon the cross for me. Known unto me are all future events and contingencies. I have thrown myself blindfold, and, I trust, without reserve, into His Almighty hands; I would have you observe, that, till you find my dying for or in my work, you will be apprised of all the preferment that is intended by GEORGE WHITEFIELD." In this career of self-devotion he traversed England, Scotland, and Ireland, for four and thirty years, and crossed the Atlantic thirteen times, aiming the love of God and His unspeakable gift to man. A bright and exulting view of atonement's sufficiency was his theological delight in God and rejoicing in Christ; and his piety; and a compassionate attitude for the souls of men, often rising to fearful agony, was his ruling passion; and in the oneness of his aim and the intensity of his feelings, he soon burst the restraints, and began to preach on commonsensical village greens, and even to the rabble at public fairs. He was the prince of English preachers. Many have surpassed him as sermons, but none have approached him

as a pulpit orator. Many have outshone him in the clearness of their logic, the grandeur of their conceptions, and the sparkling beauty of single sentences; but in the power of darting the gospel direct into the conscience he eclipsed them all. They were not only enthusiastic amateurs, like Garrick, who ran to weep and tremble at his bursts of passion, but even the colder critics of the Walpole school were surprised into momentary sympathy and reluctant wonder. Lord Chesterfield was listening in Lady Huntingdon's pew when Whitefield was comparing the benighted sinner to a blind beggar on a dangerous road. His little dog gets away from him when skirting the edge of a precipice, and he is left to explore the path with his iron-shod staff. On the very verge of the cliff this blind guide slips through his fingers, and skims away down the abyss. All unconscious, its owner stoops down to regain it, and, stumbling forward—"Good God! he is gone!" shouted Chesterfield, who had been watching with breathless alarm the blind man's movements, and who jumped from his seat to save the catastrophe. But the glory of Whitefield's preaching was its heart-kindled, heart-melting gospel. Having no church to found, no family to enrich, and no memory to immortalise, he was the mere ambassador of God; and, inspired with its genial, piteous spirit—so full of Heaven Reconciled and Humanity Restored—he soon himself became a living gospel. Radiant with its benignity, and trembling with its tenderness, by a sort of spiritual induction a vast audience would speedily be brought into a frame of mind—the transference of his own; and the white furrows on their sooty faces told that King's wood colliers were weeping, or the quivering of an ostrich plume bespoke the deep emotion in which its fashionable wearer bowed her head. And coming to his work direct from communion with his Master, and in all the strength of believing prayer, there was an elevation in his mien which often paralysed hostility, a self-possession which only made him, amid uproar and fury, the more sublime. With an electric bolt he would bring the jester in his fool's-cap from his perch on the tree, or galvanise the brickbat from the skulking miscreant's grasp, or sweep down in crouching submission and shamefaced silence the whole of Bartholomew Fair; whilst a revealing flash of sententious doctrine or vivified Scripture would disclose to awe-struck hundreds the forgotten verities of another world, or the unsuspected arcana of their inner man. "I came to break your head, but, through you, God has broken my heart," was a confession with which he was familiar; and to see the deaf old gentlewoman, who used to mutter imprecations at him as he passed along the street, clambering up the pulpit stairs to catch his angelic words, was a sort of spectacle which the triumphant gospel often witnessed in his day. And when it is known that his voice could be heard by

twenty thousand, and that, ranging all the empire, as well as America, he would often preach thrice on a working-day, and that he has received in one week as many as a thousand letters from persons awakened by his sermons; if no estimate can be formed of the results of his ministry, some idea may be suggested of its vast extent and singular effectiveness.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF SCRIPTURE.

BY REV. W. M. THOMSON.

AN EASTERN WEDDING.

THERE seems to be an unusual amount of noise and confusion in the street. To what is this owing?

Salim says it is a procession in honour of the marriage of the governor's eldest son. Let us take our stand on the roof of the *khan*, from which we can have a full view of this Oriental cavalcade. Playing the jereed is the most animating spectacle of the whole, but this, I perceive, has already taken place out on the plain, for their panting steeds are still covered with froth and foam. There are a thousand pictures of this sport, but none that does justice to it, and, indeed, it must be seen to be understood and appreciated. The sheikhs and emeers of Lebanon and Hermon are the best jereed-players. Gaily dressed, and superbly mounted, they take their stations at opposite ends of the hippodrome. At length one plunges his sharp *shovel* stirrups into the quivering side of his horse, and away he bounds like a thunderbolt until within a short distance of his opponent, when he wheels sharp round as if on a pivot, flings his "reed" with all his might, and then darts back again, hotly pursued by his antagonist. Others now join in, until the whole hippodrome resounds with the general melee. Many are the accidents which occur in this rough play, and what begins in sport often ends in downright earnest; but, notwithstanding this, the young emeers are extravagantly fond of it, for nowhere else can they exhibit either their horses or themselves to so great advantage; and from every latticed window that looks out upon the hippodrome they well know they are keenly watched by the invisible houris of their midnight dreams. Some of the players perform almost incredible feats of daring and agility. Not only will they catch the "reed" of their antagonist in their hand while on the run, but I have seen them hang to the saddle by the upper part of the leg, throw themselves down so low as to catch up from the ground their own reed, and regain their seat again, and all this while their horse was at the top of his speed. There is always more or less of this jereed-playing at the weddings of the great, and upon all important state occasions.

Here comes a new farce: musicians in harlequin attire, with fox-tails dangling from conical caps, blowing, beating, and braying any amount of discordant music. Following them is a company of dancers at sword-play. They are fierce-looking fellows, and their crooked Damascus blades flash around their heads in most perilous vehemence and vicinity. This, I suppose, is the first time you have seen a real shield, or heard its ring beneath the thick-falling blows of the sword. The next in this procession are genuine Bedawin Arabs, with their tremendous spears. This is because Gaza is on the borders of the desert, and the governor finds it to his interest to court the sheikhs of these powerful robbers. And now comes the governor and suite, with the bridegroom and his friends—a gay cavalcade, in long silk robes; some of them are olive-green, and heavily loaded with silver and gold lace. Such is high life in Gaza.

The whole night will be spent in feasting, singing, dancing, and rude buffoonery, in the open court by the men, and in the *harem*, in equally boisterous games and dances, by the women. These are great occasions for the dancing-girls; and many, not of the "profession," take part in the sport. We see little to admire in their performances. They move forward, and backward, and sidewise, now slowly, then rapidly, throwing their arms and heads about at random, and rolling the eye, and *wriggling* the body into various preposterous attitudes, languishing, lascivious, and sometimes indecent; and this is repeated over and over, singly, or in pairs or groups. One thing is to be said in their favour: the different sexes do not intermingle in those indecorous sports; and I hope you will not be greatly scandalised if I venture the opinion that the dances spoken of in ancient Biblical times were in most points just such as we have been describing.

COCK-CROWING—A DIVISION OF TIME.

Is it not remarkable that there is no allusion to the common barn-door fowl in the Old Testament, and that in the New they are only mentioned in connexion with Jerusalem? In Matthew, Christ thus addresses this wicked city: "O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, thou that killest the prophets, and stonest them which are sent unto thee, how often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not!" Matthew, Mark, and Luke refer to the crowing of the cock when Peter denied his Lord, and Mark mentions cock-crowing as one of the watches of the night in connexion with Christ's prophecy concerning the destruction of Jerusalem.

I have often thought of this remarkable silence in regard to one of man's most common associates and greatest comforts, especially in this country. The peasants, not to say citizens in general, would scarcely know how to live without fowls. Their eggs, and

they themselves, answer the place of meat for most of their meals. They swarm round every door, share in the food of their possessors, are at home among the children in every room, roost overhead at night, and, with their ceaseless crowing, are the town-clock and the morning-bell to call up the sleepers at early dawn. If they were thus common among the ancient Hebrews, it seems strange that they should never have been mentioned.

Is not the cock-crowing a very indefinite division of time? I have noticed throughout our wanderings that they seem to crow all night long.

That is true, particularly in bright, warm nights; and what is curious, too, I have heard a single cock crow so often and continue so long that I gave over counting from mere weariness. It is, however, while the dawn is struggling into day that the whole band of chanticleers blow their shrill clarions with the greatest energy and emulation. It seems to be an objection to the sign given to Peter that a thousand cocks in Jerusalem might crow at any hour. For him, however, it was sufficient that in the house of Caiaphas there was but one which gave forth its significant note in immediate response to his cruel and cowardly denial of his Lord, and it answered the purpose intended perfectly. Peter heard, and then went out and wept bitterly. We must not be very severe upon the Armenians for attempting to preserve the identical spot where this incident occurred, since the Evangelists record the fact with so much particularity.

LEISURE MOMENTS.

Do not say, you cannot pray, because you cannot speak much, or well, or long. Praying is wrestling with God; the heart is the wrestler, holy faith is the strength of it, if by means of this strength thy heart be a good wrestler, though thou art ever so tongue-tied, thou wilt be a prevailer; rhetoric goes for little in the heavenly court, but sincere groans have a kind of omnipotency.—*Burgess.*

The idle man is the devil's cushion, on which he taketh his free ease.—*Bishop Hall.*

A Christian is like the firmament, and it is the darkness of affliction that makes his graces to shine out. He is like those herbs and plants that best effuse their odours when bruised.—*Jay.*

If I grapple with sin in my own strength, the devil knows he may go to sleep.—*Thomas Adam.*

Nothing stops the current of God's favours but our stopping the tribute of thanks; for then we are not fit to receive His favours.—*Romaine.*

Do good with what thou hast, or it will do thee no good.

Pages for the Young.

INTO THE SUNSHINE.

"I WISH father would come home."

The voice that said this had a troubled tone, and the face that looked up was very sad.

"Your father will be angry," said an aunt, who was sitting in the room with a book in her hand. The boy raised himself from the sofa, where he had been lying in tears for half-an-hour, and with a touch of indignation in his voice, answered,

"He'll be sorry, not angry. Father never gets angry."

For a few moments the aunt looked at the boy half curiously, and let her eyes fall again upon the book that was in her hand. The boy laid himself down upon the sofa again, and hid his face from sight.

"That's father now!" He started up, after the lapse of nearly ten minutes, as the sound of a bell reached his ears, and went to the room door. He stood there for a little while, and then came slowly back, saying, with a disappointed air,

"It isn't father. I wonder what keeps him so late. Oh, I wish he would come!"

"You seem anxious to get deeper into trouble," remarked the aunt, who had been only in the house for a week, and who was neither very amiable nor very sympathising towards children. The boy's fault had provoked her, and she considered him a fit subject for punishment.

"I believe, aunt Phebe, that you'd like to see me whipped," said the boy, a little warmly. "But you won't."

"I must confess," replied aunt Phebe, "that I think a little wholesome discipline of the kind you speak of would not be out of place. If you were my child, I am very sure you wouldn't escape."

"I'm not your child; I don't want to be. Father's good, and loves me."

"If your father is so good, and loves you so well, you must be a very ungrateful or a very inconsiderate boy. His goodness doesn't seem to have helped you much."

"Hush, will you!" ejaculated the boy, excited to anger by this unkindness of speech in his aunt.

"Phebe!" It was the boy's mother who spoke now, for the first time. In an under tone she added—"You are wrong. Richard is suffering quite enough, and you are doing him harm rather than good."

Again the bell rang, and again the boy left his seat on the sofa, and went to the sitting-room door.

"It's father!" And he went gliding down stairs.

"Ah, Richard!" was the kindly greeting, as Mr Gordon took the hand of his boy. "But

what's the matter, my son? You don't look happy."

"Won't you come in here?" And Richard drew his father into the library. Mr Gordon sat down, still holding Richard's hand.

"You are troubled, my son, what has happened?"

The eyes of Richard filled with tears as he looked into his father's face. He tried to answer, but his lips quivered. Then he turned away, and opening the door of the cabinet, brought out the fragments of a broken statuette, which had been sent home only the day before, and set them on a table before his father, over whose countenance came instantly a shadow of regret.

"Who did this, my boy?" was asked in an even voice.

"I did it."

"How?"

"I threw my ball in there once—only once, in forgetfulness."

The poor boy's tones were husky and tremulous.

A little while Mr Gordon sat controlling himself, and collecting his disturbed thoughts. Then he said cheerfully—

"What is done, Richard, can't be helped. Put the broken pieces away. You have had trouble enough about it, I can see—and reproof enough for your thoughtlessness—so I shall not add a word to increase your pain."

"O father!" And the boy threw his arms about his father's neck. "You are so kind—so good!"

Five minutes later, and Richard entered the sitting-room with his father. Aunt Phebe looked up for two shadowed faces, but did not see them. She was puzzled.

"That was very unfortunate," she said, a little while after Mr Gordon came in. "It was such an exquisite work of art. It is hopelessly ruined."

Richard was leaning against his father when his aunt said this. Mr Gordon only smiled, and drew his arms closely around his boy. Mrs Gordon threw upon his sister a look of warning; but it was unheeded.

"I think Richard was a very naughty boy."

"We have settled all that, Phebe," was the mild but firm answer of Mr Gordon; "and it is one of our rules to get into the sunshine as quick as possible."

Phebe was rebuked, while Richard looked grateful, and it may be a little triumphant; for his aunt had borne down upon him rather too hard for a boy's patience to endure.

Into the sunshine as quickly as possible! Oh! is not that the better philosophy for our homes? Is it not true Christian philosophy? It is selfishness that grows angry and repels, because a fault has been committed. Let us get the offender into the sunshine as quickly as possible, so that true thoughts and right feelings may grow vigorous in its warmth.

IS IT YOU?

There is a child—a boy or girl,
I'm sorry it is true—
Who doesn't mind when spoken to;
Is it you?—it can't be you!

I know a child—a boy or girl,
I'm loth to say I do—
Who struck a little playmate child;
I hope that wasn't you.

I know a child—a boy or girl,
I hope that such are few—
Who told a lie—yes, told a lie!
It cannot be 'twas you!

There is a boy—I know a boy,
I cannot love him though—
Who robs the little birdie's nest;
That bad boy can't be you!

A girl there is—a girl I know—
And I could love her, too,
But that she is so proud and vain;
That surely isn't you.

THE "GUEST'S" BIBLE QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNG.

CITIES.

1. What place was called "the city of trees?"
2. Who were persecuted "from city to city?"
3. What city did our Saviour weep over?
4. Who are said to "have no contrition?"
5. What place was called the "city of truth?"
6. Who persecuted the saints "unto such cities?"
7. Who "builded a city," and named it his son?
8. What place was called "the crooked city?"
9. What city did the children of Israel round thirteen times?
10. Who had a desire to die in his city?
11. What "is harder to win than a city?"
12. Who "is like a city that is brought down?"
13. In what city did Joseph and his brethren dwell after leaving Egypt?
14. How many "cities for refuge" were there?
15. From whom did the children of Israel take "threescore cities?"

ANSWERS TO "BIBLE QUESTIONS" FOR THE YOUNG.

- No. 17.—1 John i. 5.—Gen. i. 14.—
xiii. 21.—Prov. iv. 18.—Ps. cxix. 105.—
x. 23.—2 Sam. xxiii. 3.—Luke ii. 32.—Jo
35.—Matt. v. 14.—Matt. v. 16.—Acts xv
13.—Acts xvi. 29.—Matt. xvii. 2.—2 Co
14.—Rev. xxi. 23.
No. 19.—Matt. xxiii. 37.—Matt. xxii. 3'
—Gen. xxix. 20.—Gen. xxxvii. 3.—2 Se
26.—John xxi. 15.—Luke vi. 27.—John
—John xii. 34, 35.—Luke vii. 47.—Mark



A FAMILY MAGAZINE FOR SUNDAY READING.

REVISED BY THE REV. NORMAN M'LEOD, D.D., GLASGOW.

WEEKLY NOS. ONE HALFPENNY.]

[MONTHLY PARTS, THREEPENCE.

PAUL AT ATHENS.

BY JOHN EADIE, D.D. GLASGOW.*

It was by night that Paul and Silas were sent away from Thessalonica. There had been tumult and violence, and a cry of treason and disloyalty had been raised. At such a time it would have been easy to throw the city into a commotion, and in the midst of it to assassinate the objects of popular dislike. Besides, Jason had given bail, probably to send away the so-called disturbers of the peace, and it was therefore deemed advisable that Paul and Silas should leave quietly and unobserved by the infuriated rabble and their malignant instigators. The missionaries travelled to Berea, fifty-seven miles south-west, and commencing their evangelical labours, found the Jews in that city more docile and less under the influence of prejudice than those in Thessalonica. They "received the Word with all readiness;" and were *more noble*—in candour and frankness; more ingenuous, for, instead of scorning the truth and reviling its preachers, they did what really was their duty—"they searched the scriptures daily whether those things were so"—whether the statements made by Paul corresponded with the Hebrew oracles. The inference then is, that he preached in the Berean synagogue the same truths, and in much the same form, as he had done in the previous cities which he had visited. The result was, as indeed always happens when there is openness of mind and study of the Bible, that "many believed," *honourable women which were Greeks*—proselytes of high rank—and "of men not a few."

But Jewish rancour never slept. It had failed in its object so far, but no thanks to it

* From the author's newly published work, "Paul the Preacher." This is "neither a life of Paul, nor a commentary on the Acts," but an honest and hearty attempt to explain and apply, in a popular and practical shape to the common reader, the spoken words of the apostle. It is very *very* worthy of the fine taste, superior scholarship, and unaffected Christian spirit of the author. Glasgow: Richard Griffin and Co.

—the apostle still lived. Yet it pursued him with the stanchness of a blood-hound, and go where he pleased, it soon tracked his steps and came up with him. For we are told—"But when the Jews of Thessalonica had knowledge that the Word of God was preached of Paul at Berea, they came thither also and stirred up the people." Paul must therefore take leave of the noble Bereans, and still pursue his southward journey; this time without his colleagues. There was work before him, and Jewish spite gave him no rest till he overtook it. Though he had been invited across the *Ægean* by a man of Macedonia, he must now depart from that province. They "immediately sent away Paul to go as it were to the sea;" Silas and Timothy being left behind. The words, "as it were to the sea," do not mean, as they seem to do in English, that his journey seaward was a mere feint to elude his enemies, though some have held this notion, but merely that he travelled designedly toward the sea. Probably he might not intend to embark at once, at least for Athens, but might wish to revisit Philippi and Thessalonica. It is not formally stated, but the inference is, that Paul went by sea to Athens. The journey by land would have been one of two hundred and fifty-one miles, and there is no record of it or of any place visited on the way; whereas the voyage, if he took shipping at the mouth of the *Haliacmon*, might be accomplished in three days. The apostle, after sailing past shores, islands, mountains, headlands, and scenes of imperishable fame—*Olympus, Marathon, Salamis, and Sunium*—landed at *Phalerum*, or rather at the *Piræus*, and wending his way between the long walls built by *Themistocles*, but now partly in ruins, entered the city—"mother of arts and eloquence"—the intellectual metropolis of the world.

The splendour of Greece had waned, and it had passed under Roman sway. But what had survived the ravages of time and conquerors attested its ancient grandeur. In that region of south-eastern Europe, genius had dwelt incarnate. It had built the loftiest epics, recited the happiest histories, argued in the stateliest dialogues, wept in the saddest tragedies, laughed in the wittiest comedies, harangued in the mightiest orations, discoursed in the subtlest metaphysics, erected the noblest temples, carved the truest statues, painted the divinest pictures, wrestled in the greatest games, spoken the finest language, sung the gayest songs, and fought the bravest battles—that the world ever saw. The studies of the apostle, not at Jerusalem certainly, and least of all at the feet of Gamaliel, but in his native Tarsus, renowned for its cultivation of Grecian literature, must have made him acquainted with these glories of Athens. He had enjoyed the grace and euphony of Xenophon, and been charmed with the simple dignity of Herodotus. He had thrilled under Æschylus, and glowed with Demosthenes, whose intense logic and barbed interrogations he sometimes reproduces. He could be no stranger to the imagery and music of Homer, the depth and beauty of Plato, the arms, oratory, and magnificence of Pericles, or the terse compacted style of Thucydides, which he occasionally resembles; and he must have often pictured to himself the groves of the Ilissus, the proportions of the Parthenon, and the keen discussions of the Porch, the Academy, the Lyceum, and the Garden.

The city which he entered was "built nobly, pure the air, and light the soil." The limestone rock on which Athens stands, supplied the ordinary material for its buildings, and also from many of its quarries the marble for its nobler structures. The plain is bounded by ranges of hills—on the north-west by Mount Parnes, on the south-east by Mount Hymettus, and on the north-east by Mount Pentelicus, out of which rises the higher pinnacles of Lycabettus, looking upon the city as Arthur's Seat upon Edinburgh. About a mile south-west from it, and in the city, there rose the Acropolis, not unlike Stirling Castle in the upper valley of the Forth. West of it was a smaller rock, the Areopagus or scene of judgment—the council meeting in the open air on its south-eastern summit, and sitting on benches hewn out in the rock, which form three sides of a quadrangle. To the south-west, and about a quarter of a mile from it, there was another and lower eminence, the Pnyx, the place of the great popular assemblies—also held in the open air under the deep blue of a Grecian sky—with its *bema* or stone block on which the orator stood and addressed the crowd, which gathered in a semicircular area of twelve thousand square yards before him, and where Solon, Demosthenes, and Peri-

cles often spoke to the assembled "Athena."

The apostle is now in this city, not ignorant of its ancient renown, of its historical literature. And he was alone, having word, by those who conducted him to Paul to Timothy and Silas to rejoin him "with speed." Timothy soon came, but was sent off again to Thessalonica, as we read from 1 Thess. iii. 1, 2. In fact, it would as if Paul had originally intended to visit Athens only a rendezvous, and not a labour, till he found from Timothy that Macedonia was still shut against him. When he waited, he wandered through its streets inquisitive and sorrowing gaze, it was like Jerusalem, the city of God. His heart was stirred within him—roused and led to profound grief and indignation, as he surveyed its glories, not with the eye of an artist, but that of a Christian. The altars and temples were not looked on by him as the creations of genius, but the mere results of debasing superstitions. In taste, and beauty were alike profaned, one God was dethroned. Wherever the solitary stranger gazed, he saw the manifestations of polytheism—nature deified, human virtues pictured as superhuman, and virtues, naïf, exalted into divinities. It was a sight which he would not have wished to see. It was a sight which greeted him. It was wholly given to idolatry—idol-full of images, as one might say, with idols—on the streets and in the temples. Its public buildings were consecrated as temples, and its streets and forums thickly peopled with statues of gods. Never had he seen the second commandment so wantonly and systematically violated; never had he beheld so much wealth lavished on a wretched idolatry. There had never met his gaze such a wanton beauty of appearance, with such spiritless conformity of purpose—such symmetry of colour and structure, with such miserable misrepresentation of the Divine unity and infinity as the epithet "idol-full," given by Luke to it, is fully verified by ancient writers both in satire and history. One of the former says that it was easier to find a god than a man; and one of the latter, that it was easier to find a whole altar, one entire sacrifice and offering to the gods. Another tells us how a man could scarce find his way through its streets for the troops of idol-mongers. In the midst of gods which, turn as you will, you could gaze upon, were Minerva and Neptune, Jupiter and Ceres, Apollo and Bacchus, Hercules and Theseus, the Muses and the Furies, Venus and the Graces, Diana and the Nymphs of the Dæmos or civic Assembly. Altars or temples were erected to Modesty, Energy, Mercy, Persuasion, Virtue, and Oblivion.

But the apostle was no vulgar iconoclast. He did not lift his arm, and in the name of the Lord of hosts "break down the carved

He sought to reach the hearts of men, and therefore he first spoke to his countrymen and to the proselytes, and then turned to the Athenian population. These last he met in the *market-place*—forum—which was usually crowded with loungers. This market-place of Athens, surrounded by stately porticoes and colonnades, served not only the purpose of an exchange and news-room, was not only a scene of pleasure as well as business, but philosophers and poets traversed it, and the sharp wit of the people was whetted by a perpetual war of words and exchange of raillery. It was, in short, the heart of Athens, sending forth its vital currents on all sides. Every variety of population was there, and the apostle easily found numbers to listen to his preaching, to batter him with question upon question, to turn his earnestness into ridicule, and toss aside with satiric levity or gay invective the point of his argument and appeals. A man of his experience and practical wisdom could easily secure such admissions and extort such assents from an opponent, as that he should be led, step by step and unconsciously, to an untenable conclusion, or one in utter contrast to his original statement, and thus the onlookers would be reminded of the humour and shrewdness of the old Socratic dialogue.

Close upon the agora or forum was a porch or arcade, painted with frescos from the battle of Marathon; there Zeno had taught, and there the Stoics, his followers, still congregated. The audacity of a Hebrew foreigner in daring to ascribe ignorance to the sages of Athens, and in affirming that he was the vehicle of a new and superior philosophy, must have created a sensation which not only surged through the populace, but reached the schools of philosophy. The Epicureans and Stoics, therefore, assailed him, and some of them set him down as a *babbler*—one that fluently retails meaningless scraps, and others as a preacher of new divinities. The last conclusion was nearest the truth, though the expression proved how grievously they misinterpreted the apostle's message. Other some said—"He seemeth to be a setter forth of strange gods." The plural "gods" may be used for the singular, the reference being to Jesus, and to the resurrection as proving His Godhead; but it is a very natural inference from the subjoined explanation, because he preached unto them "Jesus and the resurrection," that the Greek term *anastasis*—resurrection—was taken for a female deity, as if Paul had brought to Athens a new pair of divinities. His preaching opposed the Epicurean theory of creation and the Stoical notion of providence; proclaimed a personal presiding God, who has created all things, whose worship must be spiritual, and on whom man depends for being and well-being; who takes an interest in every creature, and orders all things wisely and well; who has perfect

freedom of action, ruling as He wills; whose heart is as tender as His arm is powerful; whose pure and righteous law commands obedience; whose image seeks conformity from man as his highest dignity and perfection, and whose presence and glory in another sphere are the crown of that immortal blessedness which His genuine worshippers are assured of possessing. Such novelties excited both the philosophers and the volatile population, whose passion for news was proverbial. Paul was, therefore, brought out of the noise and bustle of the forum up those sixteen steps cut in the rock to Mars-hill—Areopagus—not to be tried, but to address the assembly on that convenient and hallowed spot. He was not arraigned or put on his defence, but was taken to Mars-hill, only to gratify the inquisitive population, who said, with a tinge of polite irony—"May we," or can we, "know what this new doctrine whereof thou speakest is?" The historian, to explain the cause of this eager procedure, which the apostle met with nowhere else, adds a trait of Athenian character—"For all the Athenians and strangers which were there, spent their time in nothing else, but either to tell or to hear some *new thing*"—some newer thing than the last news they had gathered. Demosthenes himself cries in his first philippic—"Do ye like walking about and asking one another, Is there any news? Why, could there be greater news than a man of Macedon conquering the Athenians, and directing the policy of Greece?"

On these stone benches had sat the judges so renowned for equity in former times, and there many a solemn appeal and stirring oration had been delivered for and against the culprit. The associations connected with the scene might indeed have overpowered him. There had Socrates, at seventy years of age, been judged and condemned as "a setter forth of strange gods," and he was about to declaim against the prevalent idolatry, standing in the midst of its artistic and architectural glories. Well might his heart be stilled for a moment when he remembered his position where many a brave man had quailed, and when he thought of the fastidious and prejudiced audience before him, and of the solemn and unwelcome truths he was about to announce to them. Yet he stands unmoved, while mighty thoughts are stirring within him. He rises to the occasion, and as his eye takes in the scene, he begins as easily, quietly, and pointedly, as if he had been wont to stand there before—"Ye men of Athens, I perceive that in every point of view ye carry your reverence for the gods farther than most: for, as I was passing along and inspecting the objects of your devotion, I found also an altar on which had been inscribed—'To an Unknown God;' what, therefore, without knowing it, ye worship, that I proclaim to you. The God who made the world and all that is in it, as being

Himself Lord of heaven and earth, dwelleth not in hand-made temples, neither is He ministered to with men's hands as if He were in want of anything, seeing Himself is giving to all life, breath, and all things, and did make every nation of men sprung of one blood to dwell on the whole face of the earth, having appointed the times and the limits of their habitation, so as that they should seek God, if by any chance they might feel after and find Him. And, indeed, He is not far from every one of us, for in Him we live, and move, and have our being, as also some of your own poets have said—'For His offspring also are we.' Therefore, being the offspring of God, we ought not to think that the divine nature is like gold, or silver, or stone, the sculpture of man's art and device. The past periods of this ignorance God having indeed overlooked, does now command all men in all places to repent; because He has appointed a day in which he will judge the world in righteousness by that man whom He has ordained, having afforded assurance to all men, in that He has raised Him from the dead."

WHEAT OR TARES.

"WHEAT or tares—which are you sowing, Fanny, dear, in the mind of this sweet little fellow?" said Mr Lincoln to his niece, Mrs Howard, as he lifted a child not yet beyond his fourth summer upon his knee, and laid one of his hands amid the golden curls that fell about his neck, and clustered above his snowy temples.

"Wheat, I trust, Mr Lincoln," replied Mrs Howard, smiling, yet serious. "It is the enemy who sows tares—and I am his mother."

There was a glow of proud feeling in the countenance of Mrs Howard, as she said, "I am his mother."

It was Mr Lincoln's first visit to his niece since her marriage and removal to the city, some hundreds of miles away from her old home.

"Even a mother's hand may sow tares," said the old gentleman. "I have seen it done many times. Not of design, but in thoughtless inattention to the quality of the seed she holds in her hand. The enemy mixes tares with the wheat, quite as often as he scatters evil seed. The husbandman must not only watch his fields by night and by day, but also the repositories of his grain, lest the enemy cause him to sow tares as well as wheat upon his own fruitful ground."

"Willie," said Mrs Howard, speaking to her little boy, about ten minutes afterwards, "don't upset my work-basket. Stop! stop! I say, you little rogue!"

Seeing that the wayward child did not mean to heed her words, the mother started forwards, but not in time to prevent the spools of cotton, scissors, needles, emery-

cushion, &c., from being scattered about the floor.

Willie laughed in great glee at his exploit, while Mrs Howard gathered up the contents of the work-basket, which she now placed on a shelf above the reach of her mischievous boy. Then she shook her finger at him in mock resentment, saying—

"You little sinner! If you do that again, I'll send you off with the milkman."

"Wheat or tares, Fanny?" Uncle Lincoln looked soberly at his niece.

"Neither," replied Mrs Howard, smiling gaily.

"Tares," said Uncle Lincoln, emphatically.

"Nonsense, uncle!"

"The tares of disobedience, Fanny. You have planted the seed, and it has already taken root. Nothing will choke out the wheat sooner. The tares of falsehood you also threw in upon the newly-broken soil. What are you thinking about, my child?"

"The tares of falsehood, Uncle Lincoln! What are *you* thinking about?" said Mrs Howard, in real surprise.

"Did you not say that you would send him off with the milkman if he did so again? I wonder if he believed you?"

"Of course he did not."

"Then," said Uncle Lincoln, "he has already discovered that his mother makes but light account of truth. Will his mother be surprised if he should grow to set small value upon his word?"

"You treat the matter too seriously, uncle. He knows that I am only playing with him."

"He knows that you are telling him what is not true," replied Mr Lincoln.

"It was only in sport," said Fanny, persistently.

"But in sport with sharp-edged instruments—playing with deadly poisons." The old gentleman looked and spoke with the seriousness that oppressed his feelings. "Fanny! Fanny! Truth and obedience are good seeds; falsehood and disobedience are tares from the Evil One. Whatever you plant in the garden of your child's mind will grow, and the harvest will be wheat or tares, just as you have sown."

Mrs Howard did not reply, but her countenance took on a sober cast.

"Willie," said she, a few minutes afterwards, "go down to Jane and tell her to bring me a glass of water."

Willie, who was amusing himself with some pictures, looked up on hearing his name. But as he did not like going off to the kitchen, he made no response, and let his eyes return to the pictures, in which he had become interested.

"Willie" (Mrs Howard spoke with decision), "did you hear me?"

"I don't want to go," answered Willie.

"Go this minute!"

"I'm afraid."

"Go, I say!"

"I'm afraid."

"Afraid of what?" inquired the mother.

"Afraid of the cat."

"No, you are not. The cat never hurt you, nor anybody else."

"I'm afraid of the milkman. You said he should carry me off."

"The milkman is not down stairs," said Mrs Howard, her face beginning to crimson; "he only comes in the morning."

"Yes, he is, I heard his waggon a little while ago, and he's talking with Jane now. Don't you hear him?" The little fellow put on, with remarkable skill, all the semblances of truth in his tone and expression.

Mrs Howard did not look towards her uncle; she was afraid to do that.

"Willie," (the mother spoke very seriously), "you know the milkman is not down stairs; and you know that you are not afraid of the cat. What you have said, therefore, is not true; and it is wicked to utter a falsehood."

"Ho! ho!" laughed out the bright-eyed little fellow, evidently amused at his own sharpness, "then you're wicked, for you tell what is not true every day."

"Willie!"

"The milkman hasn't carried me off yet!"

There was a world of meaning in Willie's countenance and voice.

"You hav'n't whipped me for throwing my cap out of the window."

"Willie!" ejaculated the astonished mother.

"D'ye see that?" and the young rebel drew from his apron pocket a fine mosaic breast-pin, which he had positively been forbidden to touch, and held it up with a look of mingled triumph and defiance.

"You little wretch!" exclaimed Mrs Howard; "this is going too far;" and springing towards her boy, she grappled him in her arms, and fled with him struggling from the room.

It was a quarter of an hour before she returned, alone, to the apartment where she had left her uncle. Her face was sober, and her eyes betrayed recent tears.

"Wheat or tares, Fanny?" said the old gentleman, in kind but earnest tones, as his niece came back.

"Tares," was the half-mournful response.

"Wheat were better, Fanny."

"I see it, uncle."

"And you will look well in future to the seed in your hand, ere you scatter it upon the heart of your child."

"God helping me, I will, dear uncle."

"Remember, Fanny," said Mr Lincoln, "that truth and obedience are good seed. Plant them, and the harvest-time will come in blessing. As a Christian mother, this is one of your highest and most sacred duties. God has given you a child that you may raise him for heaven; and He has furnished you with an abundant supply of the precious

seeds of love, truth, tenderness, and mercy to sow in his mind. Oh, scatter them broadcast over the rich soil prepared to receive them, and they will take root, spring up, and bear an abundance of good fruit in the harvest-time of his life."—*Steps towards Heaven.*

SCRIPTURE MISCELLANIES.

THE JUDGMENTS OF GOD.

BY THE REV. DR ALEXANDER, PRINCETON.

THE word *judgment* is used in the sacred Scriptures in various senses, but we now employ the term to signify those providential dispensations of God by which men are visited for their sins, either in the way of punishment or chastisement. The difference between punishment and chastisement is, that in the first case the judgments inflicted are really the execution, in part, of the penalty of the law of God; the other are such as are inflicted by a loving father for the correction and amendment of his children. Often, however, the same terms are applied indiscriminately to both kinds of dispensations.

The ideas of many persons—and those are found not merely among the ignorant and unlearned—are very erroneous on the subject of the judgments of God. They entertain the opinion that nothing which comes to pass in the ordinary course of nature, the cause of which we can trace, is to be considered of the nature of a judgment of God. Some time towards the close of the last century, or the commencement of the present, a reverend and learned professor in a university published a small system of logic, intended to be studied by the under graduates. The book was respectable as a very brief compend; but in giving an illustration of false reasoning, he observed that many persons considered the yellow fever as a judgment of God, sent upon us on account of the sins of the people; whereas, the reverend author remarked (as though it were conclusive), that the yellow fever was produced by natural causes which could be ascertained. According to the principle involved in this remark, nothing can be properly considered a judgment of God which can be traced to a natural cause. And, consequently, since miracles have ceased, there have been no judgments of God in the history of the world. This is to exclude the Governor of the universe from the world with a witness. Few would be willing to adopt this conclusion who have any faith in God and His providence. Others suppose, that remarkable afflictions, out of the common course of experience, should be reckoned judgments, but not those common afflictions which befall men every day. Both these classes of error arise from an inadequate conception of the extent of divine providence; and with many the error is rather practical than theoretical. If the question were proposed to them, Does

the providence of God extend to all events, small as well as great? they would readily answer in the affirmative. But, notwithstanding this, they never think of referring common events to the providence of God, and therefore are not affected with a sense of His goodness in their prosperity, nor humbled to a penitent confession of their sins in adversity. It is true, some maintain a general, while they deny a particular providence; they allow God to have some hand in the revolution of empires and downfall of thrones, but not in the minute and trivial affairs of men. But the fact is, that in the order of events, in the history of the world, there is an indissoluble concatenation of the great with the small; the revolution of a kingdom may depend upon a single word—yea, a single volition. A general providence cannot be maintained, whilst a universal and particular providence is denied. The doctrine of the Bible is most decisive and clear on this subject. According to our Lord, providence extends to the life and death of the smallest animals—yea more, to the perishing of a single hair of our heads. The whole history of the Old Testament is a history of a particular providence, in which the care of God extends to all events, of every kind, but in such a way as not to interfere with the free agency of men. And the whole book of prophecy supposes the truth of a providence which extends to all events, and even to all the free actions of men.

The notion that events brought about by natural and known causes are not judgments, is at war with most of the denunciations of God's vengeance against sinners, in the Old Testament. God's most common judgments on sinful nations are war, famine, pestilence, and destructive animals—destructive to human life, or to the productions of the earth intended for the sustenance of man. These judgments are not miraculous, but natural causes of punishment. And the whole catalogue of judgments, threatened in the 28th chapter of Deuteronomy, are afflictions produced by natural causes. The most common insects are often made the instruments of inflicting judgments on a rebellious people. The locust, the grasshopper, the palmer-worm, and the caterpillar, are among the executioners of the divine judgments; as well as the inanimate elements, the hail, the lightning, and the inundation of waters. Thus it is said, "He gave also their increase unto the caterpillar, and their labour unto the locust. He destroyed their vines with hail, and their sycamore-trees with frost. He gave up also their cattle to the hail, and their flocks to hot thunder-bolts" (Ps. lxxviii. 48). Again, in the prophecy of Joel, we read, "Tell your children of it, and let your children tell their children, and their children another generation. That which the palmer-worm hath left hath the locust eaten; and that which the locust hath left hath the canker-worm eaten;

and that which the canker-worm hath left hath the caterpillar eaten."

Among the many curses denounced by Moses against the Israelites, in case of disobedience to the commands of God, were grievous diseases of various kinds. "The Lord shall smite thee with consumption, and with fever, and with inflammation, and with an extreme burning." "The Lord shall smite thee in the knees, and in the legs with a sore botch that cannot be healed, from the sole of thy foot unto the top of thy head." "And the Lord will make thy plagues wonderful, and the plagues of thy seed, even great plagues and of long continuance. Moreover, he will bring upon thee all the diseases of Egypt, which thou wert afraid of, and they shall cleave unto thee. Also EVERY SICKNESS AND EVERY PLAGUE, which is not written in the book, that is the book of this law, them will the Lord bring upon thee, until thou be destroyed."

The CHOLERA, whence is it, and why has it come? The infidel will answer, It is a matter of chance; the rationalist will ascribe it to nature, and deny that Providence has anything to do with it; but the believer will acknowledge the hand of God in this sore judgment which is now desolating our land: and he will be disposed to humble himself, and to call the people around him, not to a mere formal observation of a day of fasting, but to sincere and deep repentance. He will acknowledge that for this desolating judgment there must be a cause—a moral cause. God has been provoked by the wickedness of this people, and by the dishonour cast upon His name by men "in high places," by men in authority—by the desecration of His holy day—by the neglect of His holy worship—by the enormous ~~av-~~ and insatiable ambition of the people—by the lewdness and intemperance, yea, by the bloody murders by which the land has been defiled. And we need not expect the scourge to be withdrawn until real repentance is exercised, and a reformation begun. Or, if the pestilence depart, IT WILL COME AGAIN UNLESS WE REPENT.

CERTAIN RICH MEN.

THE world does not claim all the rich men. Within the pale of the visible Church some of them are to be found. Wealth is no positive *disqualification* in the candidate for a celestial crown, but it is a mighty *obstruction* to his attainment of it. The Great Teacher has said, "How *hardly* shall they that have riches enter into the kingdom of God!" And again, "It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of God." This is sufficiently startling. It was very natural for Agur to pray, "Give me not poverty," inasmuch as it generally brings with it many hardships and privations; but, viewed in connexion with the

Saviour's words, it was incomparably wiser that He added the prayer, "Give me not riches." The one exposes a man to perilous temptations, the other exposes him to dangers of a still more serious nature. It might be supposed that the Saviour, by His comparison of the camel and the needle's eye, absolutely affirmed the impossibility of a rich man's salvation. This is not exactly the case. He explains His own declaration by subjoining, "How hard is it for them that *trust in riches* to enter into the kingdom of God!" The salvation of such is clearly impossible. This qualification may seem to diminish the danger of riches; and yet, a little examination will shew that it only lessens it to a certain degree. How few among the rich are found who do not *trust* in their wealth! Not that they *trust* in its power to purchase heaven, but they *repose* in it as a sufficient inheritance, and are prevented by it from looking further. They are naturally disposed to say, "Soul, thou hast much goods laid up for many years; take thine ease, eat, drink, and be merry." By the influence of wealth the soul is seduced from God. It forgets its dependence on His providence, having found what it regards as a surer dependence. It becomes proud, haughty, inflated with high notions of its own superiority. It enjoys the obsequious flatteries, and even the envy, of others. It is tempted thereby into a thousand sins to which the poor man is not exposed. It brings a multiplicity of cares, which are unfriendly to growth in grace. It binds the heart to earth, and makes all spiritual exercises exceedingly difficult. In short, it is so hard for a rich man to feel that he is "a pilgrim and a stranger on the earth," that it is next to impossible that he should so believe, think, and act, as to secure the crown of glory that fadeth not away.

Now for a few portraits. There was a certain rich man, who, when he was poor, waited upon God, and delighted in His service. Seemingly, he possessed godliness, and with it contentment. He had food and raiment for himself and his household, and little besides. Did you hear him pray?—he was fervent. Did you witness his contributions to the cause of religion?—they were according to the ability which God had given him, and were rendered with cheerfulness. He wished he could do more; nay, he was persuaded that, had he been intrusted with wealth, he would have consecrated it to the service of Him whom he professed to love as his chief joy. Perhaps this very thought became an inlet to temptation. He seemed to forget that God could accomplish as much with the two mites of the cheerful-giving widow, as with the rich gifts of the wealthy. His next thought was, how he could increase the means of his liberality. The path of industrious exertion was before him. He taxed his powers more fully. Providence seemed to smile upon his efforts. With increased prosperity, he increased for a

time his thank-offerings. Mark his progress, ye who are becoming too much absorbed in the world! His commercial transactions were gradually, yet steadily, encroaching upon the limits which, in his fancy, he had fixed for them. His devotions were not abandoned, but abridged, and less fervent; his gifts to the cause of Christ were not omitted, yet sadly disproportioned to the increase of his substance. Wealth had rendered him not more, but less liberal; and he might have detected, had he examined his heart, that the cordiality and whole-heartedness which he had felt while a poor man, were exchanged for reluctance and selfishness, now that he was rich. He soon learned the art of excusing himself from the liberality which had once been his delight. His expenditures were more extravagant upon his own household; and while adding thousands to thousands, he daily became a poorer man in everything relating to the household of faith. Sad change! Where now was his religion? Not extinguished, perhaps, but obscured. Its vital power was no longer felt. The world, which had gained access to his heart, had chilled it. "I do not enjoy religion as I once did," was his confession; and how could he expect it, when he had embraced, and was actually worshipping, the god of this world? His family suffered too. They had become fashionable and proud—nay, vicious; and although in the midst of them was an altar, it had become dilapidated, and the sacred fire on it was extinguished. Now comes the decline of life. It was like the setting of the sun in a cloud. No cheering light was shed upon the evening's close. Faith had no supports to offer; Hope had no smile. In despondency he sank down into the grave, leaving suspicion in the minds of survivors, whether, indeed, death had been despoiled of his victory. Such was the beginning, such was the end. Oh, accursed love of gold, how many triumphant exits from life hast thou prevented! This rich man had made his will. Was it the *last will* of a Christian? Christ was not recognised in it; His suffering poor had no legacy by it; it never remembered that the Church of Christ had any wants. Sons and daughters were indeed remembered; and these are now expending those thousands in fashionable vice, which their *Christian* father had accumulated at the expense of his religious enjoyments, if not of his soul!—*American Paper.*

If you desire to be wiser, think not yourself wise enough. He that instructs one that thinks himself wise enough, hath a fool to his scholar; he that thinks himself wise enough to instruct himself, hath a fool to his master.—*Baxter.*

As troubled water is unfit to receive the image of the sun, so, the heart filled with impure and disorderly affections, is not fit for divine communications.—*Boston.*

THE HUGUENOTS.

BY REV. W. MORLEY PUNSHON.*

WE dwell upon the wars of religion and the tragedy of St Bartholomew, not to keep alive olden animosities, but to induce our thankfulness that we live in kindlier times; to inspire a more reverent appreciation of the priceless heritage of religious freedom; and not least, to impress upon our hearts the truth that banded armies and battle's stern array are no meet missionaries of "the truth as it is in Jesus." Oh, never, we may boldly say it, never did the cruelties of war, nor the tortures of tyranny, advance one iota the cause of our holy religion. The crusader's lance reclaimed no Saracen from his error. The scimitar of the Moslem might establish a military domination, but the fear of it wrought no spiritual change. Covenanters still gathered in the dark ravine, and raised the perilous psalm, though the sleuth-hound tracked them through the wild wood, and some whom the soldiers of Claverhouse had slaughtered were missing from each successive assembly. With the torture and the stake in prospect, the coward lip might falter, and the recreant hand might sign the recantation, but the heart would be Protestant still. Christianity is a spiritual kingdom, and no carnal weapons glitter in her armoury. To her zealous but mistaken friends who would do battle for her, she addresses the rebuke of her Master, "Put up thy sword unto its sheath again, for they that take the sword shall perish with the sword." A beautiful and healing presence! she comes to soothe, not to irritate—to unite, not to estrange; and spurning adventitious aids, and disdaining to use common methods of aggrandisement, she relies for triumph upon her own kingly truth and upon that Divine Spirit who has promised to give it power. Oh, believe me, Christianity forges no fetters for conscience; she rejoices not, but shudders at the stream of blood! While, on the one hand, it were insult to the sincerity of faith to proffer boon in requital for devotion; on the other, it were foul felony of the crown-rights of man to rob even a beggar of a single motive for his worship; and that were an unworthy espousal which would wed the destiny of heaven to the intrigues of earth, and "hang the tatters of a political piety upon the cross of an insulted Saviour."

Alas! that in our fallen nature there should be such a strange disposition to make persecution coeval with power. Calvin raised no voice in the Genevan Council against the sentence which adjudged Servetus to the stake. The fanatic Roundhead, in his day of power, searching the baronial hall for hidden cope and missal, was to the full as brutal and unlovely,

* From an exceedingly rich and graphic little work, just published by Messrs Nisbet & Co. We hope our extract will induce many of our readers to procure the book for themselves.

and because he had clearer light, more criminal than was the roystering Cavalier. The Pilgrim Fathers—men honoured for conscience' sake now as much as they were despised a century ago—were not long established in their Goshen home, when, remindless of their own sharp discipline, they drove out the Quakers into the Egypt of the wilderness beyond. The fact is, that persecution generates persecution, the lash and the fetters debase as well as agonise the races of the captive and the slave. Hence, wars have been waged, cities sacked, property pillaged, lives massacred, all, in the judgment of the perpetrators of the crimes, "for the glory of God." Hence, history presents us with so many illustrations of blood offered at the shrine of some Pagan Nemesis in the sacred name of liberty. Hence, also, there is yet among the marvellous inconsistencies of the world, a nation with the cry of freedom ever on its lips, defiant of all others in its rude and quarrelsome independence, and at its feet, with heart all wildly beating, and eye all dim with tears, there crouches an imploring sufferer—type of thousands like him—whose only crime is colour, who dare not lift himself openly, in the face of the sun, and say, "I myself also am a MAN."

While, however, we admit this tendency, and watch over its beginnings in ourselves—while we confess that in the sad wars of religion there were Michelades as well as Dragonades, Huguenot reprisals as well as Romanist massacres, we ought not to omit to notice one essential difference which should be ever kept in mind: when Protestants persecute, they persecute of their own "malice aforethought," and in direct opposition to the rescripts of their holy religion—in the other system, persecution is no exotic growth, but springs indigenous and luxuriant from the system itself. Persecution, in the one case, is by Protestants, not of Protestantism; in the other case, it is not so much by Romanists, as of Popery. I rejoice to believe that there are multitudes of high-hearted and kindly Roman Catholics who are men, patriots, ay, and Christians too, in spite of their teachings in error. And I am proud of my country and of my humanity, when, in the breach and in the battle, on the summit of Barossa or in the trenches at Sebastopol, I see nationality triumph over ultramontaniam, and the inspiration of patriotism extinguish the narrowness of creed. But if the spirit of persecution be not in the heart of the Catholic, it is in the *book* of Popery, in the decretal, in the decision of the Council, in the fulmination of the Pope. The Church of Rome can only save her charity at the expense of her consistency. Let her erase the "Semper eadem" which flaunts upon her banner. There is an antique claim of infallibility too put forward on her behalf sometimes, which she had better leave behind her altogether. But she cannot change. When she erases penal sta-

tutes from her registers, and coercion and treachery from her creed—when we see her tolerant in the countries where she lords it in ascendancy, as she would fain have us think her in our own, where, thank God, she yet only struggles for the mastery—when she no longer contemplates haughty and insolent aggression—when lady tract-distributors are no longer incarcerated, and when Madiais are free—when Papal protection comes not in the form of grape-shot over Tahitian women—when metallic arguments are no longer threatened from French corvettes against King George of Tonga—when all these marvels come to pass (and when they do, there's hope of the millennium),—then, possibly, we may listen more willingly to the advances of Popery; but until then, it is the duty of us all—while careful to preserve our own charity, wanting neither gags, nor gibbets, nor penalties, nor prisons, discarding all the questionable modes in which the earth has sometimes helped the woman, allowing the fullest liberty to hold and to diffuse opinion, robbing of no civil right, and asking for no penal bond—to take our stand, as did our brave and pious fathers, by the precious altars of our faith, and to cry in the homesteads of our youth, and in the temples of our God, “All kindness to our Romanist fellow-subjects, but a barred door to Popery, and NO PEACE WITH ROME.”

Horrible as was the massacre of St Bartholomew, the subsequent celebrations of it were yet more revolting. Rome and Madrid were intoxicated with joy. Pope Gregory and his cardinals went to church, amid the jubilee of citizens and the booming of cannon, to render God thanksgiving for the destruction of the Church's enemies. A medal was struck to commemorate the event to the faithful, and a picture of the massacre embellished the walls of the Vatican. Protestant Europe was struck with astonishment and horror. Germany began to hold the name of Frenchmen in abhorrence. Geneva appointed a day of fasting and prayer, which continues to this day. Knox, in the Scottish pulpit, denounced vengeance for the deed, with all the boldness of the Hebrew prophet; and when the French ambassador made his appearance at the court of Queen Elizabeth, she allowed him to pass without a word of recognition through files of courtiers and ladies clad in the deepest mourning.

Shortly after these events, Charles IX. miserably died, consumed with agonies of remorse, and whether from corrosive sublimate, or from some new and strange malady, with blood oozing out of every pore of his body. Henry III., his brother and successor, was a strange medley of valour and effeminacy, of superstition and licentiousness. His youth of daring was followed by a voluptuous and feeble manhood. He was crafty, cowardly, and cruel. One of the chief actors in St Bartholomew's tragedy, he afterwards caused the assassina-

tion of his *confrère* the Duke of Guise, who was poniarded in the royal presence-chamber. When revolt was ripe in his provinces, and treason imperilled his throne, he would break off a council assembled on gravest matters, that he might sigh over the shipwreck of a cargo of parrots, or deplore in secret the illness of some favourite ape. The Leaguers hated him, and preached openly regicide and rebellion. The Huguenots distrusted him, and Henry of Navarre routed his armies on the field of Coutras. Gifted with high talents, and of kingly presence, he shrank into the shadow of a man—a thing of pomatums and essences—the object of his people's hate and scorn. His reign was a continual succession of intrigue and conspiracy between all the parties in the realm; and in 1589, he fell by the knife of Jacques Clement, who was canonised by the Pope for the murder; and the Vicar of Christ, seated in full consistory at Rome, dared the blasphemous avowal, that the devotion of this assassin formed no unworthy comparison with the sacrifice of the blessed Redeemer. In Henry III. terminated the “bloody and deceitful” race of Valois, “who did not live out half their days.” Francis I. died unregretted; Henry II. was killed by the lance of Montgomery; Francis II. never came of age; Charles IX. expired in fearful torments; Henry III. was murdered by a Dominican friar; the Duke of Alençon fell a victim to intemperance; Francis and Henry, successive Dukes of Guise, fell beneath the daggers of assassins. The heads of the persecutors came not to the grave in peace. It is not without an intelligible and solemn purpose, that retribution should thus have dogged the heels of tyranny. Oh, strange and subtle affinity between crime and punishment! Lacretelle, in his “History of the Wars of Religion,” has accumulated the proofs that nearly all the actors in the massacre of St Bartholomew suffered early and violent deaths. In the earlier persecutions of the Reformed, the clergy instigated the cutting out of the tongues of the victims, to stifle their utterances of dying heroism. See the sad example followed by the frantic populace against the clergy, two hundred and fifty years afterwards, in the Reign of Terror! In the time of the Cardinal of Lorraine, the Loire was choked with common victims; in the time of Carrier of Nantes, it ran with noble blood! Henry, Duke of Guise, kicked the corpse of Coligny on the day of St Bartholomew, with the exclamation, “Thou shalt spit no more venom.” Sixteen years passed over, and the monarch of France, spurning the slain body of this very Duke of Guise, exclaimed, “Now at length I am a king.” Charles IX., in the frenzy of cowardice, or in the contagion of slaughter, pointed an arquebus at the flying Huguenots; two hundred years after, Mirabeau brought from the dust of ages that same arquebus, and pointed it at the throne of

Louis XVI. Beza spoke truly when he said, "The Church is an anvil upon which many a hammer has been broken." "Verily there is a God that judgeth in the earth," and though "the heathen have raged, and the kings of the earth taken counsel together against the Lord, and against His anointed," drifted corpses on the Red Sea shore, Babylon's monarch slain in his own palace, scattered vessels of a proud Armada, wise men taken in their own craftiness, the downfall of a fierce oppressor, the crash of a desolated throne, tiny things working deliverance, the perfection of praise ordained from the lips of babes,—all these have proved that "He that sitteth in the heavens doth laugh, the Lord doth have them in derision." The bush in the wilderness has been often set on fire, flames have been kindled on it by countless torches, flaring in incendiary hands; but the torches have gone out in darkness, the incendiaries have perished miserably, and

"The bush itself has mounted higher,
And flourish'd, unconsumed, in fire."

WHAT COULD THEY DO?

WHAT could twelve men do, from the ordinary ranks of life, chiefly fishermen of Galilee, confessedly unlearned, without wealth or influential position, to establish Christianity for all time, upon a basis that the gates of hell shall not prevail against it? Let the lapse of eighteen centuries, with their thousands of temples and millions of worshippers, and the innumerable company who have mounted with a triumphant faith, and sing and shine in glory, furnish the answer.

What could God do by one man—the humble monk of Wittenberg, the son of a poor miner, reared in the midst of Papal superstitions—to turn back the darkness of a thousand years, and break the power of the Church of Rome? Let crumbling crowns and trembling Popes, the wane of Romanism and the spread of Protestantism throughout the world, give the answer.

What could two students of Oxford College, with the blessing of God, do, to wake an expiring Church, throw off her redundant forms, and spread scriptural holiness over the land? Look at Methodism, with its unparalleled and giant growth of a hundred years, and you have the answer.

What could Robert Morrison, the first Protestant missionary to China, the vastest empire of earth, embracing one-third of its entire population, do, to establish Christianity in that dominion? Let him speak for himself. He encountered in New York, when on his way, a man of the world, who did not disguise the light esteem in which he held his projected missionary enterprise. With a sort of sardonic grin he said:—

"And so, Mr Morrison, you really expect to

make an impression upon the idolatry of the great Chinese empire?"

"No, sir!" said Mr Morrison, with more than his usual earnestness, "*I expect God will.*"

Let the Chinese version of the Scriptures—let the sixty natives raised up to preach Jesus and teach from house to house—the scores of native youth educated in missionary schools—the waning of prejudices—the open ports and the triumphs of Christianity, in half a century, tell the result.—*Rev. G. C. Wells.*

DAILY WORK.

In the name of God advancing,
Sow thy seed at morning light;
Cheerily the furrows turning,
Labour on with all thy might.
Look not to the far-off future,
Do the work which nearest lies;
So thou must before thou reapest—
Rest at last is labour's prize.

Standing still is dangerous ever,
Toil is meant for Christians now;
Let there be, when evening cometh,
Honest sweat upon thy brow;
And the Master shall come, smiling,
When work stops, at set of sun,
Saying, as He pays thy wages,
"Good and faithful man, well done!"
—*From the German.*

A MEMORABLE CHARGE.

THE following was the last charge of Mr J. Robinson of Leyden, to the members of his church, on the eve of their emigration to the New World, in A.D. 1620:—

"BRETHREN,—We are now quickly to part from one another, and whether I may ever live to see your faces on earth any more, the God of heaven only knows. But whether the Lord has appointed that or no, I charge you before God and His blessed angels, that you follow me no further than you have seen me follow the Lord Jesus Christ. If God reveal anything to you by any other instrument of His, be as ready to receive it as ever you were to receive any truth by my ministry. For I am verily persuaded, the Lord has more truth yet to bring forth out of His holy Word. For my part, I cannot sufficiently bewail the condition of the Reformed Churches, who are come to a period in religion, and will go, at present, no further than the instruments of their reformation. The Lutherans cannot be drawn to go beyond what Luther saw. Whatever part of His will our God has revealed to Calvin, they will rather die than embrace it. And the Calvinists, you see, stick fast where they were left by that great man of God, who yet saw not all things.

"This is a misery much to be lamented; for though they were burning and shining lights in their times, yet they penetrated not into the whole counsel of God, but were they now living, would be as willing to embrace further light, as that which they first received.

I beseech you, remember it is an article of your Church covenant, that you be ready to receive whatever truth shall be made known to you from the written Word of God. Remember that and every other article of your sacred covenant. But I must here, withal, exhort you to take heed what you receive as truth; examine it, consider it, and compare it with other Scriptures of truth, before you receive it. For it is not possible the Christian world should come so lately out of such thick anti-christian darkness, and that perfection of knowledge should break forth at once."

INHERENT AND IMPUTED RIGHTEOUSNESS.

INHERENT righteousness sanctifies; *imputed* righteousness justifies.

Inherent righteousness makes us shine before men; *imputed* righteousness makes us shine before God.

Inherent righteousness pleases God; *imputed* righteousness appeases Him.

Inherent righteousness discharges from hypocrisy; *imputed* righteousness from guilt.

Inherent righteousness makes us pray; *imputed* righteousness makes our prayers prevail.

Inherent righteousness is our sincerity; *imputed* righteousness our perfection.

Inherent righteousness respects the law; *imputed* righteousness answers the law.

Inherent righteousness is the evidence of our salvation; *imputed* righteousness the foundation of it.

Inherent righteousness is our joy; *imputed* righteousness our glory.

Inherent righteousness is to be loved; *imputed* righteousness is to be trusted.

Inherent righteousness is imperfect; *imputed* righteousness perfect.

Inherent righteousness is our qualification for heaven; *imputed* righteousness our title to it.—*Mason's "Remains."*

MORTIFYING SIN.

"Knowing this, that our old man is crucified with him, that the body of sin might be destroyed, that henceforth we should not serve sin."—*ROM. vi. 6.*

"FIVE persons," says Mr Brooks, "were studying what was the best means to mortify sin. One said, to meditate on death; the second, to meditate on judgment; the third, to meditate on the joys of heaven; the fourth, to meditate on the torments of hell; the fifth, to meditate on the blood and sufferings of Jesus Christ—and certainly the last is the choicest and strongest motive of all. If ever we would cast off our despairing thoughts, we must dwell and muse much upon, and apply this precious blood to our own souls; so shall sorrow and mourning flee away."—*Watchman and Reflector.*

Pages for the Young.

THE INGENIOUS BOY.

"TELL us a story, father, this evening, do."

Mary made this request in behalf of herself and her two brothers—Henry, who was twelve years old, and Andrew, who was only seven; her own age being about midway between theirs.

"Well, what shall it be—a made-up story, or a true one?"

"Oh, a true one, if you please; we like those the best."

"But if I tell you a true story, it may not be very wonderful; not near so marvellous as something I could make up; perhaps you will not think it interesting."

"Oh, I know we shall, we always do."

"Well, then, as you have chosen a true story, I will give you one that I know is all true. I was a schoolmaster once, and twenty years ago, this winter, I was teaching a large school. As I was passing around the school-room one morning, I saw a notch that had been newly cut in the desk, just before William C——. I pointed to it and asked:—

'William, do you know who did that?'

'Yes, sir, I did it,' he very frankly replied.

'Did you not know that it was against the rules of the school to whittle the desks or the seats?'

'Yes, sir.'

'Don't you think the rule a good one?'

'Yes, sir.'

'What must be done then?'

'I suppose you must punish me, sir,' he said, looking very much troubled.

"Now William was about ten years old, was one of my very best scholars, a very bright and generally obedient boy. He did not own a pocket-knife, but had that morning borrowed one at home, and the temptation to try it on the new desk before him had proved too much for him. But his frankness in confessing his fault and condemning himself, added to his general good character, made me wish, if possible, to avoid punishing him. Yet how could I avoid it without appearing partial to William? The school-house was a new one, and I was anxious to leave it in good order at the end of the term. I turned the matter over a moment in my mind, and then said to him:—

'William, I can't bear to think of punishing you, for you are one of my best boys. But what can I do? If I let you go unpunished, how can I enforce the rule? And if that rule is disregarded, we shall have a sorry-looking school-house when spring comes.'

'I know it will be so, sir,' said he, looking more disconsolate.

'But is there no way that I can let you go and still save the desks?'

'I don't think there is, sir.'

'You may lay aside your books and think about it for a while, and see if you cannot contrive some way, and I also will see if I cannot find one.'

"I turned away and engaged in other duties for some time, and then came back to him."

'Well, William, have you thought of any plan to save the necessity of that punishment?'

'No, sir, I cannot see how you can do anything else with me.'

'Well, I have devised a plan which possibly may succeed. The boys are now to take their recess; and if, while you are out with them, you can induce them to pledge their word and honour that they will not whittle the seats or desks if you are not punished, I can let you go.'

"William seemed very little encouraged by this proposition. He evidently doubted whether the boys would give such a pledge. I stated the plan in presence of them all, and then gave them their recess. As I afterwards learned, William had not courage to ask anybody for the pledge, but one of the older boys gathered them all around him and made a speech in William's behalf. 'Boys,' said he, 'we don't any of us want to see Will whipped, and we can prevent it by just giving our word and honour that we won't whittle the school-house. Now, what do we want to whittle the school-house for? I'd rather have a good smooth desk before me than one all cut up, and so had any of you. Besides, we ought to have some pride in keeping the house decent, as well as the master. In giving this pledge we only *promise* not to do what we ought not to do any way. If we don't give it, Will must be whipped, and then if we cut the desks we shall be whipped with him. For my part, I am for giving the pledge with all my heart—who votes aye?' He then put it to vote, and every one shouted 'Aye.'

"William came in with the cloud gone from his face, and said that the boys had all given the pledge. Others confirmed his report, so I dismissed him to his seat, and I was as glad as he at the success of the plan."

"But, father," interrupted Mary, "did the boys keep their promise?"

"Yes, that they did, like real men of honour. I did not require to speak again on the subject during the whole winter, and in the spring you could not find on the desks, besides that one notch, anything worse than pin scratches."

"I think," said Henry, "they obeyed the rule better than if you had whipped William for breaking it."

"Yes, I have no doubt they did; but what do you think made them?"

"I think," said Mary, "it was because they thought more about the rule, and saw how good and reasonable it was."

"And I think," said little Andrew, "that

they loved you more when they found out that you didn't want to whip them."

"I think, also," said Henry, "they felt glad to have you trust them like men, as you did when you asked William to get from them a pledge on their honour."

"Yes, I suppose all these things helped them to be obedient. You know that God helps men to obey His law by making them see, in the death of His Son, how important and holy the law is; how much He loves men, and how unwilling He is to punish them, since He gave His Son to die that they might not be punished; and then when they sincerely repent, He forgives them, and treats them as His own children."

THE "GUEST'S" BIBLE QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNG.

JESUS.

1. Who "came to Jesus by night?"
2. Who brought his brother to Jesus?
3. What woman brought her two sons to Jesus?
4. With what complaint did John's disciples come to Him?
5. Who came to Him "as He was walking in the temple?"
6. Who came to Him to "catch Him in His words?"
7. Who came to Jesus when "He went up into a mountain?"
8. And who was the first person that came to Him when He came down from the mountain?
9. What woman went to meet Jesus when she heard of His coming?
10. What did Jesus say when He "saw Nathanael coming to Him?"
11. What did the "wise men" do on coming into Jesus' presence?
12. In what manner did the shepherds come to Him on receiving the intelligence of His birth?
13. Whom did Jesus reprove for preventing children from coming to Him?
14. Who "came and sat down with Him" when He was in Matthew's house?
15. Who "came behind Him, and touched the hem of His garment?"
16. For what purpose did the Pharisees and Sadducees come to Jesus?
17. In whose behalf did Jairus come to Him?
18. To whom did the Greeks say that they wished to see Jesus?
19. Who came to Jesus when He "entered into Capernaum?"
20. Whom does Jesus invite to come to Him?
21. And what does He promise to those who come to Him?
22. Will He refuse any one that comes to Him?



A FAMILY MAGAZINE FOR SUNDAY READING.

REVISED BY THE REV. NORMAN M'LEOD, D.D., GLASGOW.

WEEKLY NOS. ONE HALFPENNY.]

[MONTHLY PARTS, THREEPENCE.

"WHAT THY HAND FINDETH TO DO, DO IT WITH ALL THY MIGHT."

BY THE REV. NORMAN M'LEOD, D.D., GLASGOW.

No man need be idle from "not finding work" in Christ's kingdom. The Master gives to each servant "*his* work,"—that which he is best suited for by his peculiar gifts and position in life; and that, consequently, which he can best accomplish. No servant, then, who is "willing to work," can long search for *his* work in vain. But how often is the work searching for the servant! In how many ways does it come seeking him, and saying, "*Do this!*" What we require is, not so much to find our work, as to be found by our work; and when it finds us, to *do* it with all our might,—to "*labour*" while it is called to-day, seeing the night cometh when no man can work."

How much is lost by the crime of off-putting! We call this a "little sin," forsooth!—we smile at it as if it were a petty infirmity; and yet if we review life, or even one year of life, and consider what we have lost to ourselves and others by not doing our given work at the given time,—by not writing, for instance, the letter given us to write to an absent or sick friend,—by not visiting an acquaintance in difficulty or distress,—by not giving that advice when it might have been given,—by not engaging in this labour of love, or by neglecting that other opportunity of doing good,—oh, we shall no longer think the sin to be a trifling one which has been followed by such losses of good as we can reckon up to an "intolerable sum," when we recall but a few events of even one year! We had no want of work; our hands found abundance, but we did not do it at all; or if we did, certainly not "with all our might!"

Our Lord gave the disciples a glorious work to do when He asked them to watch with Him in the garden during His last hours of sore agony: but they yielded to the weariness of the flesh. The precious opportunity was lost, —they awoke, but it was too late. "Sleep on now," said the Saviour, "and take your rest!"

As if He had said:—"There *was* a work of sympathy and love you could have done for me, as well as one of watchfulness for yourselves against temptation; but you refused the work given you. Now, indeed, you awake, but it is too late; my hour is come. Behold, he who betrayeth me is at hand!"

It is true that Jesus forgave them, but did they ever forgive themselves? Methinks they often mourned their sloth, "We could have shewn our love!—we could have watched with Him one hour!—we could have done all this, and more than this, but we slept! The hour passed, and *never*, never can it be recalled!" Readers, take warning,—"*Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with all thy might!*"

I can at this moment remember many grievous losses to myself, and maybe to others, from (what at the time appeared to be) the trifling sin of off-putting. But instead of recording those, let me mention one or two instances of an opposite character, which will illustrate the good of doing at once what is *given* us to do, and the evil that might have ensued from delay.

I once attended an old man on his death-bed. He was very lonely, and very poor, and more than fourscore years of age. He was naturally very shy and timid, and suffering from many unbelieving doubts and fears. It was sad to see an old man so far from peace with his Father; yet he had been regular in his attendance upon ordinances, and led what is termed "a quiet, inoffensive life." I found him, however, very earnest, inquiring, and thoughtful; but very weak in his faith as to the good will of God towards *him*, and in the freeness of the gospel offers of pardon and grace to *him*. I felt much interested in his state of mind. One afternoon I was passing his door. I had seen him the day before. His illness seemed to be the lingering weak-

ness of old age. It was within a few minutes of my dinner-hour, and I had been labouring since morning. A strong impulse seized me to enter the sick man's house. But the flesh argued for delay, and pled fatigue, and want of time, and to-morrow, &c. Yet the words, "What thy hand findeth to do, do it," rung in my mind.

I entered, and found the old man very weak. "Oh, sir," he exclaimed, alluding to a previous conversation, "is the Lord indeed willing to receive a poor sinner like me?" I again pressed a few truths upon his mind; and when parting I strongly urged the importance of an *instant* closing with Christ. In bidding him farewell, I said, "As freely as I offer you my hand, and with infinitely more love, does Jesus offer to save *you*. Believe, and *thou* shalt be saved!" He seized my hand eagerly, saying, "I believe it!" and promised, according to my request, to resign himself and all his concerns in earnest prayer into Christ's hands the moment I left his poor and lonely room. "You will pray for me, sir?" he asked, as I was departing.—"Yes," I replied. "To-day, sir?"—"This hour," was my promise; "but," I added, "no delay—no, not a minute!—remember *you* are to pray *immediately* to Jesus. Farewell!" I sent for a person to sit by the old man, as he seemed weaker than usual. In about half-an-hour after parting from him, the woman whom I had requested to attend him came running to my door with the intelligence, that *she had found him dead!*

It is now many years ago since this happened; and I have so far remembered the impression which it made upon me as to the importance of doing *at the time* whatever work is given us to do, that I could relate not a few remarkable instances (amidst, alas! neglects without number) of the good results of *immediate* attention to duty, which the memory of this very case helped to enforce. One occurred, also some years ago, which I cannot help recording.

One evening, and, as in the previous case, after a laborious day, I was passing, in the street of a small provincial town, a house which had been an hospital in "the cholera year," and which, since then, had been occasionally used for any dangerous cases of fever, or dangerous disease, especially among either the resident or vagrant poor. Again, by one of those strange suggestions that come, we hardly know how or whence at the time, it occurred to me to ask if there was any one in the hospital; and again the flesh pled for delay. But I could not somehow pass the door without inquiry, though I almost smiled at my impulse to do so as being superstitious. I was told that a poor woman had been there for some days, who seemed to be dying of consumption. I entered the room where she lay. I found her confined to bed, an emaciated creature, with skeleton hands and sunken

eyes, a severe cough, and apparently about fifty years of age. She did not know me, or had ever heard my name; and all I knew of her was, that she was very poor, and very lonely in the world, and a stranger. After a few ordinary observations about her weak state of body, when she expressed her sense of hopelessness as to recovery, I said, "I suppose when you die, no one in the world, poor woman, will miss you?" "No one cares for *me*," she replied, in a tone of sadness. "No one?" I asked. "No, sir, not one that I know of." "Do you not think God cares for you?" I said kindly to her. "I don't know," she replied in a half whisper, turning her eyes away. "He *knows* you, at all events," I said. "No doubt of that, sir." "And is it not something," I continued, "to be known personally—even you, with all your cares, and pains, and anxieties—to the great God who made heaven and earth, and who is *able*, at all events, to help and supply every want of your body and soul?" "Aye, sir, I did not think of that. It *is* something indeed!" "But what," I asked, "if this God has an interest in *you*—cares for *you*—loves *you*?" "Oh, sir, I have been a great sinner—a great sinner!" "God knows that better than you do," I replied; "and He hates your sins with infinite hatred,—but what if that same God, nevertheless, commands *you*, saying, 'Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and *thou* shalt be saved?'—and beseeches *you* to be reconciled to Himself?—and says to you, 'Come, now, and let us reason together; though your sins be as scarlet, I shall make them white as snow?'" And then I spoke to her for a long time of the love of God to lost sinners.

I have been privileged to address the same words of truth and life to many a sinner, in health and in sickness. I have seen, in many cases, the power of the truth, through God's grace, to enlighten the mind and change the heart; but never did I behold so visible an effect produced upon a human spirit, in the same time, as upon that poor and unknown woman. Even as the mercury is seen slowly rising in the tube when heat is brought near it, so did her heart and soul seem to rise more and more to God, in faith, and love, and hope, and penitence, as the grand theme of the love of Jesus was presented to her. At first she looked thoughtfully,—then she raised herself up in bed,—then clasped her hands and lifted her eyes to heaven,—and again and again exclaimed, "Oh! thank God! thank God! that I have heard such words as these!" After remaining more than an hour, and praying with her, she besought me to come back next day. I promised to do so; but earnestly urged her *immediately* to pray to Jesus Christ, and to tell *Him* her whole heart—to confess her sins to Himself, and to ask, nothing doubting, the blessings which I had taught her to expect from Him. She gladly promised to do so, but said, "Don't forget to-morrow, sir."

"Never fear," I replied, "if I am alive and able to come; but there is no to-morrow given us! Don't you forget *to-day*; for *now* is the accepted time, now is the day of salvation." "God bless you, sir! Oh! thank God! thank God!" were the last words I heard. I called, next day, according to promise, at the door of the small hospital, and found she *had died the night before, and was already buried!* What her name was, or history, I never could learn; but I have hopes that the name of that poor woman will be found in the Lamb's book of life!

I cannot illustrate at present by other cases, though many crowd upon my memory, the importance of our doing whatsoever our hands find to do. But let me give one or two advices to my young readers especially, before bringing these cursory remarks to a close.

Never judge by appearance as to the relative importance of duties. What seems the least important, may be *all-important*. Had the widow not given her mite the day she did to the treasury, but delayed it for another week, how much would she herself, and the whole Christian Church, have lost by the delay! Our only safe rule is, "*Whatsoever* our hand findeth to do, to do it with all our might." Let it be a subject of daily prayer, as well as an object of daily endeavour, to do our right work at the right time. God in His providence will never leave you at a loss as to *what* to do, and *when* to do it; but will lead you, if you will only be led by Him. Carry the burden He imposes, and you will never find it too heavy; for He will always give sufficient strength to bear it. But you must, in your own strength, carry whatever other burdens are imposed by your own wilfulness. Now, God does not give you the burden of many years to carry,—no, not of one year, nor of one week. He even forbids your taking anxious thought for the morrow. But He gives you *to-day*,—nay, the present hour only; and He says, "Take care of this." He gives you one duty at a time, and says, "*Do this.*" He measures out your time in seconds, and your work in small parts, and commands you to do the *given* duty in the *given* time. Yet this loving order of things is just what men will not acquiesce in! They regret what was wrong in the past, and resolve to do better in the future, but neglect doing what is right in the present. They carry the burden of what has been, and what may never be, as if the burden of what is, was not sufficient; and then they complain of their much work and little time, their great cares and little comforts! Oh! when will we learn the lesson so essential to our peace,—*to live well the one hour, and do well the one work, which God in that hour gives us!* And thus, by attending to each short step, we shall reach the end of our journey, though the far off horizon may be veiled in clouds; and by using

well each portion of our time and ability, the whole of the grand talent of life will be improved to the glory of our Master! "He that is faithful in the least," must in the end be found "faithful in that which is much!" "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with all thy might; for there is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom in the grave, whither thou goest!"—*Edin. Chris. Mag.*

THE GREAT REVIVAL OF LAST CENTURY AND ITS EVANGELISTS.

JOHN WESLEY.

FEW characters could be more completely the converse, and, in the Church's exigencies, more happily the supplement of one another, than were those of George Whitefield and JOHN WESLEY;* and had their views been identical, and their labours all along coincident, their large services to the gospel might have repeated Paul and Barnabas. Whitefield was soul and Wesley was system. Whitefield was a summer-cloud which burst at morning or noon in fragrant exhilaration over an ample tract, and took the rest of the day to gather again; Wesley was the polished conduit in the midst of the garden, through which the living water glided in pearly brightness and perennial music, the same vivid stream from day to day. Ten years older than his pupil, Wesley was a year or two later of attaining the joy and freedom of gospel-forgiveness. It was whilst listening to Luther's Preface to the Romans, where he describes the change which God works in the heart through faith in Christ, that he felt his own heart strangely warmed; and finding that he trusted in Christ alone for salvation, "an assurance was given him that Christ had taken away his sins, and saved him from the law of sin and death." And though in his subsequent piety a subtle analyst may detect a taste of that mysticism which was his first religion—even as to his second religion, Moravianism, he was indebted for some details of his eventual church-order—no candid reader will deny that "righteousness, peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost," had now become the religion of the Methodists; and for the half-century of his ubiquitous career his piety retained this truly evangelic type. To a degree scarcely paralleled, his piety had supplanted those strong instincts—the love of worldly distinction, the love of money, and the love of ease. The answer which he gave to his brother, when refusing to vindicate himself from a newspaper calumny, "Brother, when I devoted to God my ease, my time, my life, did I except my reputation?" was no casual sally, but the system of his conduct. From the moment that the Fellow of Lincoln went out into the high-ways and

* Born 1703. Died 1791.

hedges, and commenced itinerant preacher, he bade farewell to earthly fame. And perhaps no Englishman, since the days of Bernard Gilpin, has given so much away. When his income was thirty pounds a-year he lived on twenty-eight, and saved two for charity. Next year he had sixty pounds, and still living on twenty-eight, he had thirty-two to spend. A fourth year raised his income to a hundred and twenty pounds, and, steadfast to his plan, the poor got ninety-two. In the year 1775, the Accountant-General sent him a copy of the Excise Order for a return of plate:—"Rev. Sir,—As the Commissioners cannot doubt but you have plate, for which you have hitherto neglected to make an entry," &c.; to which he wrote this memorable answer:—"Sir,—I have two silver tea-spoons at London, and two at Bristol. This is all the plate which I have at present; and I shall not buy any more while so many around me want bread.—I am, sir, your most humble servant, JOHN WESLEY." And though it is calculated that he must have given more than twenty thousand pounds away, all his property, when he died, consisted of his clothes, his books, and a carriage. Perhaps, like a ball burnished by motion, his perpetual activity helped to keep him thus brightly clear from worldly pelf; and when we remember its great pervading motive, there is something sublime in this good man's industry. Rising every morning at four, travelling every year upwards of 4000 miles, and in that space preaching nearly a thousand sermons, exhorting societies, editing books, writing all sorts of letters, and giving audience to all sorts of people, the ostensible president of Methodism and pastor of all the Methodists, and amidst his ceaseless toils betraying no more bustle than a planet in its course, he was a noble specimen of that fervent diligence which, launched on its orbit by a holy and joyful impulse, has ever afterwards the peace of God to light it on its way. Nor should we forget his praiseworthy efforts to diffuse a Christianised philosophy, and propagate useful knowledge among religious people. In the progress of research, most of his compilations may have lost their value; but the motive was enlightened, and the effort to exemplify his own idea was characteristic of the well-informed and energetic man. In Christian authorship he is not entitled to rank high. Clear as occasional expositions are, there is seldom comprehension in his views, or grandeur in his thoughts, or inspiration in his practical appeals; and though his direct and simple style is sometimes terse, it is often meagre, and very seldom racy. His voluminous Journals are little better than a turnpike log—miles, towns, and sermon texts—whilst their authoritative tone and self-centring details give the record an air of arrogance and egotism which, we doubt not, would disappear, could we view the venerable writer face to face. Assuredly his power was in his presence.

Such fascination resided in his saintly life, there was such intuition in the twinkle of his mild but brilliant eye, and such a dissonant influence in his lively, benevolent, and insistent talk, that enemies often left him admiring and devotees.

SAMUEL WALKER.

In the summer of 1746, SAMUEL WALKER came to be curate of the gay little capital of Western Cornwall. He was clever and accomplished—had learned from books the leading doctrines of Christianity, and, whilst most anxious to be a popular preacher, and popular with his fashionable hearers, he had a distinct desire to do them good—but they were none. The master of the grammar school was a man of splendid scholarship and the most famous teacher in that county, but much hated for his piety. One day Mr Walker received from Mr Conon a note, a sum of money, requesting him to pay the Custom-house. For his health he had been advised to drink some French wine on that smuggling coast could procure on which duty had been paid. Wondering whether this tenderness of conscience invaded all his character, Mr Walker sought Mr Conon's acquaintance, and was so completely enchained by the sweetness of his disposition, and the fascination of his course, as he was awed and astonished by the purity and elevation of his conduct. From the good treasure of this good heart that Mr Walker received the great secret. Having learned it, he proclaimed it, and was in uproar. To hear of their abominable depravity, and to have urged on them reformation and the need of a new nature, by one who had so lately mingled in all their gayety and been the soul of genteel amusement, was first startling, and then offensive. They were indignant; fine ladies sulked and turned their heads; rude men interrupted him in the midst of his sermon; and the rector, indignantly called to dismiss him, was only rebuffed by Mr Walker's urbanity. But soon after preaching began to tell; and in Mr Walker's case its intrinsic power was aided by its sight into character, and his masterly management of men. In a few years upwards of eight hundred parishioners had called on him, and what they must do for their soul's sake, and his time was mainly occupied in instructing large classes of his hearers who were to live godly, righteous, and sober in the world. The first fruits of his ministry were a dissolute youth who had been a soldier amongst this description of people he found the greatest success. One November, when troops arrived in his parish for winter quarters. He immediately commenced at noon sermon for their special benefit, and found them grossly ignorant. Of the

* Born 1714. Died 1761.

best instructed six were Scotchmen, and the seventh an English dissenter. And they were reluctant to come to hear him. At first, when marched to church, on arriving at the door, they turned and walked away. But when at last they came under the sound of his tender but energetic exhortations, the effect was instantaneous. With few exceptions, tears burst from every eye, and confessions of sin from almost every mouth. In less than nine weeks no fewer than two hundred and fifty had sought his private instructions; and though at first the officers were alarmed at such an outbreak of Methodism among their men, so evident was the improvement which took place—so rare had punishments become, and so promptly were commands obeyed—that the officers waited on Mr Walker in a body, to thank him for the reformation he had effected in their ranks. On the morning of their march many of these brave fellows were heard praising God for having brought them under the sound of the gospel, and, as they caught the last glimpses of the town, exclaimed, "God bless Truro!" Indeed, Mr Walker had much of the military in his own composition. The disencumbered alertness of his life, the courage, frankness, and through-going of his character, the firmness with which he held his post, the practical valour with which he followed up his preaching, and the regimental order into which he had organised his people, betokened the captain in canonicals; as the hardness of his services, and his exulting loyalty to his Master, proclaimed the good soldier of Jesus Christ.*

GOD'S WATCHFUL CARE.

THE month of January was very stormy and cold. The winter had set in early, and soon after the opening of the new year, heavy falls of snow had obstructed the roads and suspended business in the farming portions of the Empire State. In many places, families were fairly blockaded in their own dwellings. Those who had ample stores of food and fuel, suffered nothing from the discomfort of the season; but those whose daily supplies depended upon daily labour, watched with anxiety the fantastic play of the elements, and desired less rigorous weather. The month drew to a close, and the morning of the 31st promised a warmer day. The masses of snow had already settled into a more compact body, but instead of sparkling in the rays of the sun, dull, heavy clouds, hanging near the earth, gave them a dingy hue.

Soon the rising wind and falling rain added their undesirable variations, and everything upon which it fell was soon encrusted with a case of ice.

* We are indebted for this series of sketches to Dr Hamilton's most useful and entertaining miscellany, "Our Christian Classics," now completed in 4 vols. London: James Nisbet & Co.

In the outskirts of a little village resided a poor widow woman. The house might once have been attractive to the passer-by, but now the climbing vines which had adorned its walls in happy summers that were past, had broken loose from their fastenings, and were swaying in the storm, making dismal sounds with the creaking of their branches. The dilapidated blinds evidently missed the care that had warded off the ravages of time, and told of the poverty whose heavy hand had fallen upon the lonely inmate of that desolate dwelling.

Never had a sadder day dawned upon her, not even the one on which her threshold was crossed by the feet of them who bore to his last resting-place him who called her wife. God had taken him, and she comforted herself with the promises made to such as she, and set herself earnestly to labour for and train her infant child.

Bravely had she struggled, praying and hoping that the God of the widow would be an ever-present help. Daily had she seen the number of her comforts diminishing, but had been spared absolute want. Often had timely supplies from kind, feeling neighbours awakened her gratitude to them, and to Him who moved their hearts. But now, in the midst of winter, a wild storm raging without, and not a dollar at her command, faith and hope alike seemed to fail her, and her mind became a prey to the most gloomy forebodings. All the long hours of that dreary day she nursed bitter fancies, and revolved the agonising question, How shall I live? She doled out with miserly reluctance the scanty fuel which the devouring flame swallowed, imparting scarcely warmth enough to dry the dampness of the accumulating frost upon the walls. She served the meagre dinner, but the thanks offered for it brought not the wonted heavenly fire to warm her heart.

An evil spirit was fast taking possession of her heart, and instead of expelling it by wrestling in prayer, she listened to its evil suggestions, and began to doubt the "mercy that endureth for ever." She grew impatient to the timid little one, who was oppressed with the surrounding gloom and loneliness. She wrote hard things against those who had once welcomed her with loving pride. With growing impatience she trode the bounds of her little room, adding fuel to the mental fire that consumed her, by gazing on the cheerless scene without.

She tried to check the maddening thought which ran rioting through her brain, but she might as well have stayed the mythological steeds of Phœbus in their fiery course. Throwing herself into a chair, she gave free course to "thick-coming fancies," until the dusk of night was falling around her.

A knock at the door dispelled her visions and recalled her senses. Who could wish to see her at such a time, in such a storm? She

opened the door to an entire stranger, storm-chilled and wet, who kindly inquired if she were the widow of Mr —? Receiving an affirmative answer, he informed her that he had brought her some money, which had, in a very providential manner, been recovered from irresponsible men who were indebted to her deceased husband.

Declining any remuneration for his own services, after assuring her of his sympathy and willingness to aid her, he took his leave, and went his way to his own home in a distant country. Humbled and ashamed of her want of faith, the penitent woman drew her wondering child to her bosom, and kneeling, poured forth her thanksgiving to Him who feeds the ravens. She knew that the unlooked-for supply came from God, though sent by the hand of one of His children.

Ever after she strove patiently to wait or do God's will, and whether wanting or abounding, kept firm hold of the unseen Hand.—*N. Y. Observer.*

THE FAITH OF THE INFIDEL.

BY HENRY ROGERS.

IN relation to the Miracles of the New Testament, whether they be supposed masterly frauds on men's senses, committed at the time and by the parties supposed in the records, or fictions (designed or accidental) subsequently fabricated—but still, in either case, undeniably successful and triumphant beyond all else in the history whether of fraud or fiction,—the infidel must believe as follows:—On the *first* hypothesis, he must believe that a vast number of apparent miracles, involving the most astounding phenomena,—such as the instant restoration of the sick, blind, deaf, and lame, and the resurrection of the dead—performed in open day, amidst multitudes of malignant enemies—imposed alike on *all*, and triumphed at once over the strongest prejudices and the deepest enmity; those who received them, and those who rejected them differing only in the certainly not very trifling particular, as to whether they came from heaven or from hell. He must believe, that those who were thus successful in this extraordinary conspiracy against men's senses, and against common sense, were Galilean Jews, such as all history of the period represents them; ignorant, obscure, illiterate; and above all, previously bigoted like all their countrymen, to the very system of which, together with all other religions on the earth, they modestly meditated the abrogation; he must believe that, appealing to these astounding frauds in the face both of Jews and Gentiles, as an open evidence of the truth of a new revelation, and demanding, on the strength of them, that *their* countrymen should surrender a religion which they acknowledged to be divine, and that all other nations should aban-

don their scarcely less venerable systems of superstition, they rapidly succeeded in both these very probable adventures; and, in a few years, though without arms, power, wealth, or science, were, to an enormous extent, victorious over all prejudice, philosophy, and persecution; and, in three centuries, took nearly undisputed possession, amongst many nations, of the temples of the ejected deities. He must further believe, that the original performers in these prodigious frauds on the world, acted not only without any assignable motive, but against all assignable motive; that they maintained this uniform constancy in unprofitable falsehoods, not only together, but separately, in different countries, before different tribunals, under all sort of examinations and cross-examinations, and in defiance of the gyves, the scourge, the axe, the cross, the stake; that those whom they persuaded to join their enterprise persisted like themselves in the same obstinate belief of the same "cunningly devised" frauds; and though they had many accomplices in their singular conspiracy, had the equally singular fortune to free themselves and their coadjutors from all transient weakness towards their cause, and treachery towards one another; and, lastly, that these men, having, amidst all their ignorance, originality enough to invent the most pure and sublime system of morality which the world has ever listened to, had, amidst all their conscious villany, the effrontery to preach it, and, which is more extraordinary, the inconsistency to practise it!

On the *second* of the above-mentioned hypothesis, that these miracles were either a congeries of deeply contrived fictions, or accidental myths, subsequently fabricated, the infidel must believe, on the *former* supposition, that, though even transient success in literary forgery, when there are any prejudices to resist, is among the rarest of occurrences; yet that *these* forgeries—the hazardous work of many minds, making the most outrageous pretensions, and necessarily challenging the opposition of Jew and Gentile—were successful, beyond all imagination, over the hearts of mankind; and have continued to impose, by an exquisite appearance of artless truth, and a most elaborate mosaic of feigned events, artfully cemented into the ground of true history, on the acutest minds of different races and different ages; while, on the *second* supposition, he must believe that accident and chance have given to these legends their exquisite appearance of historic plausibility; and on *either* supposition, he must believe (what is infinitely more wonderful) that the world, while the fictions were being published, and in the known absence of the facts they asserted to be true, suffered itself to be befooled *into* the belief of their truth, and *out* of its belief of all the systems it *did* previously believe to be true; and that it acted thus, notwithstanding persecution from without, as well as pre-

on within; that, strange to say, the historic investigations bring this on of fictions or myths—even by mission of Strauss himself—within forty years of the very time in which aged wonders they relate are said to have occurred; wonders which the perverse Jew it had *not* seen, but which it was said to believe in spite of evidence, and persecution! In addition to the infidel must believe, that the men engaged in the compilation of these fictions, chose them as the vehicle of best morality; and though the most successful deceivers of mankind, were yet the most zealous preachers of veracity and honesty! Surely of him who can receive such paradoxes,—and they form but a part of what might be mentioned,—we say, “O infidel! great is thy faith!”

The supposition that neither of these whether of fraud or fiction, will be taken by itself, for the whole of the moral phenomena which strew the pages of the New Testament, then the objector, who *both*, must believe, in turn, *both* sets of moral paradoxes; and then, with still more than before, may we exclaim, “O great is thy faith!”

He must believe that *all* those coincidences, which *seem* to connect with the *facts* of the origin and of Christianity,—some, embracing so vast for hazardous speculation, and accidents too minute for it,—are purely coincidental; that *all* the cases in which the facts tally with the prediction, are coincidences of coincidences; and he must believe, amongst other events, of two of which *unlike* to which human sagacity could not pledge itself, and yet which have actually occurred (and *after* the prediction) they were *a priori* improbable and strange in the world's history! The one he Jews should exist as a distinct nation, the very bosom of all other nations, the extinction and without amalgamation, of nations and even races having so speedily melted away under less than half the time; which have been at work upon the other, an opposite paradox,—that, propagated by ignorant, obscure, restless vagabonds, should diffuse itself through the most diverse nations in spite of opposition, it being the rarest of phenomena, *any* religion which is capable of existing within the limits of race, climate, and the time of its historic origin; a religion which, once instituted, will not die; a religion which has had a local or national growth of over two thousand years! That *such* a religion as Christianity should so easily break these barriers, which are supposed to be cradled in ignorance, and fraud, should without effort, and in the face of persecution, triumphantly conquer and to conquer”

through a long career of victories, defying the power of kings, and emptying the temples of deities,—who, but an *infidel*, has *faith* enough to believe?—*Reason and Faith*.

THE OLDEST CHRISTIAN HYMN.

In Paed, lib. iii. of Clement of Alexandria, is given (in Greek) the most ancient hymn of the primitive Church. It is there (one hundred and fifty years after the apostles) asserted to be of much earlier origin. It may have been sung by the “beloved disciple” before he ascended to his reward. The following version will give some imperfect idea of its spirit:—

Shepherd of tender youth!
Guiding, in love and truth,
Through devious ways:
Christ, our triumphant King!
We come Thy name to sing,
And here our children bring
To shout Thy praise.

Thou art our holy Lord—
The all-subduing word,
Healer of strife!
Thou didst Thyself abase,
That from sin's deep disgrace
Thou mightest save our race,
And give us life!

Thou art wisdom's high priest!
Thou hast prepared the feast
Of holy love;
And in our mortal pain,
None calls on Thee in vain.
Help Thou dost not disdain,
Help from above.

Ever be Thou our guide,
Our shepherd and our pride,
Our staff and song!
Jesus! thou Christ of God!
By the perennial word,
Lead us where Thou hast trod,
Make our faith strong.

So now, and till we die,
Sound we Thy praises high,
And joyful sing.
Infants, and the glad throng
Who to Thy Church belong,
Unite and swell the song
To Christ our King.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF SCRIPTURE.

VARIOUS MODES OF FISHING.

How do you account for the fact that so many of the apostles were chosen from this class of fishermen? It could not have been accidental.

Nothing in the kingdom of Christ is accidental or the result of caprice, least of all the vital matter of its first teachers and founders. There was, no doubt, an adaptation, a fitness in the occupation of these men to develop just those attributes of character most needed in the apostolic office. There are various modes of fishing, and each calculated to cultivate and strengthen some particular moral quality of great importance in their mission. Thus angling requires *patience*, and great perseverance, and caution. The line must be fine; the hook carefully concealed by the bait; and this, too, must be such as

suit to the capacity and taste of the fish you seek to catch. A mistake in any of these things defeats the object. If the hook is too big or not well covered—the bait too large or not adapted to the taste—of course you take nothing, or bring up a useless crab. There may be deceptive nibbles, but nothing more. So, also, the line must not alarm them, nor will it do to dash the hook in impatiently. And the man must not put *himself* forward: *he should not be seen at all.*

Then there is fishing with the hand-net. This is beautiful and picturesque. You see it to best advantage along the coast from Beirût to Sidon. The net is in shape like the top of a tent, with a long cord fastened to the apex. This is tied to his arm, and the net so folded that, when it is thrown, it expands to its utmost circumference, around which are strung beads of lead to make it drop suddenly to the bottom. Now, see the actor: half bent, and more than half naked, he keenly watches the playful surf, and there he spies his game tumbling in carelessly toward him. Forward he leaps to meet it. Away goes the net, expanding as it flies, and its leaded circumference strikes the bottom ere the silly fish is aware that its meshes have closed around him. By the aid of his cord the fisherman leisurely draws up the net and the fish with it. This requires a keen eye, an active frame, and great skill in throwing the net. He, too, must be patient, watchful, wide awake, and prompt to seize the exact moment to throw.

Then there is the great drag-net, the working of which teaches the value of united effort. Some must row the boat, some cast out the net, some on the shore pull the rope with all their strength, others throw stones and beat the water round the ends, to frighten the fish from escaping there; and as it approaches the shore, every one is active in holding up the edges, drawing it to land, and seizing the fish. This is that net which gathered of every kind, and, when drawn to the shore, the fishermen sit down and gather the good into vessels, but cast the bad away. I have watched this operation throughout a hundred times along the shore of the Mediterranean.

Again, there is the bag-net and basket-net, of various kinds, which are so constructed and worked as to inclose the fish out in deep water. I have seen them of almost every conceivable size and pattern. It was with some one of this sort, I suppose, that Simon had toiled all night without catching anything, but which, when let down at the command of Jesus, inclosed so great a multitude that the net brake, and they filled two ships with the fish until they began to sink. Peter here speaks of toiling all night, and there are certain kinds of fishing always carried on at night. It is a beautiful sight. With blazing torch, the boat glides over the flashing sea, and the men stand gazing keenly into it until their prey is sighted, when, quick as lightning,

they fling their net or fly their spear; and often you see the tired fishermen come sullenly into harbour in the morning, having toiled all night in vain. Indeed, every kind of fishing is uncertain. A dozen times the angler jerks out a naked hook; the hand-net closes down on nothing; the drag-net brings in only weeds; the bag comes up empty. And then, again, every throw is successful—every net is full; and frequently without any other apparent reason than that of throwing it on the right side of the ship instead of the left, as it happened to the disciples here at Tiberias.

It is wholly unnecessary to apply these things to the business of fishing for men in the great seas of sin. *That* we may leave to the commentator and the preacher. No one occupation of humble life, not even that of the shepherd, calls into exercise and develops so many of the elements necessary for the office of a religious teacher as this of fishing.

BALM OF GILEAD.

What was this balm?

Not known with any certainty. Josephus frequently mentions it, and says that the tree which bore it grew about Jericho, and there only. In this he must have been mistaken, or the balm, or balsam he speaks of, was of a different kind from that mentioned in the Bible; for that was gathered at Engedi, in Gilead, and at other places. Josephus also says that the Queen of Sheba first brought the balsam-bearing tree into the country as a present to Solomon, which must also be a mistake of our historian, if he means that the balm-tree was unknown in Palestine until her visit. However, it is probable that the balm he describes as so *very scarce and precious*, was a different kind from that which the Midianites were taking to Egypt. I was shown, in the jungle about the fountain of Elisha, near Jericho, a rough thorn bush, like a *crab* or *haw* tree, which the monks said yielded balm, and I actually purchased some at the time, but without supposing it to be the Biblical article. The Hebrew word has been translated very variously. According to the Septuagint, it may mean any kind of *resinous gum*; the Latin has *opobalsamum*; the Arabic has *snubar* (pine), meaning apparently the pine-nuts, still an important article of traffic. Some suppose it was the gum or juice of the *turpentine-tree*, which still abounds in Gilead, and the resinous distillation from it is much celebrated by the Arabs for its healing virtues. Josephus says that this balm of Jericho was “an ointment, of all the most precious, which, upon any incision made in the wood with a sharp stone, distils out thence like a juice.” I suppose that the balm which Jacob sent to Joseph, and that which Jeremiah refers to for its medicinal qualities, was the same as that which our trading Ishmaelites were transporting to Egypt, and that it was

some resinous extract from the forest-trees of Gilead.—*The Land and the Book.*

AN ANALYSIS OF THE LORD'S PRAYER.

THIS prayer naturally divides itself into two portions—the one designed to unfold the riches of God, and the other, the emptiness of man; the one to raise man to heaven, the other to bring heaven down to earth; the one indicating forgetfulness of self in the intense desire of the soul that God may be glorified, and the other presenting the wants of both body and soul of the individual petitioner directly before that omnipresent and omniscient One, who alone can supply our need, forgive our sins, and grant deliverance from all evil; the one commencing every petition with that little word which shines like a star from out the very depths of heaven where God dwells—

Thy name be hallowed,
Thy kingdom come,
Thy will be done;

the other opening every plea with a still briefer word, pointing with clearer light to the springs of guilt and woe which lie hidden in the chambers of man's heart—

To us give daily bread,
To us forgive sin.
Us lead not into temptation,
Us deliver from evil.

Each of these main divisions may be divided into two lesser portions. The first half is made up of a general invocation, and a triplet of petitions relating to the kingdom and will of the Father. The last half is composed of another triad of petitions, relating to ourselves, and of a most significant doxology, which, whether authentic or not, is most admirably adapted to inspire the hope, founded on the nature of the everlasting God, that the blessings craved in this prayer, will be realised in the fullest fruition.

Accordingly, the Lord's Prayer, as commonly repeated, consists of four distinct, yet connected petitions; and each of these admits of a threefold subdivision, making twelve general ideas, or guiding thoughts, to be separately apprehended by the petitioner, while intelligently using this sublime formula.

The three subdivisions of the invocation are these—*Father, Our Father, and our Father in heaven*: the first, designed to place the suppliant in the attitude of a child; the second, in the position of a single child of the common Father of the whole family of man; the third, to exclude from the mind of that childlike and catholic suppliant any finite and earthly conception of that high and Holy One, who filleth immensity with His presence, and yet condescendeth to dwell with him who is of an humble and contrite heart.

The three opening petitions are—that the name of God may be hallowed, or Himself acknowledged to be God over all, blessed for

ever; that His kingdom may come in every heart in every land; and thus, His will being done, earth may be restored to its primeval likeness to heaven.

The triplet of petitions which make up the third division of the prayer begins with blessings relating to this life, and ends with those which appertain to the life to come. They are—(1) for daily bread, or everything needful for the body; (2) forgiveness of sin, or the cleansing of the soul; and (3) for deliverance from temptation, and from all the evils incident to a partially sanctified nature, and to a life passed in the midst of spiritual foes too many, and too powerful, for our unaided strength.

The subdivisions of the doxology, which may be treated as the fourth main division of the prayer, are—"For thine is the kingdom," and hence one ground of assurance of faith; Thine is "the power," and hence a still deeper foundation of hope; and, Thine is "the glory," and hence the perfect confidence that, since the glory of God is the end and aim of the petitioner, the objects sought in the prayer will, in fulness of time, be realised.

Reverting to the invocation, the question arises, whether this direct address to the Father was designed to preclude equally direct invocations of the Son and Holy Ghost. That it was not, is evident from the other forms of acceptable prayer which are found recorded in the New Testament. The prayer of the dying Stephen was addressed, not to "our Father," but to the "Lord Jesus." The penitent thief cried, "Lord, remember me when thou comest into thy kingdom;" and his cry was heard and answered.

Again, the title "Father," in the Lord's Prayer, is evidently not put in opposition to the other persons of the Trinity, but only in opposition to all *created* intelligences. It must be regarded as a general term, including all the persons of the Godhead, who said, "Let us make man in our image." Accordingly, John says that all things were made by the Word, and without Him was not anything made that was made; and Isaiah applies to Christ the title of "Everlasting Father."

Moreover, Jesus himself said, "Whosoever ye shall ask the Father, *in my name*, He will give it you." Were we, therefore, to make the supposition, that, in addressing the Father, as directed by our Lord, we prayed to Him in distinction from the Son, yet would our prayer be unheard, unless the name of Christ was written on our hearts, and the consciousness of dependence on His righteousness was present to our souls, though at the moment we might not address Him as the Alpha and Omega of our prayers.

Accordingly, the prayer of the devout Stephen, or that of the thief on the Cross, was not idolatry; neither have been the countless prayers which, in all ages of the Church,

have ascended to our Divine Redeemer, and to the third person of the adorable Trinity, our Sanctifier and Comforter. Any form of address to the Godhead, which harmonises with the confiding, reverential, and devout spirit of our Lord's invocation, though differing from it most widely in language, and falling far below that matchless invocation in brevity and fulness of meaning, may, as we have abundant reason to believe, come up with acceptance before the Father's throne.

CHRIST REVEALING HIMSELF.

CHRIST reveals Himself unto His own in ten thousand ways, but often they do not know Him when He comes. Many times He speaks to them when they do not even suspect that they have had a revelation. They dare not think it; they fear that it would be a lack of humility to believe that the Saviour really has made good His promise, and come unto them. When we are burdened and cast down, how often does some passage of Scripture dart suddenly into our mind, lighting up all our darkness like a flash from heaven? It is from heaven. Christ thus reveals Himself to strengthen and encourage us. We may be beset by sore temptations, and just upon the point of yielding, when the word of warning comes; or we may be feeling desolate and forsaken, having none to lean upon, and yet not knowing how to stand alone, when the revelation has been of love that passeth understanding—of pity deep as the bosom of Almighty God. I sat once under a tree near a little stream, holding in my hands a bunch of flowers. Suddenly, from the air came swooping down upon them a little bird. He had not seen me; when he did so, he instantly fled: but he could not take from me the sweet surprise, and the exciting pleasure of his visit. Thus comes flying to us the new revelation from our God—new in effect, though old in letter. Like the bird that only touched me with its little feet and bill, it may but alight a moment on our heart, and depart as suddenly as it came, but it does its work. As, at a touch from some passing thing, the dew-laden bushes shake off at morn the weight of the burden that has been pressing down all their leaves, so, at one shock, do our hearts shake off their burdens, and rise up in thanksgiving and joy.—*H. W. Beecher.*

HOW ARE YOU?

WE are accustomed to meet each other always with this kindly question—"How are you?" And it is well that we should have and manifest this interest in each other's welfare. But is the real significance and full weight of this inquiry always, or often, apprehended by him who asks, or him who answers? It may be well to think for a moment,

what is the "you" thus addressed, and which answers.

It is not the man's house, his workshop, or his farm. There is no difficulty in discerning between *him* and these accidents of his circumstances. He may have them or not; they may be in one condition or another. They are not included in the question, How are "you?" Nor do we inquire what is the estimation or influence he has in the community. The "you" is something else than these. It is something else than the clothes he wears. They may be well or ill, and the "you" within them be the opposite. Is the *body* that which is questioned, and answers? By and by *you* and *we* may lay these aside by side in the dust, and there will be as little consciousness in them of anything else, or of each other, as there is now in the clouds they stand on. The "you" dwells in the body for the present; but that body is not the "you." It may be well, and you ill—it may be dying, and you well.

It is the soul that asks the question—the soul that must answer it. What a pity it should always be considered as having reference to this frail body! What a pity men do not have and manifest as much interest in each other's souls, as in each other's bodies!

How, then, are *you*—yourself—your soul? Whether it is in health, it would seem easy to ascertain.

How is it with the *appetite*? The soul must have food, God's truth, the bread from heaven, if it is to live. Does it crave and enjoy this food? When a man's body is in health, he never goes to the table from a sense of duty. He does not swallow reluctantly and painfully, because he must, or die. He never thinks that he is eating to gain strength and support life. He eats because he has an appetite for food—because he craves and loves it. One first symptom of bodily illness is loss of appetite. The poor invalid forces down some food because, however indifferent to it, or however much he loathes it, the dread of still greater weakness, or of death, compels him. Let a man apply this test to his soul and its food. Can he say to God, "How sweet are Thy words unto my taste! yea, sweeter than honey to my mouth?" Can he say with Job, "I have esteemed the words of his mouth more than my necessary food;" with David, "My soul longeth, yea, even fainteth, for the courts of the Lord?" This test of the appetite, how easily it can be applied—as a young convert lately applied it—showing the wide difference between those who outwardly regard, and those who really love God's truth.

So *appropriate exercise* is the very pleasure of a sound and vigorous body. The soul cannot be still that is in health. It must be doing something—something appropriate for the soul—something for God. The Master

expresses this when he says, "I must work the works of Him that sent me while it is day." "My meat is to do the will of Him that sent me, and to finish His work." Exertion for God, in His service—is it easy, pleasant to you? Or is it as when the body, weak, or racked with pain at every movement, drags itself reluctantly to its tasks?

So, also, there is *rest*,—another good test of health. How quietly and sweetly it comes to the hale and hearty body! How perfect the slumber of the vigorous child, however the earth may quake, or the winds howl! The restless startling, the inability to compose one's self to sleep, the tossing to and fro until the dawning of the day—what a sure indication that disease is at its work in these bodies! So with the soul. If it finds sweet repose—if it can rest in God—if it can quietly commit itself and its all into the arms of its heavenly Father, and love to lie there, what a sure symptom of spiritual health!

Perhaps we need look no further. Love of food—pleasure in exertion—quiet repose, these are sufficient tests of the soul's health.

Dear reader—Christian brother, sister—*How are you?—Congregationalist.*

"THERE IS ANOTHER MAN."

"THERE is no peace, saith my God, to the wicked:" "they are like the troubled sea that cannot rest:" in storms a raging ocean, and in summer's serenest day ebbing or flowing and breaking its billows, like the world's joys and happiness, on a beach of wrecks and withered weeds. Seek Christ—seek your peace through Him—seek it in Him, and, saved yourself—yourself plucked from the wreck—oh, remember the perishing; let the first breath and effort of your new life be spent for others. I give you an example: and in the words spoken for a fellow-sufferer's life, see what you should do for a fellow-sinner's soul.

During a heavy storm off the coast of Spain, a dismayed merchantman was observed by a British frigate drifting before the gale. Every eye and glass were on her, and a canvas shelter on a deck almost level with the sea suggested the idea that there might yet be life on board. With all their faults, no men are more alive to humanity than our rough and hardy mariners, and so the order instantly sounds to put the ship about; and presently a boat is lowered, and starts with instructions to bear down upon the wreck. Away after that drifting hulk go these gallant men through the swell of a roaring sea: they reach it; they shout; and now a strange object rolls from that canvas screen against the lee shroud of a broken mast. Hauled into the boat, it proves to be the trunk of a man bent head and knees together, so dried and shrivelled as to be hardly felt within the ample clothes; so light that a mere boy lifted it on board. It is laid on the deck; in horror

and pity the crew gather round it. These feelings suddenly change into astonishment. It shews signs of life; they draw nearer; it moves, and then mutters—mutters in a deep sepulchral voice, "There is another man." Preserved himself, the first use the saved one made of speech was to seek to save another. Oh! learn this blessed lesson. Be daily practising it. And so long as in our homes, among our friends, in this wreck of a world, which is drifting down to ruin, their lives an unconverted one, there is "another man," let us go to that man, and plead for Christ; go to Christ, and plead for that man; the cry "Lord, save me, I perish," changed into one as welcome to a Saviour's ear, "Lord, save them, they perish."—*Guthrie's "Gospel in Ezekiel."*

Pages for the Young.

COLOURING TRUTH.

"MOTHER," cried a little girl, rushing into the room where a lady sat reading—"Mother! John struck me in the face with all his might! Oh dear! oh dear! It hurts so!"

And the child pressed her hand against her cheek, and threw her head backwards and forwards, as if she were in great pain.

The lady's face reddened instantly, and the book fell from her hand to the floor. Starting up, she went hurriedly from the room. There was anger in her heart against John, and in the blindness of her sudden indignation, she resolved to punish him with a severe chastisement. But ere she reached the apartment in which her child had been playing, she paused suddenly, and stood still. A timely thought glancing through her mind had arrested her steps.

"This will not do. I must control myself," she said, speaking half-aloud. Then, after a resolute strife with her angry feelings, the mother went back to the room where she had left her weeping child, and sitting down in her old place, said, with as calm and steady a voice as she could assume—

"Agnes, let me see your cheek."

"Oh, dear! How it hurts!" sobbed Agnes, as she came to her mother's side, her hand still pressed to her face.

The lady gently removed her hand, and examined the little girl's cheek. There was a red mark as if a blow had been received; but no evidence of a bruise.

"Agnes," said the mother, now speaking very calmly and gently, yet with a firmness that at once subdued the excitement of her child's mind, "I want you to stop crying, and tell me all about this trouble with John."

The child's tears ceased to flow; and she looked up into her mother's face.

"Agnes, who gave the first provocation in this matter, you or John?"

"John struck me in the face," replied the child, evincing a great deal of angry feeling towards her brother.

"Why did he strike you?"

Agnes was silent.

"Who saw the trouble between you and John?" inquired the mother.

"Why, Mary saw it. She'll tell you that John struck me in the face with all his might."

"Tell Mary that I wish to see her."

Agnes went for her sister. When they returned, the mother said—

"Now, Mary, tell me about this trouble, with John and Agnes."

"You saw him strike me, didn't you, Mary?" said Agnes, with the eagerness of resentment.

"I will question Mary," said the mother, "and while I am doing so, you, Agnes, must have nothing to say. After Mary has finished then you can correct her statement, if you wish to do so. Now, Mary, say on."

"Well, mother, I'll tell you just how it was," said Mary. "Agnes was teasing John, and John got angry."

"And struck his sister?" There was a tone of severity in the mother's voice.

"I think the blow was accidental," said Mary. "John declared that it was, and tried his best to comfort Agnes; even promising to give her his pet kitten if she would stop crying, and not make trouble by telling you. But she was angry, and would not listen to him."

"Tell me just what occurred, Mary, and then I shall know exactly how far both were to blame."

"Well," answered Mary, "John and I were playing checkers, and Agnes would, every now and then, steal up behind John, and push his elbow when he was making a move. It worried him, and he asked her over and over again not to do so. But she didn't mind what he said. At last John pushed the board from him, and wouldn't play any longer. He was angry. Still Agnes seemed bent on annoying him. John got a book and sat down near the window to read. He had not been there long before Agnes stole up behind him, whipped the book out of his hand, and ran away. John sprung after her, and they had a struggle for the book, in which Agnes got a blow upon the face. I was looking at them, and I think the blow was accidental. It seemed so at the time, and John declares that he did not mean to strike her. That is all, mother."

"Call your brother," said the lady, in a subdued voice. John entered the room in a few moments. He was pale, and looked troubled.

"My son," said the mother, speaking without apparent excitement, yet with a touch of sorrow in her voice, "did you strike Agnes on purpose?"

The boy's lips quivered, but no answer came through them. He looked into his mother's eyes for a moment or two, until tears blinded him, and then he laid his face down upon her bosom and sobbed. With love's tender instinct, the mother drew her

arm tightly around her boy, and then there was silence for the space of nearly a minute.

"It was an accident, I am sure!" whispered the mother, placing her lips close to the ear of her boy.

"Indeed, it was!" John answered back with earnestness. "My hand slipped as I tried to get my book away from her, and it struck her in the face. I was so sorry!"

What less could the mother do than kiss with ardour the fair brow of her boy, against whom, under the influence of anger, she had passed a hasty judgment. She almost shuddered as she thought of the unjust punishment she had come nigh inflicting.

"The chief blame, I see, rests with Agnes," said the lady, turning with some severity of voice and countenance towards her little girl, who now stood with the aspect of a culprit instead of an accuser.

"It was her fun, mother," John spoke up quickly. "She loves to tease, you know, and I was wrong to get angry."

John and Mary went out and left their mother alone with Agnes. When the little girl joined her brothers and sisters some time afterwards, she had a sober face, like one whose spirit was not at ease with itself. She had been guilty of a double wrong, and had come near drawing down upon her innocent brother an unjust punishment. So clearly had her mother brought this to her view, that shame followed conviction, and she was now ready to acknowledge her fault, and promise better conduct in the future.

THE "GUEST'S" BIBLE QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNG.—SICKNESS.

To whom was it said, "Thy father is sick?"

Of whom was it said, "He whom thou lovest is sick?"

What woman sent word to a king, her father, that her husband whom he wished to put to death, was sick?

What prophet said after a vision "I fainted," and was sick certain days?

What charitable woman in the times of the apostles "was sick and died?"

In answer to whose prayers was she restored to life?

Whom did an apostle leave at Miletus sick? From whose body were handkerchiefs and aprons carried to the sick?

What king's son sent letters and a present to a king who had been sick?

What is it said that "hope deferred maketh?"

Who does Christ say need a physician?

What did He mean by this?

Are there any who think they are whole, who are not?

Have you ever felt the plague of your own heart?

Have you applied to Christ for healing?

In what land shall the inhabitant not say, "I am sick?"



A FAMILY MAGAZINE FOR SUNDAY READING.

REVISED BY THE REV. NORMAN M'LEOD, D.D., GLASGOW.

WEEKLY NOS. ONE HALFPENNY.]

[MONTHLY PARTS, THREEPENCE.

CHRISTIAN CONSOLATION.*

DURING the summer, on western rivers, as you are riding or even wading across the ford, you may see, lying a little below you, great flat-bottomed boats, used for ferrying. During the summer, while waters are low, and men can cross without help and without danger, these craft lie moored to the shore with nothing to do. But when heavy rains have swollen the river, and the ford is drowned out, so that no man may dare to venture it, then travellers are glad to see the clumsy boat swung round, and by cords and poles forced across the swift-running waters for the convenience of those who must pass over.

All our emergencies are like streams. So long as we can cross them without help we use the ford. But when our affairs are beyond our own skill or strength, God sends round His promises which had lain along the shore, tied up and disused, to bear us over the black swelling waters. And blessed is he who is willing and able to venture across real troubles upon God's stanch promises.

In times of trouble, every Christian man will find wonderful comfort in the Psalms of David. Now their true colours will shine out. The Psalms are like diamonds, which, though bright in the daylight, do not give forth their peculiar brilliance until night and artificial light cause them to flash. And so are those great lyrics of the world, sung, not to any lover's lute, or even Homeric harp, but sung from the chords of the soul itself when God played upon it. They are deep as human life, wide as the earth, and far-reaching as immortality. And in times of trouble men ought to walk in the garden of this book, and comfort themselves with its fruits and flowers.

It is not the design of God's promises to help us so long as we can help ourselves. They are like defensive arms which men wear

in a wilderness among robbers, not to be fired incessantly, but hidden for emergency, and then brought forth for self-protection.

They are like a mountaineer's staff, though good for level ground, not meant specially for that; but to be relied on chiefly among rocks and sharp acclivities.

What is a man's faith in God good for, which only holds him up when he can hold himself up without help, and breaks under him when he needs to lean upon it? What is a belief in God's special and particular providence worth, if it applies only to fair weather and dissolves in storms of trouble?

If one will go back to the prophets, to David's experiences, he will find that God's promises were first made to men in the most bitter trials. They are not summer promises. They are not general nor indefinite. They were made to touch exactly such cases as yet occur every day.

Are hopes ever baffled? God has balm for that. Is an honest pride sorely wounded? God has spoken consolation for that. Is a man's good name shot at? That, too, has been done to ten thousand men before, and God girded them with promises which held them up. The men have died, but their charmed girdles are left. God's armoury is full of them.

Do your enemies triumph over you? There are blessings thick as spring flowers among old grasses for those who suffer evil, and bear it patiently.

Now, while men are rowing in darkness, and upon a dreadful sea, they may expect to see Christ coming to them walking upon the water. Or, it may be that He is already in the ship and needs only the uprousing of their grief and prayer to come forth upon the elements, sovereign over their wild tumult!

Methinks I hear Christ saying to all His disciples the very words which He variously

* From "Summer in the Soul," by Henry Ward Beecher, author of "Life Thoughts"—a work displaying many sweet and ripe experiences—just published by A. Strahan & Co.

pronounced while upon earth. Some are beseeching Him to relieve their fear and bring back prosperity. They cannot bear the thorn in their side that threatens to reach their heart. But Christ's answer is, "I will not remove the trouble, but my grace shall be sufficient to enable you to bear it."

Another bewails his misfortunes and cries out, "Lord, why is this?" The reply is, "The servant is not greater than his lord. It is enough for the disciple that he be as his master, and the servant as his lord." None of us are reduced so low as was Christ for our sakes. And it is a comfort to every penitent heart to feel, at each step down, that he is not going away from light and love, but towards them.

Christ lives near the bottom of human life, and that way lies the gate of heaven. They who abase themselves are going towards God. And when Christian men are going down, step by step, nearer the bottom, let them say, "Why not? why should I demand for myself what my Lord and my God gave up freely for my sake?"

Men often put questions the wrong way, and when they are bereaved they say, Why should I be afflicted? When they meet losses, they say, Why should I have such misfortunes? But would it not be soberer and more sensible if men should say, Why should *not* I have trouble? Am I not a man in a world of trial? Am I too good to be touched? Shall all God's elect, since the world began drink of the bitter cup and I claim exemption? What have I done that God should honour me? What use have I made of my strength and wealth that I should demand their continuance? How have I brought up my children, that I should be surprised if God withdrew them from me, and placed them in His own bosom? Shall Christ walk in poverty, and I disdain that experience? Shall He not have whereon to lay His head even, and I complain in the midst of home, food, comfort, and love? How very good a man must be, who can afford to be surprised when God unclothes him of superfluous wealth, and makes him walk as near to the edge of necessity as the best men of the world have done before, and still do!

We are not to affect stoical indifference, and still less rail out bitterly at wealth; and seek thus to cover over our disappointment by a false pretence of anger. How much better is Paul's spirit (Phil. iv. 11), "I have learned, in whatsoever state I am, therewith to be content. I know both how to be abased, and I know how to abound. I am instructed both to be full and to be hungry, both to abound and to suffer need. I can do all things through Christ that strengtheneth me." Which of these extremes is the more difficult, it is not our purpose to consider. Far more difficult than either is the spirit that can play back and forth between them both.

Meanwhile, as God's children are going

through unwonted and bitter trials, it is affecting to see with what royal tenderness God stoops to comfort them. As a parent the convoyed his flock of children, in a flight by night, from a savage foe, would whisper word to this one, and cheer that one—now lifting up, and then for a little way even carrying some, meanwhile encouraging them and saying, It will soon be light, hold on, and hold out, my brave children, we are almost through so God hovers about His flock in days of adversity, saying, "Be of good cheer; because I live ye shall live also; I will never leave you nor forsake you. I am not angry, nor grieve away from you; I chasten because I love you Whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth. Ye are my sons. Cast all your cares upon me for I care for you. Let not your hearts be troubled, neither be ye afraid. If God be for you, who can be against you? Think it not strange concerning this fiery trial, as if some strange thing had befallen you. Since the world began, I have scourged every son that I ever received. Blessed is he that endureth affliction. To him that overcometh I will give to eat of the tree of life, which is in the midst of the paradise of God!"

Wherefore, comfort one another with these words!

BURMESE CUSTOMS ILLUSTRATIVE OF SCRIPTURE.

It is the privilege of one who knows the Bible well to render all his other studies subservient to it, and to make all his readings in the great book of nature, and in the books of men, yield their tribute of illustration to the Word of God. This is one of the enjoyments peculiar to those who are familiar with the Scriptures; and the satisfaction is varied and extensive in proportion to the degree of our acquaintance with the sacred volume. The more we know of Scripture, the more ready and frequent will be our recognition of similar or illustrative facts, customs, and sentiments in other writings; and this recognition, by the frequent recollections of Scripture which it calls up, refreshes the mind, even in its comparatively secular studies and readings which, in a certain degree, are sanctified by it.

To shew how this habit acts, and, at the same time, to impart to the reader some of the benefits we have ourselves derived from it, we will, in this and some ensuing papers conduct the reader with us through a few books which might not, at the first view seem likely to furnish satisfactory material for this exercise. Let us begin with "Malcolm's Travels in the Burman Empire," and with that part of the work which treats of Burmese Leprosy and Lepers.

Mr Malcolm states that in Burmah the population is divided into eight classes—

"the royal family, great officers, priests, rich men, labourers, slaves, lepers, executioners." Excluding the last, this division is not, in its general features, unlike that which prevailed among the Jews under the monarchy. Indeed, with the exclusion intimated, we should be disposed to make little other alteration in it, for the purpose of illustration, than to introduce another class, consisting of the family chiefs, or heads of families and tribes. These, however, held public employments very generally under the kings, and might, therefore, be merged in the class of "great officers." We have selected this fact, however, chiefly for the sake of coming through it to the further statement, that "none of the classes constitute an hereditary caste, *except lepers and the slaves of pagodas.*" The Hebrews had other hereditary castes, or rather orders, namely, priests and family chiefs; but they seem to have *also* had these two of the Burmese, and no more. The Nethinim, or servants of the Jewish temple, answered very nearly to the slaves of the pagodas; and that their condition was hereditary is very well known. We feel most interested, however, respecting this hereditary caste of lepers. Was there such a caste among the Hebrews? We know that the Hebrew lepers were excluded from towns, and lived apart; but we know, also, that when any one became clean of this disease, he was, after due examination and probation, readmitted to the general society of his fellow-citizens. Such a provision does not exist among the Burmese; and it seems incompatible with the idea of an hereditary caste. Still the idea of establishing such a caste, among a people who do not habitually separate themselves into castes, must, we apprehend, have been founded upon the impression that the children of lepers were themselves leprosy. It may not have been always so; but it must have been generally so before such a caste could have been established. Now, a careful consideration of the particulars concerning leprosy and lepers, which the Scriptures contain, may lead to the conclusion that there was something of this kind among the Israelites, with little other difference than that with them there existed a provision for the restoration to society of such as could shew themselves free from the taint of this remarkable malady.

In connexion with this subject, the words of Elisha to Gehazi forcibly recur to the mind:—"The leprosy of Naaman cleave unto thee and unto thy seed *for ever.*" (2 Kings v. 27.) This, as we take it, signifies that Naaman's leprosy was of an hereditary and incurable kind. He had been miraculously cured of it; but now it should be transferred to Gehazi and his descendants, without the hope of cure or relief.

Now Gehazi and his descendants must, in the course of time, have formed one hereditary caste of lepers of themselves; but there were

probably others in the same case, even in his time, unless we suppose, which we have no reason to do, that the disease was in this instance miraculous, not only in its transfer from Naaman to Gehazi, but in its hereditary character. But if the leprosy of Gehazi was of such character, and that of Naaman was not, then the leprosy of Naaman was no longer that of Gehazi. But we are told that it was the leprosy of Naaman, and not another leprosy, which clove to Gehazi and to his seed; and if so, it is not pressing the argument too far to infer that it was hereditary leprosy, and that, consequently, a caste of hereditary lepers existed in Syria, and among the Hebrews, in and before the time of Gehazi.

The rule seems to have been, that when a man not born in leprosy became infected by that disorder, his children previously born were considered clean, so that they kept themselves separate from him (2 Chron. xxvi. 21); but his children afterwards born, or any children born of a leprosy parent, were considered as lepers till they could satisfy the proper authorities that they were not in that condition.

It is so rarely that we find a satisfactory account of the condition of lepers at the present day, that there is a peculiar interest in the few facts respecting their condition in Burmah which Mr Malcolm furnishes, as they may help in some degree to complete our idea of the condition of the Hebrew lepers, of which we know little more than has been already stated, namely, that they lived apart, but might, when healed, be restored to society. This is his statement:—"Leprosy, in several forms, is seen at the great cities, where its victims collect in a separate quarter, and live chiefly by begging—the only beggars in the country. The general form is that which attacks the smaller joints. I saw many who had lost all the fingers and toes, and some both hands and feet. In some cases the nose also disappears. It does not seem much to shorten life, and is not very painful, except in its first stages. Those with whom I conversed declared that they had not felt any pain for years. In many cases it ceases to increase after a time; the stumps of the limbs heal, and the disease is, in fact, cured. I could not hear of any effectual remedy—it seems in these cases to stop of itself. It can scarcely be considered contagious, though instances are sometimes given to prove it so. Persons suffering under it are by law separated entirely from other society; but their families generally retire with them, mingling and cohabiting for life. The majority of the children are sound and healthy, but it is said frequently to reappear in the second or third generation. Lepers, and those who consort with them, are obliged to wear a conspicuous and peculiar hat, made like a shallow, conical basket. The children, whether leprosy or not, are allowed to intermarry only with their own class."

The chief interest of the above passage lies in this, that it enables us to discover the object and motive of the minute regulations respecting leprosy contained in the 13th and 14th chapters of Leviticus. They are all framed upon the sacred principle that none but such as were actually subject to a disease supposed to be contagious should be placed under the disabilities and exclusion which it involved; and that, for the benefit of society, none who really suffered under the malady should be allowed unrestricted intercourse with their fellow-citizens. This discrimination could only proceed upon a clear apprehension of the signs of complete recovery; and these signs are accordingly pointed out in the chapters to which we have referred with remarkable precision and distinctness. The want of some such rules as were by the divine beneficence imparted to the Hebrew people, would among them, as in Burmah, have had the effect of excluding whole generations of men from the free intercourse of life, on account of a disease which may at one time have affected an ancestor; and of preventing those who, from the impulse of natural affection, might place themselves in communication with a diseased relative, from evermore returning to the society of unaffected men, although they may never, in their own persons, have known the leprosy taint. How small, in comparison, would then have been the benefit conferred by our Lord upon the lepers whom He cured! It would, indeed, have relieved them from the disease; but He could not, by that act, also have restored them to their place in the commonwealth, or have enabled them thenceforth to walk the highways and the streets with freedom, or to mingle with glad hearts with the multitudes that kept holy-day in the courts of the Lord's house.

A circumstance has just come under our notice, which seems to afford a further corroboration of our impression that there was a permanent or hereditary condition of leprosy among the Hebrews, although among them this was not, as with the Burmese, the rule, but the exception.

The law of Lev. xiii. and xiv. is very minute in its directions respecting the course to be taken by a person when he first comes under the taint of leprosy—how he is to conduct himself while in a leprosy condition, and how he is to proceed when he supposes himself cured. Many of these obligations are very onerous; and the afflicted persons might be tempted to neglect or postpone them, were not some heavy penalty thereby incurred. But the Book of the Law does not annex any penalty to disobedience; and we must resort to the Talmud, and other Jewish writings, to know what was the actual penalty in such cases. From this source we learn that the penalty for an infringement of any of the rules laid down in the law was quite severe

enough to insure general attention, and to protect society from the dangers which transgression might involve. It was no less than that his leprosy should cleave to him for ever! We are not sure whether it was supposed that the leprosy became permanent and hereditary by a special judgment from God, as in the case of Gehazi; or that the leprosy of such a person was to be held as never to be cured, and that he was never to be examined by the priest, with a view to his readmission to society. Taken either way, it shews or implies that Gehazi and his descendants were not alone in their permanent leprosy; but there was a permanent body of lepers—possibly including some persons who, as among the Burmese, were free from disease, not as a necessary effect of their having been lepers, but a penal infliction for disobedience of the law.

The condition of the Hebrew leper is described in the following words:—"His clothes shall be rent, and his head bare, and he shall put a covering upon his upper lip, and shall cry, *Tarnee, tarnee!* (Unclean, unclean!) All the days wherein the plague shall be in him, he shall be defiled; he is unclean: he shall dwell alone; without the camp shall his habitation be." (Lev. xiii. 45, 46.) The reader will do well to compare this with the short description of the condition of the Burmese leper which we have quoted from Malcolm. Most of the points coincide in substance, and differ only in some small details. In almost every country where leprosy prevails, the leper is obliged to wear some kind of distinctive dress, so that people may know and avoid him. Among the Burmese his head is covered with a conical cap; among the Hebrews his head was bare; his garment was rent (in front it is understood), in token of his afflicted condition; and, in the presence of a clean person, he stood covering his mouth with his hand, or the skirt of his robe. In addition to which distinction of dress, the leper is, in some countries, obliged to notify his presence or approach by some loud and peculiar sound. In some places a small drum is used for this purpose; in others, the leper strikes a metal dish, or rattles something in it; but the Hebrew leper, when he saw a stranger approaching, or when he found himself near any place of resort, was obliged to keep up his melancholy cry of *Tarnee, tarnee!*—Rev. Dr Kitto.

RELIGIOUS LIFE IN HOLLAND.

(REPNUITE KIRCHENZITUNG.)

THE peculiar characteristic of Dutch religious life may be said to be its Biblicity and independence. This generally distinguishes those of the Reformed Confession from Lutherans, who are more disposed to depend on their pastors.

A proof of the Biblical tendency of Dutch Christians is the circumstance that no book of edification is placed so much alongside of the Bible as is the Hymn-book, for instance, in Germany. The Dutch were so much accustomed to express their religious feelings exclusively in the language of Scripture, that at one time it was thought inconsistent with the alone authority of Scripture to allow so much as the use of hymns along with the psalms in the worship of the Church. Such feelings have not yet quite disappeared. Hymns are very rarely used in conventicles or family worship. Sermons, also, must be Biblical—often they used to be just exegetical treatises. The old form used to be: 1st, An exact explanation of the text, with examination of various interpretations—Latin, Greek, and Hebrew words often being introduced; 2d, The sermon proper, of a more dogmatic cast; and 3d, The application, with reference to the state of different classes of the hearers, such as believers tempted, undecided, &c. Though this form is not now adhered to, still the sermons maintain a Biblical-exegetical character. The view taken of the sacraments is generally Zwinglian—seldom, even among the orthodox, Calvinistic.

The Dutch Christian also makes diligent use of his Bible at home. As a rule, he is much more at home in it than the German. Many, even of the lower classes of the laity, devote themselves to the study of the Bible. It is true that a sound, simple knowledge of Scripture, even in such cases, is not always to be found. One meets sometimes with an allegorical and mystical interpretation. Yet such views are exceptional. Most Dutch Christians of the lower orders are either orthodoxists or simple Biblical Christians. Orthodoxy is peculiarly powerful among the lower ranks. If a man should deny, for instance, the doctrine of election or perseverance of the saints, &c., though in all other respects his life be becoming a Christian, he will scarcely be accounted a Christian at all by these orthodoxists of the common people. This confessional severity, however, is disapproved by some. If one, however, were to maintain that this orthodoxy, that often judges so uncharitably, were a mere dead orthodoxy of the head, he would, as I fully believe, be in most cases quite mistaken.

Attendance on church is relatively very good; only in the large towns it is less so. Of 125,000 Reformed in Amsterdam, only 12,000 regularly attend worship on Sunday. The orthodox ministers have always the best filled churches. Van Oortuzu, in Rotterdam, for instance, at a weekly service during the winter, often preaches to upwards of 2000.

In the large towns, particular services are held at certain times, called "Bittstunden" (prayer-meetings). The order resembles that of an ordinary meeting for public worship, only that the sermon has more the character

of a preparation for the prayer that is to follow, from which the meeting derives its name; it is not always necessary that a minister be present. Such meetings have been held, for instance, for prayer for China, and very often for Israel, especially under Cappadose and Da Costa.

In Dutch Christian families there is generally family worship morning and evening. The head of the house prays aloud, all kneeling. At meals also, before and after, prayer is offered. A prayer-book is seldom used, prayer for the most part being extempore. The style of prayer is solemn, slow, pathetic. A German would desire greater rapidity in speaking, and more hearty liveliness. The thought was involuntarily suggested, that in a Dutch prayer God was more regarded in His majesty and glory. With the Germans, again, God seems more to be regarded in a relation of communion with the supplicant. On the whole, I have heard many prayers in Holland, which, for their power and emotion, I will never forget. During prayer their eyes are generally closed. Often, in a large congregation, scarcely an eye will be seen open.

Much emphasis is laid on regeneration. The distinction is strictly drawn between regenerate and unregenerate. The writer has been asked more than once if, and when, he was born again. Those who hold themselves regenerate stand in a relation of strict opposition to the world and its amusements. No orthodox Christian visits theatre, balls, or concerts; were he to do so, he should be a child of the world. But the writer did not feel that this strictness made upon him the impression of a haughty rigorism; he rather saw in it watchfulness becoming a Christian. When he referred to concerts in Germany, and defended them, he was met with the reply, that it was quite possible there might be in Germany such concerts as a Christian might not scruple to attend, but in Holland it was not so.

Conventicles are of frequent occurrence. The usual order, praise, prayer, reading a passage of Scripture; sometimes one explains, sometimes a conversation upon it; again prayer, praise, and the apostolical blessing. It is astonishing often to witness the amount and depth of the acquaintance with Scripture evinced by common citizens, and even operatives, on such occasions; still more, to mark the deep interest taken by such as shopkeepers, shoemakers, &c., in the affairs of the Church, in the doctrines of the professors of theology; to hear the lamentations over the unevangelical government of the Church, and the want of orthodox training for the future ministers of the Church.

Christian associations are numerous; such as, Netherlands Missionary Society—income, 80,000 to 90,000 florins. [A number of others are mentioned, to shew the great liberality of the Dutch Christians.]

THE EVANGELISTS OF LAST CENTURY.

JAMES HERVEY.

Whilst a college tutor, Mr Wesley numbered among his pupils, along with George Whitefield, JAMES HERVEY.* To his kind and intelligent teacher he owed superior scholarship, and along with a knowledge of Hebrew, a taste for natural science; but at Oxford he did not learn theology. Pure in his conduct, and correct in his clerical deportment, his piety was cold and stiff. It had been acquired among the painted apostles and sculptured martyrs of Alma Mater, and lacked a quickening spirit. Talking to a ploughman who attended Dr Doddridge, he asked, "What do you think is the hardest thing in religion?" "Sir," said the ploughman, "I am a poor man, and you are a minister; will you allow me to return the question?" "Well," said Mr Hervey, "I think the hardest thing is to deny sinful self;" and enlarged at some length on the difficulties of self-mortification. At last the ploughman interposed—"But, Mr Hervey, you have forgotten the most difficult part of self-denial, the denial of righteous self." Though conscious of some defect in his own religion, the young clergyman looked with disdain at the old fool, and wondered what he meant. Soon afterwards, however, a little book, on "Submission to the Righteousness of God," put meaning into the ploughman's words; and Mr Hervey wondered how he could have read the Bible so often, and overlooked its revelation of righteousness. When he saw it he rejoiced with exceeding joy. It solved every problem, and filled every void. It lit up the Bible, and it enkindled his personal Christianity. It gave emancipation to his spirit, and motive to his ministry; and whilst it filled his own soul with happiness it made him eager to transmit the benefit. But his frame was feeble. It was all that he could do to get through one sermon every Sabbath in his little church at Weston-Favell; and the more his spirit glowed within, the more shadowy grew his tall and wasted form. He could not, like his old tutor and his college friend, itinerate; and so he was constrained to write. In Indian phrase, he pressed his soul on paper. With a pen dipped in the rainbow, and with aspirations after a celestial vocabulary, he proceeded to descant on the glories of his Redeemer's person, and the riches of His great salvation. He published his Meditations, and then the Dialogues between Theron and Aspasio; and then he grew too weak even for this fireside work. Still the spirit burned, and the body sank. "You have only a few minutes to live," said the doctor; "spare yourself." "No, doctor, no; you tell me that I have but a few minutes—oh, let me spend them in adoring our great Redeemer!"

* Born 1714. Died 1758.

And then he began to expatiate on the exhaustless theme, till, with the words "precious salvation" on his lips, utterance ceased. He leaned his head against the side of the easy-chair, and shut his eyes, and died, on the Christmas afternoon.

AUGUSTUS TOPLADY.

In the county of Devon, and in one of its sequestered parishes, with a few cottages sprinkled over it, mused and sang AUGUSTUS TOPLADY.* When a lad of sixteen, and on a visit to Ireland, he had strolled into a barn where an illiterate layman was preaching, but preaching reconciliation to God through the death of His Son. The homely sermon took effect, and from that moment the gospel wielded all the powers of his brilliant and active mind. He was very learned. Universal history spread before his eye a familiar and delightful field; and at thirty-eight he died, more widely-read in Fathers and Reformers than most academic dignitaries can boast when their heads are hoary. He was learned because he was active. Like a race-horse, all nerve and fire, his life was on tip-toe, and his delight was to get over the ground. He read fast, slept little, and often wrote like a whirlwind; and though the body was weak it did not obstruct him, for in his ecstatic exertions he seemed to leave it behind. His chief publications were controversy. Independently of his theological convictions, his philosophising genius, his up-going fancy, and his devout, dependent piety, were a multiform Calvinism; and by a necessity of nature, if religious at all, the religion of Toplady must have been one where the eye of God filled all, and the will of God wrought all. The doctrines which were to himself so plain, he was perhaps on this account less fitted to discuss with men of another make; and betwixt the strength of his own belief, and the spurning haste of his over-ardent spirit, he gave his works a frequent air of scornful arrogance and keen contemptuousness. It was the polemic press which extorted this human bitterness from his spirit; in the pulpit's milder urgency nothing flowed but balm. His voice was music, and devotion and sanctity seemed to emanate from his ethereal countenance and light immortal form. And for all the saving power of his preaching relying on the Holy Spirit's inward energy, it was remarkable how much was accomplished both at Broad Hembury, and afterwards in Orange Street, London. He was not only a polemic and a preacher, but a poet. He has left a few hymns which the Church militant will not readily forget. "When languor and disease invade," "A debtor to mercy alone," "Rock of ages, cleft for me," "Deathless principle, arise:" these four combine tenderness and grandeur with theological fulness equal to any kindred compositions in modern language. It would seem as if the finished work were

* Born 1740. Died 1778.

embalmed, and as if the lively hope were exulting in every stanza: whilst each person of the glorious Godhead radiates majesty, grace, and holiness through each successive line. However, to amass knowledge so fast, and give out so rapidly not only thought and learning, but warm emotion, was wasteful work. It was like bleeding the palm-tree; there flowed a generous sap which cheered the heart of all who tasted, but it killed the palm. Consumption struck him, and he died. But during that last illness, he seemed like one reclining in the very vestibule of glory. To a friend's inquiry, with sparkling eye he answered, "Oh, my dear sir, I cannot tell you the comforts I feel in my soul: they are past expression. The consolations of God are so abundant that He leaves me nothing to pray for. My prayers are all converted into praise. I enjoy a heaven already in my soul." And within an hour of dying he called his friends, and asked if they could give him up; and when they said they could, tears of joy ran down his cheeks as he added, "Oh, what a blessing that you are made willing to give me over into the hands of my dear Redeemer, and part with me; for no mortal can live after the glories which God has manifested to my soul."

A SUMMER-MORNING SONG.

Up, sleeper! dreamer! up; for now
There's gold upon the mountain's brow—
There's light on forests, lakes, and meadows—
The dewdrops shine on flow'ret bells,
The village clock of morning tells:
Up, men! out, cattle! for the dells
And dingles teem with shadows.

Up! out! o'er furrow and o'er field;
The claims of toilsome moments yield
For morning's bliss, and time is fleet
Than thought; so, out! 'tis dawning yet.
Why twilight's lovely hour forget?
For, sweet though be the workman's sweat,
The wanderer's sweat is sweeter.

Up! to the fields! through shine and stour;
What hath the dull and drowsy hour
So blest as this!—the glad heart leaping
To hear morn's early song sublime;
See earth rejoicing in its prime;
The summer is the waking time—
The winter time for sleeping.

O fool! to sleep such hours away,
While blushing Nature wakes to day,
On down through summer mornings snoring.
'Tis meet for thee the winter long,
When snows fall fast, and winds blow strong,
To waste the night amidst the throng,
Their vious poisons pouring.

The very beast that crops the flower
Hath welcome for the dawning hour.
Aurora smiles! her beckonings claim thee;
Listen, look round—the chirp, the hum,
Song, low, and bleat—there's nothing dumb,
All love, all life. Come, slumberer, come!
The meanest thing shall shame thee.

We come—we come—our wanderings take
Through dewy field, by misty lake,
And rugged paths, and woods pervaded
By branches o'er, by flowers beneath,
Making earth odorous with their breath;
Or through the shadeless gold-gorge heath,
Or 'neath the poplars shaded.

Were we of feather or of fin,
How blest to dash the river in,
Thread the rock-stream as it advances;
Or, better, like the birds above,
Rise to the greenest of the grove,
And sing the matin song of love
Amidst the highest branches.

Oh, thus to revel, thus to range,
I'll yield the counter, bank, or 'change;
The business crowds, all peace destroying,
The toll with snow that roofs our brains,
The seeds of care which harvest pains,
The wealth, for more which strives and strains,
Still less and less enjoying.

Oh, happy, who the city's noise
Can quit for Nature's quiet joys;
Quit worldly sin and worldly sorrow;
No more 'midst prison walls abide,
But in God's temple, vast and wide,
Pour praises every eventide,
Ask mercies every morrow.

Come, though a glance it may be—come,
Enjoy, improve, and hurry home,
For life's strong urgencies must bind us.
Yet mourn not; morn shall wake anew,
And we shall wake to bless it too.
Homewards! the birds shall shake the dew
We'll leave in peace behind us.

J. TOLLENS,
A celebrated Dutch poet.

AN HUMBLE MARTYR.

"HANNAH, you will stay at home to-night."

"Yes'm," answered Hannah, stopping short in the midst of a favourite hymn, but nevertheless looking blankly, as if the news was hard to bear.

"Not that I know that there is anything particular to do," said Mrs Wishill, abating her severity of tone somewhat, "but I don't like to have my servants out at night."

"I was going to the prayer-meeting, you know, ma'am."

"Yes, I know; and that's the very thing I don't wish you to do. These excitable assemblies are very injurious to the constitution; and my regard for your health, Hannah, leads me to restrict you somewhat. I notice you have your work done up very early and very faithfully; use your spare time for yourself; those excitable folks can keep the meeting going, I fancy."

Poor Hannah! she had toiled from morning until night at her work, and done more than was her share, that she might attend a series of special prayer-meetings then in progress. The thoughtless, wicked girl, as willing formerly to swear and dance as to eat, had become smitten by the Holy Spirit of God; and now she was forbidden to care for her soul, her purpose ridiculed, her progress arrested.

"Can I go just to-night, Mrs Wishill—I have a particular reason for going to night?" she asked, in the desperation of disappointment.

"I had rather you would stay at home to-night, Hannah. Mr Wishill and myself are invited out, and we don't like to leave the new

nurse alone with the children; besides, I tell you the excitement is wearing upon you; you look paler and thinner than you were, and I feel myself, in a measure, accountable for your health."

"O mamma!" exclaimed a beautiful young girl of fifteen, bursting into the sitting-room, and holding a billet in her hand, "an invitation to another party, the Colesworthys', the most delightful of all, I'm sure it will be; and they don't have supper till twelve. Only think! that makes five this week!"

Hannah could not forbear one glance at the worldly, hollow-hearted mother, as she turned to leave the room. A flush had mounted even to the roots of the hair on Mrs Wishill's face, and, with averted eyes, she strove to busy herself with her needle.

"Five parties," muttered Hannah; "up half the night, and sometimes all—they are very wholesome—while one poor little hour at prayer-meeting is very bad for the constitution;" and, sadly dispirited, she went about her duties.

Hannah did not go to the prayer-meeting that night; but the next time she had permission she accepted it gladly, and wended her way to the pleasant little vestry-room, where the children of the covenant met gladly together. And before the hour of retiring, her plain face was lighted with that serene joy that none but one forgiven of Heaven can feel, and that the stranger meddles not with. Oh, how happy she was! no revengeful thoughts, no wrong feelings; all peace, calm and deep as a river, and flowing steadily into her soul. The eldest son of her mistress was present that evening to laugh and scoff. He bore the news home to the family, and they made merry, but not as over the returning prodigal.

"Hannah's pious now—hollo! Hannah, you're pious, aren't you?" were the first words that saluted the faithful servant as she descended to her duties the next morning.

"Hannah's got religion, eh! Hannah's got religion; she's going to be real good to us, and let us do just as we please."

Finding it impossible to stop the uproar, Hannah pursued her work in kindly silence, mentally calling upon her Saviour to help her. But it seemed as if the children had been transformed into imps. They pulled her dress, they disarranged her dishes, upset the milk, jostled the fire till the meat nearly fell into it, and clamoured incessantly that Hannah was pious, and they could do just as they pleased. Several times came the old temptation to frighten them, as she had once been wont, with fierce words and fiercer face, but grace prevailed; and while tears fell more than once, a "strong man" came to her aid, and though cast down, she was not discouraged. As a consequence of the more than ordinary confusion, the breakfast was somewhat disarranged, and the coffee failing to please Mr Wishill's taste, he asked Hannah with a sneer,

whether she had settled it with a psalm instead of an egg, and if her Bible taught her to burn the gravy. John, the eldest son, whose eyes, young as he was, were reddened with dissipation, joined in the heartless merriment, and made many a speech that he thought remarkably witty, and which caused a general titter all round the table. Hannah's new resolves and Christian principles were put to the severest test. If she committed some trifling error of judgment, which had always been overlooked before, the taunt was thrown out that her religion was not worth much! Mrs Wishill treated her with a cold, uniform, and restrained civility; and once, when she had really interested two or three of the children in some Bible truth, she commanded them to go to the nursery, and poured out the vials of her wrath upon the meek Christian, exclaiming that she didn't want her children to become deluded little fanatics, for ever poring over their Bibles; and so the poor girl was grieved that she could not do her Master's work.

"Well, Hannah, I am glad to see you looking so cheerful; how are you getting on?"

"O sir!" replied Hannah to the minister, half frightened to think of his sitting down in the kitchen to talk with her, "I never felt so happy in my heart before, in all my life. It's like a room, sir, all swept out and dusted, and the furniture rubbed and put to rights."

The pastor smiled, well pleased with her homely but apt illustration. "You find, then," he said, "that Christ supports you under every trial."

Hannah tried to speak, but the fast-coming tears choked her, and, for a moment, she laid her head upon the table and wept.

"Forgive me, sir," she at length found voice to say, "indeed I do find His support; but oh, sir, to hear His blessed name reviled; to hear His blessed gospel made sport of; I am very hard tried, sir, very hard tried; nobody loves Jesus in this household."

Little by little she narrated her griefs, in a low, sorrowful tone, and as the sympathising pastor heard, his eyes glistened with emotion. He was an old man, stately and gray-haired; and he thought to himself, in all his long life, he had not met with a character so heroic as that of this poor servant girl, uneducated, yet expressing herself with peculiar ease; obviously unrefined by nature, but bearing herself with a simplicity and dignity that became the profession of the gospel of Christ. From day to day, from morning until night, the coarsest allusions were made to her religion; jokes were played upon her, which, as she truly said, would once have set her mad with temper, yet she never retaliated; following the example of the Holy One, "like a sheep before her shearers, she was dumb."

"My daughter," said the pastor, with a smile of encouragement, "do you know that your

case is made a special one in the Bible? Did you know that the blessed lips of Christ had pronounced a decision in your favour?"

She gazed, unable quite to comprehend, till he said—

"Get your Bible, my young friend, and turn to the fifth chapter of Matthew, tenth verse—here it is, now read."

Slowly, and with hesitancy, she read, "Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven."

"Read on, my child," said the pastor, gently; and with fast-filling eyes, she continued, "Blessed are ye when men shall revile you and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you, falsely, for My sake. Rejoice and be exceeding glad, for great is your reward in heaven."

"Surely, there isn't need of tears, then," exclaimed Hannah, a smile bursting like sunshine over her face.

"No, but of humility, that God hath counted you worthy; your heart is lighter now, Hannah?"

"Oh, thank God!" fervently exclaimed the girl, lifting her eyes heavenward.

WALKING WITH GOD.

THERE is a singular force and pregnancy often in the descriptive phrases of Scripture:—two or three words limning a character. What can be added to heighten our conception of a Christian when it is said of him, as it was of Enoch—"He walks with God?" In the Christian who has attained to the distinction of this description, there is a thoroughly reconciled and accordant mind—a mind perfectly according with the character and will of God, as He has revealed Himself. There is, first, the knowledge of God in all His attributes and purposes; then, approval; no wish to change anything—admiration of Him as He is;—of His plan, as it is; of His administration, as He sublimely conducts it. Here faith comes in as an integral quality—one essential in him who walks with God. God is infinite in His being and purposes; consequently, but little of Him comparatively can be revealed to the human apprehension. Here, where communication is not, vision is not, knowledge is not, faith must be. So it is that he who walks with God, walks by faith. It is faith that apprehends God and brings Him near. Though all is dark ahead, or the way is beset with dangers, and no end or safe conclusion is revealed, faith encourages the soul to go, for God goes with it.

There is, also, that quality or state of mind which readily turns toward God; and seeks and even thirsts for intercourse and communion with Him. The quality is almost indefinable. The result of it is intercourse, intimate converse with God. The written

Word is ever fresh and vital to such an one. He has a keen appetite and relish for it, is often at this oracle whence God speaks; is a Bible lover; a Bible reader; an eater of these words and truths divine, and he meditates thereon; and so it is he maintains his walk with God. And the intercourse is mutual; he speaks to God often in the humble, earnest prayer. Such an one is marked as a man of prayer—one who prays as he breathes—without ceasing, prays. Then there is the idea of habitualness—this is the unvarying habit and tenor of his mind; we know where to find him—always the same—uniform, deep, principled steadfastness is his confessed characteristic. Great tenderness of conscience also; a fear to offend or wound; a desire to please God in all things; ever striving for this testimony; and this testimony he gains, that he pleases God. The secret of the Lord is with him who thus fears and pleases Him.

A peculiar intimacy obtains. How condescending and wonderful on the part of God, that He so mingles with His creature—so manifests Himself to His disciple—shews him such favours—gives him such tokens—admits him to such familiarities. All this is implied—yea, it is the very essence of the idea: they walk together—come near one to the other; the most confidential communications pass; the most intimate interchange of sentiment and affection takes place. Strong and ever-growing is the affection the disciple has for the Lord; and the Lord has the like for him. Such love on the part of the disciple for the Lord is most blessed—it fills and blesses his soul, as nothing earthly can. Love so large and free from the infinitely Great and Good, to such as he—to one regarding himself as so insignificant and so unworthy, is amazing, and most melting to him; and so the fact and the manifestation of the love perpetually increase the love. And the intercourse advances the character in blessed assimilation; the disciple ever tending toward the heavenly—becoming more and more like the divine pattern. Here we have the sum of blessed results—growth in knowledge, in spirituality, in affection for the pure and the heavenly—a ripeness of experience and character—the attainment of a state of mind and heart kindred with that above—that state which constitutes a meetness to be there, and which makes the transfer, when it comes, so sudden, so spontaneous—"And Enoch walked with God: and he was not; for God took him."

WHAT IS TO BECOME OF US?

(FROM THE GERMAN OF KRUMMACHER.)

THERE was, some years ago, not far from this place, a very gifted preacher, who for several years preached with great earnestness and success the doctrine of the cross, but who on that very account was violently opposed.

One of his opponents, a well-informed person, who had for a long time absented himself from the church, thought one Sabbath morning that he would go and hear the gloomy man once more, to see whether his preaching might be more tolerable to him than it had been heretofore. He went; and that morning the preacher was speaking of the narrow way, which he did not make either narrower or broader than the Word of God describes. "A new creature in Christ, or eternal condemnation," was the theme of his discourse: and he spoke with power, and not as a mere learned reasoner. During the sermon, the question forced itself upon the hearer's conscience: "How is it with myself? Does this man declare the real truth?" This thought took such a hold upon him, that he could not get rid of it amidst any of his engagements or amusements. But it became from day to day more troublesome, more and more penetrating, and threatened to embitter every joy of his life; so that at last he thought he would go and see the preacher himself, and ask him, upon his conscience, if he were convinced of the truth of that which he had lately preached. He fulfilled his intention, and went to the preacher. "Sir," said he to him, with great earnestness, "I was one of your hearers when you spoke, a short time ago, of the only way of salvation. I confess to you that you have disturbed my peace of mind, and I cannot refrain from asking you solemnly, before God, and upon your conscience, if you can prove what you have asserted, or whether it was unfounded alarm." The preacher, not a little surprised at his address, replied with convincing certainty that he had spoken the word of God, and consequently infallible truth. "What, then, is to become of us?" replied the visitor. His last word, *us*, startled the preacher; but he rallied his thoughts, and began to explain the plan of salvation to the inquirer, and to exhort him to repent and believe. But the latter, as though he had not heard one syllable of what the preacher said, interrupted him in the midst of it, and repeated, with increasing emotion, the anxious exclamation, "If it be true, sir, I beseech you, what are we to do?" Terrified, the preacher staggers back. "*We*!" thinks he, "what means this *we*?" and, endeavouring to stifle his inward uneasiness and embarrassment, he resumed his exhortations and advice. Tears came into the eyes of the visitor; he smote his hands together like one in despair, and exclaimed, in an accent which might have moved a heart of stone, "Sir, if it be truth, *we* are lost and undone!" The preacher stood pale, trembling, and speechless. Then, overwhelmed with astonishment, with downcast eyes and convulsive sobbings, he exclaimed, "Friend, get down on your knees, let us pray and cry for mercy!"—They knelt down and prayed, and shortly after the visitor took his leave. The preacher shut himself up

in his closet. Next Sabbath, word was sent that the minister was unwell, and could not appear. The same thing happened the Sabbath following. On the third Sabbath, the preacher made his appearance before his congregation, worn with his inward conflict and pale, but his eyes beaming with joy, and commenced his discourse with the surprising and affecting declaration, that he had now, for the first time, passed the strait gate. You will ask, what had occurred to him in his chamber during the interval that elapsed. A storm passed over before him—but the Lord was not in the storm; an earthquake—but the Lord was not in the earthquake; a fire—but the Lord was not in the fire. Then came the still small voice, on which the man enveloped his face in his mantle, and from that time he knew what was the gospel and what was grace.

A HAPPY MAN.

THE following parable delineates that condition of mind and heart which makes God the object and source of love and happiness. It presents the Christian standard—"God all, and in all:"—

A zealous divine who had prayed earnestly that God would teach him the perfect way of truth, was directed, in a dream, to go to a certain place, where he would find an instructor. When he came to the place, he found a man in ordinary attire, to whom he wished a good morning.

"I never had a bad morning," replied the man.

"That is very singular; I wish you may always be so fortunate."

"I was never unfortunate," said he.

"I hope you will always be as happy," said the divine.

"I am never unhappy," said the other.

"I wish," said the divine, "that you would explain yourself a little."

"That I will cheerfully do," said he. "I said that I never had a bad morning; for every morning, even if I am pinched with hunger, I praise God. If it rains, or snows, or hails, whether the weather is serene or tempestuous, I am still thankful to God, and, therefore, I never have a joyless morning. If I am miserable in outward circumstances, and despised, I still praise God. You wished that I might always be fortunate; but I cannot be unfortunate, because nothing befalls me but according to the will of God; and I believe that His will is always good, in whatever He does, or permits to be done. You wished me always happy; but I cannot be unhappy, because my will is always resigned to the will of God."

"But what if God should thrust you down to hell?"

"I have two arms—faith and love—with

rich I would hold on to my God and viour, and not let Him go; and I would rather be in hell with God, than in heaven without Him."

The divine, astonished at the man's answers, asked him whence he came.

"I came from God," he replied.

"Where did you find God?"

"Where I left the world."

"Where did you leave Him?"

"With the pure in heart."

"What are you?"

"I am a king?"

"Where is your kingdom?"

"It is within my own bosom. I have learned to rule my appetites and passions; and that is better than to rule any kingdom of the world."

"How were you brought into this happy condition?"

"By secret prayer, spiritual meditation, and communion with God. Nothing below God could satisfy my desires. I have found Him, and in Him I have peace and rest."

THE KINGDOM OF GOD.

I SAY to thee, do thou repeat
To the first man thou mayest meet,
In lane, highway, or open street,

That he, and we, and all men, move
Under a canopy of love,
As broad as the blue sky above;

That doubt and trouble, fear and pain,
And anguish, all are shadows vain;
That death itself shall not remain;

That weary deserts we may tread,
A dreary labyrinth may thread,
Through dark ways underground be led:

Yet if we will one Guide obey,
The dreariest path, the darkest way,
Shall issue out in heavenly day.

And we, on divers shores now cast,
Shall meet, our perilous voyage past,
All in our Father's house at last.

And ere thou leave him, say thou this
Yet one word more: They only miss
The winning of that final bliss,

Who will not count it true that love—
Blessing, not cursing—rules above,
And that in it we live and move.

And one thing further make him know—
That to believe these things are so,
This firm faith never to forego:

Despite of all which seems at strife
With blessing, all with curses rife—
That this is blessing, this is life.

THOMSON.

GOD UNCHANGEABLE.—There are many Christians like young sailors, who think the shore and the whole land do move, when the ship and they themselves are moved; just so, a few imagine that God moveth, and fail, and changeth places, because their godly souls are subject to alteration; but the foundation of the Lord abideth sure.—*Rutherford.*

Pages for the Young.

OLD GRANNY BENDER.

THERE resided in my neighbourhood a poor widow, whose means of support were exceedingly limited. Between nursing herself for rheumatism, and spinning and knitting, most of her lonely time was passed. I am ashamed to say, that on one or two occasions I joined some wild young lads in playing off tricks upon her, such as making unusual noises about her house at night, putting a board over the top of her low mud-built chimney, and such like doings, that we thought rare sport, but for which we deserved a little wholesome chastisement, if there had been any one authorised to administer it.

One night, soon after dark, it happened that I was returning home in company with a merry fellow about my own age, and had to go by old Granny Bender's cottage. I had been in the town, and was bringing home a couple of "baker's loaves," of which some of our folks were as fond as city people are of getting now and then a good taste of country "home-made."

"Tom," said I, as the old woman's cottage came in sight at a turn of the road, "suppose we have a little fun with Granny Bender?"

"Agreed," was Tom's answer, for he was always ready for sport.

We had not fully decided upon what we would do when we came up to the cottage, and paused to settle our mode of annoyance. The only light within was the dim flickering of a few small sticks burning on the hearth. As we stood near the window, listening to what was going on inside, we found that Granny was praying, and a little to our surprise asking for food.

"As she expects to get food from heaven," said I, irreverently, "I suppose she will have to be accommodated."

And turning from the window, I clambered up noiselessly to the top of her chimney—a feat of no great difficulty—and tumbled my two loaves down.

When I reached the window again, in order to see what effect this mode of supply would have upon her, I found the good old woman on her knees, piously thanking God for having answered her prayers.

"That's cool," said I to Tom, "now isn't it?"

"I rather think it is," replied Tom.

"And is the old woman really such a fool as to think that the Lord answered her prayer, and sent her well-baked loaves of bread down the chimney?"

"No doubt of it."

"It won't do to let her labour under this mistake," said I.

"Hallo, Granny!" and I threw open the window, and pushed my laughing face into the room.

She had risen from her knees, and was about putting a piece of bread into her mouth.

"Now, Granny Bender," said I, "it isn't possible that you believe that bread came from heaven? Why, I threw it down the chimney."

By this time the old woman's countenance was turned fully towards me, and by the dim light of the feeble fire, I could see that there were tears of thankfulness upon her faded and withered face. The expression of that face did not in the least change, though there was a deep rebuke in the tones of her voice, as well as in the words she uttered, as she said—

"The Lord sent it, if the devil brought it!"

You may be sure that I vanished instantly. I tried to laugh with Tom as he went home, and did laugh, perhaps, as loud as he did, but somehow or other the laugh didn't appear to do me any good.

After that I left Granny Bender alone.—
Philadelphia Saturday Courier.

A CATECHISM IN RHYME.

Who made you, child, and bade you live?
God did my life and spirit give.

Who keeps you safely—can you tell?
God keeps me safe, and makes me well.

Now has God shewn the way of truth?
The Bible is the guide of youth.

How should you act to God above?
With fear and honour, praise and love.

Does God know all you do or say?
Yes, and my thoughts both night and day.

How does your heart its baseness shew?
By sinful words, and actions too.

Is not God angry when we sin?
Yes; oh, how wicked I have been!

What do your sins deserve to obtain?
Present and everlasting pain.

And can you save yourself from woe?
I cannot save myself, I know.

Have you the power to change your heart?
No! 'tis prone from good to start.

Who, then, can peace and pardon give?
Jesus, who died that we might live.

What proves that Jesus Christ will save?
His life, His cross, His death, His grave.

Can none but Christ for sin atone?
The blood of Jesus Christ alone.

And how may you His grace receive?
In Jesus Christ I must believe.

Must you repent with humble heart?
Yes; and from every sin depart.

From God what blessing should you seek?
Lord, save my soul for Jesus' sake.

Should you love Christ, who was so good?
Oh yes! with all my heart I should.

Did Christ become a little child?
Yes; holy, humble, meek, and mild.

What did His early history shew?
Jesus in strength and wisdom grew.

What was foretold of Jesus' grace?
The lambs He 'll on His bosom place.

And were the young thus loved and blest?
Christ took and clasp'd them to His breast.

What did Christ say, though young you be?
Let little children come to Me.

Does Christ still view the young with love?
Yes, on His glorious throne above.

How should a child begin to pray?
Lord, teach me what to think and say.

Will God regard the hymns you raise?
Yes, Jesus loves an infant's praise.

Who only can direct your youth?
The Holy Spirit, God of truth.

Must you of every lie beware?
Yes, with most strict and constant care.

Must you all evil tempers flee?
I must not in a passion be.

Must you your book and wisdom prize?
Yes, I must be both good and wise.

How must a child to others be?
As I would have them act to me.

What must you to your parents shew?
Obedience, love, and honour too.

What must your brothers in you find?
A heart that's always good and kind.

Must you your sisters always love?
Yes, and be gentle as a dove.

How must you act to all you know?
I must all love and kindness shew.

Do little children often die?
Yes, quite as young and strong as I.

Will Jesus judge "the small and great"?
Yes, and will fix their endless state.

Where shall the wicked sinner dwell?
With everlasting flames in hell.

What would you wish, if called to die?
I'd be with Christ above the sky.

Where will good children ever be?
In heaven, their Saviour Christ to see.

THE "GUEST'S" BIBLE QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNG.

What wicked woman destroyed all the family except one?

By whom was the life of this one preserved?

By what priest was he afterwards introduced to the people as king?

What king visited a dying prophet, uttered the same words which that prophet had once spoken?

Who hid a hundred prophets in a cave? When does Solomon say that "the people mourn?"

Of which of the kings of Judah was it "He did that which was right in the sight of the Lord?"

What king was only eight years old when he began to reign?

In what year of his reign did he begin to seek the Lord?

Can you relate some of the good which he performed?

Who prayed, "Give the king thy judgments?"

Who bids us pray for kings and all authority?

Who will be made kings and priests of God?

What king made a feast to a thousand lords?

Unto whom did God say, "I am shield?"



A FAMILY MAGAZINE FOR SUNDAY READING.

REVISED BY THE REV. NORMAN M'LEOD, D.D., GLASGOW

WEEKLY NOS. ONE HALFPENNY.]

[MONTHLY PARTS, THREEPENCE.

A DAY IN THE LIFE OF JESUS OF NAZARETH.

BY THE REV. DR WAYLAND.

LUKE ix. 10-17.

THESE verses may, without impropriety, be styled a day in the life of Jesus of Nazareth. By observing the manner in which our blessed Lord spent a single day, we may form some conception of the kind of life which He ordinarily led; and we may, perchance, treasure up some lessons which it were well if we should exemplify in our daily practice.

The place at which these events occurred was near the head of the Sea of Galilee, where it receives the waters of the upper Jordan. This was one of the Saviour's favourite places of resort. Capernaum, Chorasin, and Bethsaida, all in this immediate vicinity, are always spoken of in the Gospels as towns which enjoyed the largest share of His ministerial labours, and were distinguished most frequently with the honour of His personal presence. The scenery of the neighbourhood is wild and romantic. To the north and west, the eye rests on the lofty summits of Lebanon and Hermon. To the south, there opens upon the view the blue expanse of the lake, enclosed by frowning rocks, which here and there jut out far into the waters, and then again retire towards the land, leaving a level beach to invite the labours of the fisherman. The people, removed at a considerable distance from the metropolis of Judea, cultivated those rural habits with which the simple tastes of the Saviour would most readily harmonise. Near this spot was also one of the most frequented fords of the Jordan, on the road from Damascus to Jerusalem; and thus, while residing here, He enjoyed unusual facilities for disseminating throughout this whole region a knowledge of those truths which He came on earth to promulgate.

Some weeks previously to the time in which the events spoken of in the text occurred, our Lord had sent His disciples to announce the approach of the kingdom of heaven in all

the cities and villages which He himself proposed to visit. He conferred on them the power to work miracles, in attestation of their authority, and of the Divine character of Him by whom they were sent. He imposed upon them strict rules of conduct, and directed them to make known, to every one who would hear them, the good news of the coming dispensation. As soon as He had sent them forth, He himself went immediately abroad to teach and to preach in their cities. As their Master and Lord, He might reasonably have claimed exemption from the personal toil and the rigid self-denials to which they were by necessity subjected. But He laid claim to no such exemption. He commenced without delay the performance of the very same duties which He had imposed on them. He felt Himself under obligation to set an example of obedience to His own rules. "The Son of man," said He, "came not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and to give his life a ransom for many." "Which," said He, "is greater, he that sitteth at meat, or he that serveth? but I am among you as he that serveth." Would it not be well, if, in this respect, we copied more minutely the example of our Lord, and held ourselves responsible for the performance of the very same duties which we so willingly impose upon our brethren? We best prove that we believe an act obligatory, when we commence the performance of it ourselves. Many zealous Christians employ themselves in no other labour than that of urging their brethren to effort. Our Saviour acted otherwise. In this respect, His example is specially to be imitated by His ministers. When they urge upon others a moral duty, they must be the first to perform it. When they inculcate an act of self-denial, they themselves must make the noblest sacrifice. Can we conceive of anything which

would so much increase the moral power of the ministry, and rouse to a flame the dormant energy of the Churches, as obedience to this teaching of Christ by the preachers of His gospel?

It seems that the Saviour had selected a well-known spot at the head of the lake, for the place of meeting for His apostles, after this their first missionary tour had been completed. "The apostles gathered themselves unto Jesus, and told him all things, both what they had done, and what they had taught." There is something delightful in this filial confidence which these simple-hearted men reposed in their Almighty Redeemer. They told Him of their success and their failure, of their wisdom and their folly, of their reliance and their unbelief. We can almost imagine ourselves spectators of this meeting between Christ and them after this their first separation from each other. The place appointed was most probably some well-known locality on the shore of the lake, under the shadow of its overhanging rocks, where the cool air from the bosom of the water refreshed each returning labourer, as he came back beaten out with the fatigues of travel, under the burning sun of Syria. You can imagine the joy with which each drew near to the Master after this temporary absence; and the honest greetings with which every new-comer was welcomed by those who had chanced to arrive before him. We can seem to perceive the Saviour of men listening with affectionate earnestness to the recital of their various adventures; and interposing, from time to time, a word either of encouragement or of caution, as the character and circumstances of each narrator required it. The bosom of each was unveiled before the Searcher of hearts, and the consolation which each one needed was bestowed upon him abundantly. The toilsomeness of their journey was no longer remembered, as each one received from the Son of God the smile of His approbation. That was truly a joyful meeting. Of all that company there is not one who has forgotten that day; nor will he forget it ever. With unreserved frankness they told Jesus of all that they had done, and what they had taught; of all their acts, and all their conversations. Would it not be better for us, if we cultivated more assiduously this habit of intimate intercourse with the Saviour? Were we every day to tell Jesus of all that we have done and said; did we spread before Him our joys and our sorrows, our faults and our infirmities, our successes and our failures—we should be saved from many an error and many a sin. Setting "the Lord always before us, He would be on our right hand, and we should not be moved." "He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty."

The Saviour perceived that the apostles needed much instruction which could not be

communicated in a place where both He and they were so well known. They had committed many errors, which He preferred to correct in private. By doing His will, they had learned to repose greater confidence in His wisdom, and were prepared to receive from Him more important instruction. But these lessons could not be delivered in the hearing of a promiscuous audience. Nor was this all. He perceived that the apostles were worn out with their labours, and needed repose. Surrounded as they were by the multitude, which had already begun to collect about them, rest and retirement were equally impossible. "There were many coming and going, and they had no leisure, even so much as to eat." He therefore said to them, "Come ye yourselves apart into a desert place, and rest a while." For this purpose, He "took ship, and crossed over with his disciples alone, and went into a desert place belonging to Bethsaida."

The religion of Christ imposes upon us duties of retirement, as well as duties of publicity. The apostles had been for some time past before the eyes of all men, preaching and working miracles. Their souls needed retirement. "Solitude," said Cecil, "is my great ordinance." They would be greatly improved by private communion both with Him and with each other. It was for the purpose of affording them such a season of moral recreation, that our Lord withdrew them from the public gaze into a desert place. Nor was this all. Their labour for some weeks past had been severe. They had travelled on foot under a tropical sun, reasoning with unbelievers, instructing the ignorant, and comforting the cast down. Called upon at all hours, both of the day and night, to work cures on those that were oppressed with diseases, their bodies, no less than their spirits, needed rest. Our Lord saw this, and He made provision for it. He withdrew them from labour, that they might find, though it were but for a day, the repose which their exhausted natures demanded. The religion of Christ is ever merciful, and ever consistent in its benevolence. It is thoughtful of the benefactor as well as of the recipient. It requires of us all labour and self-sacrifice, but to these it affixes a limit. It never commands us to ruin our health and enfeeble our minds by unnatural exhaustion. It teaches us to obey the laws of our physical organisation, and to prepare ourselves for the labours of tomorrow by the judiciously conducted labours of to-day. It was on this principle that our Lord conducted His intercourse with His disciples. "He knew their frame, and remembered that they were dust."

May we not from this incident derive a lesson of practical instruction? I well know that there are persons who are always sparing themselves, who, while it is difficult to tell what they do, are always complaining of the

crushing weight of their labours, and who are rather exhausted with the dread of what they shall do, than with the experience of what they have actually done. It is not of these that we speak. Those who do not labour have no need of rest. It is to the honest, the painstaking, the laborious, that we address the example in the text. We sometimes meet with the industrious, self-denying servant of Christ, in feeble health and with an exhausted nature, bemoaning his condition, and condemning himself because he can accomplish no more, while so much yet remains to be done. To such an one we may safely present the example of the blessed Saviour. When His apostles had done to the utmost of their strength, although the harvest was great and the labourers few, He did not urge upon them additional labour, nor tell them that because there was so much to be done they must never cease from doing. No; He tells them to turn aside and rest for a while. It is as though He had said, "Your strength is exhausted; you cannot be qualified for subsequent duty until you be refreshed. Economise, then, your power, that you may accomplish the more." The Saviour addresses the same language to us now. When we are worn down in His service, as in any other, He would have us rest, not for the sake of self-indulgence, but that we may be the better prepared for future effort. We do nothing at variance with His will, when we, with a good conscience, use the liberty which He has thus conceded to us.

Jesus, with His disciples, crossed the water, and entered the desert; that is, the sparsely inhabited country of Bethsaida. Desert, or wilderness, in the New Testament, does not mean an arid waste, but pasture land, forest, or any district to which one could retire for seclusion. Here, in the cool and tranquil neighbourhood of the lake, He began to instruct His disciples, and, without interruption, make known to them the mysteries of the kingdom. It was one of those seasons that the Saviour himself rarely enjoyed. Everything tended to repose: the rustling leaves, the rippling waves, the song of the birds, heard more distinctly in this rural solitude, all served to calm the spirit ruffled by the agitations of the world, and prepare it to listen to the truths which unveil to us eternity. Here our Lord could unbosom Himself, without reserve, to His chosen few, and hold with them that communion which He was rarely permitted to enjoy during His ministry on earth.

Soon, however, the whole scene is changed. The multitude, whom He had so recently left, having observed the direction in which He had gone, have discovered the place of His retreat. An immense crowd approaches, and the little company is surrounded by a dense mass of human beings pressing upon them on every side. These are, however, only the pioneers. At last five thousand men, besides women and children, are beheld thronging around them.

Some of these suitors present most importunate claims. They are in search of cure for diseases which have baffled the skill of the medical profession, and as a last resort they have come to the Messiah for aid. Here was a parent bringing a consumptive child. There were children bearing on a couch a paralytic parent. Here was a sister leading a brother blind from his birth, while her supplications were drowned by the shout of a frenzied lunatic who was standing by her side. Every one, believing his own claim to be the most urgent, pressed forward with selfish importunity. Each one, caring for no other than himself, was striving to attain the front rank; while those behind, disappointed, and fearing to lose this important opportunity, were eager to occupy the places of those more fortunate than themselves. The necessary tumult and disorder of such a scene you can better imagine than I can describe.

This was, doubtless, by no means a welcome interruption. The apostles needed the time for rest; for they were worn out in the public service. They wanted it for instruction; for such opportunities of intercourse with Christ were rare. But what did they do? Did our Lord inform the multitude that this day was set apart for their own refreshment and improvement, and that they could not be interrupted? As He beheld them approaching, did He quietly take to His boat, and leave them to go home disappointed? Did He plead His own convenience, or His need of repose, as any reason for not attending to the pressing necessities of His fellow-men?

No, my brethren; very far from it. The providence of God had brought these multitudes before Him, and that same providence forbade Him to send them away unblessed. He at once broke up the conference with His disciples, and addressed Himself to the work before Him. His instructions were of inestimable importance; but I doubt if even they were as important as the example of deep humility, exhaustless kindness, and affecting compassion which He here exhibited. When the Master places work before us which can be done at no other time, our convenience must yield to other men's necessities. "The Son of man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister." You can imagine to yourself the Saviour rising from His seat, in the midst of His disciples, and presenting Himself to the approaching multitudes. His calm dignity awes into silence this tumultuous gathering of the people. Those who came out to witness the tricks of an empiric, or listen to the ravings of a fanatic, find themselves unexpectedly in a presence that repels every emotion but that of profound veneration. The light-hearted and frivolous are awestruck by the unearthly majesty that seems to clothe the Messiah as with a garment. And yet it was a majesty that shone forth conspicuous, most of all, by the mani-

festation of unparalleled goodness. Every eye that met the eye of the Saviour quailed before Him; for it looked into a soul that had never sinned; and the spirit of the sinner felt, for the first time, the full power of immaculate virtue.

Thus the Saviour passed among the crowd, and "healed all that had need of healing." The lame walked, the lepers were cleansed, the blind received their sight, the paralytic were restored to soundness, and the bloom of health revisited the cheeks of those that but just now were sick unto death.

VISIT TO A DANISH PARSONAGE.

BY HENRY M. FIELD.

WE had come into this retired region to pay a visit to a Danish pastor. Four miles from Haderslev, nestled among the hills, is described the white tower of the church of Kronsbeck, and close by it is the parsonage of the pastor Möller. We took one of the carriages of the country, a kind of huge basket of wicker work, and drove to his manse. It is enclosed by a range of low buildings, which looked like the surroundings of a farmyard. We drove under an arched way into the large court, and thought at first that we had mistaken the place, and had invaded the premises of one of the rich farmers of the country. But a cottage at the further end of the buildings seemed to mark the residence of a man of taste and cultivation; and as we approached inquiringly, the pastor himself and his wife, who were walking in their garden, advanced to meet us, and gave us the most cordial welcome.

We entered the parsonage, and here it was evident by many signs that we were in the home of a scholar. The books on the table and the pictures on the walls, shewed the fondness for reading and study, and the presence of taste; while a large telescope, standing in the middle of the room, indicated the man of science. In the number of his wife's books we found carefully treasured several works of English writers. The pastor, knowing by instinct the point of attraction for a brother minister, took me first to his library. After a long and wistful look at its treasures we returned to the ladies, and all strolled away into the garden, where a summer-house on the brow of a hill overlooks the country for miles around. The view extends along the coast, and across the waters of the Little Belt to the island of Fionie. The coast region here resembles that of Norway (though on a scale less grand), being indented with numerous inlets, or fiords, so that almost every deep valley stoops down to the water's edge. One of these inlets flowed at the bottom of the hill on which we stood, and stretching along the bank for half-a-mile is a noble wood, which is a part of the property of the manse.

One does not find in Denmark the dark forests of pine which stand on Norwegian hills. The beech is the tree of the country. This grove was composed chiefly of beeches, with here and there an ancient oak, or a white birch shewing its shining bark. Nothing could exceed the charm of this wood, which seemed to unite all the elements of beauty—tall and stately trees, with here and there an open glade to let a stream of light into the darker depths of the forest, and long shady avenues, which seemed made for the retired walks of the scholar. Long did we linger here, walking under the trees, or sitting on the mossy bank of the stream, and talk of the Old World and the New.

On the edge of the wood, near the parsonage, stands the church. The pastor took us to see it. It is a small edifice, of stone, but with walls as thick as if built for a fortress. There it has stood for six hundred years! Generation after generation have come over these hills here to worship God, and their bodies now rest under its shadow. The churchyard is thickly strewn with graves, which are not marked by slabs of stone, but *covered with beds of flowers*, emblems of hope and of the resurrection.

The pastor gave us much information in regard to the religious condition of Denmark, its churches and its schools. The religion of the State is Lutheran, and the people are generally attached to the Protestant worship. Education also is provided for by the State. The whole country is dotted with village schools. Every parish has one or more of them, to which the parents are required by law to send their children. And it is rare to find a peasant who does not know how to read and write. The State also takes care to provide a competent body of teachers. There are five seminaries expressly for the education of country schoolmasters. Thus is formed a large and highly respectable body of men. The State also adds to their dignity and independence by setting apart for them glebe lands, and granting them certain privileges. Besides these common schools, all the larger towns have burgher schools, and Latin schools, besides their charity schools. At the same time the universities of Copenhagen and Kiel provide for the higher education.

Thus the stream of talk flowed on till the day was spent, and the sun setting over the hills and the fading twilight warned us to return to Haderslev to prepare to resume our journey the next morning. But the kind pastor would hardly let us go. "We ought to stay at least a week!" And when at last we were forced to part, it was more like friends who had known each other from childhood, than as those who never saw each other's faces till that morning. The ladies embraced like sisters; and after we were seated in the carriage, the little ones were brought out to be handed up to receive their

we rode away with delightful recollections of a day in a Danish parsonage. The glimpse of the interior of a manse in which I have given me the most favourable opinion of the pastors and churches of this country.

Here is a man of education and refinement, who lives afar from the great world, who is perfectly contented and happy, free from envy and pride, and with no ambition to do good to the simple people who dwell in these hills, and who look up to him as their father. Such is the moral beauty of life of a true Christian pastor.

FEMALE EVANGELISTS.

She lately turned her steps one Sabbath towards a small neighbouring chapel, known to her by report, which was frequented principally by the work-people of the spinning factory. The female teachers in the Sunday School were pious factory-girls, and as with the purpose of speaking of a subject near her heart that she met at the chapel door. The school was attended by four or five teachers issued forth, among them the lady had casually seen before now shaking hands with them, in and about the school, and the general conversation of the chapel. More conversation in the course of which the inquiry was made—“Have you a female prayer-meeting

was the reply; as “if they doubted the manner of question.”

“Why have you not?” inquired the lady, naming the subject to be a familiar band of earnest young women, such ought to have one for the welfare of the school and chapel. I have been associated with some, and known great good result from them.”

The matter was now readily entertained, and direct inquiries followed.

“At what time do you leave work in the evening?”

“There are no evening upon which you are at work?”

“On Mondays at seven.”

“Supposing we all meet every Monday evening at seven o'clock, to pray together for a revival of religion in connexion with this

assent was given, and the speaker said, “Where does your chapel-keeper live? We not better go to him at once, to make us a fire in the vestry, and then on the gas? and then we can begin our evening,” said the lady.

With glad steps the little company hastened to secure the co-operation of the official, as he gladly yielded, and the arrangement concluded.

With the rest farewell, the lady requested

the oldest and most experienced of the number to accompany her a short way. “I am very anxious for a revival of the work of God among you,” she continued; “in so many already gathered in from the world, and consecrated to the service of Christ, we have the encouraging pledge of greater things, and we shall see these sooner or later, if we pray and labour for them; ‘for all things are possible to him that believeth.’ There is one promise in reference to this work, which has been especially impressed on my mind, and I wish you to be partner with me in it.”

“What is it?”

“If two of you shall agree on earth, as touching anything ye shall ask, it shall be done for you of my Father which is in heaven.” Do you believe this?”

“I think I do.”

“Very well, will you meet me then, at the throne of grace, in spirit, every morning at seven o'clock, to pray for a few minutes for the outpouring of the Holy Ghost on your church and congregation?”

This was also agreed upon, and the future fellow-labourers separated.

On the morrow, a goodly number of young women assembled in the little vestry, and week by week a few simple prayers, untutored save by the Divine Spirit, ascended with childlike earnestness and trust, to “the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ,” and were heard “in heaven, His dwelling-place.”

After awhile there came a change, numbers thinned and interest flagged, but the prayer-meeting held on, sustained by two or three whose faith was “the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen.” Weeks passed away, the tide of religious sympathy slightly ebbing and flowing, but never swelling into a flood.

One evening, the suggester of the meeting entered the vestry a little before the time, and found already there one of its steady members, who quietly accosted her—

“I suppose we shall have a full meeting to-night?”

“Why?”

“Have you not heard?”

“I have heard nothing,” was the reply, “but let me hear now.”

“A revival broke out in the chapel last night.”

Receiving no answer, the narrator went on with her soul-cheering news.

“Yes, it had been done for them by their Father in heaven! Gently, but powerfully, the gracious quickening influence had descended upon the congregation, troubling the careless conscience, softening the hardened heart, and hushing the burthened, weary soul to rest under the shadow of the cross. There was no tumult, no wild excitement, the work was still and strong. As one instance out of many, an intelligent-looking young woman was weeping quietly at one of the prayer-meetings.

"Why are you troubled?" said a voice at her side.

"My sins trouble me."

"Are you willing to part with them?"

"That is just what I want to do."

"Then, 'Behold the Lamb of God, who taketh away the sins of the world.'"

"How can I behold him? what am I to do?"

"Nothing, but just trust Jesus to take away your sins now, and in future to keep you from sinning."

"I am afraid."

"Afraid to trust Him who laid down His life for that very purpose?" The mourner was silent. "If you do cast your burthen at His feet, without any insulting fear as to whether He will be faithful to His promise of taking it away, here is a text for you, 'I, even I, am He who blotteth out thy transgressions, for my name sake, and will not remember thy sins; return unto me, for I have redeemed thee.'"

"Those words are for me," said the girl, looking up with joyful eyes as she received the testimony, and set to her seal that God was true.

The life-giving stream flowed on, the cottage homes and factory alike bore witness to it, the Bible lying by each busy hand to be opened for a word of admonition and encouragement, in the moments of relaxation of labour; the sweet voices chiming in the hymn of praise, or repeating by turns passages of Scripture at the dinner-hour; and when the day's work was done, the unwearied step hastening to the prayer, or other social religious meeting, to gain renewed strength for the untried and somewhat difficult path of Christian discipleship—all told of the gracious answer to the importunate prayer:—

"Save now, I beseech thee, O Lord; O Lord, I beseech thee send now prosperity."

THE LESSON TAUGHT BY A REVIVAL.*

BY JAMES W. ALEXANDER, D.D.

IN order to mighty and unexampled revival, what we especially need is for the whole Church to be down on its knees before God. Past redemptions should make our cravings great. "I am the Lord thy God, which brought thee out of the land of Egypt; open thy mouth wide and I will fill it." Thousands have already been seen gathered in one place for prayer, but when "the Spirit of grace and

of supplications" is poured out on the great body of Christians, touched with pity for the desolations of the spiritual Jerusalem, that word will come true, "Thou shalt arise, and have mercy upon Zion: for the time to favour her, yea, the set time is come. For thy servants take pleasure in her stones, and favour the dust thereof." Oh that God's people were awake to the privilege of crying aloud for His great gift!

Open your mind, believing reader, to the extraordinary truth, that God has an infinite willingness to bestow, in answer to prayer, that which, since the sending of His Son, is the greatest of all His possible gifts. "If ye then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children; how much more shall your heavenly Father give THE HOLY SPIRIT to them that ask him?" O parent! ponder on this blessed verse; there is that within thy heart which will reveal its meaning! And what is it that God is so ready to give? It is that which secures and applies all the benefits of Christ's mediation; that which makes revivals here, and heaven hereafter; it is THE HOLY SPIRIT! Ought not all disciples, all over the world, to be prostrate before the throne of grace, beseeching God for Christ's sake to communicate this all-comprehensive boon? To Him only do we look, because with Him is "the residue of the Spirit." But we ask in the name of CHRIST, for the very name means *Anointed*, and the anointing which flows from Him as Head, to all the members, is this very gift, the Holy Ghost, "for God giveth not the Spirit by measure unto him." He hath it immeasurably, and for His Church, and they draw for it in His name by prayer. Occupy a few moments upon this great gift; it will aid your prayers.

1. *There is such a thing as the pouring out of the Holy Ghost.* As Moses "poured of the anointing oil on Aaron's head," so God pours the unction of His Spirit on the head of our Great High Priest. And as the ceremonial fragrance flowed down to "the skirts of his garments," so the gift of the Spirit comes on all believers. "The anointing which ye have received of him," says the Apostle John, "abideth in you." But the effusion is sometimes uncommonly great, even to outpouring. Some have found fault with the term, which nevertheless is intensely biblical, and consecrated in the Church. Among promises to Israel in the latter day, the Lord says: "Neither will I hide my face any more from them; for I have poured out my Spirit upon the house of Israel, saith the Lord God." Apostolic comment applies to New Testament times the words of another prophet: "I will pour out my Spirit upon all flesh." So in another place: "Behold, I will pour out my Spirit unto you." The idea necessarily presented is that of bountiful effusion. Let us ask for it. The Lord Jesus comforted His sorrowing disciples by the promise of this

* From "Revival Lessons," by James W. Alexander, D.D., just issued by our publishers in a cheap form, admirably adapted for distribution. We are told by Dr Prime, the able author of the "Power of Prayer," that these Lessons were useful above all other publications in advancing the work of revival in America, and we trust, in the providence of God, that a similar blessing may follow their distribution in this country. They are certainly among the very best productions called forth by the religious awakening in America.

the result of His ascension. "If I will send Him unto you." This ter He *did* send—oh, how graciously riously!—at the first Christian Pentecost. "Having received of the Father *the gift of the Holy Ghost*," said the Apostle. "He hath shed forth this which ye now hear." There had just been suddenly sent down from heaven, as of a rushing mighty wind, filling all the house where they were; "and they were all filled with the Holy Ghost." Do not fail to observe, that the first converts had been in union of prayer for this gift; thus complying with the Lord's injunction that they should "wait for the promise of the Father." The gift was conferred under early preaching; and "the Holy Ghost fell on them that heard the Word." The apostle, many years afterwards, re-echoes the known fact of "the Holy Ghost being sent down from heaven." Every great awakening and plentiful harvest of souls has been led from the same Spirit, sought by the importunity of beseeching prayer. Therefore, pray for the Spirit!

The influence of the Holy Spirit of God is wonderfully powerful. We ask something and revolutionising. It is Omnipotent that we are praying for. A wicked, wicked world, will yield to no inferior help. What an encouragement that "with the Lord Jehovah is everlasting strength!" applicable to revival of the Church as rebuilding of the temple. "Not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord of hosts." Let Christians no longer neglect the conversion of high-handed sinners, the vilest of the vile, in our filthiest and most odious dens; as if we expected in answer to our prayers only some weak, half-way conversion. "Our gospel," says the Apostle Paul to the Gentiles, "came not unto you in word only, but also in power, and in the Holy Ghost, and much assurance." This is our ground; when the ministers of the Word proclaim glad tidings, that the preaching may be a demonstration of the Spirit and of the power of God.

God grant us deliverance from our sins, as to the power of the Holy Spirit, and the efficacy to the truth!

The Spirit whom we seek is the Author of regeneration and sanctification. If God use us these in wide extent, our revival will be indeed complete. "That which of the Spirit is spirit." All believers have the same praise: "According to his promise, he saved us, by the washing of regeneration and renewing of the Holy Ghost." Thousands, utterly blind as to spiritualities, and say what can we ask for so indispensably important, as that of TRUTH who will "reprove," or condemn the world of sin, and of righteousness, judgment." He is just as able to condemn the ruffian, or the fallen woman, as the going Pharisee—just as able to renew

a thousand as one. Who is sufficiently awake to the necessity of imploring God to convert a multitude of sinners?

All revival of the Church is increased sanctification; and all reclaiming of the impenitent is sanctification begun. For both, we need the gift of the Spirit; and we need it now. We need it to break the power of sin in professing Christians, and to nail their lusts to the cross; for it is by this influence that we "do mortify the deeds of the body." Some of the primitive believers had been atrocious sinners; "but," says the Apostle Paul, "ye are washed, but ye are sanctified, but ye are justified, in the name of the Lord Jesus, and by the Spirit of our God." Hope, joy, love, and consequent activity and success, are fruits of the same Spirit. In a word, the Spirit of God is the Spirit of revival. Earnest, daily, united prayer of the people of Christ for this high gift puts honour upon God in a remarkable degree; and we already have cause to note how signally He blesses endeavours which were openly begun in prayer. Beloved brethren, let us not mistake the token, nor fail to go in the path pointed out by Providence and the Spirit.

4. *The Holy Spirit sends those gifts which are necessary for successful work.* When miraculous gifts were necessary, they were not withheld. All inspiration, wisdom, and ministry are from the same source. So also are the common qualifications for service demanded in the daily walk of an earnest Christian, who seeks to save souls. "There are diversities of operations, but it is the same God which worketh all in all; but the manifestation of the Spirit is given to every man to profit withal." The Lord promised that the Spirit should prompt His disciples when arraigned. Equally does the blessed Monitor fill their hearts and lips for common service. Apostles themselves sought for "utterance" by means of prayer; and a praying Church will have a ministry and members bold and loving in owning and recommending their Lord. The supplications which bring down such influences, are themselves wrought of God, when believers, keeping themselves in the love of God, are at the same time "praying in the Holy Ghost."

Brethren, we must pray as we have never yet prayed. Our want of success is due to our coldness of desire and niggardliness of request. We are not straitened in God, but in our own low, slender conceptions and hopes. We have not, because we ask not. If we were under a deep and solemn impression of the Divine power, bounty, and faithfulness, "how should one chase a thousand, and two put ten thousand to flight!" The lesson which a revival should teach us is, the duty of being instant in supplication for the larger and more glorious effusion of the Holy Spirit. Acting on this, we shall behold new marvels of love in the place of prayer.

A PEEP UNDER GROUND.

"LET us have a bit more coal, mother, do!" cried James Smith to his mother, one bitter winter's evening, as they gathered round their little fire; "it freezes so hard to-night."

"Well, let it be only one lump in your fingers, then, Jem, just to make a blaze, for we must be saving with it, I know. I am afraid our half-ton will be out before the money is ready to buy another; and to get it by the hundred we should have to pay very high for it now."

"Nineteen pence, I heard Neighbour Brown say she paid for the last hundred she had," observed the father; "and I am sure it is a hard matter to make it last the week out."

"Ah, and nineteen pence makes a nasty hole out of a man's earnings, when he only has ten or eleven shillings coming in," said Bill; "I don't believe it's a right thing to make it so dear."

Smith. "Don't be too fast, boy; there are one or two things to think of before you make that clear. If it is nineteen pence here, it is only one and a penny at the station, and I don't think you'd consider sixpence a hundred too much to expect if you had the trouble of bringing it up."

Bill. "Maybe not, father; but don't you say that thirteen pence is quite enough to ask for it at the station?"

Smith. "I should be glad enough to have less to pay, no doubt, Bill; but when I think of the miles and miles it has to be brought from the place where they find it, and, say you lived on the spot, of all the danger and all the trouble those have to go through who get it out of the ground, the wonder seems to me it isn't a pound and a shilling the hundred, instead of a shilling and a penny."

"Oh, father! don't talk so," cried poor Mrs Smith, whose heart seemed to fail her at the very idea; "I am sure we should all have to perish with cold then, and eat our food raw into the bargain."

"But how do they get it, father?" asked Jem, who had pricked up his ears when he heard of danger. "It doesn't lie ready to their hand, then, I suppose, any more than the gold in Australia?"

Smith. "Never, in our country, that I know of, Jem. I have heard that great lumps of it lie above ground, in a place called Pekin, in China; but not in England. No; they have to dig for it down, down, sometimes further than the deepest well you ever saw in your life."

Mary asked, "How deep, father?"

Smith. "Well, Mary, of course digging for coal is like digging for a good spring of water; you may find it near the top in one place, and in another you'll have to go down six times as far; but I believe, with the coal, the deeper

you go the better it is. The deepest I ever heard of near Newcastle, the part of this country where our coal comes from, went down one hundred and eighty fathoms. Now, if you tell Bill there are six feet, or two yards, to a fathom, I daresay he'll make it out for you."

William. "Three hundred and sixty yards, or one thousand and eighty feet, I make it, father."

Smith. "Quite right, Bill, I believe. Now, if you remember that our church tower stands fifty feet high, and fancy going down, down, down more than one-and-twenty times the distance that you would have to go up, if you wished to mount the steeple, you will understand something about the depths the coals come from."

"You've puzzled us now, father," said James. "How ever do the men get down such a way? and how do they lift the coals to the top when they have got them? I can't understand it at all."

"Oh! I can guess that," cried Mary, eager to answer the question: "they are let down from the top, as we let down the buckets into the well."

"Oh, I thought of that too, Polly," said her brother; "but don't you see what a difference the distance makes? I should not mind pulling you up the height of the church steeple, if we had a rope, and a roller with a handle to turn it; but I think father and I together would make a bad job of it if it was twenty times as far."

Smith. "You are right there, Jem; and you know, Polly, that if you come to have eighty or a hundred tons of coals to lift, that would be much harder still. No, it's more than men can manage—it is all done by a steam-engine."

Mary. "And is a steam-engine so wonderfully strong, then, father?"

Smith. "You know, Mary, if you were to reckon by the way in which we can pull a loaded cart along, how much stronger a horse is than a man. They measure the power of a steam-engine against the power of a horse, and call it a thirty-horse power, or an eighty-horse power, according as it will do the work of thirty or eighty horses. Now, I know some of these coal-mine steam-engines are a hundred and fifty horse power. With this power for turning the windlass, they let the men down, and pull the coals up, aye, and pump the water up, if it is wanted."

"But what have the coal-mines to do with water, father?" asked Mrs Smith.

"Much more than they of the mines like very often, wife; the same as we always find water gathers at the bottom, if we dig a hole deep enough. It is sure to gather in the deep places they dig for the coals; and a bad business it is sometimes, when it happens to come with a rush, faster than they can pump it out."

"Why, what does it do, father?"
 "Do, my lad? what water would do you had some sixty feet of it over—drown them, to be sure, men and . . . And sometimes, what I should see than drowning, it fills up the way to some of the further parts of so that, though the men stand dry where they are, they cannot get out. shut up in worse than a prison, till f hunger, or of the closeness of the

But is there no chance of getting with boats, father?"

"You forget what a mine is like, I'd have no chance of getting down in a boat, would you? A mine is a well than anything else; only fancy that there are doors in the he well low down, leading to big places that have been hallowed the ground. Now, remember that o other way of getting into these ept down the well, and in at the you will see what a fix they are in ter should rise high enough to be doors. Others have no more helping them, except by trying to water off, than they have of helping s."

ith. "And do you say they often in so, father?"

"I can't speak exactly, when you urther it is often or not, wife; but at scores, aye, hundreds of miners their lives in this manner. I re- eading a story of a very bad case ened rather more than thirty years water broke through the sides of in one place, about half-past four rning, and rushed in so fast that no chance for the workmen who est from the entrance to make their id seventy-five in all, forty-one men four boys, perished as I tell you, venty-five widows and eighty-five oun for them above ground."

it, father," cried James, "was there of getting at them? I would have y, I think, somehow."

"No chance whatever, Jem. You ure their friends tried all that ever air power. They got three large ne of a hundred and thirty horse draw off the water; but it grew d deeper, though they were pump- ore than a thousand gallons every

A thousand gallons every minute, ey could not lessen it! Why, that ful, father. Was it a river broke t?"

"No—no river, Bill; the water that red in some old waste pit, as I l it. The bodies were not come at han nine months after, and by that

time, as you may think, it was hard for any to know their own; but a loving eye is not soon puzzled. Partly by their clothes, and partly by their hair, they were found out by their friends. It seemed they had not died either from hunger or thirst, as they had plenty of good water; and for food, they had killed one of the horses, and cut slices off its hind quarter. Parts of those were found uneaten, in some of their caps and bags. It was the want of fresh air, no doubt, that killed them. But now fancy, boys, just for a minute, what it would feel like to be prisoned in such a place, and know that you had only a few hours to live, at the longest."

"It would make you think where you were going when you died, father," answered James, very softly.

"Aye, my lad; and if a man had never prayed before, I think it would make him cry in good earnest to the Lord Jesus then, to wash away his sins, and save his soul."

"O father! I hope some of them did love and fear God," said Mary.

Smith. "I believe they did, dear. I heard many of the men, and some of the boys, were pious, and that many of the boys belonged to the Sunday-school. One woman, who had lost a husband and two sons, found out her son William by his pretty hair. What do you think she felt, when she took his tin candle-box out of his pocket, and found he had scratched on it with a nail these words? I shall never forget them, though it is a long while since I read the story. It must have seemed like a voice from the dead when the woman read—'Fret not, dear mother, for we were singing, while we had time, and praising God. Mother, follow God more than ever I did.' And then, on the other side, as if the father had begged him to put down a message for him—for the poor man could not write himself—she found, 'If Johnny is saved, be a good lad to God, and thy mother. John Thew.'"

Tears were in the eyes of more than one of the party, as Smith told this story.

"He thought of his poor mother above ground, you see," said Mrs Smith, lifting her apron to her eyes, "when he was dying in that dreadful pit. Aye, father, you and I may bless God our lads don't have to work in such places."

Smith. "True enough, dear. We don't think of that as we ought. But I know what I should thank Him for most of all, and that is, if I could feel sure they would be singing and praising for joy when they saw death staring them in the face. There's only one way for that, my dear fellows, and that's what I'm asking for day and night for you—that you should lay hold of the Lord Jesus Christ, as your best Friend, your only Saviour. Why should we fear death, if we thought it was only like a chariot, come to carry us up to our best, brightest home, to be

with the One who loves us best of all? I can tell you another story about two colliers, as they call the coal-mine men, who were in sore danger too."

"Oh do, father," cried one and all.

(To be continued.)

CRADLE SONG.

EVENING is balmy and cool in the west,
Lulling the golden bright meadows to rest,
Twinkle like silver the stars in the skies,
Greeting the two little slumbering eyes—
Sweetly sleep! Sweetly sleep!
Thy watch the good angels in Paradise keep.

Now, all the flowers are gone to repose,
All the sweet incense-cups peacefully close.
Blossoms rock'd lightly on evening's mild breeze,
Drowsily, dreamily, swinging the trees.
Sweetly sleep! Sweetly sleep!
Thy watch the good angels in Paradise keep.

Wise little elves, by the light of the moon,
Sing to my darling a lullaby soon;
Rise from your cells in the cups of the flowers,
Weave him a golden dream all the night hours!
Sweetly sleep! Sweetly sleep!
Thy watch the good angels in Paradise keep.

Weave him a rosy, and weave him a mild
Heavenly spring-time, the beautiful child,
Leading in slumber that soft little hand,
Far into dreamland, the magical land.
Sweetly sleep! Sweetly sleep!
Thy watch the good angels in Paradise keep.

Sleep till the flowers are opening once more,
Sleep till the lark in the morning shall soar,
Sleep till the golden bells' heavenly chime
Festally welcomes the morning's prime!
Sweetly sleep! Sweetly sleep!
Thy watch the good angels in Paradise keep.

From the German—By C. T. B.

THE FIRST RAGGED SCHOOL.

It is generally supposed that these useful institutions, ragged schools, had their origin in Great Britain. This, however, is not exactly the case, since a school very like those of the present day, flourished thirty-seven years ago in the little town of Weimar, in Germany, being probably the first ragged school that ever existed. This piece of information is derived from a German work, lately translated into English; and as every benevolent mind must take an interest in a mode of charity which has been so beneficial wherever it has been practised, which has, as one says, opened a door for the children of the destitute to learn the great lesson how to live for this world and for the next,—a brief sketch of the singular individual to whom the honour is due of having been the first in this good work will not be unacceptable.

JOHN FALK was a native of West Prussia. He was by no means a man of great intellectual powers, and seems to have been

naturally an eccentric character; but Divine grace had filled his heart with love to God, and such a noble, unselfish desire to serve his fellow-creatures, as enabled him in doing so to overcome difficulties, which, to others, would have appeared insurmountable.

Falk, having gone to reside in Weimar, had his compassionate feelings awakened by seeing in the localities which had been desolated by the battles of Jena, Leipsic, and Lutzen, a number of unfortunate children whom these battles had left fatherless. They were the miserable relics of the mighty Napoleon's armies. Among them might be seen dark-eyed boys from France, and Italy, and a multitude from the various fair-haired German tribes. These destitute young creatures now wandered, like the wild animals of the forest, about the neighbourhood of the places where their natural guardians had been laid low. The heart of John Falk yearned over the wretched state of these outcasts, but it was not his way to pity the woes of others without making an effort to relieve them. He could not satisfy his conscience by learning the will of that Saviour "in whom he had redemption through His blood" without endeavouring to perform it. His own words, in speaking of the indolence of religious professors, were, "Nor will matters be mended so long as men regard preaching, and the hearing of preaching, as Christian action, whereas Christian action is itself the true sermon."

With prayer, and strong faith in help from above, he undertook to rescue no less than three hundred of these young savages from the misery and degradation in which he had found them. He took that number home to his own house, and resolved to devote the energies of his mind and body to the business of reclaiming and giving them the blessing of education and an honest calling. For this purpose, as may easily be supposed, a great deal of money was necessary. He became a bold beggar; and it is said, that having unservedly given up himself and his earthly possessions to the work of saving souls, he could not understand any one being lukewarm in such a cause.

Poor John Falk acted fully up to the principles which he professed. His philanthropy was untiring, and day and night, through prosperity and adversity, he was "always abounding in the work of the Lord." Of course he had many difficulties to encounter; on one occasion his dwelling was sold by the proprietor, and there was no one very willing to admit him and his three hundred children into another. He immediately resolved to build another habitation by the hands of these children, "so that," to use his own words, "every tile in the roof, every nail in the walls, every lock on the doors, every chair and every table in the rooms, shall be a witness to their industry."

One who, in 1822, visited this ragged school,

has given, in the book already referred to, this description of it. "About fifty journeymen and apprentices, all of them former inmates of the Ragged Hospital, were working at the new building as masons and carpenters. They were attended by boys still in the institution; horrid cannibal-like faces they all had, with the wolf of the desert unmistakably imprinted on their foreheads. In the expression of many, however, there were traces of a new life; and Falk says it is a real pleasure to see how the claws and the shaggy tufts gradually fall off."

It is a melancholy fact, though one to be expected, that some of his protégés returned to their former wild ways. Still his good work prospered wonderfully, and he had the happiness of witnessing much good which he had been the means of effecting, and saw numbers of the young savages grow up to be respectable and industrious citizens. In another respect also his heart's desire and prayer were gratified. His benevolent plan was adopted in several parts of Europe; and even in the far places of the earth, youthful destitution is now relieved by ragged schools. John Falk and his three hundred boys should encourage Christians in the performance of every useful undertaking, shewing the necessity and advantage of attending to the wise man's exhortation, "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might"—while still remembering the prophet's words, "Not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord of hosts."

LEISURE MOMENTS.

He that truly loves God, loves God only, and constantly; he loves God for Himself; he loves all things, and all persons that are His; he loves His ordinances, His word, and His messengers; he loves all His dispensations; he loves His interests; he hates all those things that are contrary to His holiness; he delights to meditate of Him, and discourse of Him, and to hear the mention of His name.—*Anon.*

ST PAUL calls the gospel *the gospel of Christ*, because Jesus Christ is the only subject of it. Though other things may seem to be spoken of in the gospel, yet every thing bears a reference to Him. The gospel speaks of the Father, but as having become our Father through Jesus Christ; it speaks of the Holy Ghost, but as sent to us by Jesus Christ; of angels, because Jesus Christ hath made them our friends, and sendeth them forth to minister to us; of heaven, because Jesus Christ hath opened it for us; of earth, because Jesus Christ hath renewed it by His grace, and hath established new creatures upon it: it treats of morality, but in such a manner only that Jesus Christ ought to be the pattern of it. —*Leger.*

Pages for the Young.

TRUE DUNCAN AND THE CAT.

ONCE there was a little boy named Duncan. The boys used to call him *True Duncan*, because he never would tell a lie. One day he was playing with an axe in the yard of the school, and while he was chopping a stick, the teacher's cat, Tabby, came along. Duncan let the axe fall right on poor Tabby's head, and killed her. What to do he did not know. She was a pet of the master, and used to sit on a cushion at his side while he was hearing the lessons.

"Now, fellows," said one of the boys, "we shall see if Duncan can't make up a fib as well as the rest of us."

Big Jones stepped up, and taking the cat by the tail, said—

"Here, boys, I will just fling her into the alley, and we can tell Mr Cole that the butcher's dog killed her; you know he worried her last week."

Several of them thought this would do very well. But Duncan looked quite angry.

"No," said he, "no! Do you think I would lie for such a creature as that? It would be a lie—a lie—A LIE!" And every time he said the word, his voice grew louder and louder. Then he picked up the poor thing in his arms and carried it into the school-room, and the boys followed to see what would happen. The master looked up and said—

"What is this? My faithful mouser dead! Who could have done me such an injury?" All were silent for a little while. As soon as Duncan could get his voice, he said—

"Mr Cole, I am very sorry; but here is the truth—I can't lie, sir. I killed Tabby; but am very sorry for it. I ought to have been more careful, for I saw her continually rubbing her sides against the log. I am very sorry, indeed, sir."

Every one expected Mr Cole to take down his long rattan. On the contrary, he put on a pleasant smile, and said—

"Duncan, you are a brave boy. I saw and heard all that passed from my window above. I would rather lose a hundred cats than miss such an example of truth and honour in my school. Your best reward is what you now feel in your own conscience; but I beg you to accept this handsome penknife as a token of my approbation."

Duncan took out his little handkerchief, and wiped his eyes. The boys could no longer restrain themselves; and when Tom Pooley cried, "Three cheers for True Duncan," all joined in a hearty hurrah.

PRIDE AND HUMILITY.

My little reader, did you ever see a peacock? It is a very beautiful bird, but very proud also. It walks about with its spread train;

and if you saw it, you would say, "How proud you look, Mr Peacock!" Or did you ever see a turkey-cock in a poultry yard? Does it not strut along with a very proud look, as if it thought itself the handsomest being in the yard? But these birds know no better. They have no souls, and we cannot teach them.

Are any of my young readers like a proud peacock, or a foolish turkey-cock? What! can a child be proud? Oh, yes! I grieve to say it can. How do children shew they have pride? Well, I will tell you *three* ways which shew us that children have *pride*.

1st, Some children are proud of their dress. They like new clothes, and think they look nice in them. These are proud little children.

2d, Some children are proud of their learning. They think they are growing clever, and that they know more than others. Oh, what proud children!

3d, Some children think that their own ways are best, and so will not give up to others in their play. Oh, how ill-natured and proud!

A proud child is never happy. She does not like to be contradicted, nor put out in any way. If any one finds fault with her, the proud child is very angry, for she thinks she does not deserve it. She flies out with her sister who offends her, and is so full of pride and love of her own self, that she cares for no one else.

What a different child is the *humble* one! *Not* like a peacock. She reminds me of a sweet pretty violet. As I walk in the garden, I see in the corner of the flower-bed a cluster of leaves, I stoop down, and as I feel among the leaves, I see a sweet, sweet violet. It lies hid behind the leaf, as if it thought itself useless, yet we all love it. This is a picture of the *humble* child. We will call her our sweet, lowly violet.

Now, little reader, which do you wish to be like, the peacock or the violet? Perhaps you say still, "Oh! I have no pride in my heart." Then let me tell you, that they who say this are always the proudest people. You do not know you have pride within.

"Pride, ugly pride, sometimes is seen
By lofty looks and haughty men;
But oftener it is found that pride
Loves deep within the heart to hide."

BOYS WHO TRY TO EQUAL A BULL-DOG.

We accidentally overheard such a boy while walking homewards a few evenings since. "I'll fight him any time," said he, and the rest of his conversation, which was very profane, shewed him to be a boy who thought it a worthy object of ambition to be able to pound somebody very hard. Now, although you may at some time have heard boys praise a "fighter," did you ever really *love* one? We have seen several men who made fighting a business. We did not meet them at church, nor in a gentleman's parlour. They would have been as much out of place there—that is,

as fighting men—as a *threshing* machine in full blast would be. We saw them standing about the doors of grog-shops, where they seemed perfectly at home. Certainly that cannot be very desirable which unfits men to be loved, or even to be in the society of the good and the respectable. No, no, my boy, if you want to *beat* somebody, do it in learning lessons, or writing, or even flying kites or skating, but let only the "*dogs* delight to bark and bite."

LITTLE WILLIE AND THE APPLE.

LITTLE Willie stood under an apple-tree old,
The fruit was all shining with crimson and gold,
Hanging temptingly low—how he long'd for a bite,
Though he knew if he took one it wouldn't be right!

Said he: "I don't see why my father should say,
'Don't touch the old apple-tree, Willie, to-day';
I shouldn't have thought, now they're hanging so low,
When I asked for just one, he should answer me 'No!'"

"He would never find out if I took but just one,
And they do look so good shining out in the sun;
There are hundreds and hundreds, and he wouldn't miss
So paltry a little red apple as this."

He stretch'd forth his hand, but a low, mournful strain
Came wandering dreamily over his brain;
In his bosom a beautiful harp had long laid,
That the angel of conscience quite frequently play'd.

And he sung: "Little Willie, beware, oh! beware,
Your father has gone, but your Maker is there;
How sad you would feel if you heard the Lord say,
'This dear little boy stole an apple to-day!'"

Then Willie turn'd round, and as still as a mouse,
Crept slowly and carefully into the house;
In his own little chamber he knelt down to pray,
That the Lord would forgive him and please not to say,
"Little Willie almost stole an apple to-day."

THE "GUEST'S" BIBLE QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNG.

WHAT were the names of the twelve apostles?

Who took the place of one that fell by transgression?

Who said he was unworthy to be called an apostle?

Which of the apostles were fishermen?

Which of them saw Jesus transfigured?

Which one was called "the disciple that Jesus loved?"

Who is called the "Apostle and High Priest of our profession?"

Which apostle was not present when Christ first appeared to the apostles, after His resurrection?

To whom did Christ say, "Behold thy mother?"

Which one was killed by the sword?

Which one once lodged with a tanner?

With whom did Paul lodge at Corinth, when writing a letter to the Romans?

To what important facts were the apostles witnesses?

Which of them once had a sharp contention?

What was its occasion?



A FAMILY MAGAZINE FOR SUNDAY READING.

REVISED BY THE REV. NORMAN McLEOD, D.D., GLASGOW.

WEEKLY NOS. ONE HALFPENNY.]

[MONTHLY PARTS, THREEPENCE.

THE BIBLE IN THE LEVANT.*

FROM THE JOURNAL OF THE LATE REV. C. N. RIGNER,
Agent for the American Bible Society in the Levant.

As we left Tocat, Hagop Agha, the head of the Protestant community, and all the students of the seminary, in a body, accompanied us on our way to a hill-side that overlooks the city. They then gathered around us in a circle, and we commended them to God and the Bible as their rule of faith, and the guide of their lives, and exhorted them to shew forth the light of the gospel of Christ in this dark land, and be faithful unto death, that they might receive the crown of life at His right hand. One of their number, in return, thanked us cordially for our visit, and our societies for sending them the Bible and the gospel of salvation, and prayed that the peace of God might abide with us on the journey, and the blessing of Heaven rest upon all our labours in the East. We then traversed a rugged, mountainous region, and in two days reached *Sivas*, a second missionary station of the American Board. The brethren, as before, came out on horseback, one hour in advance, to welcome us in the name of Christ. The city is beautifully situated upon an elevated plain between two ranges of limestone hills, with a stream of pure water flowing through. It contains a population of nearly 50,000; of whom 36,000 are Turks, 12,000 Armenians, and 300 Greeks. The Scriptures are kept publicly for sale at four different points in the city, and a new depository is about to be opened in front of the principal bazaar. There have been sold during the last year—Armenian Bibles, twenty-three; Testaments, thirty-five; Psalms, sixty-seven; Turkish Testaments, twenty-three; Græco-Turkish Testaments, ten; making 158 copies of the Scriptures.

They likewise wished a large additional

supply for the coming year. I then called upon the Armenian bishop at the monastery. He is an amiable, venerable-looking man, and received me with the greatest politeness—"Safa guelduig; khos guelduig;"—(You are welcome; most welcome). I explained to him the object of the Bible Society—to furnish the Bible in all the languages of the East; stating that "in England and America, every family who desires it has a copy of the Bible; and these Christians desire that every family in the East may also receive the Word of God." He says, "This is a very good work. Every family of my people also has, or can have, the Bible if they wish. They can receive it both in the ancient and modern languages."

This was regarded as a most important admission by an Armenian bishop in the presence of the missionaries—that the Bible should have free circulation among his people.

In the afternoon a public meeting of the Protestant community was held at the Mission chapel. The Rev. Mr Jones, from England, addressed them in relation to his society, and I, from America, in behalf of the Bible cause. They were greatly interested in the account of our new Bible House, and all the operations of the Bible Society, of which they had never before heard. And it was most pleasing to receive their warm expressions of gratitude, for thus receiving the Bible and the gospel of Christ at our hands. The next day was the Sabbath. We attended service in the native languages, and then administered the communion of the Lord's Supper to the little Church gathered here; and it was an occasion of deep interest to sit around the table of our Lord with these brethren in a strange land.

In the afternoon, two of the Kuzzelbash

* From a deeply interesting volume of this title by the Rev. Dr Prime, author of "Power of Prayer"—published by Messrs Low & Son, London, and Strahan & Co., Edinburgh.

Koords, from a village twelve hours distant, called upon us. One is the son of the sheik, or chief man of the village. They expressed a desire to become Protestants, and embrace the gospel of Christ. I asked them why they wished to change their religion. They replied, "We formerly worshipped a cane, or staff, with which the sheik, or priest, beat us, to drive away our sins. We used to meet once a week, and receive this beating, and repeat certain incantations. Then we confessed our sins to the sheik, and once a year offered a sacrifice of sheep to this cane. We no longer believe that this can save us. A kitab (good book) taught us better."

"Whence did you receive this book?"

"We know not," they say. "It teaches us that Christ is alive, and the other prophets are dead. It teaches us to love our enemies, and pray for them. It is ten years since we began to learn these truths."

"What is the name of this book?"

"We call it Boyurook" (book of authority or command), they answer. "A khojah, or teacher, reads to us from this book, the sheik explains it, and we then pray to God through Christ, as His book teaches."

I then tell them we also have the same book in English, and call it "Ingil" (gospel of salvation).

They answer, "We would be delighted to have a good missionary come and live among us, to instruct us in this way of salvation. We are called Protestants by the Koords, and our enemies beat us, and drive away our flocks, because we will not worship idols as they do."

We tell them they must expect to suffer persecution for believing in Christ; but if they are faithful, God will deliver them from the hand of their enemies; that they must return to their village, and preach this same gospel of love and salvation even to their persecutors.

"Inshallah!" (God be praised) they both exclaim. They tell us that 500 others are ready to receive the gospel with them, but for fear of the savage Koords. We then promised to call and represent their case of persecution to the Turkish authorities, that they might enjoy liberty of conscience to believe in the Bible and gospel of Christ, as the late firman of the Sultan declares to all the subjects of his empire. Such is the influence of a single unknown Testament, to teach these poor Kuzzelbash, in the interior of Asia Minor, the folly of their idol-worship, and lead them to believe in Christ as their only Saviour from sin. On the morrow we set out on our journey. The brethren accompanied us some distance on the plain, and then bade us farewell, commending our way to the Lord. We spent the night at the small Armenian village of Oolash. The priest and chourbagi (chief man of the village) called to see us, and the conversation soon turned upon the Bible and

Testament. Our dragoman, who is a zealous Protestant, at once enlisted, and preached the gospel to the little company for two hours with much earnestness. We trust that some fruit may spring from the good seed sown by the way in that quiet village. In another village where we passed the night, the moodir, or Turkish governor, inquired if we were travelling through the country to make all the people Protestants. We answered, that "our object was to give the Bible and preach the gospel to all who were willing to hear and receive it." To our great surprise he replied, "This is according to the Sultan's decree." We were delighted thus to find that such liberal ideas were gradually penetrating into the interior of the empire.

In four days more we reached Arabkir, a city of gardens in the midst of the mountains. It contains a population of 30,000; of whom 20,000 are Mussulmans, and 10,000 Armenians. There are also 300 enrolled in the Protestant community. This is a most important centre of missionary operations. Twenty-two native helpers are employed; of these, six are preachers, two are engaged at the Bible depôts, two are colporteurs, and twelve are teachers. All are more or less engaged in the work of circulating the Scriptures. There are six schools, containing one hundred pupils, in which the Bible and Testament are made the chief books of instruction. I also visited the Bible shop in the midst of the business bazaars of the city, and found there a large Armenian and Turkish Bible lying open, that any who passed by might read the Word of God. There have been disposed off from thence, within the last five months, eighteen Bibles and one hundred and three Testaments. I likewise visited two of the schools, and found the children diligently studying the Bible and Testament, and learning the way of salvation. Then I called upon the chief vartabed of the Armenian Church. He received me very cordially, and said, "he taught all his people that they must have the Bible and read it. He had a copy of our Modern Armenian Bible, and would examine it, and if the translation were correct, he would at once recommend it to his people." He was desirous also to have the Word circulated among the Kuzzelbash. It was our duty to endeavour to enlighten and Christianise them. He wishes to preach only what is found in the Bible, and prays that Koords and Mussulmans may all receive the truth as it is in Jesus, and be made happy in the love of Christ.

As I leave, he presses me warmly by the hand, and says, "If we both live in the faith of the gospel, we will meet again in heaven." He seemed to be a man of excellent liberal spirit for a chief ecclesiastic in the Armenian Church.

We afterward visited the school under his direction, and found a class of larger boys

translating the Bible from the Ancient to the Modern language, which they can understand. The teacher says that ours is a correct translation, and does not differ from the ancient version. Thus the Bible is penetrating among the Armenians in their schools and families, and we trust will soon bring them from the darkness and deadness of superstition, to the light and life of the gospel of Christ. I was much interested in the experience of one of the native preachers. He first obtained a copy of the Ancient Armenian Bible at Aleppo; with this he retired to a cave for two years, and fasted and prayed. Then Christ revealed Himself to him, and told him to go forth and preach repentance, and keep the Sabbath day holy. In obedience to this command he would hold up a serpent, and in the name of the Lord beseech all men to repent. At that time he suffered much persecution; now these old things have passed away, and all things become new. He is an earnest and devoted preacher of the gospel in all the towns and villages around, and, from his faithfulness and zeal, is called "the apostle to the Gentiles." I was greatly pleased to find the Bible work of so much interest and importance at Arabkir, on the borders of the ancient Cappadocia.

The next day we set out upon our journey, escorted on the way by one of the missionaries and several of the native brethren. We passed through a finely cultivated country, abounding in ploughed fields and growing grain, and in six hours came down to the river Euphrates, one of the four rivers that flowed from the garden of Eden. It here runs with a swift current through a rugged gorge, winding among the mountains. Crossing the stream in a primitive scow, with a long rudder that sweeps through the current, we reached the town of Maden, picturesquely situated on the opposite bank. Here a little church of Protestants is gathered through the labours of the American missionaries, and they have a small dépôt for Bibles and Testaments in one corner of their chapel. It was the evening for their social prayer-meeting, and they soon all came in to bid us welcome. Then their native preacher conducted the service, reading from the Scriptures and offering prayer. And afterward we addressed them in behalf of the Bible and mission cause. They listened with deep interest, and seemed greatly encouraged to feel that Christians in England and America received with them the same pure Bible and gospel of salvation.

It was a peculiar delight to join in the worship of God with these brethren on the banks of the river Euphrates.

In the morning early we rode over the mountains filled with silver ore, and came to a fine hill country, abounding in springs of water, and villages perched upon the hill-sides. Thence crossing a fertile plain, and

ascending the steep hill-side, we reached the fortress-built town of Kharpoot, that overlooks the whole plain and the hundreds of Armenian villages around. The view was most beautiful, as we arrived at the hour of sunset and twilight in the East.

Kharpoot is one of the more recent missionary stations of the American Board, and is in the centre of a large Armenian population. There are thirty cities within this field, and 336 villages on the plain, containing 100,000 Armenians, 20,000 Koords, and 5,000 Kuzzelbash, all accessible to missionary effort. The city is the seat of the pashalic, and a mart of traffic from all parts of Asia Minor. I was glad to find the Scriptures kept publicly for sale, in various languages, near the principal business bazaar—here Turks, Armenians, and Koords from the mountains, come to purchase the Bible. There have been sold, during the last year, twenty-two Modern Armenian Bibles and seventy-one Testaments; five Ancient Armenian and two Turkish Testaments; eight Koordish Gospels; fifty Armenian and five Turkish Psalms; and four English, one Arabic, and one French Testament; making 169 copies of the Scriptures. I visited the two Protestant schools, numbering thirty-three pupils, in which the Scriptures are daily taught. Their system is to commit verses of Scripture, and repeat them on the Sabbath. One little boy, five years old, recited for me nearly the whole of the first chapter of Matthew correctly and well. Also a blind boy seemed quite in advance of the rest in his knowledge of the Scriptures. It was interesting to know that the Bible is likewise taught to the blind in this far-off land. Thus the children are instructed to meet and overthrow the corrupt doctrines of the Oriental Churches, and defend a pure faith from the Word of God. It is worthy of remark, that the Bible is always made the standard of appeal in every discussion among the common people. In the evening we attended the examination of candidates preparatory to organising the first Protestant church at Kharpoot. Ten presented themselves for admission. I was much pleased to find all not only sound in doctrine, but also spiritually acquainted with the Scriptures.

The next day was the Sabbath. In the morning we attended service in the new chapel near Castle Rock. It was filled with a large and attentive congregation; and after sermon, I briefly addressed them in relation to the Bible cause, enforcing upon them the duty of circulating the Bible and preaching the gospel in all the towns and villages around. In the afternoon a still larger audience assembled in the mission chapel, to witness the formation of the first Evangelical Church in the city. The ten candidates then came forward, gave their assent to the confession of faith, and were all baptized

and received into the membership of the Church of Christ. In the evening a Turkish effendi, wearing a large white turban, called to see us. He said, "I have a Testament, and am reading it with much interest; but I cannot understand the doctrine of the Trinity." We said to him, that we first proved that the Bible was from God; and as this doctrine was revealed in the Bible, we believed its truth; though it might be above the comprehension of our finite minds. He received the remark in silence, and went his way to read again this wondrous book. The Rev. Mr. Dunmore has also a class of ten young men, to whom he is giving a course of Biblical lectures, and preparing them to go forth and distribute the Bible, and preach the gospel in all the region round about. We were much interested in the encouraging developments of the missionary work at Khar-poot, and both remarked how entirely it was begun and carried on through the instrumentality of the Bible!

At Diarbekir the native brethren called in to see us, and one of them related the beginning of the good work in the city. A case of Bibles was first sent to Mardin. There they were seized by a rich Catholic merchant, and locked up to keep them from being circulated. The pasha afterwards executed this man in order to obtain his property, and the Bibles were thus set at liberty, and brought to Diarbekir for sale. A Syrian dyer bought one of them, and began to read it aloud at night. This interested one of his workmen, who also obtained a copy, and commenced reading it; then others of the people, till the bishop became alarmed, and ordered all the Bibles to be collected and burned. Still, some were not given up, and the good work went forward, until one of the Syrian bishops himself renounced the errors of his Church. He afterwards went to England, and brought out a large number of Bibles, and put them in circulation among his people. Much persecution followed; still the work advanced, in the providence of God, till many were awakened to the truth, and some have remained firm to the end.

It was most interesting to hear these persecuted ones themselves relate their simple story, and tell what they had suffered for the sake of the Bible and the gospel of Christ.

I also called upon the Armenian bishop. He was a venerable old man, with a flowing white beard, and received me with the greatest politeness. I expressed to him the desire of the Bible Society to furnish every family with the Bible in the Modern language, which all can understand. He replied, "It is eyi, chok eyi"—good very good. "The Bible teaches us the way to heaven. There is one Saviour for English, Americans, and Armenians. Through the blood of Christ we all find salvation, and we are brothers in Christ Jesus." He says, "It is a shame if

every family who can read does not have the Bible." As we leave, he presses us warmly by the hand, and remarks, "In Christ, I hope we may meet in heaven."

It is pleasant thus to find that more enlightened views are beginning to prevail among the patriarchs and bishops of the Oriental Churches, in reference to the circulation of the Bible and fellowship of the gospel. On the Sabbath we attended the large Bible class held in the mission chapel. There were 140 present, seated upon their knees in Eastern style. After the lesson, I addressed them in behalf of the Bible cause. They listened with tears in their eyes, and then crowded round to shake me by the hand, and thank me and our Society for sending them the Bible and gospel to teach them of Christ and the way of eternal salvation; and it was a scene of deep interest, as Syrians, Chaldeans, Greeks, and Armenians, all came forward to express their gratitude in the name, and for the love, of Christ.

In the afternoon, we celebrated with them the communion of the Lord's Supper, and truly sat together in heavenly places in Christ Jesus, calling to mind His sufferings and death upon the cross for our salvation.

One hundred and sixty copies of the Scriptures have been sold and distributed from this station during the last nine months. They also send out native helpers to sell and distribute the Scriptures in the towns and villages around, and to make tours in the mountains of Koordistan. Thus, through various means the Word of God is having free course and is glorified in this ancient land.

At Hassankeifa, the city hewn in rock, I counted seven large mosques, in the finest style of Saracenic architecture, now crumbling to ruins near the city. As I sat among these ruins reading the Bible, one of the Turkish soldiers, who had taken passage with us upon the raft, stepped up to me, and asked if it was the "Ingil Sheriff"—the Holy Gospel. I answered, "Yes, and I also have one in Turkish, if you wish." Immediately upon my return he came to me, and begged a Testament; and as I gave it to him, he began at once to read it aloud, that all his companions might hear; and every day since, upon the raft, I have heard him reading his Testament aloud to himself and his fellows with much earnestness. Our earnest prayer is that it may lead him to renounce the religion of the false prophet, and sincerely receive the truth as it is in Jesus.

GOD'S GIFT IN THE RAIN.

(WRITTEN AFTER A DROUGHT.)

RAIN, rain, rain! How beautiful is the rain!
What a gift of Heaven's kindness is the rain!
How softly, kindly, sweetly, compassionately

it comes down! What an expression of mercy; for He sendeth His rain on the just and the unjust, the evil and the good! What a refreshing and revival of all nature in the hour of her utmost need! For this drought has been terrible. It has made us feel the preciousness of our most common mercies, and again and again has thrown us back, in thankfulness and confidence, upon the covenant of God with Noah, and that great promise, covering all generations to the day of doom, that "while the earth remaineth, seed-time and harvest, and cold and heat, and summer and winter, and day and night, shall not cease."

Only the day before this blessed rain, the sun went down in an atmosphere of smoke and mist, looking as bloodshot and dry as if struggling through dim eclipse, distressing half the nations. Yet there were tokens in the air that, in an ordinary season, would have promised rain; but as all signs fail in dry weather, and had proved delusive for many weeks, so we feared that they would continue to fail now. But in the dead hours of the night we were awakened by the pattering of rain on the roof, and the windows, and the trees. What a blessed sound, what music, what melody! It was like the whispering and laughing of a troop of little children come to our bed-room to wake us up. Few things are pleasanter any time than in the stillness of the night, in the country, to hear the rain. But after such a drought, how grateful, how welcome, how rejoicing!

Rain, rain, rain! Did ever anybody know before what a precious thing of heaven the rain is, and what an immediate gift of the goodwill of Him that dwelt in the bush? As the worth of a cup of cold water is not known till we are thirsty, so the passages that mark the rain as God's direct bestowal are not seen in their beauty till there comes a drought. And thus, indeed, the whole Word of God needs affliction and trial in ourselves to disclose the power and glory of its meanings, or rather to make us feel and note them, and enter into its depths. When we personally sympathise, then we understand, then we notice. Personal experience is the awakened and intuitive eye, the evidence and penetration of things till then not seen.

Every creature that prays at all was praying for rain. The air was filled with the same smoky haze that for weeks had smothered the landscape. Day after day the sun had gone down like a ball of fire, red, portentous, ominous of wrath and plagues. The whole country was russet as a stubble-field, and the very meadows dry as the dried hay. Even the very heathen, in such a case, would begin to think of God, and to ask, What is to be the end of all this, if God do not interpose and have mercy upon us?

And now, at length, the rain has come in earnest, both the small rain and the great rain

of His strength—in one form or another, a night and a day, and yet another night, it has descended—and already what a change in the whole face of nature! It is a revival of life, it is almost a new creation. The forest receives it like a sensitive intelligence, and the trees of the field clap their hands for joy.

"The thirsty ridges drink their fill
At God's creating call."

The air as well as the earth is renovated. The sun not only rises with new glory, but seems as if he had a new world to rise upon. The landscape is transfigured. And what a wonderful chemistry of nature in the new-created colour of the grass! In twenty-four hours this hue changes the colour of the whole world. The fields that were as dry and destitute of verdure as the autumn stubble, have received the moisture into their quick sensitive life, and one day's growth is enough to dye the whole robe of nature. Will the acutest search of science ever be able to trace the subtle processes by which this lovely, grateful, and refreshing green is extracted from the pellucid water? The clouds distil in clear crystal drops, and even a few hours after the rain has begun to descend, you begin to see its effect in the greenness of grass that before looked as if it had all been cast into the oven. Nature, that was sitting in sackcloth and ashes, has cast away her mourning, and appears again as in the beauty of her bridal array.

When God interrupts or withholds our ordinary mercies, or dries up the channels where we have been accustomed to see them flow, and the cool fountains where we have gone to drink, it is not only to call us more immediately to Himself, but to make us look about, and see if we have made the most of the mercies He has lent us, to make us discover hidden blessings that we had neglected, deeper springs of love than we ever imagined He had set in our inheritance. The earth has always treasures that a lazy, unthrifty husbandry either knows not or will not take the pains to discover and use. My friend, in this season of drought, has been wandering over his grounds, and surveying and divining, if possible he might light upon some new and unexhausted fountain; and sure enough, by the help of the counsels of a wise old man, he was led to dig at the foot of a hill, and came upon a spring so cool, so pure, so fresh, so abundant, that it was worth, perhaps, all the cost and suffering of the whole drought to have found out that fountain. That old man, passing through the valley of Baca, made it a well, and there it is now, carefully walled up with stones, and secure against the Philistines. A deep, abundant fountain, discovered in the heart of dryness, is a wonderful gift. My friend thought it was a good lesson in spiritual things, and that in a spiritual dearth we must not only dig deeper, but dig in new places, as well as look up to God.

C.

A QUAKER HERO.

HARD by the noisy and novelty-working city of Birmingham, within sight of its tall chimneys vomiting their smoke into the sombre skies, within hearing of the incessant roar of the gunsmiths, the sword-makers, and the cannon-founders, lies the sweet and tranquil villa of Edgbaston. Its owner dressed in drab, but Edgbaston dressed in living green. A goodly spot it is, with cowslips and buttercups spangling all its verdant meads, and troops of graceful deer gathered about the trunks of its ancient oaks. Happy was the guest who came to partake of the good cheer of Edgbaston. For when he wearied of Milton and Cowper in the library, he could turn into the conservatory, brilliant with roses and azaleas; and when flowers were exhausted, the cozy fireside was left to him, where reigned a hospitality that never wearied, and where ran a stream of delightful talk that never once went dry. But the glory of Edgbaston is departed. A life which was grander than any of the stout English oaks whose roots lay centuries deep in the parks without, which was more fruitful than the vines which hung their purple clusters through Edgbaston's arbours, has passed from earth to heaven. The manly and venerated form of Joseph Sturge no longer stands in that old ivied door-way, and the voice of Joseph Sturge no longer welcomes the stranger to those hospitable shades. Alas for the world when such men die! Humanity is too poor in great, unselfish spirits to afford the loss.

There can hardly be a reader of our columns who has not heard of Joseph Sturge, or of his late sudden death. His name has gone out into all lands as one of the most earnest, most persevering, most self-sacrificing, and most brave-hearted philanthropists of our age. When the ear heard him, then it blessed him; when the eye saw him, it gave witness to his bright and beautiful benignity. The blessing of many a one who was ready to perish came upon him, and he caused the widow's heart to sing for joy. A father was he to the poor, and the cause which he knew not he searched out.

Joseph Sturge was the son of Quaker parents, and he himself wore the straight coat and the spreading brim till the morning of his death. He was born at Elberton in 1793, the sixth of his family who bore the patriarchal name of Joseph through as many successive generations. He was trained for a corn-merchant, and died a corn-merchant; but the world knows him best as an ever-busy dealer in good works, "making many rich" as he grew rich himself. From his boyhood Sturge was a true reformer. Four cardinal ideas governed his whole active career. They were: Freedom from the bread-tax, freedom from the bottle, freedom from the fetter, freedom from the sword. Could he have chosen a nobler career for a reformer than this?

Brought up amidst the wild havoc of Napoleon's bloody drama, he learned to hate war from his cradle. One of the most remarkable incidents of his life was his visit to the Emperor of Russia during the Crimean struggle. Accompanied by Robert Charlton, they went as a Deputation from the Society of Friends; and, with a remonstrance in their hands, and their broad hats on their heads, they marched into the royal presence-chamber at St Petersburg. The Emperor received them graciously, and granted to their appeal a most respectful hearing.—To the cause of Total Abstinence Mr Sturge gave his time and his toils; what was most of all, he gave his personal example.

But the crowning labour and glory of his useful career was his warfare against the slave-whip and the fetter. Dr Johnson "loved a good hater." Then would he have loved Mr Sturge, for with all his capacious soul he did hate the abomination of slavery. Not alone as a Quaker did he abhor it, but as a man and as a Christian. Nor did he rest satisfied with a mere abstract abhorrence of the system so at war with the spirit of Christ's gospel, and at war with the best interests of humanity. Turning his back on the luxuries of his beautiful home, he undertook a voyage to the plantations of Jamaica and St Domingo, and investigated the rule of the raw-hide for himself. On his return he was cross-questioned for seven days by a committee of Parliament, and his evidence had great influence in bringing about the world-known Act of West India Emancipation.

This rare and symmetrical beauty of Mr Sturge's career met with its reward. While he lived, all men honoured him; when he died, all men lamented him. His funeral was such as bustling Birmingham never witnessed before. The citizens of the great armour-manufacturing emporium begged the privilege of giving a public and a pompous burial to the gentle man of peace. But it was contrary to the usage of Quakerism, and the offered honour was delicately declined. But nothing could hinder the people from paying their own spontaneous tribute to his memory. On the day of the funeral places of business were barred up; and through silent, densely-crowded streets the long procession took its way to the silent grave. In that procession were leading men of every party and of every sect. Among the mourners was John Angell James, the prince of English Independency—Dr Miller, the father of Episcopacy in Birmingham—Robert Charlton, in his suit of drab, with a retinue of meek-visaged Friends. It was no common excellence which could thus win the admiration, and extort the homage, of men so different in creeds, and so widely asunder in daily associations.

Under the green turf of the Quaker's burial-ground in Birmingham sleeps the manly form of Joseph Sturge. His memory is with Clarkson and Allen, with Gurney, and Buxton, and

Wilberforce. His record is on high. A simple follower of Christ, he rests from his labours of love. He took a good man's life with him when he went up to the bosom of his Redeemer.
T. L. C.

THE LIFE-WEB.

THE weaver sits at the loom of life,
The shuttle there to ply;
The heart that mystic shuttle is,
With its thread of crimson dye.
He weaveth busily, wearily on,
No stay or rest knows he;
E'en when he sleeps, his place he keeps,
The shuttle still fleeth free.

'Tis a marvellous thread that runneth thus,
Out of his being drawn;
Out of the present it partly comes,
And out of the days that are gone.
A thread of thought, and feeling, and will,
A thread of joy and of woe,
Though it ceaseth never, it changeth ever,
As the forms of the life-web grow.

What figures are slowly fashion'd there,
Design'd by a Power above;
And be they of aspect gay or sad,
Still shaped by wisdom and love.
See now sweet buds of childhood's prime,
Anon, youth's brightest flowers:
See bending now, the fruit-crown'd bough,
And now the leafless bowers.

Between the lines of a Providence kind—
The warp of his being here—
'Tis his the answering woof to send,
With a steady aim and clear.
So warp and woof shall all be one,
So heaven with earth be blest;
To the forms that grow with the shuttle's throw,
A charm divine shall be lent.

O weaver, be thy purpose high,
Each touch of thy fingers true;
Then, hoping ever, toil thou on,
With the priceless prize in view.
The Master watcheth from His throne,—
Watch thou the filament fine,
That with the thread so deftly sped,
No fibre of evil twine.

Then great at last shall be thy joy
The Master's smile to meet,
When the finish'd life-web thou shalt lay
An offering at His feet.
That offering poor, as it seems to thee,
He will dearly love to behold,
And, with fondness strange, the whole will change
To heaven's own cloth of gold.

—A. D. S.

FRUITS OF PALESTINE.

BY MRS S. B. JOHNSON.

THE country around Jerusalem affords a great diversity of climate and soil, and therefore many varieties of fruits. Immediately around the city, hoar-frosts, if known at all, are very slight, and touch but lightly either fruits or vegetables; and water seldom freezes even in mid-winter. During the summer, cool breezes are enjoyed almost throughout the day, varied occasionally by the hot, oppressive sirocco, which blows from the parched sands of the desert. Such is the mildness of the winter, that oranges, dates, figs, pomegranates, lemons, apricots, almonds, and grapes grow

throughout the season, requiring no protection whatever.

A curious anecdote is connected with a plant peculiarly Oriental—the mandrake. The fragrance of its berries tempted a Scotch sojourner in the Holy City to try it as an edible. The root was subjected to a long process of boiling, stewing, and frying, and then our prying friend proceeded to satisfy his curiosity and appetite, little imagining its wondrous effects. The night of the experiment was passed in the agony of fear and frightful dreams. On awakening in the morning, he fancied he was surrounded by snakes; and conceiving his watch-chain to be a venomous reptile, he actually bit the precious metal in pieces. Every straw, string, and thread he imagined were reptiles, and dropped them in alcohol for preservation. The tables and chairs, which he conceived to be robbers, were found broken into fragments. He presented a most hideous spectacle, being sadly bruised and battered in his struggles with the supposed robbers; and his eyes had a most unearthly appearance from the peculiar effects of the plant. His physicians did not readily succeed in curing him; and I dare say our unfortunate friend will not soon forget his adventure. It is an ascertained fact that no snake can approach this plant with impunity. It is doubtless on account of such remarkable properties that the Arabs term it *Tufah-el-Shatan*—"Apples of Satan."

A little beyond Bethlehem are the Gardens of Solomon, so beautifully alluded to in the Canticles. In this lovely spot, the most capricious taste could not complain, so varied and luscious are its fruits. The gardens are enclosed by steep and rugged mountains, whose sides abound in apricots, peaches, oranges, lemons, pomegranates, grapes, and figs. In all the flora of Syria, I know of no plant more curious (unless, indeed, the "resurrection flower" be so esteemed) than a quite weed-like plant abounding here, which bears no less than five or six different kinds of flowers. And this valley has been made more attractive still by the improvements of a party of estimable Americans, who left home and friends to cultivate the soil of Palestine, and benefit the Jews, towards whom they very substantially evince a burning zeal for their welfare.

But few palm-trees remain, either in or around Jerusalem, though in other Oriental cities they are very abundant. And while enjoying their shade, and meditating upon the dispersion of the Jews, we are often reminded of a stanza from the pen of an English poet:—

"More blest each palm that shades these plains
Than Israel's scatter'd race;
For, taking root, it there remains
In solitary grace;
It cannot quit its place of birth;
It will not live in other earth."

Mount Olivet is planted with olive, fig,

pomegranate, mulberry,* and almond-trees. Olives are eaten either pickled or soaked in olive oil. The most common dish of the Arabs is an earthen vessel of olives, and a loaf of taboo bread, with which they seat themselves under the shade of a tree, seeming to be perfectly contented with their simple fare. Their bread is always made flat and thin, and being not unlike leather in respect to toughness and pliability, they easily mould it into the shape of a spoon, with which they dip up the olives, rice, or whatever they may be eating. Their hands, however, are used quite as often as the spoon of taboo bread, and thought to be much the more convenient of the two.

So abundant are oranges and lemons, that twenty oranges can be bought for a piastre, and thirty lemons for the same small sum. Citrons abound in almost as great profusion.

The karab-tree is sometimes to be met with, the pods of which are said to have been the food of the prodigal son. The word "husk" used in the New Testament, correctly translated would be "little horn," which exactly coincides in shape with these pods. It is still used in some parts of the world for feeding swine, but in Syria it is in great requisition with the poorer class, who use it as their daily food.

The cactus or prickly pear grows to an immense size, and bears a most palatable, juicy fruit. It is also formed into hedges for vineyards, gardens, and paths; perhaps it was to the latter that the Saviour referred in the parable of the supper: "Go out into the highways and hedges, and compel them to come in." We may also infer that this secure and thorny hedge is referred to in Mark—"A certain man planted a vineyard, and set an hedge about it."

In addition to the fruits already mentioned, pears and bananas are raised. Grapes are in season during five months of the year, and are converted into unadulterated wine by the Jews and Christians, and raisins by the Mohammedans, wine being forbidden them by their *temperate* prophet. Indeed, the Syrian climate produces almost every variety of fruit, grain, and vegetables to be found in our western soil, the American colonists having eminently succeeded in the cultivation of every article introduced by them except the apple.

If we visit the market in October, the streets will be found lined with baskets of olives, grapes, pistachio nuts, radishes, lettuce, and other vegetables of rapid growth. In November, the olives and grapes being scarce, they bring dates instead. The juice of the grapes is converted into molasses, called by them "dibis." Grapes are also converted into raisins, which, together with figs, are placed

in the still for the formation of *arrack*, the Oriental alcohol. In December, when the country no longer wears a barren aspect, but is covered with richest verdure, cabbages, cauliflowers, radishes, lettuce, and lentiles are brought to the city. After January, corn is no longer brought to market; but we can well dispense with it now, for we have in Syria three crops a-year. This is the month in which the almond, apricot, peach, and plum-trees are clothed with their rich and fragrant blossoms. Oranges, lemons, citrons, and limes are brought in great abundance. In February the bazaars are lined with flowers, hyacinths, daffodils, tulips, ranunculuses, lilies, narcissus, geraniums, scarlet poppies, anemones, and daisies. Most of the vegetables and fruits already named are still in great abundance, with the addition of onions, carrots, and beets; and in March, beans, sage, thyme, and mint are added; and now the pear, black thorn, fig, palm, and apple-trees bloom, while orange and lemon-trees are still heavily laden with fruit and flowers. To these may be added celery, parsley, and other herbs. In April, vegetation being very abundant, the list becomes longer; white mulberry, artichokes, peas, beans, onions, cucumbers, lettuce, corn, the Arab potato, and a vegetable something like the turnip, lavender, rosemary, and the supposed rose of Sharon. In May, cucumbers, tomatoes, onions, potatoes, corn, a small species of apple; and late in the month, muskmelons, water-melons, cantelopes, walnuts, blackberries, and the mulberry fig. In June there is an abundance of cherries, figs, plums, damascenes, quinces, olives, almonds, bananas, pomegranates, plantains, grapes, egg-plant, liquorice root, dandelion, and henna. In July, peaches, grapes, pears, nectarines, melons, plums, potatoes, egg-plant, prickly pear, Indian fig, pumpkins, dates, damascenes. In August a still greater variety of fruits and vegetables are displayed; but in September there is a slight decrease. In this month cotton and hemp rapidly mature, and the Arab corn, doura, millet, and castor-oil plant, which here grows to a tree; the Egyptian maize is also brought to market. But this is by no means a complete list of the varieties of fruits, vegetables, medicinal plants, and flowers in the bazaars at different seasons of the year. The variety is almost endless; indeed, so abundant are vegetables, that but little meat is consumed, both from choice and necessity; for the only animal food to be obtained, besides fowls, is mutton and goat-meat.

ORGANISED FOR LABOUR.

A PAPER FOR THE CHURCHES.

BY REV. WM. HOGARTH.

*A church should be organised for labour.—
A strong individuality hinders such organisation.*

* I may be allowed to mention, for the benefit of whom it may concern, a fact I learned of the Arabs, when I had one day accidentally stained my dress with mulberry juice,—that is, that the leaf if bruised on the stain will effectually remove it.

tions. There is apt, moreover, to be so jealous a sense of personal independence in the matter of Christian labour, that men elect their own places and prosecute their own work without any regard to any organised mode of action. They resent a hint even on their duty to their own church. This fact wars with *organised* Christian activity. The power of a division of labour is understood in all the departments of trade and business. It adapts men to the things which they can best do, and furnishes the kind of labour in which they are most successful. It secures results most surely and most rapidly. This fact you will always see verified in periods of political excitement. "Organise and canvass" is the watchword. This covers the whole ground. It is the very thing which the churches need. A local church is fairly expected to look after the religious interests which come within its sphere. It can reach China or Africa only by prayer, and the gift of means and men; but it can come down on the surrounding community with the force of Christian example—with the word of earnest entreaty, and with the open hand of relief for the needy. But if this is left to the miscellaneous impulse of individuals, much of it will be undone. Much of it is undone. Each man suspects or hopes that some one is doing the needful labour. A few, indeed, accomplish all they can in quiet methods, and on the ground of their personal inspection of their field. How many Christian men and women, having sworn at the altar to serve God—Christians, too, of rare gifts and abundant resources—how many of them *have* and occupy a field of Christian work! They do Christian things in an extemporaneous way; but I speak of a plan and a place of labour for which they are responsible, and for which they are *held* responsible by covenant with their brethren. How many such are there? How many Christians are so organised—are willing to be so organised—and covet it as the best way of gathering a ripe harvest? It is not impracticable to organise after this method, dividing the field according to the number who are to engage in the work, and appointing each man to the place for which he is fitted. This would secure the two-fold result of occupying the ground, and of giving to each man something to do. You will bear with me when I add that this process will bring into play all the talents of a church. It is not often known how much of various talent there is in a church. Some revival of religion will stimulate anew the Christian love—will energeise the power of thought—will intensify the whole life of a man—and that man will strike out into some department of Christian activity with the strength of a "giant filled with new wine." Men stand amazed at the cope of his attainments—at the versatility of his mind—at the fitness of his plans and his executive capacity. There are men of large ability in the marts of exchange, of genial

sympathy in the social circle, who are not known as active Christian men. And their names are on the church records. They have no gift, as they say, in the evangelical work. There is more latent and unused talent in the church than is actually employed. More men do little or nothing than do much. Our young men are excused, or excuse themselves. Our men of business find apology in the pressure of their cares, and in the fatigue which business brings. Others, like Moses, think poorly of their gifts. It is a shame. Any gift, if thoroughly penetrated with divine love, can be made available. Any style of talent, if devoted to God, He will use for the good of man, and for the glory of His name. And it is high time we took some lessons on this point from some of our secular institutions. The power of the lay talent of our churches is not applied as systematically and effectually as it might be. It never will be so applied until there is some plan of organisation which puts under contribution every age, and every style of man, to be found in the church. The value of such labour will be understood when the system which develops it is perfected, and every member of the church is solemnly and *personally* charged with a definite work. It must be put upon his *soul*, without the chance of evasion. It must be put upon his heart with all the encouragement which he needs. It must be put into his hands with the tone of entreaty, and with the remonstrance of Christian love. What a glory a church would be in which no man was unemployed—in which his work was allotted wisely to his care! I am sure the extemporaneous and individual *unorganised* mode has been sufficiently tried, and few men are satisfied with it. True, in such a plan, some men may be found weak, incompetent, or extravagant; but the peril from that quarter is not nearly so great as from that *orderly* stagnation which infects the church. The peril from excessive activity is not so dangerous or hazardous as that which comes from life in a charnel-house, where talents are buried. A ship is manageable when the wind fills her sails; but in a dead calm she floats to and fro with the tide, regardless of the rudder. An organised church in the process of actual development has power to control fanaticism. A church weakened, enervated by inactivity, has no such power, and is always the prey of fanaticism.

NATIONS THAT REJECTED THE REFORMATION.

AUSTRIA, Spain, Italy, France, Poland—the offer of the Reformation was made everywhere; and it is curious to see what has become of the nations that would not hear it. In all countries there were some that accepted; but in many there were not enough, and the rest, slowly or swiftly, with fatal,

difficult industry, contrived to burn them out. Austria was once full of Protestants; but the hide-bound Flemish-Spanish Kaiser element presiding over it for two centuries, kept saying, "No; we, with our dull, obstinate Cimburgis under-lip and lazy eyes, with our ponderous Austrian depth of habituality and indolence of intellect, we prefer steady darkness to uncertain new light;" and all men may see where Austria now is. Spain still more; poor Spain going about, at this time, making its pronunciamientos; all the factious attorneys in its little towns assembling to *pronounce* virtually this—"The old is a lie, then? Good heavens! after we so long tried hard, harder than any other nation, to think it a truth; and if it be not rights of man, red republic, and progress of the species, we know not what now to believe or do, and are as a people stumbling on steep places in the darkness of midnight!" They refused truth when she came, and now truth knows nothing of them. All stars and heavenly light have become veiled to such men. They must now follow terrestrial *ignes fatui*, and think them stars. This is the doom passed upon them.

Italy, too, had its Protestants—but Italy killed them—managed to extinguish Protestantism. Italy put up silently with practical lies of all kinds, and shrugging its shoulders, preferred going into dilettantism and the fine arts. The Italians, instead of the sacred service of fact and performance, did music, painting, and the like, till even that has become impossible for them; and no noble nation—sunk from virtue to vertu—ever offered such a spectacle before. He that will prefer dilettantism in this world for his outfit shall have it, but all the gods will depart from him, and manifold veracity, earnestness of purpose, devout depth of soul, shall no more be his. He can, if he likes, sing for hire, and probably that is the real goal for him. But the sharpest-cut example is France, to which we constantly return for illustration. France, with its keen intellect, saw the truth, and saw the falsity, in these Protestant times, and with its ardour of generous impulse, was prone enough to adopt the former. France was within a hair's-breadth of becoming actually Protestant. But France saw good reason to massacre Protestantism, and end it in the night of St Barthelomew, 1572. The celestial apparitor of Heaven's chancery, so we may speak, the genius of fact and veracity, accordingly withdrew—was staved off, got kept away, for two hundred years. But the writ of summons had been served; Heaven's messenger could not stay away for ever. No, he returned duly, with accounts run up on compound interest to the actual hour, in 1792; and then, at last, there had to be a Protestantism; and we know of what kind that was.—*Carlyle's Life of Frederic the Great.*

TRUST IN TROUBLE.

It is an easy thing to trust God in times of prosperity. When the wind blows favourably into my swelling canvas, and my white-winged bark is flying across the azure waters, why should I distrust the great Disposer of winds and waves? When the health of my household is perfect—when we can all gather around the table a happy, healthy, and hungry group, and do justice to the strawberries and cream, who of us thinks of the Great Physician? We are all believers then, and our confidence in God as a most kind, loving, and affectionate Father, is perfect. It costs us nothing to trust Him. Neither is a prosperous Christian, who walks in the sunshine of God's favour, and feels the warmth of a clear assurance beaming in through every window of the soul—neither is such an one often afflicted with distrust. His danger lies in the opposite quarter. He is in peril of presumption, spiritual pride, and self-complacency; but not of distrust. We can all trust God when the sun shines.

But if the storm begin to marshal its cloud-squadrons into the skies—if the sun and stars appear not—if the sea begins to lash itself into foam like an angry lion—if great green caverns open in the deep to swallow up our tossing, trembling bark,—*can we trust God then?* Will the easy confidence of the calm hold through the hurricane? That is the question.

Many a time had the disciples gone out with the Master on Galilee's bosom, when the boat swam like a swan before the well-pulled oar, and they felt no whispering of distrust. Oh, what faith they had then! But on that memorable night, when the white caps came rolling and rioting from under the black cliffs of Gadara, and leaped over into their shivering skiff, then the poor terror-stricken creatures begin to shake the slumbering Saviour with the whimpering cry, "Carest thou not, Master, that we perish?" His rebuke is most significant—"O ye fearful ones, why have ye so little faith?"

For what is that trust good for which only abides with us in the bright hours of life? It is just as good as a lantern which should only shine when the sun is up, and then go out in the darkness. It is just as good as an anchor which only holds when the lazy ship is swinging on the glassy waves of the quiet harbour. It is just about as serviceable as the courage of those men who can rebuke the transgressions on the other side of the globe, and tremble before the sin that sits "in fine linen" in a pew right before them. It is about as valuable as that patience which bears admirably when only feathers rest on the shoulders, or that resignation which is in full exercise when there is nothing to be resigned to. It is worth—just nothing at all. The trust we want is a trust in God, "*though He slay us.*"

ust we want is a lantern that will gleam brighter as the night of trouble grows the—a light unto our timid feet—a lamp our wild, broken pathway. The trust honours God is a trust through thick in, through noon and midnight, through y and reproach, through loss and dis- through hard words and hard blows, en under the hidings of the Almighty's nance. Such was the faith of him who ut, "My heart is fixed, trusting in the

Such was Paul's all-conquering con- when he wrote to his spiritual son— Lord stood with me and strengthened d the Lord shall deliver me from every rk, and will preserve me unto His hea- kingdom." Good reader, can you trust ough He slay you? If not, then we at you have never known what it really ust Him at all. For faith in the mid- is the only true faith. It requires no o walk in the noonday; we can then by sight."

TRAY THOUGHTS FOR THE STRAYING.

are to remember that the tone of piety Church is determined by the pitch its individual members give it. y years was God's Church once in the ress, because it would backslide and

tter is it that thou shouldest not vow, hat thou shouldest vow and not pay." ou made ten thousand beautiful gilded and should you take them, one for ow you had ever made, and thus, one other, dash them in pieces, this would sible, but faint representation of your vows.

golden candlesticks were not removed re seven churches of Asia till they had en their "first love," and become arm." Thus those who are mourning lings of God's countenance, have, by wn sins, caused its withdrawal.

e devils," we are told, "believe and e." Some professors of religion, though ay "believe," do not "tremble," as well ight;—they seem too insensible, and ch asleep for that.

ooner are the avenues to the heart left ded, than a multitude of evil guests hronging in, ready to take up their here. The heart, then, should be kept all diligence."

; thou a man, who bears the name of loving the society and the friendship of godly and the vile,—there is as much r them as for him.

ho esteems it a trifling thing to bear istian name, is usually unworthy of the e bears.

he best of Christians are but Christians "what shall be said of those who leave

their religion behind, on leaving the sanctuary, or put it off with their Sunday garments?

It is said of some Christians, that "they have no piety to speak of," that is, themselves. But, after all, they have a hundred-fold more than others who are ever advertis- ing and prating about theirs.

The children of God, who are out of the way, are in a strange land; and well may they ask with the children of Israel, when captives in Babylon, "How shall we sing the Lord's song in a strange land?"

When "Christian" lost his "scroll," he was an unhappy man until he found it again. Without his scroll no Christian can be happy.

When it is asked, as it sometimes is, of a professor of religion, "Is he a professor?" the question is a most suggestive and ominous one.

When it is asked of professing Christians, as it often at least secretly is, "What do they more than others?" it is then high time for them to vindicate their claims to the Christian name by their fruits.

When an individual's love of gain and of godliness are at an even poise, if a feather's weight be thrown into the side of gain, then godliness is outweighed. And "he that is not for me is against me,"—and "ye cannot serve two masters."

To be a successful hypocrite requires the greatest wariness, and a greater effort than it does to be a successful Christian.

Mr Complacitus is disposed to thank God that he is "not as other men," and to feel in comparison with his brethren, "I am holier than thou;" when his most appropriate attitude is, bowing low at the foot of the cross, and there crying, "God be merciful to me a sinner."

The favourite resort of Apollyon and his emissaries is always in those very regions into which careless pilgrims are most inclined to stray.

THE LAW OF LOVE.

SEE 2 KINGS IV. 1-6.

Pour forth the oil, pour boldly forth,
It will not fail until
Thou fillest vessels to provide,
Which it may largely fill.

But then, when such are found no more,
Though flowing broad and free
Till then, and nourish'd from on high,
It straightway stanch'd will be.

Dig channels for the stream of Love,
Where they may broadly run;
And Love has overflowing streams
To fill them, every one.

But if at any time thou cease
Such channels to provide,
The very founts of Love for thee
Will soon be parch'd and dried.

For we must share, if we would keep,
That good thing from above;
Ceasing to give, we cease to have—
Such is the law of Love.

—R. C. Trench.

Page for the Young.

POUTING JEANIE.

JEANIE and John were brother and sister. Jeanie had a temper which was apt to fire up like a lucifer-match when things didn't please her. At such times she pouted her lips, until they looked as if they had been stung by a wasp.

One day John did something which she did not like. Out flashed the angry fires from her large black eyes, as she pouted her lips until they looked twice their proper size. Her brother, who was full of good-nature, laughed, and said—

"Look out, Jeanie, or I'll take a seat up there on your lip!"

This funny remark fell like sunshine on Jeanie's heart, and changed her pouts into a smile at once. With a sly glance at her brother she replied—

"Then I'll laugh, and you will fall off."

Thus Johnny's soft answer turned Jeanie's wrath into good humour. Had he pouted and spoken back, both of them would have been made unhappy. I hope the boys will all speak kindly when their sisters pout, and I hope, too, that all the girls will leave off pouting. Pouting spoils their good looks, and makes them ugly in the sight of God and man.

DON'T GIVE UP.

"I CAN'T do it, father. Indeed I can't."

"Never say can't, my son; it isn't a good word."

"But I can't, father. And if I can't, I can't. I've tried, and tried; and the answer won't come out right."

"Suppose you try again, Edward," said Mr Williams, the father of the discouraged boy.

"There's no use in it," replied the lad.

"What if you go to school to-morrow without the correct answer to the sum?"

"I'll be put down in my class," returned Edward.

Mr Williams shook his head, and his countenance assumed a grave aspect. There was a silence of a few moments, and then Edward said confidently, "I will try, and I know it will come out right next time."

And so it did. One more earnest trial, and his work was done. Far happier was he after this successful effort than he could have been, if, yielding to a feeling of discouragement, he had left his task unaccomplished.

And so all will find it. Difficulties are permitted to stand in our way that we may overcome them; and only in overcoming them can we expect success and happiness. The mind, like the body, gains strength and maturity by vigorous exercise. It must feel and brave, like the oak, the rushing storm, as well as bask amid gentle breezes in the warm sunshine.

WHAT AM I GOING TO DO?

ONE afternoon a boy saw a person drop his purse. He picked it up and put it in his pocket, and was walking off with it. "What am I going to do?" came into his mind; and the answer followed:—"I am going away with a purse of money that does not belong to me. This is not honest; I shall be a thief if I do so. God has said, 'Thou shalt not steal.'" In another moment he ran after the person, and gave up the purse.

"What am I going to do?" asked a boy who took his fishing-tackle instead of his books, and was stealing out of the back-door of his father's house. "I am going to play truant, deceive my parents, neglect my school, and go in the company of bad boys." The case looked a bad one: he turned about, put away his fishing-tackle, found his satchel, and ran off to school.

These boys were saved from much evil by stopping to think. Solomon says, "Ponder the path of thy feet."

THE "GUEST'S" BIBLE QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNG.

BIRDS.

WHO says, "I chattered as a crane or a swallow, and mourned like a dove?"

What bird was first sent out of the ark?

What did the dove bring back in her mouth?

In what place are we told the eagle dwells?

Where does the ostrich lay her eggs?

What does she forget regarding them?

How does she treat her young?

Where are we told that "they who wait upon the Lord shall mount up on wings as eagles?"

What birds did God bring up out of the sea to feed the Israelites?

To whom did the ravens bring food morning and evening?

Where is the sweet season of spring called "the time of the singing of birds?"

In the shape of what bird did the Spirit descend on Jesus?

Of what tree is it said, "The birds of the air lodge in the branches thereof?"

Who compares himself to a pelican, an owl, and a sparrow?

In what touching lamentation is allusion made to a hen and her chickens?

By what bird was Peter reminded of his sin?

Where are we taught God's care over us by comparison with sparrows?

Where does Jesus shew His extreme poverty while on earth by comparison with the birds of the air?



A FAMILY MAGAZINE FOR SUNDAY READING.

REVISED BY THE REV. NORMAN M'LEOD, D.D., GLASGOW.

WEEKLY NOS. ONE HALFPENNY.]

[MONTHLY PARTS, THREEPENCE.

TIMES AND SEASONS.

BY W. C. BOARDMAN, D.D.

TIMELINESS marks all the works and ways of God.

Truth has its seasons, and the kingdom of God has its periods.

The kingdom of heaven, says our Saviour, is as a grain of mustard-seed, the least of all seeds; but when it is grown, it is one of the greatest of plants, tree-like, in which the birds of the air may rest themselves and build nests for their young.

At the right time the seed of the kingdom is ripened and dropped into the earth, along the banks of the river of the waters of life. And the sown seed knows the spring-time, and snuffs the sunshine and showers: bursting its prison shell, it sends down its roots for moisture and strength, and sends up its stem for light and air; and comes out in spring freshness and beauty. It has also its summer-time when it ripens its fruits, and its autumn for filling the garner.

This is true of every child of God—of every Church of Christ upon earth, and of the whole Church militant collectively taken. Revivals may have been a novelty in the days of Enos, when men first began socially to call on the name of the Lord; but from that day to this they have been the law of the kingdom. Times of refreshing from the presence of the Lord may have taken Abel by surprise, at that first altar of God at the east gate of Eden, as they evidently did take Cain by surprise, making him gnash his teeth upon Abel, as the murderers of all martyrs have done. But they were understood to be the order of God's economy in the days of the apostles, and indeed in every age of the world.

It is beautiful to mark the times and occasions of truth in its connexion with the orderly march of events, as in single file, with solemn tread, they come forward at the command of the Lord.

The translation of Enoch was just at the

time when the heavens had become overcast with dark clouds of unbelief, and a window in heaven was needed that man might see it, and not forget *that there is a heaven above.*

The flood came just when the fear of God had died out, and violence had run riot, filling the earth; just in time to let all after generations know that there is a God of justice and judgment ruling over all, who does not shrink from wrapping a world in its own winding-sheet, regardless of its agonising shrieks of despair, if the cry of its guilt and the call of justice demand it.

The overthrow of Babel and the confusion of tongues, was just at that moment when the pride of man and his desire to cast off fear and restrain prayer had concentrated and culminated in the great city and tower, which were to be at once both the glory and the safety, and the bond of union of the whole human race. The plan of the mighty hunter, and hero, and builder, Nimrod, was laid and almost completed. With every successive course of bricks upon the tower, the pride of the people and their feeling of security rose, and the bond of their union was strengthened, and the fear of God weakened. Dependence upon God had ceased. They were now no more afraid to give loose reins to luxury and ease. Vice and crime could live, and fatten, and run riot in fancied security.

Just then it was that God overthrew their city and tower, confounded their speech, broke up their confederacy, and scattered them over the earth, hopeless of ever being united again. A timely lesson to the whole world that there is no tower of safety but God alone, and no abiding city save the city of God, and no glorying except in the Lord which will not be put to shame, and no union that can stand except the union of the one faith, by the one baptism, under the one Lord, in the one family of our Father in heaven.

The call of Abraham was just at the moment when idolatry was fairly beginning to rise and make head in the world, and when, therefore, it was needful to make head against it. Destined to take to itself the splendour of king's courts, and the power of the nations, entrenching itself strongly in the passions and vices of the people, and fortifying itself in their perverted religious propensities, it was needful to separate a nation from all the world to receive the oracles of God, and preserve His worship, and become the nursing mother of the gospel for the whole world. Just then it was that Abraham was called and commissioned to become the father of the one nation, and the father of all who should believe in the true God, that to them as to him it might be reckoned for righteousness.

The exode, four hundred and thirty years after, with its great battle in the court of Pharaoh, between idolatry—now installed in its pomp, and pride, and power—and the faith of the one God, followed by the overthrow in the Red Sea, and the triumph of truth, was again just in time to teach the world that idols, with all the lying wonders the father of lies can work to sustain them, are nothing but vanity and lies.

And the laws and institutes given from Sinai with the worship of God—established and perfected in all its prophetic types and imposing power—were just in time to give form and front to the cause of Jehovah before an idolatrous world, as well as to hold the people themselves, and prepare the way for the Messiah who should fulfil the types, and give substance to the shadows, and become the atoning high priest, and the deliverer of His people both from their guilt and from their sins.

The change from a commonwealth to a kingdom, with its rapid rise in power, and opulence, and glory under Saul, and David, and Solomon, with the building of the temple, was all just in time again, when the elements of strength had all been accumulated to combine them, and give imposing form and power to the religion of Jehovah in the eyes of the world.

And the captivity in Babylon. When Babylon itself was a combination of the whole world into a single empire, was just at that opportune moment when the Jews themselves needed to be humbled in the dust for their overweening pride and shameful idolatry, and when at the same time through them, in their humility, God could teach the world through His servants in the court, and their influence upon the king, the worship of Jehovah as the one only true God, just in time for the second greatest battle and victory of the true God over idols.

The coming of Christ is happily marked by the apostle as just then when the fulness of time had come. When the Jewish dispensa-

tion was waxing old and ready to pass away, and when the Greek was the written language of the world, and the Roman power the governing power of the world, and when the world was all connected in the one empire of Rome, and all open to the apostles and primitive Christians to go with the gospel to every creature, and when idolatry in all the civilised world was in its dotage, the byword and laughing-stock of the learned. When, in short, there was an open field for a fair contest, such as there never had been before.

The advent of the Holy Spirit, when Pentecost had fully come, was just when the time for it had fully come also.

Just when the great work of atonement had been finished, the resurrection accomplished, and the risen Saviour had ascended to the right hand of power. Just when a demonstration of His power as the living and almighty Saviour was needed to revive the drooping disciples and convince a gainsaying world. And just when the disciples themselves needed that very baptism of light and love, and peace and power to inspire them with wisdom, and boldness, and strength for their great commission of giving the gospel to the world.

The breaking down of the Jewish walls of prejudice by Peter's vision and Paul's commission, together with the conversion first of Cornelius and his friends, and afterwards of the Gentiles at Antioch, and the proceedings of the apostles and elders in consequence, was just in time to open the way and set the gospel free to fly abroad, run and conquer, and win the day.

The Reformation, passing by the events of fourteen hundred years—each as timely as any before or after—the Reformation came again just when all things were ready. The corruptions of Rome had gone so far that all good men everywhere longed for reform. And the darkness had become so great as to be felt, and felt, too, in all its oppressive power, so as to create a deep and earnest desire for the light of God's Word. The Church was in the condition of one in a cavern, or in the catacombs, in whose hand the light has gradually sunk, until at last it has flickered, and flared, and expired. When, then, he has wandered on, blundering and stumbling in the dark, until at last he has become afraid to take another step without a light. Just as such an one would hail the light with unspeakable joy, just so the people of that day were prepared to hail the light of the Bible. Oh, what joy it gave them, when it came forth; now no longer speaking in an unknown tongue, but in every man's own language, wherein he was born! Germans and Britons; Hollanders and French; Italians and Spaniards; Hungarians and Bavarians; Normans, Danes, Swedes, and all.

Then, too, it should not be forgotten that this was just at the time when the newly-dis-

covered art of printing had prepared the way to give wings to the Word of God, like the angel of the Apocalypse, flying mid-heaven on its mission to the nations of the world, as never could have been done before.

The Great Awakening, two hundred years later, now one hundred years ago, was just in time to arrest the lapsing Church in its downward course, and give it a great impulse upward and onward in preparation for what has come since, and what is now coming, and what is yet to come in the future! To the great central doctrine of justification by faith revived before in the Reformation, the fact of the *new birth*, as an experience for all, was now added to the faith of the Church in the great awakening.

And now in the intervening hundred years, oh, how great events have thickened! The old slow march seems to have hastened into double quick time, and the single file to have formed up into the order of platoons. The *Missionary Era*, commencing fifty years ago, just when simultaneously Bibles began to multiply through the multiplying power of Bible societies, and missionaries began to rise up, to go out into all the world, and the Church began to combine to send them, and the nations began to throw open their doors to receive them, and commerce began to spread its wings anew to take them, and steam-power began to develop the superiority of Christian nations in all the arts of life, and stimulate commerce to carry Christian fabrics into all heathen nations. Just then a new life began in the Church, under the unfolding power of the great commission, which for ages had been allowed to sleep, but now was proclaimed from every pulpit and by every Christian press of Christendom.

As years roll on, the natural sciences unfold, and lead even sceptical minds to abandon Atheism and Pantheism, and come upon the platform of revelation. All machinery is improved. Railroads are invented. Ships are enlarged, and steam is harnessed in to be our servant of all work on sea and land. Electricity is drilled also into service, and a network of veins and arteries is created, producing a grand system of thought circulation, fast binding the nations together into one, or at least bringing them face to face within speaking distance of each other. The printing press is increased by a thousandfold in its productive power, and the gold-fields of California, Australia, and the north, open up their treasures, and pour a golden current into the commercial arteries of the world. And just now, in the midst of all this, God comes down in the power of His Spirit, and arouses the young men and the business men, the laymen and the laywomen, as well as office-bearers in the Church, to meet, and pray, and work for the Master. Hope rises up and begins to stretch forward to the great battle and final triumph. And what now is needed? What

now would be the timely work? and what now the timely truth? There is now more than ever needed two things. First, the millennial *type of Christian character* and life; and, second, the spiritual strength and endurance to carry the Church onward and upward unswervingly to and through the conflict and triumph before us. And these two are one, and this one is the experience of full salvation through full trust in the Lord Jesus Christ.

A DAY IN THE LIFE OF JESUS.

(Continued from page 304.)

THE work to be done for the bodies of men was accomplished, and there yet remained some hours of the summer's day unconsumed. The power and goodness displayed in the miraculous healing, would naturally predispose the people to listen to the instructions of the Saviour. This was too valuable an opportunity to be lost. Our Lord therefore proceeded to speak to them of the things concerning the kingdom of God. We think we perceive the Saviour seeking an eminence from whence he could the more conveniently address this vast assembly. You hear Him unfold the laws of God's moral government. He unmasks the hypocrisy of the Pharisees; He rebukes the infidelity of the Sadducees; He exposes the folly of the frivolous as well as of the selfish worldling; He speaks peaceably to the humble penitent; He encourages the meek, and comforts those that be cast down. The intellect and the conscience of this vast assembly are swayed at His will. The soul of man bows down in reverence in the presence of its Creator. "He stilleth the noise of the seas, the noise of their waves, and the tumult of the people." As He closes His address, every eye is moistened with compunction for sin. Every soul cherishes the hope of amendment. Every one is conscious that a new moral light has dawned upon his soul, and that a new moral universe has been unveiled to his spiritual vision. As the closing words of the Saviour fell upon their ears, the whole multitude stood for a while unmoved, as though transfixed to the earth by some mighty spell; until, at last, the murmur is heard from thousands of voices, "Never man spake like this man."

But the shades of evening are gathering around them. The multitude have nothing to eat. To send them away fasting would be inhuman, for divers of them came from far, and many were women and children, who could not perform their journey homeward without previous refreshment. To purchase food in the surrounding towns and villages would be difficult; but even were this possible, whence could the necessary funds be provided? A famishing multitude was thus unexpectedly cast upon the bounty of our

Lord. He had not tempted God by leading them into the wilderness. They came to Him of themselves, to hear His words and to be healed of their infirmities. He could not "send them away fasting, lest they should faint by the way." In this dilemma, what was to be done? He puts this question to His disciples, and they can suggest no means of relief. The little stock of provisions which they had brought with them was barely sufficient for themselves. They can perceive no means whatever by which the multitude can be fed, and they at once confess it.

The Saviour, however, commands the twelve to give them to eat. They produce their slender store of provisions, amounting to five loaves and two small fishes. He commands the multitude to sit down by companies on the grass. As soon as silence is obtained, He lifts up His eyes to heaven, and supplicates the blessing of God upon their scanty meal. He begins to break the loaves and fishes, and distribute them to His disciples, and His disciples distribute them to the multitude. He continues to break and distribute. Basket after basket is filled and emptied, yet the supply is undiminished. Food is carried in abundance to the famishing thousands. Company after company is supplied with food, but the five loaves and the two fishes remain unexhausted. At last the baskets are returned full, and it is announced that the wants of the multitude are supplied. The miracle then ceases, and the multiplication of food is at an end.

But even here the provident care of the Saviour is manifested. Although this food has been so easily provided, it is not right that it be lightly suffered to perish. Christ wrought no miracles for the sake of teaching men wastefulness. That food, by what means soever provided, was a creature of God, and it were sin to allow it to decay without accomplishing the purposes for which it was created. "Gather up the fragments," said the Master of the feast, "that nothing be lost." "And they gathered up the fragments that remained, twelve baskets full."

Dissimilar as are our circumstances to those of our Lord, we may learn from this latter incident a lesson of instruction.

In the first place, as I have remarked, the Saviour did not lead the multitude into the wilderness without making provision for their sustenance. This would have been presumption. They followed Him without His command, and He found himself with them in this necessity. He had provided for His own wants, but they had not provided for theirs. The providence of God had, however, placed Him in His present circumstances, and He might therefore properly look to providence for deliverance. This event, then, furnishes the rule by which we are to be governed. When we plunge ourselves into difficulty, by a neglect of the means or by a misuse of the faculties

which God has bestowed upon us, it is to be expected that He will leave us to our own devices. But when, in the honest discharge of our duties, we find ourselves in circumstances beyond the reach of human aid, we then may confidently look up to God for deliverance. He will always take care of us while we are in the spot where He has placed us. When He appoints for us trials, He also appoints for us the means of escape. The path of duty, though it may seem arduous, is ever the path of safety. We can more easily maintain ourselves in the most difficult position God being our helper, than in apparent security relying on our own strength.

The Saviour, in full reliance upon God, with only five loaves and two fishes, commenced the distribution of food amongst this vast multitude. Though His whole store was barely sufficient to supply the wants of His immediate family, He began to share it with the thousands who surrounded Him. Small as was His provision at the commencement, it remained unconsumed until the deed of mercy was done, and the wants of the famishing host were supplied. Nor were the disciples losers by this act of charity. After the multitude had eaten and were satisfied, twelve baskets full of fragments remained, a reward for their deed of benevolence.

From this portion of the narrative, we may, I think, learn that if we act in faith, and in the spirit of Christian love, we may frequently be justified in commencing the most important good work, even when in possession of apparently inadequate means. If the work be of God, He will furnish us with helpers as fast as they are needed. In all ages, God has rewarded abundantly simple trust in Him, and has bestowed upon it the highest honour. We must, however, remember the conditions upon which alone we may expect His aid, lest we be led into fanaticism. The service which we undertake must be such as God has commanded, and His providence must either designate us for the work, or, at least, open the door by which we shall enter upon it. It must be God's work, and not our own; for the good of others, and not for the gratification of our own passions; and, in the doing of it, we must, first of all, make sacrifice of ourselves, and not of others. Under such circumstances, there is hardly a good design which we may not undertake with cheerful hopes of success, for God has promised us His assistance. "If God be for us, who can be against us?" The calculations of the men of this world are of small account in such a matter. It would have provoked the smile of an infidel to behold the Saviour commencing the work of feeding five thousand men with a handful of provisions. But the supply increased as fast as it was needed, and it ceased not until all that He had prayed for was accomplished.

Perhaps, also, we may learn from this incident another lesson. If I mistake not, it sug-

gests to us that in works of benevolence we are accustomed to rely too much on human, and too little on divine aid. When we attempt to do good, we commence by forming large associations, and suppose that our success depends upon the number of men whom we can unite in the promotion of our undertaking. Every one is apt thus to forget his own personal duty, and rely upon the labour of others, and it is well if he does not put his organisation in the place of God himself. Would it not be better if we made benevolence much more a matter between God and our own souls, each one doing with his own hands, in firm reliance on divine aid, the work which Providence has placed directly before him? Our Lord did not send to the villages round about to organise a general effort to relieve the famishing. In reliance upon God, He set about the work Himself, with just such means as God had afforded Him. All the miracles of benevolence have, if I mistake not, been wrought in the same manner. The little band of disciples in Jerusalem accomplished more for the conversion of the world than all the Christians of the present day united. And why? Because every individual Christian felt that the conversion of the world was a work for which he himself, and not an abstraction that he called the Church, was responsible. Instead of relying on man for aid, every one looked up directly to God, and went forth to the work. God was thus exalted, the power was confessed to be His own, and, in a few years, the standard of the cross was carried to the remotest extremities of the then known world.

Such has, I think, been the case ever since. Every great moral reformation has proceeded upon principles analogous to these. It was Luther, standing up alone in simple reliance upon God, that smote the Papal hierarchy, and the effects of that blow are now agitating the nations of Europe. Roger Williams, amid persecution and banishment, held forth that doctrine of soul-liberty which, in its onward march, is disenthraling a world. Howard, alone, undertook the work of shewing mercy to the prisoner, and his example is now enlisting the choicest minds in Christendom in this labour of benevolence. Clarkson, unaided, a young man, and without influence, consecrated himself to the work of abolishing the slave trade; and, before he rested from his labours, his country had repented of and forsaken that atrocious sin. Raikes saw the children of Gloucester profaning the Sabbath-day; he set on foot a Sabbath-school on his own account, and now millions of children are reaping the benefit of his labours, and his example has turned the attention of the whole world to the religious instruction of the young. With such facts before us, we surely should be encouraged to attempt individually the accomplishment of some good design, relying in humility and

faith upon Him who is able to grant prosperity to the feeblest effort put forth in earnest reliance on His almightiness.

Such were the occupations that filled up a day in the life of Jesus of Nazareth. There was not an act done for Himself; all was done for others. Every hour was employed in the labour which that hour set before Him. Private kindness, the relief of distress, public teaching, and ministration to the wants of the famishing, filled up the entire day. Let His disciples learn to follow His example. Let us, like Him, forget ourselves, our own wants, and our own weariness, that we may, as He did, scatter blessings on every side, as we move onward in the pathway of our daily life. If such were the occupations of the Son of God, can we do more wisely than to imitate His example? Every disciple would then be as a city set upon a hill, and men, seeing our good works, would glorify our Father who is in heaven. "Then would our righteousness go forth as brightness, and our salvation as a lamp that burneth."

SCRIPTURAL TOPOGRAPHY.

THE SAVIOUR'S ROUTE TO THE TOMB.

BY J. T. BARCLAY, M.D., MISSIONARY TO JERUSALEM.

THE Cenaculum, or upper room where our adorable Redeemer ate the last paschal supper, and instituted the commemorative ordinance of His death, is located by tradition in the south-west quarter of Mount Zion. But there is no special authority for the location assigned it on that remote part of the Holy Hill. When our Saviour directed two of the apostles, Peter and John, to go and prepare the passover, they were in Bethany; and in discharging their commission were compelled, unless they would act contrary to all the dictates of convenience, to enter the city either at the Horse Gate on Ophel, the Fish Gate on Bezetha, or the intermediate East Gate of the Temple, which, presenting much the shortest and most available route over the Red Heifer Bridge, they would probably select. "And when they were entered into the city, there met them a man bearing a pitcher of water," which, being a sight so very unusual, indicated him with great certainty, whom they accordingly followed where he entered in. (See Luke xxii. 11.) Now it is not at all probable that a man from that remote western part of the city, where the traditionary Cenaculum is placed, would come over to the eastern part for water, when he was much nearer to the "Lower Gihon" on the west, and Siloam on the south—and even in that event, there would be no propriety in the term "meet"—for let it be noted that *they met a man bearing a pitcher of water*,—a fact quite significant in locating the "upper room"—an upper room in more senses than one. Let it now be supposed that the "large upper

room, furnished and prepared," was situated on the eastern brow of Zion; and that the "goodman" to whom it belonged had gone to the west part of the city to get a jar of fresh Gihon or Etham water for the feast. A man bearing a pitcher of water—so rare a sight as to be distinctive—must have been poor, and could scarcely afford a guest-chamber that would be adequate to the accommodation of the apostles and the company of the hundred and twenty. The two apostles having passed through the Temple, and crossed the great bridge, would probably not proceed far before they would meet him bearing the water, and according to instructions, return with him, and then make ready the passover. All the conditions of the case are amply fulfilled in this view of the matter, and the most exact requirements of the narrative satisfied. The supper being ended, the consolatory address concluded, and the hymn sung, they must needs go either through the Temple or the Fish Gate, if they would reach the Garden of Gethsemane by an easy and available route. Being there apprehended, after His agony, and led away to Annas first, He was led down the gloomy vale of Kedron, across Tophet, through Gehenna, and up the steep sides of the "Hill of Evil Counsel"—if indeed tradition has properly located the country-seat of Annas. In order to reach the palace of Caiaphas, the high priest, which was situated on the northernmost part of Mount Zion, hard by the Acro-Zion wall, not far from the Armoury, the choice of route would lie between four gates—the Fountain Gate, between the walls at Siloam, through which King Zedekiah fled, the Gate of the Essenes, the Dung Port, and Valley Gate. The route through the Essenes' Gate would be the nearest, but steepest way. The remainder of the night after "Annas had sent him bound to Caiaphas, the high priest," his son-in-law, he is detained in the Hall of the High Priest, enduring the insults of the officers, and the inquisitorial examination of Caiaphas. The route by which the Saviour was led from Gethsemane to the house of Annas, and thence to the palace of Caiaphas, is mere matter of conjecture; but henceforth the various points to which He was led are well ascertained: for early in the morning "the elders of the people, and the chief priests, and the scribes came together, and led Him to their Council House," to reach which they might either pass through the nearest gate in the Acro-Zion wall, and thus directly across the Tyropæon, or more probably go round, over the bridge and through the south-west part of the Court of the Gentiles—for the Council House seems to have had an entrance from the Temple as well as from the city. The Sanhedrim and its subalterns, having condemned, mocked, and blasphemously maltreated Him, "then led they Jesus from Caiaphas unto the judgment hall of Pilate; and it was early; and they themselves went

not into the judgment hall lest they should be defiled; but that they might eat the passover. Pilate then went out to them." "The judgment hall of Pilate" was undoubtedly a large apartment in the tower of Antonia, situated in the north-west corner of the Temple area, and access to it might be had either by going round the western side of the Temple area, or still more directly by entering the western colonnade of the Temple precincts above. Pilate, without condemning Him, sent Him to Herod Antipas, Tetrarch of Galilee, who had no doubt come up to the feast, and was occupying the magnificent palace of Herod the Great, near the Tower of Hippicus, where the chief priests and scribes stood and vehemently accused Jesus, and Herod ("that old fox") with his men of war set Him at nought, and mocked Him, and arrayed Him in a gorgeous robe, and sent Him again to Pilate. The governor having examined Him, informed the chief priests and the rulers and the people assembled in the yard of Antonia, that, as neither he nor Herod could find anything worthy of death in the Messiah, he would chastise and release Him. But the malicious hierarchs having finally extorted His condemnation, He is taken into the Pretorium by the soldiers, arrayed in mock royalty, buffeted and smitten, treated with the utmost indignity and cruelty; and finally Pilate, occupying his judgment seat out on Gabbatha, or the pavement, brought Him out of the Pretorium, and finding his final "*Ecce-homo*" appeal in vain, delivered Him to them to be crucified, and that too when he himself, as well as his accuser, and Herod, the *conscientious* murderer of John the Baptist, all pronounced Him innocent. And as they came out from the gate in the tower at the north-east corner of the Temple enclosure, they compelled Simon, who passed by "the Temple Gate on his way to the Fish Gate, as he was" coming out of the country, "to bear His cross" to Golgotha.

The distance traversed by the Saviour between the upper room and Golgotha was from four and one third to five miles, as follows (if the house of Annas be correctly located):—

From Zion to Gethsemane	850 to 900 yds.
" Gethsemane to House of Annas	2300 " 2400 "
" House of Annas to High Priest's Palace	1400 " 2100 "
" H. P. Palace to Council House	200 " 400 "
" Council House to Pretorium (in Antonia)	350 " 400 "
" Pretorium to Herod's Palace	950 " 1000 "
" Herod's Palace back to Pretorium	950 " 1000 "
" Pretorium to Golgotha	500 " 600 "
	7500 " 8800 "

The extraordinary despatch with which the Saviour was apprehended, tried, condemned, and executed by the Jewish hierarchy, is not alone indicative of their vindictive malice, but clearly shews their fear of a rescue. Equally obvious is the fact that the people within the Temple enclosure were induced to

or His blood by the priests, who probably admit none but such as they or otherwise influence; and that nation was unwillingly wrung from is too palpable to be denied. For rity of Jesus with the people gene- only manifest from the general Gospel narrative, but is especially by the fact that "there followed t company of people, and of women, o bewailed and lamented Him." i. 27.) The road to Anathoth and cities of the priests, was probably assing close by (as it now runs at quarter), and it is quite reason- suppose that the passers-by, who eir heads and reviled Him, were f that disaffected region. We are old that the west side of Jerusalem e of sepulture, nor is there any sign r was so used; and even if it had priests would never have hazarded of their victim by sending Him e city to execution at the place now ary, even had it been (which, how- s not) without the city wall. It is of the conditions of the narrative e met their fulfilment on that side (granting for a moment that the Church of the Holy Sepulchre was e beyond the city wall), but there hat could not possibly be supplied : quarter. The crucifixion might ave occurred near the city, on that to which a road might have passed. ell-known existence of extensively and occupied suburbs in that ould be fatal to the accommoda- great crowd, to the prospect from o the existence of any place "over he cross, where the women could movements of the soldiers. Nor priests be accommodated with a ccount of intervening houses and at the place I venture to designate, there no clashing, but every indim- ply met and minutely fulfilled. of thousands could witness it from n slope of Olivet afar off; and on dges, just across the Kedron, "over olgotha, the women could sit so observe the disposition made of the orpse.

CK IN THE VALLEY OF EL- GHOR.

Petra in his hill-tomb sleeps;
stones of emptiness remain;
her sculptured mystery sleeps
lonely wastes of Edom's plain.

the doom'd dwellers in the cleft
bow of vengeance turn'd not back;
her myriads none are left
ing the Wady Mousa's track.

In the hot Arabian day
arches spring, her statues climb;
unged, the graven wonders pay
tribute to the spoiler, Time!

Unchanged the awful lithograph
Of power and glory undertrod,
Of nations scatter'd like the chaff
Blown from the threshing-floor of God.

Yet shall the thoughtful stranger turn
From Petra's gates, with deeper awe
To mark afar the burial urn
Of Aaron on the cliffs of Hor—

And where upon its ancient guard
The Rock, El-Ghor, is standing yet,
Looks from its turrets desert-ward,
And keeps the watch that God has set,

The same as when in thunders loud
It heard the voice of God to man;
As when it saw in fire and cloud
The angels walk in Israel's van;

Or when from Ezion-geber's way
It saw the long procession file,
And heard the Hebrew timbrels play
The music of the lordly Nile;

Or saw the tabernacle pause,
Cloud-bound, by Kadesh-barnea's wells,
While Moses graved the sacred laws,
And Aaron swung his golden bells.

Rock of the desert! prophet-sung!
How grew its shadowing pile, at length,
A symbol, in the Hebrew tongue,
Of God's eternal love and strength.

On lip of bard and scroll of seer,
From age to age went down the name,
Until the Shiloh's promised year,
And Christ, the Rock of Ages, came!

The path of life we walk to-day
Is strange as that the Hebrews trod;
We need the shadowing rock, as they;
We need, like them, the guides of God.

God send His angels Cloud and Fire,
To lead us o'er the desert land!
God give our hearts their long desire—
His shadow in a weary land!

—J. G. Whittier.

THE CONVERSION OF DR BUNTING.

A CIRCUMSTANCE, very trifling in itself, brought him to decision. The love-feast, a meeting where, under the direct presidency of the pastor, and under such control as he may think fit to exercise, religious experience is related, is another of the institutions of Methodism. At these meetings, which have survived many bitter libels, bread and water are partaken in common by the people present. The ticket of membership with the society, given to all who meet in class, or a special note from the minister, is the only passport for adult persons; but young people are often taken to enjoy the novelty or variety of the service, and in the case of very little ones, the bread,—always so made as to please simple palates. Accordingly, Mary Bunting, never absent on such occasions, was wont to take her son with her; and the quarterly recurrence of them was an event to which he looked forward with interest. It seems that the regulation as to admittance had, during Benson's charge of the circuit, been frequently relaxed; and my father, getting well on in his teens, had never yet been asked for his ticket. But Alexander Mather came as the superintendent. Him I must leave for the present,

except to record that he was a strict disciplinarian. He was shocked to hear that big boys who had not joined the society were in the habit of attending the love-feast, and at once put a stop to the practice. The first occasion of the kind after his arrival saw Jabez Bunting shut out. His mother seized the opportunity. Perhaps even she was not fully aware of the effect produced upon him by Benson's preaching. "I do not know what you think of it, Jabez," she said; "but to me it seems an awful thing that, after having been carried there," (probably she thought of the time when she had carried him to the chapel for Wesley's blessing,) "you should now be excluded by your own fault." He once said, in a meeting of the kind, "Many attribute their conversion to their having attended a love-feast; I owe mine to having been shut out of one." Both the fact and his relation of it strikingly illustrate his religious experience and habits. His mother left him; but again to use his own words, "the blow was struck in the right place." She, a happy Christian, "went up with the multitude that kept holyday;" he, into his closet, to think and to pray. He is now in paradise, praising God for the transaction of that hour! Not that then—and an Alleluia supplies me with another golden sentence—he "closed with God in Christ;" but that then he set about that strenuous and struggling effort to find forgiveness, peace, and power, which the worst never made in vain. He, once for all, renounced sin; bound himself to God's service, by holy purpose and resolution; asked His mercy and help; pleaded His promises; and, if with but feeble faith, felt and groped after the one everlasting Truth of Christ, "the propitiation for our sins, and not for ours only, but also for the sins of the whole world," which, embraced and realised as his very own, should make him a loving and rejoicing, and, so, a regenerate creature. Standing on his father's door-step, one day soon afterwards, he did embrace and realise it, as placed alluringly within his reach by the revealing and persuading Spirit; he saw and knew, that God, for Christ's sake, both could and would pardon and accept him; with every power and faculty of soul and spirit, he ventured himself on Christ, and was, consciously, pardoned and accepted; or, as Methodists love to say, in phrases which the Bible has made ready to their hand, he "was set at liberty." Having "much forgiven," he "loved much." His heart was "enlarged, inflamed, and filled" with new and infinite affections. He was "turned about" "from sin to God." He had a new will, and a new command of it; his desires, courses, and pursuits, his entire life,—“all things,”—became “new.” This was his conversion.

Infancy and childhood had, indeed, been full of gracious thoughts, and of earnest wishes to be religious; and the meditative boy had always intended, at some not distant

period, to become so. But, until now he had not solved the one great problem of the soul's probation. Thoughts, wishes, and intentions had not ripened into action; because he *could* "not serve the Lord God." Now, they were "brought to good effect." "A sinful man,"—one who had sinned, and, remaining as he had been, could not but sin,—went "in peace;"—of necessity, choice, or habit, to "sin no more." And these were not mere fancies, but facts in the history of his mind and heart, as demonstrable as those of his outer and corporeal life. Who, at all events, will say that this statement of them is not rational, credible, and consistent?—*Life of Jabez Bunting, D.D.*

MISCELLANIES.

BY THE REV. T. L. CUYLER.

NOW!

STANDING, a few days since, by the bedside of a man who was sinking in the agonies of Asiatic cholera, he turned his glassy eye upon me, and said—"A few hours more, a few hours more to prepare!" Thirty minutes after, I met one of his neighbours hurrying through the streets towards the undertaker's. Poor J— was already in another world. How often had the unhappy man heard from my pulpit, "*Now* is the accepted time;" but never had I proclaimed that warning to him so earnestly as he did to me in that dying cry, "A few hours more, a few hours more!" And from a thousand death-beds comes the same thrilling announcement every day. "*Now* is the accepted time," echoes in the year of every living man. To the impenitent man, the voice proclaims, *Now* is the time to make your peace with God. To the minister of Christ it says, *Now* is the time to press the religion of the gospel on every conscience. To the church-member it says, *Now* is the time for prayer and earnest labour, for mayhap the Judge standeth at the very door!

"Seek religion *now*," was the advice of a young man to his brother in the State of M—. The one thus appealed to had been somewhat thoughtful, but strove to parry his convictions. That very night he had engaged to attend a dancing party, and before he set off, he solemnly promised the anxious brother, who was pleading with him, that "as soon as that ball was over he would attend to the salvation of his soul." He went. The saloon was thronged. The lights were blazing. The line was formed for the dance, the first sound of the viol arose on the air. He stepped forward, and reeled, and fell breathless on the floor! His "*now*" was in eternity, his soul was at the bar of God!

Impenitent reader! when and where has God assured you of the morrow? Who has guaranteed to you that the door of mercy shall stand open another day? Who has pro-

mised you that the knocking monitor at your conscience should knock again?

"To-morrow is in another world," and lest your soul should be there before the sun sets again, flee, oh flee to the cross of Jesus NOW!

THE CITY ON A HILL.

"How did Roger Sherman vote?" inquired Mr Jefferson once, as he entered the hall of Congress while a question was being taken; and, as the story goes, he recorded his vote on the same side, without knowing much of the merits of the question itself. This was a high tribute to the good sense of the Connecticut shoemaker, and proved him to be a man for others to *steer by*.

Now, it is not improbable that our Saviour had reference to the same thing in morals when he told His disciples that they were "cities on a hill." The idea seems to be something more than mere conspicuousness. When the great Teacher first pronounced this memorable comparison of a good man with a conspicuous city, His eyes may have been looking to the ancient town of Saphet, which stood upon a lofty elevation, high above the waves of Galilee. It was in full sight, and seen from afar. It was as if He had said, "Ye are like yonder city of Saphet, set upon a hill." That city is always there, always in one place, lifting its white domes to the morning sun, and flashing back his evening rays from its high battlements. It is an object to take the compass by—an object by which the traveller from Syria and from Lebanon may guide his steps. The fisherman, as he pushes his light shallop over the placid bosom of Gennesaret, knows which way to steer his little craft, for yonder looms up Saphet, the "city on a hill." The dwellers hard by knew which way was north, and which was south, by looking out towards the lofty city. It was *always* on its hilly throne.

So is it with a man of Bible principle. He is a moral Saphet. Other men can steer by him. Other men often judge of the wisdom or rightfulness of things by the position which he occupies. He is on a hill—firm, well established, not seeking to be conspicuous, but yet *not ashamed to be seen*. It requires a sound conscience to be all this. It requires grace. It requires holy and consistent living. This controlling and directing godliness of character "goeth not out" but by much prayer, watchfulness, self-denial, and careful walking with God.

WHEAT OR CHAFF?

EVERY church has more or less chaff in it. Not from hypocrisy; for I do not believe that the sin of cool-blooded falsehood is very often committed at the church-door. Not always either from backslidings; for many a mistaken professor never had a real position on the rock to slide from. These cases did not

begin in hypocrisy, nor result from apostasy; they began in *self-deception*. And for this very reason there ought to be close sifting and thorough winnowing on the threshing-floor.

Nominal piety in the church commonly has found its way there in this way, or some way very much like it. A candidate for church-membership presents himself to pastor and elders. He has been the subject of a spurious religious excitement. His first feelings were alarm under the terrors of God's law, and dread of hell. These he mistook for contrition. Afterwards he fell into the hands of false comforters, and then mistook the reaction of his feelings for conversion. In this critical hour—when he needed wise counsel, cool reflection, and divine help—he has been received as a convert. Before he had sufficient time to test himself or *winnow his motives*, he has hurried into the church with vows upon his soul that now no longer bind him or deceive others about him. He joined in haste; he has repented at leisure. To him church-membership is a yoke of galling bondage. He is chained to a church, instead of being happily wedded to Jesus, as a branch is united to the vine. Is not this the sad biography of many a self-deceived professor.

The only way to save men from such wretched mistakes, and to preserve the Church of God from corruption, is to *winnow the wheat from the chaff*. Before a candidate presents himself for admission to the visible fold of Christ, he ought to be able to give an honest affirmative with his lips and with his life to these six searching questions:—

Do you hate *sin*, and fight it daily?

Do you distrust *self*, and watch it closely?

Do you trust *Christ*, and Him entirely?

Do you love *souls*, and labour for them faithfully?

Do you *live* as you pray, or only pray as you live?

Do you make *duty* your delight, and find a cross well born your highest crown?

A sincere "I do" to these questions may lead any self-searcher to hope that he is of the *wheat* which God will gather into His garner. But he who cannot abide the fanning-mill of these six questions must conclude that he is still of that "chaff" which the wind bloweth away."

DWELLING IN TENTS.

THE tent is a style of human habitation appropriate for a warm climate and a roving pastoral life. It indicates a less settled residence than the booth or hut, but more prosperity; while it implies less advancement in the arts and sciences than belongs to life in fixed habitations and within city walls. Every reader of the Bible knows that the ancient patriarchs were dwellers in tents, and that these have been much used in the East

throughout Bible times—Paul himself having been a tent-maker; but few are aware how general this mode of life is in Palestine and the adjacent lands, and how many an Arab patriarch may even now be seen sitting in his tent-door, in the cool of the day, like Abraham, ready to exercise a free hospitality.

The truth is, that in those warm climates men, women, and children live far more in the open air than is customary with us. Their daily avocations and their wonted pleasures both call them abroad, and the style of their dwellings is of less importance than ours, who pass so much of our life within doors. It was thus in ancient times, as a moment's recollection of the life of Christ and His apostles will shew. How large a portion of His miracles were wrought, and His instructions given, in the open air! Indeed, the whole Bible has the freshness of clear sunshine and the odour of fields, rather than the closeness of ceilings and cloisters.

But life in tents was especially appropriate to those whose wealth lay in flocks and herds, and whose residence was necessarily changed according to the wants of their charge. Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, moved their tents when the pasture failed, and pitched them in a fresh spot. The ten sons of Jacob led their flocks from the vale of Hebron to Shechem and to Dothan; and the twelve tribes, while in the desert, and to no small extent afterwards, were dwelling in tents. Hence the current expression, "Every man to his tents, O Israel!" and the frequent allusions in Scripture to this mode of life.

Thus each part of the tent is mentioned—the coarse cloth of which it was made, the poles and cords on which the covering rested, and the wooden pins used to fasten the cords to the ground (Judges iv. 21; Isa. liv. 2). These temporary dwellings were easily removed. A few moments sufficed to pull up the stakes of a tent, loosen its cords, drop its coverings to the ground, fold it up, and pack it on the camel's back, ready for a day's journey, and a quick erection at its end. So King Hezekiah says, "Mine age is departed, and is removed as a shepherd's tent." This easy removal is a great convenience to the modern tribes of Arab robbers, who, when threatened with an attack, can strike their tents almost at a moment's warning, and disappear across the desert.

Travellers in the East are obliged to use tents, and thus necessarily become familiar with this time-honoured mode of life, which clears up many allusions in the Bible. Every morning and evening the Christian on such a journey is forcibly reminded how easily his "earthly house of this tabernacle" may be dissolved, and of his need of "a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." He is also perpetually taught that he is a pilgrim and a stranger on earth, ever journeying, and says, with the poet—

"Here Arab-like I roam,
And nightly pitch my moving tent
A day's march nearer home."

Says Lord Lindsay,—*"There is something very melancholy in our morning flittings. The tent-pins are plucked up; and in a few minutes a dozen holes, a heap or two of ashes, and the marks of the camels' knees in the sand, soon to be obliterated, are the only traces left of what has been for a while our home."*—*"Often," says M'Cheyne, "we found ourselves shelterless before being fully dressed. What a type of the tent of the body! Ah! how often is it taken down before the soul is made meet for the inheritance of the saints in light!"*

Dwellers in tents are ill-protected from robbers or from wild beasts, and need the supervision of a watchful Providence. Moses had felt this, times without number, while leading the Israelites through that houseless wilderness, beneath the pillar of cloud and of fire; he remembered, too, the various wanderings of the patriarchs of old, each one the object of infinite love and care; and in the 90th Psalm, extols God for all—*"Lord, Thou hast been our dwelling-place in all generations."* Happy is the man that has placed himself in the care of a covenant God, and knows that wherever his abode may be, and whatever its form and materials, he dwells in the secret place of the Most High, and abides under the shadow of the Almighty; and that when the earthly tabernacle falls, an eternal mansion awaits him on high.

THE BOOK OF JOB.

THE Book of Job is generally regarded as the most perfect specimen of the poetry of the Hebrews. It is alike picturesque in the delineation of individual phenomena, and artistically skilful in the didactic arrangement of the whole work. In all the modern languages in which the Book of Job has been translated, its images, drawn from the natural scenery of the East, leave a deep impression on the mind. "The Lord walketh on the heights of the waters, on the ridges of the wave, towering high beneath the force of the wind." "The morning red has coloured the margin of the earth, and variously formed the covering of the clouds, as the hand of man holds the yielding clay." The habits of animals are described, as, for instance, those of the wild ass, the horse, the buffalo, the rhinoceros, and the crocodile, the eagle, and the ostrich. We see "the pure ether spread during the heat of the south wind, as a melted mirror over the parched desert."

The poetic literature of the Hebrews is not deficient in variety of form, for while the Hebrew poetry breathes a warlike enthusiasm from Joshua to Samuel, the little book of the gleaner Ruth presents us with a charming and exquisite picture of nature. Goethe, at the

eriod of his enthusiasm for the East, spoke of it "as the loveliest specimen of epic and lyrical poetry which we possess."—*Humboldt's Cosmos*.

THERE IS ROOM.

WHAT a glorious declaration is this in regard to the gospel! There yet is room. Millions have been saved, but there yet is room. Millions have been invited, and have come, and have gone to heaven—but heaven is not yet full. There is a banquet there which no number can exhaust; there are mountains which no number can drink dry; there are harps there which other hands can strike; and there are seats there which others may occupy. Heaven is not full, and there yet is room. The Sabbath-school teacher may say to his class, There yet is room; the parent may say to his children, There yet is room; the minister of the gospel may go and say to the wide world, There yet is room. The mercy of God is not exhausted; the blood of the atonement has not lost its efficacy; heaven is not full. What a sad message it would be if we were compelled to go and say, "There is no more room. Heaven is full. No other can be saved. No matter what their prayers, or tears, or sighs, they cannot be saved. Every place is filled; every seat is occupied!" But thanks be to God, this is not the message we are to bear; and if there yet is room, come inners, young and old, and enter into heaven. Fill up that room, that heaven may be full of the happy and the blessed. If any part of the universe is to be vacant, oh, let it be the dark world of woe!—*Albert Barnes*.

INSCRIPTION

FOR AN ALMS-CHEST MADE OF CAMPHOR-WOOD.

THIS fragrant box that breathes of India's balms
Hath one more fragrance, for it asketh alms;
BUT, though 'tis sweet and blessed to receive,
You know who said, "It is more blest to give."
GIVE, then—receive His blessing—and for me
Thy silent boon sufficient blessing be!

IF Ceylon's isle, that bears the bleeding trees,
With any perfume load the Orient breeze—
If Heber's Muse, by Ceylon as he sail'd,
A pleasant odour from the shore inhaled—
MORE lives in me; for underneath my lid
A sweetness as of sacrifice is hid.

THOU gentle almoner, in passing by,
Smell of my wood, and scan me with thine eye;—
I, too, from Ceylon bear a spicy breath
That might put warmth in the lungs of death;
A simple chest of scented wood I seem,
BUT, oh! within me lurks a golden beam—

A beam celestial, and a silver din,
As though imprison'd angels play'd within;
Hush'd in my heart my fragrant secret dwells;
If thou wouldst learn it, Paul of Tarsus tells;—
NO jangled brass nor tinkling cymbal sound,
FOR in my bosom Charity is found.

Pages for the Young.

MORE WONDERFUL THAN THE TELEGRAPH.

GEORGE and Thomas Bates had often expressed a desire to visit the Telegraph Office. One day after school, these boys went into their father's store, which was just opposite the Telegraph Office, and asked him if he would be so kind as to take them to see this wonderful invention. Their father was not so occupied as to prevent his granting their request; and the next moment they were by the side of the agent, looking at the performance of the little instrument that noted down intelligence like a living thing.

The boys entreated their father to send a message to their uncle in Washington. This he consented to do, but the little machine was so busy that the agent had no opportunity to gratify them.

Tic, tic, tic, dot, dot, click, click, click, went the little pointer. By and by it ceased for an instant, but just as the agent was going to put in his claim, it began again. After a while their turn came. The agent hurried to put in a W for Washington, and "Ay," "ay," was the reply, to let him know that his wish was attended to, and the message was sent.

In the evening the boys could talk of nothing but the wonders of the Magnetic Telegraph, "Is it not the most wonderful thing you ever heard of, father?" said Thomas.

"No," replied his father; "I have heard of things more wonderful."

"But, father," said George, "you never heard of any message being sent so quickly as by this means, have you?"

"Yes, I have, my son."

"And you receiving an answer as quickly?" added George.

"Yes, much sooner," replied his father.

"Are you in earnest, father?" said Thomas, drawing his chair close to his father, and looking eagerly in his face. "Is it possible you know of a more wonderful way of communication than by telegraph?"

"I never was more in earnest, my son, than I am when I say 'Yes' to your question."

"Well, father," said George, "do tell me what it is, and in what respect it is better than the telegraph."

"In the first place," said his father, "you do not have to wait to send your message while others are attended to; for your message can go with thousands of others, without any interruption or hindrance."

"So that is an improvement," said George; "for we had to wait a long time, you know."

"And in the next place," continued his father, "there is no need of wires, or electricity, or any machinery, to aid the mode of communication of which I speak; and what is more wonderful than all, is the fact that you need not even *express* the nature of your

communication, as, before you do so, your answer may be returned, though it is necessary that you truly and sincerely desire a favourable reception for your request.

"Besides all this, the plan of communication of which I speak is superior to all others, from the fact that you need not resort to any particular place to send your request. In the lonely desert—on the trackless ocean—in the crowded city—on the mountain top—by night or by day—in sickness and health, and especially in trouble and affliction, the way of communication is open to all. And the applicants can never be so numerous that the simplest desire of the feeblest child, properly presented, shall not meet with immediate attention."

"Is there any account published of this wonderful manner of communicating your wishes?" inquired Thomas.

"Yes, there is, my son; and I hope your interest will not be diminished when I tell you it is to be found in *the Bible*."

"*In the Bible*, father?" exclaimed both boys.

"Certainly, my sons; and if you will both get your Bibles, I will tell you where to find the passages confirming what I have said."

The children opened their Bibles, and found, as their father directed them, the 24th verse of the 65th chapter of Isaiah, which Thomas read as follows—"And it shall come to pass, *that before they call, I WILL ANSWER; and while they are yet speaking, I WILL HEAR.*"

Next, George found and read the 9th verse of the 58th chapter of Isaiah—"Then shalt thou call, and the Lord shall answer; thou shalt cry, and he shall say, *Here I am.*"

"Now turn," said their father, "to Daniel, 9th chapter, 20th, 21st, 22d, and 23d verses."

"And while I was speaking, and praying, and confessing my sin, and the sin of my people Israel, and presenting my supplication before the Lord my God; yea, *whiles I was speaking in prayer*, even the man Gabriel, being caused to fly swiftly, touched me about the time of the evening oblation. And he informed me, and talked with me, and said, O Daniel, I am now come forth to give thee skill and understanding. At the *beginning of thy supplications* the commandment came forth, and *I am come to shew thee*," &c.

"I see, father, from these passages," said Thomas, "that you refer to prayer."

"And I am sure you will both agree with me that this mode of communication with heaven is more wonderful than any other; for by this means our desires can be immediately known to our heavenly Father, and we receive an answer."—*American Messenger.*

CHILDHOOD'S SONG.

A LITTLE girl with golden hair
Went singing through the wood—
"I long for heaven, for God is there;
And He is kind and good."

"He doth my daily wants supply,
And guards me with His love;
Oh, had I wings, I'd quickly fly
To that bright land above!"

The little lambs went frisking by;
The happy child pass'd on;
Angels rejoiced above the sky,
To hear her artless song.

She sang and danced upon the green,
In innocence and mirth;
Then went to sleep beside the stream,
But woke no more on earth.

And now she joins her songs of praise
With the blest choir above;
And loud her hallelujahs raise,
Of peace, and joy, and love.

Will you love God, in act and thought,
And raise to heaven your song?
For know, dear child, that time is short,
Eternity is long.

—E. J.

THE "GUEST'S" BIBLE QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNG.

ANGELS.

Who did the angel of the Lord find fountain of water in the wilderness?

To which of the patriarchs did an angel out of heaven?

At what critical moment was this call he

From whose dream do we learn that angels are employed as messengers between earth and heaven?

Where are we enjoined to be kind strangers, as we may thereby be privileged to entertain angels?

To whom did the angel of the Lord appear in a flame of fire out of the midst of a bush?

With what was Gideon employed when an angel appeared to him?

What miracle did the angel perform at the end of his staff?

Who was carried by angels to Abraham's bosom?

Whose face shone as the face of an angel? To whose mother did an angel give instructions regarding the treatment of her son?

What animal once saw an angel standing the way with a drawn sword in his hand?

Who were the three youths that God sent His angel to deliver out of the fiery furnace?

Who out of the den of lions?

Who is spoken of as the archangel or prince of peace?

Who did the angel Gabriel touch about the time of the evening oblation?

Which of the angels was honoured to announce the birth of John the Baptist and Lord Jesus Christ?

When was it that angels ministered to Jesus?

What did the angels roll away from the stone of the sepulchre?

Where are the angels to gather the elect from?

Who is yet to come attended by angels to reward every man according to his work?



A FAMILY MAGAZINE FOR SUNDAY READING.

REVISED BY THE REV. NORMAN MLEOD, D.D., GLASGOW.

WEEKLY NOS. ONE HALFPENNY.]

[MONTHLY PARTS, THREEPENCE.

WILLIAM CAREY—THE FATHER OF MODERN MISSIONARIES.

No historian has told us what kind of a shoemaker was Clarke Nichols of Hackleton; but he had the most wonderful apprentice in Northamptonshire. The son of the parish clerk and schoolmaster of Pury, William Carey had what store of letters his father could give. To this he had added the whole of a Latin vocabulary found somehow. He was always busier with the structure of plants and insects than of soles and uppers. In Nichols' house he found a commentary, with here and there a Greek word. Of course he was puzzled, but was not to be put down. At Pury lived a learned weaver, Tom Jones; and Carey carefully copied each Greek word as best he could, and carried it for a translation.

At sixteen the death of his master transferred him, as a journeyman, to one Mr Old. The well-known commentator, Scott, paid pastoral visits in this family. There his eye was struck by "a sensible-looking lad in his working apron," and he foretold that he would be "no ordinary character." He who thus foresaw his greatness, was a leading instrument of his conversion. Carey, chiefly through the influence of a fellow-servant, received deep religious impressions. That fruitful fear which leads to efforts after salvation, lay heavily upon his soul. Mr Scott's preaching was a blessing to him, which he never forgot; and, by slow and dimly-lighted steps, he rose out of the pit of despondency into the sunshine of Christian life. He had not long experienced the joy of true religion, before he began to tell of it to others. His neighbours relished the words of the wise journeyman. He was called to one village and another to preach. In the midst of this good work he adopted Baptist views; and Dr Ryland of Northampton says, that "on the 5th of October 1783, he baptized a poor journeyman shoemaker in the river Nen, a little beyond Dr Doddridge's chapel in Northampton."

Who, upon the banks of the Nen that day, imagined that the poor youth would win a name on the banks of the Ganges greater than all the celebrities of Northampton?

Mr Old died, and Carey, at nineteen, took a business and a wife. He never was capable of managing the former, and the latter was not to be managed. Not only was she infinitely his inferior, but incapable of understanding his pursuits, or feeling proper respect for his grand character. Nothing prospered but his garden. His congregation could not give him as much as would buy clothes. He was long beset with fever and ague. He trudged and toiled to make and sell shoes; but gave up his first "charge," and came to be over a little Baptist flock in the village of Moulton.

Here he hoped to do well by taking up a school, the master of which had just left the place. But his genius did not lie in the pedagogue's line any more than in the tradesman's. "When I kept school," was his own remark afterwards, "it was the boys that kept me." His gains from this source soon stood at seven and sixpence a-week. His church raised him £11 a-year, and some fund paid him £5. Well might he turn again to the last. He plodded once a fortnight to Northampton with his wallet on his shoulders, full of shoes going, and of leather coming back. Mr Marshman insinuates that he was an indifferent workman; yet his own biographer vindicates his questioned honour on that point, and repeats a saying of his own in defence of it. Mr Marshman, as if to meet this, has his anecdote also. Thirty years after Carey's ugly journeys under the wallet, he was dining with the Marquis of Hastings, Governor-General of India, and, overhearing a general officer inquire of an aid-de-camp whether Mr Carey had not been a shoemaker, he stepped forward and explained, "No, sir, only a cobbler."

Moulton was a memorable place to Carey,

and through his name that of Moulton will never be forgotten. There he went deep into biblical study; there he broke above clown companionship into the society of kindred intellect. The venerable author of "Helps to Zion's Travellers," the father of Robert Hall, became his friend. Dr Ryland was added to his circle; and one day, on descending from a pulpit, the pinched and tried village preacher had his hand grasped, his sentiments commended, his future friendship claimed, by the noble Andrew Fuller. But, above all, here was born within the soul of William Carey that idea which has already made his name renowned, and whence will come to it increasing veneration with every age that our race is continued on earth.

It was in a poor cot, in that poor village, that, after reading "Cook's Voyages," he was teaching some boys geography. Christendom was a small part of the world. The heathen were many. Was it not the duty of Christians to go to the heathen? It does not appear that he had received this idea from any one. His obscure position, and the absence of missionary spirit in his religious associates, kept him from all knowledge of what had been felt or done. God sent the thought direct from heaven into his own soul. It inflamed and filled it. It became his chief theme. With different sheets pasted together he made a kind of map of the world, and entered all the particulars he could glean as to the people of the respective countries. Andrew Fuller found him, the fruitless school abandoned, working at his last with his map on the wall before his eye, which every now and then was raised; and while the hand plied the awl, the sage and glorious mind revolved the condition of that wide world, and its claims on those to whom Christ had made known the riches of His grace. A mission to the heathen! the Bible for the heathen! were the constant thoughts that filled the soul of the never-to-be-forgotten shoemaker of Moulton.

At the age of twenty-eight, Carey removed to Leicester, somewhat improving his circumstances by the change; but, what was more to him, getting among good libraries and cultivated men. As his ample intellect laid in stores of knowledge, the internal fire turned all to missionary fuel. He was one of those grand enthusiasts who can wait, be foiled, and give due place to a thousand ideas beside the ruling one, yet never lose sight of the work resolved upon as that of their lives.

The meeting of Baptist ministers in Nottingham, at the end of May 1792, must ever be noted in the church history of India, and illustrious in that of the Baptist denomination. The pastor of the church at Leicester was appointed to preach. The fire which had burned under the constant musing of five years, to which books of travel, and maps, and histories, had been daily fuel, prophecies and precepts oil, and the discouragement of sage

and good men but covering that sent it deeper, had leave to burst out at last. The pinch of want, the wear of labour, the keen sorrow of inability to give a good cause an influential advocacy, had all wrought deeply on the soul of Carey in his long training. The pent up feelings of five years, pregnant fountains of the events of many centuries, burst out upon the assembled ministers and congregation as if a geyser had sprung at their feet. Dr Ryland said he should not have wondered had the people "lifted up their voice and wept." The burden of that ever-memorable sermon was—

1. Expect great things from God.

2. Attempt great things for God.

Even after this, when the ministers came to deliberate, the idea of doing anything cooled down before the difficulties. When they were about to separate, Carey seized the hand of Fuller, and cried in an agony, "Are you going away without doing anything?" That was the birth-pang of the Baptist Missionary Society. They resolved, "That a plan be prepared against the next ministers' meeting at Kettering, for the establishment of a Society for Propagating the Gospel among the Heathen."

At Kettering they met in the parlour of Mrs Wallis. After difficulties had again risen, and again been vanquished by "Mr Carey's arguments and the irresistible influence of his great mind, the ministers present were prevailed upon to pledge themselves in a solemn vow to God and to each other, to make, at the least, an attempt to convey the gospel message of salvation to some part of the heathen world." A society was formed, and a collection made, amounting to *thirteen pounds, two shillings, and sixpence*: and so the Baptist Missionary Society was brought into existence.

In all London the provincial ministers who had originated this great work could find only one minister of their body to countenance them. "There was little or no respectability among us," said Mr Fuller; "not so much as a squire to sit in the chair, or an orator to address him." But they were doing a work which made them greater than squires, orators, or the decent doctors who frowned upon their zeal. The mission was to be.

But what country should be chosen as its field? A letter came from Bengal, written by a Mr Thomas, asking for subscriptions towards spreading the gospel there. He was a flighty ship's surgeon; one of those creatures who live in the torrid zone which skirts the region of insanity, full of great plans and noble zeal—of crochets, tempers, and talent. Yet this was the instrument used by Providence to open the gospel commission among the Bengalees in their own tongue, and to turn to their shores the firm and well-considered steps of Carey.

Shortly after this Mr Thomas returned

He arrived in time to lay his plans for the infant society. It adopted him as missionary, and appointed Carey to accompany him. This was done in a committee at which Carey was present, doubtless blessing his heart the wonderful man who was the instrument of pointing out to him whither he was to go in his long-sought work. Mr. Mas was unexpectedly announced. Carey sprang up, rushed into his arms, and they pressed each other's necks.

Carey had reached the point at which he steadily aimed for years; but, alas! he was not past his trials yet. His wife would not consent to being dragged with her four children to India. Either loneliness, or a retreat, was forced upon him. With a sore heart he said, "I could not turn back without guilt on my soul." The comfort he did not find in his family, he sought in vain from his colleagues. He was deeply in debt, and hunted by creditors. Then, as to a passage? the question with every intending voyager is not ships but those of the East India Company bound to India; and none of them would take such combustible as Christian missionaries. A director had said that he would not see a band of devils land in India than a band of missionaries. Thomas persuaded the captain of his own former ship to smuggle them out, by taking them secretly aboard at the Isle of Wight. There they went before arrival; and Carey patiently waited for a fortunate passage, with a companion who was constantly dogged by bailiffs, and his wife left behind. At last they were on board, and hope opened for a moment. But the captain at the same time had an anonymous letter, telling him the consequences of secretly carrying objectionable persons to India. They were put ashore, and some of their passage-money sacrificed—that was the money, bought with Carey's labours, Fuller's tears; ay, tears; for, like Dr. Williams, he went from door to door to beg for alms; and, when rebuffed by religious persons in this cold, brick London, he sometimes turned into a bye street, and opened his full heart with weeping.

From Portsmouth Carey saw the fleet of ships set sail for the land where his faith dwelt, and he shed bitter tears. They sailed to London. Men of Thomas's cast, with quick and porous intellect, like cork, never sink.

He bustled about till a Danish India-ship was found. He plagued Mrs. Carey till she consented to go. He took passages for himself and her sister, who accompanied her, servants, that the cost might not exceed his funds. On the 13th of June, 1793, they embarked, and on the 11th of November the oil of Bengal was first pressed by the man whose name will shine on the first pages of Christian history.

(To be continued.)

A TALE OF THE VAUDOIS.

THE 24th of April 1655 was appointed as the day for executing, in the valley of Lucerne, the cruel orders of the Council for the Propagation of the Faith and the extirpation of heretics. This council had its seat at Turin, and the officer commanding the troops which were to execute its decrees was the Marquis Pianezza.

By professing friendly intentions, this officer succeeded in allaying the suspicions of the Lucernese, and entered their valley with an army of 10,000 men. For a time his soldiers were restrained from acts of violence; but when the 24th of April arrived, a tragedy was enacted unsurpassed in the annals of inquisitorial cruelty. The following extract from the testimony of one who was an eye-witness, and whose credibility has been fully attested, will give some idea of the dreadful scene.

The signal having been given on the eminence near La Torre, called Castelus, almost all the innocent creatures who were in the power of these cannibals had their throats cut like sheep in a slaughter-house. Children cruelly torn from their mothers' breast, were seized by the feet and dashed or crushed against the rocks or walls.

The sick and aged, both men and women, were either burned in their houses, or literally cut in pieces, or tied up, stripped of their clothes, like a ball, with their head between their legs, and thrown over the rocks, or rolled down the sides of the mountain. Others they impaled, and in this horrible position placed naked as crosses by the wayside; others were mutilated in various ways.

The valleys resounded with such mournful echoes of the lamentable cries of the wretched victims, and the shrieks wrung from them by their agonies, that you might have imagined that the rocks were moved with compassion, while the barbarous perpetrators of these atrocious cruelties remained absolutely insensible.

The sun went down upon that work of blood, and the silence of desolation reigned throughout Lucerne, except in the small community of Rora. It consisted of twenty-five families, occupying a retired mountain-glen, exceedingly difficult of access. It had received repeated promises of protection from its lord, Count Christophe of Lucerne, in the name of the Marquis of Pianezza. But promises made to heretics were not regarded as binding. On the day some of whose incidents have been described above, 400 or 500 soldiers were ordered secretly to climb an unfrequented path, which would enable them to surprise the dwellings in that lonely district. This they would have accomplished but for Joshua Janavel, a plain, God-fearing man, who had left his residence near Lucerne, and had retired with his family to Rora. He had watched the conduct of the soldiery, and had no confidence in the promises of protection made to the com-

munity in which he now dwelt. With a small band of armed companions, he hung upon the heights, ready to give the alarm upon the approach of a foe, and to make all possible efforts to arrest his progress.

On the day above mentioned, as Janavel, with six well-armed companions, occupied a station upon a ledge of rocks, he saw a movement of the troops in the valley of Lucerne. He rightly judged it to be directed against the hamlet which the Marquis had repeatedly promised to protect. Onward the soldiers moved towards the concealed path which was to conduct them, as they supposed, to a scene of unresisting slaughter. Janavel was familiar with every feature of the mountains, and knew at what point the foe could be met with the best advantage. Bold by nature, and firmly relying on the protection of Heaven, he raised no note of alarm, but resolved to beat back the invaders, 500 in number, with the six sturdy mountaineers who stood by his side. He placed them at the head of a precipitous ledge, whose narrow ascent could be climbed but by few at a time, and in situations which enabled them to fire upon the invaders with perfect security.

In silence they awaited the approach of the murderers of fathers, and mothers, and children. At the proper moment the word was given, and each ball brought down its mark. Not dreaming of an enemy near, unable to advance except in small numbers, ignorant of the number of their invisible opponents, the invaders commenced a precipitate retreat. They were followed by rapid and effective discharges of the weapons of Janavel and his associates. In their terror and headlong haste, they pressed upon each other, trampling some to death, and causing others to fall from frightful precipices. Before they reached a place of safety, sixty of their number had perished.

When the inhabitants of Rora learned the danger they had escaped, they sent a deputation to their hereditary lord, and to the Marquis of Pianezza, to complain of the infraction of the pledges given them, and to excuse themselves for the blood which had been shed by their defenders. They were coolly told, that no division of the army had marched against them; that the party routed were Piedmontese robbers, who well deserved the chastisement they had received. They were again assured that strict orders should be given that no one should trouble them in future.

The very next day furnished another illustration of the Popish principle, that no faith is to be kept with heretics. Six hundred chosen men were ordered to take another route to Rora. They did not escape the vigilance of Janavel. At the head of twelve companions furnished with fire-arms, and six others equipped only with slings and flints, which they well knew how to use, he chose his position, and poured on the head of the column a shower of balls and stones. Unable to reach their

assailants amid the thickets and rocks, where they were most skilfully posted, and each attempt to advance through the narrow defile being met with instant death, the soldiers soon sought safety in flight, with a loss of between fifty and sixty.

Again complaint was made to the Count of Lucerne, and he had the unblushing impudence to affirm, that the attack originated in a mistake, and solemnly assured his people that the like thing should not occur again. But on the following day, from 800 to 900 men were despatched against the devoted hamlet. They succeeded in reaching it, and commenced firing the houses, and dispersed themselves for plunder. Janavel, with a small band, watched their operations, and at a favourable moment, made a vigorous attack upon them. They were struck with fear, and commenced a hasty retreat, leaving their booty and cattle, the principal cause of their defeat.

Pianezza now ordered a fourth attack; and in order to secure certain and signal vengeance, he ordered all the troops in the vicinity to assemble at an appointed day. The day came. Mario, an impetuous and cruel officer, reached the rendezvous before the rest, and desirous of reaping the glory of the expedition, he set out at once at the head of his detachment, which consisted chiefly of Irishmen. They were met by Janavel with seventeen comrades at a point of defence so well chosen, that after an obstinate conflict, they were obliged to flee, leaving sixty-five dead upon the spot. When they had reached, as they had supposed, a place of security, and paused to take breath, Janavel suddenly fell upon them from another quarter, and completed their rout. In the narrow pass by the stream Lucerne, they pressed on one another, and fell from rock to rock into its waves. Among those who thus perished was Mario himself.

Soon after this combat, as Janavel and his troop were seated on a height, they saw a small body of soldiers approaching from another quarter. They immediately placed themselves in an advantageous position. The approaching soldiers mistook them for Papist peasants belonging to the expedition, and pressed forward. Many thus came within reach of the death-shot. Those who escaped fled to the main body, to which they communicated their terror. All joined in flight without taking time to notice the number of their pursuers.

Three days after, the Marquis of Pianezza summoned the people of Rora to attend mass within twenty-four hours. "We prefer death to the mass," was their reply. The Marquis then assembled an army of about 10,000 men to reduce a community of twenty-five families. He divided his army into three bodies, and ordered them to approach Rora in three directions. One of these divisions was arrested in its progress by Janavel and his devoted troops, while the other two reached the devoted hamlet, and inflicted upon the inhabitants all the

ies above noticed as inflicted upon the inhabitants of the valley of Lucerne; 126 per cent with an agonising death. The wife and three daughters of Janavel were reserved for prison. Every dwelling was destroyed, everything valuable carried off by the spoilers.

Janavel, with his heroic companions in arms, aided their escape. Pianezza wrote to him saving him his life, and that of his wife and children, on condition of renouncing his religion, and becoming reconciled to the Church of Rome. In case he refused, he threatened with the loss of his head, and with the ruin of his family at the stake. The hero of the valley replied, "That there were no torments so no death so barbarous, which he could not refer to abjuration; that if the Marquis would spare his wife and daughters pass through the flames he flames could only consume their poor bodies; that as for their souls, he commended them to God, trusting them in His hands with his own, in case it were His pleasure that he should fall into the hands of the executioners."

Those who had escaped from Rora, and other places destroyed by the persecutors, joined themselves together, and with a few brethren from the other valleys, formed a little army, from time to time rushed down from their mountain fastnesses upon detached bodies of foes. Several battles were thus fought by the Vaudois, and considerable success obtained under the conduct of Janavel, and a comrade named Jayer. On one occasion Janavel occupied the heights of Angrogna 3000 men. He was there attacked by 3000 enemy. He repulsed all their attempts, compelled them to retire with the loss of many men. Just as they were retiring, Jayer came near with his troops. The Vaudois then fell down to the plain, and fell on their fighting foe. In the midst of the fierce combat which ensued, a ball passed through the breast of the heroic Janavel. He sent for one who succeeded him in the command, and him some advice, and was carried from the battle-field. Before he recovered from his illness, an end was put to the military operations of the Vaudois by a truce, and afterwards a treaty brought about by the interference of Protestant powers.

A PEEP UNDER GROUND.

(Continued from page 310.)

THE continued his promised story about the miners, as follows:—

Two men were working down a pit together; when all on a sudden they heard that rumbling, like thunder, which warns the miner to make off, because a great crash is going on. Down went their tools, and they stood at the bottom of the shaft in next to no

"One minute, father. What is the shaft?" asked William.

Smith. "I told you that a mine was something like a well, with doors in the sides leading to large places under ground. These places are the parts where they get the coals; the part like a well, which is only for entrance to them, is called the shaft. Standing at the bottom of it, you know, you can see daylight. The basket in which they were used to ride up and down hung there by a chain; the men jumped in, and hallooed to those at the top to draw them up as fast as possible. It began to move, but very slowly; the fearful rumbling came louder—nearer; two minutes more and it might be too late; the men shouted with all their might to those above to be quick if they cared for their lives. Alas! their hearts sank within them when only the feeble voice of a boy replied that the men were gone home to dinner, and that, strive as he could, he had not strength to get the thing to turn any faster. The two men were too heavy for the one child. They looked at each other; both could not be saved—that was fearfully plain, but one might; the handle would turn twice as fast if only one had to be lifted—which, oh! which should it be? It seemed a dreadful choice, and yet there was not a minute in which to make it. Will started up and cried, 'My soul is safe, Tom, and yours is not. Think of my poor wife, and God bless you.' He leaped from the basket back into the mine. The handle turned fast enough then, and Tom set foot above ground at the very moment when the horrid bang beneath told him it was all over with poor Will."

"Oh no, he wasn't killed, father! The finest fellow that ever set foot in a coal mine!"

Smith. "You shall hear. You may think Tom lost not a minute in going down again when it was safe, with help. Poor Will's body should have decent burial, if he could do no more for him! But *can* you think how glad he was when he found him alive—safe—not a hair of his head touched!"

A cry of pleasure broke from the little fire-side party.

"But how could it be, father? Do make us understand."

Smith. "The God whom he loved and feared cared for him in his danger, children, as He did for Daniel in the den of lions. The danger was, the sides of the pit falling on him and crushing him. As God ordered it, the wall on one side of him came away all in a piece, and leaned sloping against the other, so that as he sat crouching on the ground when he heard the crash coming, it fell over him, and not on him, and he had not even a scratch when he was found. And don't you think Tom laid it to heart? He was a drunkard and a swearer; he had been afraid to die. When he thought of Will's saying, 'My soul

is safe, yours is not,' it drove him to his knees that his soul might be safe, too; and that awful day and hour were God's means for making him a Christian."

"Well, father," said William, "I believe it's a fine thing to be a Christian. I'd sooner have acted that part Will did than have been king of the land."

Smith. "And that is just what you will be able to do, my lad, if you go in right earnest to ask to have your soul saved, and your heart made new by the Holy Spirit. None ever asked that of God yet, meaning what they said, and got denied."

"Father," said James, after waiting a minute in respectful silence, "what makes these great crashes come in the coal mines? There must be some reason for it. Was it the water that time?"

Smith. "No, not the water, Jem, but the fire-damp makes these explosions. The fire-damp and the choke-damp, as they call them, are some of the things most to be feared in a coal-mine. You see when we put a bit of coal on the fire the yellow-looking smoke that comes out of it, almost like a gush of water from the pump sometimes; and you know that if you were to put your mouth down and breathe it, it would pretty well choke you."

Jem. "Yes, I had rather not try, thank you, father."

Smith. "I don't wish you should, Jem; but now look at what I am going to do with one of these springs or jets of smoke out of the coal that you brought in." Smith lighted a scrap of paper he had in his pocket at another part of the fire, and touched the yellow gas, or smoke, with it; it burst into a flame.

"Do you see that?" he said. "When this stuff, which they call gas, comes against anything alight, it gets afire in a moment, so that you can mark these two things about it: it would stifle you if you had to breathe it; it would burst into a flame if you carried a light near it. Now, the heat of the fire drives these gases out of the coal *quickly*, but they come out very slowly of themselves, whether there is a fire or not, and then they gather in different parts of the mine. Now you can see what follows if the men come into such a part—they must be choked themselves; and if the lights they carry with them come against the gas, it would burst into flame with a loud noise, and tear asunder the sides of the pit, like the going-off of gunpowder. I read of three poor little pit-boys who were going home after they had done their work, when they missed their way in the mine, and got into a place full of the fire-damp; the two who were furthest in it were choked in a moment, and fell dead, while their lights set the bad air afire, and the explosion almost tore the other lad to pieces. Thank God! his life was spared, but his leg had to be cut off."

William. "But can't they do anything for getting rid of this bad air, father?"

Smith. "They do all they can, dear. In the large pits they have two shafts, one which they call the upward and one the downward, so as to draw the fresh air down into them, and make it pass through the mine. Then they are very careful in closing up parts of the passages they have hewn into the coal with doors, so as rightly to direct the current of fresh air. And as for the danger which comes from carrying a light, the men use now a particular kind of lantern, called a 'Davy,' because a man of the name of Humphrey Davy thought of it. This lantern is covered with fine wire, and prevents the gas firing, because it can't get freely through the wire to the light."

Mary. "I should like to know how they get the coal out, father. Is it with a pick-axe?"

Smith. "If you know how the coal lies, you will be better able to fancy it, Mary. It lies broad and flat in *beds*, as it is called. The beds range from somewhere about three to eight feet in thickness, but stretching out, I believe, sometimes miles broad. Now, as you know, in a good bed, the mattress, and feather-bed, and sheets, and blankets lie spread out one on the top of another, so, spread out over and under these beds of coal, there lie broad sheets of earth, and sometimes three or four beds of coal, one on the top of another, divided by the layers of earth or stone between. When the shaft is made, it sometimes drives through several beds of coal, and into each one the men strike off as they come to it. They hew out a passage which they call a 'bord,' some twelve or fourteen feet broad, and high according to the depth of the coal-bed. Then they turn to the right hand and the left, cutting out other passages on either side, due east and west, if it was north and south when they started. After a while they go north and south again, always making straight streets and sharp corners, till all the bed is cut away except what you may call broad, big, square pillars, with the bords on the east and west sides, and the cross streets north and south."

Jem. "And this is all in the dark, father, under ground! No wonder these poor fellows lost their way, I think, for it seems to me as if one part must be exactly like another."

Smith. "Well, I fancy it must be very much the same thing over again, my lad; but the miners get wise about it, I daresay."

Mary. "I suppose they hew out the coal in hewing out these passages, father; and how do they carry it to the shaft to be drawn up?"

Smith. "They put it on a low waggon, or corve, as it is called, and this is dragged to the shaft by two boys who yoke themselves to it, and are called 'hurriers.' There used

to be poor little babies of four and five years old set behind the doors in these passages to open them ready when they heard a corve coming; but I believe that's forbidden now. It was pitiful to hear of the poor little things sitting or standing there alone in the dark for hours together, never a creature to speak to except when the corve went by. I heard of one, who said to the gentleman who questioned him what he did there alone in the dark, hour after hour, that he begged bits of candle-ends from the men, and made them last out all the time he could; 'and,' said the little innocent, 'when I gets a light I sings.' True enough, my dear, I thought to myself; and you are like the rest of us there, for when we get light, instead of darkness, in our heart, it makes us joyful and full of songs of praise."

Mrs Smith now looked at the clock: "I don't know how much more you've got to say to the children, father, but, if I'm right, it's our bed-time."

"Right, sure enough, you are, dear; I don't often find you wrong, that I know. Come, bring me the Bible, Bill; and when you think of all the dangers and all the troubles the poor fellows have to go through who get us our coals, I don't think I shall hear you grumbling at the price of them again in a hurry."

"I believe not, father," said William; "I know more about it to-night than I ever did before; that's certain."—*A Working Man's Fireside.*

SELF-KNOWLEDGE.

[The following lines, by Dean Trench, are worthy of prayerful consideration.]

Lord, many times I am awaery quite
Of my own self, my sin and vanity;
Yet be not Thou, or I am lost outright,
Weary of me.

And hate against myself I often bear,
And enter with myself in fierce debate;
Take Thou my part against myself, nor share
In that just hate.

Best friends might loathe us, if what things perverse
We know of our ourselves, they also knew;
Lord, Holy One! if Thou, who knowest worse,
Shouldst loathe us too.

"CONSIDER THE LILIES HOW THEY GROW."

The lilies fair are found
On shallow'd ground,
The shady haunts of sunny clime,
And breathe the balm of summer time;
Refresh'd by morning dew and yell'd from noontide glow,
They taste the softest light and air—and this is how they grow.

Updrawn from verdant sod,
By look from God,
These spotless, happy flowers pervade
The sloping lawn, the forest glade;
And charm'd by zephyr's wind, and lull'd by streamlet's flow,
They calmly muse, they brightly dream—and this is how they grow.

They bloom in shelter'd nook,
By curling brook;
And earth how firmly, fondly loves,
Those treasures of her streams and groves;
The dark mould cherishes their petals white like snow
With heaven-appointed instrument—and this is how they grow.

I have consider'd them,
The flexile stem,
The blossoms bending airily
Beneath their leafy canopy;
The sweet-scented fragrance, spotless hue, and thus I feel and know
That God imparts their loveliness—and this is how they grow.

—*Dublin University Magazine.*

THE HOSPITALITY OF THE PRIMITIVE CHRISTIANS.

BY LYMAN COLEMAN, D.D.

THEIR oneness of spirit and mutual love one toward another united them together as one great family. Each saw in another believer in Christ, of whatever clime, or colour, or condition, a friend and brother, and hastened to extend to him the kind offices of hospitality, confidence, and affection, as to a member of his own household. "Inasmuch as ye have done it to one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me." Every such opportunity of serving Christ by services to the humblest of His followers was eagerly sought, and deeply lamented when lost. "We give ourselves to hospitality, and receive all with a friendly and joyful welcome; for we fear to have it said, as in the instance of Joseph and Mary, that 'there was no room for them in the inn;' or lest our Lord should say, 'I was a stranger, and ye took me not in.'" In their readiness to entertain strangers, they so vied with each other that their complaint often was that the guests could not accept the hospitalities offered to them.

Tertullian urges it as one strong objection to the marriage of a Christian woman with an unbeliever, that "she could neither give the kiss of charity to a Christian brother, nor wash the feet of the saints, nor offer to them either food or drink; but must, if she would honour them, conceal them in the house of another, because of her husband's unwillingness to gratify her in this particular." Clement of Rome, contemporary with the apostles, commends the noble hospitality of the Corinthians as one of their excellent virtues. "Who that sojourned among you has not experienced the firmness of your faith and its fruitfulness in all good works? Who has not admired your Christian temper and moderation? Who has not proclaimed your habitual and noble hospitality?" Polycarp, the venerable martyr, when arrested by his persecutors to be led away to death, gently addressed them, and immediately ordered a table to be spread for their entertainment, and urged them freely to partake of the refreshments,

while he only asked of them the favour of one hour, that he might pass this without interruption in prayer. After this, he quietly resigned himself to their hands. Lucian, a little more than a century later, relates of Peregrinus, that eccentric impostor, that, on professing to have become a convert to Christianity, he was received with all confidence by the Christians, fully entertained by them, promoted to the office of presbyter among them, and so liberally supplied as to abound in all things, until his hypocrisy became apparent, when he was expelled from their communion.

Cyprian, A.D. 250, set apart from his yearly income a certain portion to be expended in offices of hospitality; and the same may be affirmed of Basil, Athanasius, Chrysostom, Augustine, and many others. Some built, at their own expense, houses of entertainment for strangers. Of one, it is said that he was but a guest in his own house, for his house was filled with strangers and with the poor; of another, that he was the entertainer of all the saints; of a third, that he was the servant of strangers; of another, that he was given to hospitality; and yet again of another, that, by word and works, he diligently sought to administer to the sick and to strangers.

This hospitality, proceeding from love unfeigned and a pure heart, was so remarkable as to gain the notice of the apostate Julian, who even ordered similar rites of hospitality and of kindness to the poor to be observed, in imitation of the Christians, whom he so much despised. To the unconverted, it seemed an inexplicable mystery that Christians should thus be on terms of the greatest intimacy with each other whenever they should meet. It was alleged against them that they formed a secret society, known to one another by some sign or watchword. They knew nothing of that inward communion of spirit, that fellowship and brotherly love which bound the believers together by ties independent of all natural relations or national distinctions, and which were manifested by the boundless hospitality and generous affection with which they opened their hearts and their houses alike to all, of whatever condition, who love the sacred name of Christ.

Whenever a stranger arrived at any town, he repaired to the church, in or about which liberal entertainment was provided for him. Seldom was this done at public charge, for the families vied with other which should have the privilege of entertaining the Christian stranger at their own homes. When, in process of time, this generous, unsuspecting hospitality was abused by unprincipled and designing men it became customary for one, on going upon a journey, to take a letter of recommendation from the minister of his church, which admitted him to the confidence and fellowship of his brethren.

Such acquaintances were always carefully improved by them, as affording opportunities for religious conversation and prayer. Prayer, indeed, on the arrival of a guest, was a uniform part of the hospitality of the times. In the opinion of many, the love-feast was a part of the Christian entertainment of the guest; an account of which may fitly conclude this article. The narrative is abridged from Tertullian:—

"We, who are of one mind and one soul, hesitate not to communicate what we possess one with another. What wonder is it, then, if, maintaining such good will towards each other, we should feast together. Our supper sufficiently shews its meaning by its very name, *ἀγάπη*, which, in Greek, signifies love. The cause of our feast is honourable, and the regulations of it consistent with the duties of religion. It admits of nothing indecorous, nothing indecent. We sit not down until prayer to God be made, as the first portion of the banquet. We eat as much as will satisfy hunger, and drink as much as is useful for the temperate. We commit no excess; for we remember that, by night as well as by day, we are to make our prayers to God. Our conversation is that of men who are conscious that the Lord hears them. After water for the hands is brought in, and the lights, we are invited to sing to God, according as each one can propose a subject from the Holy Scriptures, or of his own composing. Prayer, in like manner, concludes the feast. Thence we depart, not to join a crowd of disturbers of the peace, nor to follow a troop of brawlers, nor to break out into any excess of wanton riot; but to maintain the same staid and modest demeanour, as if we were departing, not from a supper, but from a lecture."

"TRY IT."

Thus Coleridge advises those who are troubled with doubts in reference to religion, no matter how many and bewildering they may be. Read the Gospels. Look at the life of Jesus. As you read, you will believe; as you look, you will admire and love. And believing in Christ, and loving Christ, is salvation.

You are desirous to accomplish the whole course at one stride; that is contrary to nature, and to that highest and sublimest order of nature—grace. Take the first step—that is so much gained, at least; and having taken that, you will be all the more likely, and all the more ready, to take the next, and so on, till you take the last, even that which crosses the threshold of glory, and the golden gates close behind you, and you find yourself *within* that happy abode whence "they shall go no more out."

"Walk on," says the generous and holy Leighton, "in the way of God's commands,

though it be with weak and tottering steps. Nay, but,' you say, 'I cannot; I can but creep.' Well, then, *even creep*, so you are only in that path and *going forward* in it. Creeping will bring you strength to walk, and finally to run—yes, to mount up with wings as an eagle."

We have not given his remark in form, but in substance. Many long years ago it met our eye, in one of the fainting and reeling turns of our own spiritual life. It gave us strength; may it do the same for you!

Arago says, in his autobiography, that his master in mathematics was a word or two of advice which he found in the binding of one of his text-books. Puzzled and discouraged by the difficulties he met with in his early studies, he was almost ready to give over the pursuit. Some words, which he found on the waste leaf used to stiffen the cover of his paper bound text-book, caught his eye, and interested him. "Impelled," he says, "by an indefinable curiosity, I dampened the cover of the book, and carefully unrolled the leaf to see what was on the other side. It proved to be a short letter from D'Alembert to a young person disheartened like myself by the difficulties of mathematical study, and who had written to him for counsel. 'Go on, sir, go on,' was the counsel which D'Alembert gave him. 'The difficulties you meet will resolve themselves as you advance. Proceed, and light will dawn, and shine with increasing clearness on your path.'"

"That maxim," says Arago, "was my greatest master in mathematics."

Following out those simple words, "*Go on, sir, go on*," made him the first astronomical mathematician of his age. What Christians it would make of us! What heroes of faith, what sages in holy wisdom, should we become just by acting out that maxim, *Go on, go on!*

"Then shall we know him if we follow on to know the Lord: his going forth is prepared as the morning." If the world should refuse to open its eye to the day, because it does not begin with noon instead of the first faint struggles of twilight with the dominion of darkness, it would lose the day altogether. So with the soul which does not admit, with humble and thankful gladness, the first flush of the spiritual dawn—the first beams of that "true light which lighteth every man who cometh into the world." It remains in perpetual night—a night which passes, at last, into the blackness of darkness. But admitting and rejoicing in these morning rays, we enter on that "path of the just which shineth more and more unto the perfect day."

Francke, it is said, was so full of doubts and misgivings when he began to pray, that he could only say, "O, God, if thou art, reveal Thyself to me." Yet that faith, so weak at first, grew, by praying and trusting, and those verifications which God never fails to give to His own promises, to such a heroic

strength as few examples in the history of the Church have equalled. The Orphan House at Halle, and many other noble Christian works, attest to this day the power of those maxims, "*Try it!*" "*Go on, go on!*" when they are transferred from the sphere of nature to that of faith.

Such is the grace and kindness of our heavenly Father, that He takes our weak beginnings, and putting into them the certainty of His own immutable purpose and the strength of His omnipotent grace, He bestows on them the fullness of heavenly blessing. He even, "discerning our thought" of penitence and return "afar off," comes toward the returning soul, longing to embrace His wandering but now sorrowful child. "Thou meetest him that rejoiceth and worketh righteousness, those that remember Thee in thy ways." The prodigal said, "I will arise and go to my father,"—and "*while he was yet a great way off*, his father saw him, and had compassion, and ran and fell on his neck and kissed him, and said, This my son was dead and is alive again."

Only *try it*. Oh, *taste* and see that the Lord is good. The first "*taste*" will tempt you to deeper draughts. The first *trial* will, by the grace of God, encourage you to further efforts, and final perseverance.

Try it. The very *experiment* is attended with more true enjoyment than the highest worldly success. Search the Scriptures. Ask for the Holy Spirit to open your heart to their light and power. Confess your sins, your darkness, lethargies, averseness. Behold the Lamb of God, who taketh away the sin of the world. Sit at the feet of Jesus and hear His words.

If there were only one chance in ten thousand of success, the *trial* would be the wisest putting forth of time and effort you have ever made. But since the mouth of the Lord hath said, *Every one that asketh receiveth, and he that seeketh findeth*, the success is as completely certain as it is blessed and glorious.

J. P.

A SIMPLE RULE OF USEFULNESS.

WHEN a man's conscience is troubled by the sight of misery around him, and he thinks something ought to be done for its relief, let him try, first of all, to *do it himself*, and not go to the minister, nor to the elders and deacons, nor wait to organise a society to do it for him.

All men are bound to labour to make their fellow-creatures better and happier. No one can evade or transfer his responsibility to seek the religious improvement and salvation of those around him. God has divided up the Church, and scattered its members through the families of the world, that like distributed leaven, Christianity may insinuate itself into

every corner, and work a change in the whole mass of society. He has a specific design in the position He assigns to every one of us. If He saw we could be more useful elsewhere, He would place us elsewhere.

No man, then, need complain for want of means to do good. Are there not human beings around him? Are there no poor, no sick to be visited and consoled? Are there no vicious people to be reclaimed? No ignorant and degraded families to be raised up? Let a man "stand in his lot, and build over against his own house," and he will find work enough. Let him search into the wickedness and suffering right around him, in his own neighbourhood, and ask himself, What evil characters here need to be made better, and what sad hearts to be made happier? and set himself to improve, to reform, to comfort, and save his fellow-beings, and he will be an angel of God to the guilty and unhappy. He need not go to Africa to find heathen. He may find Africa in a back street—in a row of Irish cabins. There let him begin his missionary labours.

This is the way to do good. This is the way to spread religion. The world is to be converted one by one, and this personal kindness and faithfulness is the means to do it. The minute scale to which this plan is reduced is its excellence. It renders it practicable, while grander schemes prove visionary. The broad river, rolling its flood of waters to the sea, is a majestic spectacle; but, after all, it is a thousand rills, trickling from the mountain side, that make the landscape green, and cover the plains with fertility. So it is not by one stupendous instrumentality, but by innumerable agencies, working unnoticed, that the face of the earth is to be renewed.

Sometimes public charities have the effect to impair the feeling of responsibility in individuals. Poor laws and benevolent societies are regarded as ingenious contrivances to accomplish the objects of charity without any personal sacrifice. If the town builds an almshouse, many consider themselves absolved from the duty of visiting and relieving the poor. If a neighbour's family come to want, if in a cold winter's day they are without fuel or food, men are sometimes hard-hearted enough to say, It is not our business to help them. Let them go to the poorhouse! To convert men is the business of the minister. If the congregation pay him, they have done their part. To Christianise the heathen is the business of the foreign boards, and men who give a few shillings every year to support missionaries, think that their task is ended.

Not so felt Paul, when he said, "I am debtor both to the Greeks and to the Barbarians." We cannot delegate our responsibility any more than we can delegate our personal character. A keen writer says, "God is not about to convert the world by a committee." The millennium will not come at the bidding of a society, but when the Spirit

of Christ pervades the Church, and the influence of truth and of Christian example shall sweep around the globe.

"GIVE ME BACK MY YOUTH"

(From the German of Jean Paul Richter.)

AN old man stood by the window, on a New-Year's night, and gazed upward, with a look of pensive despair, at the immovable, ever-glowing heavens, and upon the still, pure, white earth, upon which no one was now so friendless and sleepless as himself. For his grave lay hard by him; it was covered only with the snow of age, and not with the green foliage of youth. A whole richly-gifted life had produced nothing but errors, sins, and diseases; a wasted body, and a desolate soul; a bosom full of poison, and an old age full of remorse. The beautiful days of his youth now came thronging back upon his memory like spectres, and again transported him to that lovely morning when his father set him upon the cross-way of life, which leads on the right, by the sunny path of virtue, into a wide peaceful land, full of light and harvests; and, on the other, down into the mole-walks of vice, into a black cavern, full of distilling poison, and dark, sultry vapours.

Ah! the snakes were now hanging about his neck, and the poison dripping on his tongue, and he knew where he was. Distracted, and with unutterable grief, he cried to heaven, "Give me back my youth! Oh, father, set me again on the cross-way, that I may make a different choice!"

But his father, and his youth, were gone long ago. He saw *ignes fatui* dancing over the marshes, and disappearing upon the cemetery; and he said, "These are my foolish days." He saw a star dart down from heaven, and, glittering in its fall, vanish upon the earth. "That is myself," said his bleeding heart; and the snake-teeth of repentance struck deeper into his wounds.

In the midst of this conflict, the music of the New-Year suddenly came flowing down from the steeple, like far-off melodies. His emotions were softened. He looked around the horizon, and over the earth, and thought of the friends of his youth, who were now better and happier than he—teachers of the people, fathers of happy children, and blessed men; and he said, "Oh! I could have slumbered this first night of the year, with dry eyes like you, had I desired it. Dear parents, I too might have been happy, had I obeyed your precepts."

In the midst of these feverish remembrances of his youth, a skull, reinvested with its features, seemed to rise up in the dead-house, until it became a youth. But, again it was gone; he could see it no more; he covered his eyes; a thousand hot tears streamed down hissing into the snow. Disconsolate,

and wandering, he softly sighed, "Return, O my youth, return." And it *did* return: for it had been only a fearful dream. He was still a young man; his *errors* only had been no dream. But he thanked God that he, yet a youth, might turn away from the foul walks of vice, and regain the sunny path which leads to the land of harvests.

Turn with him, young man, if thou art treading his road of error, lest this frightful dream become thy future judge, and when thou criest in sorrow, "Return, beautiful youth," it will return no more.

MCHEYNE'S HINTS TO MINISTERS.

EXPECT much, and much will be given. Souls are perishing every day, and our own entrance into eternity cannot be far distant. Let us, like Mary, do what we can, and no doubt God will bless it, and reward us openly.

Seek to be lamb-like; without this, all your efforts to do good to others will be as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal.

Get much of the hidden life into your own soul; soon it will make life spread around.

Never forget that the end of a sermon is the salvation of the people.

Do not fear the face of men. Remember how small their anger will appear in eternity.

But an inch of time remains, and the eternal ages roll on for ever; but an inch remains for ever—but an inch, on which we stand and preach the way of salvation to the perishing world.

INVISIBLE HARMONIES.

WE are apt to "limit the Holy One of Israel," and to say, "Some things have worked together for our good." God says "All things!" Joys, sorrows, crosses, losses, prosperity, adversity, health, sickness; the gourd bestowed, and the gourd withered; the cup full, and the cup emptied; the lingering sick-bed, the early grave!

Often, indeed, would sight and sense lead us to doubt the reality of the promise. We can see in many things scarce a dim reflection of love. Useful lives taken, blossoms prematurely plucked, spiritual props removed, benevolent schemes blown upon. But the apostle does not say, "We see," but "We know." It is the province of faith to trust God in the dark. The uninitiated and undiscerning cannot understand or explain the revolutions and dependencies of the varied wheel in a complicated machine; but they have confidence in the wisdom of the artificer, that all is designed to "work out" some great and useful end. Be it ours to write over every mysterious dealing, "This also cometh from the Lord of hosts, who is wonderful in counsel and excellent in working."—*Rev. J. R. Macduff.*

Pages for the Young.

THE HAPPY CHILD.*

"PAPA," said Edward Thompson to his father, "you don't know what beautiful things of all kinds James Robertson has."

"Oh yes," said little Robert; "when we were there yesterday, he took us up into a little room that was all full of playthings, just like a toyshop."

"He had little guns, and two drums, and a trumpet, and a fife," said Edward; "and one of the drums was a real one, papa, such as men play on."

"And, papa, he had railroad-cars, with a little railroad for them to go on, and a steam-engine, and all," said Robert.

"And a whole company of wooden soldiers," said Edward.

"And all sorts of blocks, to build houses," said Robert.

"And besides, papa," said Edward, "he has a real live pony to ride on; such a funny little fellow you never saw; and he has such a pretty little riding-whip, and a splendid saddle and bridle."

"Really," said their father, "you make out quite a list of possession."

"Oh but, papa, we have not told you half! He has a beautiful flower-garden, and a gardener to cultivate it for him, so that he don't have to take any trouble with it; and he can do anything with the flowers he chooses."

"Oh and, papa, he has rabbits, and a beautiful gray squirrel, with a cage fixed so nicely; and the squirrel plays so many droll tricks; and he has a parrot that can talk, and laugh, and call his name, and say a great many funny things."

"Well," said their father, "I suppose you think that James is a very happy boy."

"Oh yes, indeed, papa; how can he help being happy?" said both boys. "Besides, his mamma, he says, lets him do as he likes about everything."

"Indeed!" said their father; "and was he so very happy all day when you were there?"

"Why, no, not all day," said Edward; "but then there was a reason for it; for in the morning we had planned to go out to the lake to fish, and it rained, and it made James feel rather cross, I suppose."

"But," said his father, "I should have thought, by your account, that there were things enough in the house to have amused you all."

"But James said he was so used to all those things that he did not want to play with them," said Robert. "He called some of the prettiest things that he had, 'ugly old things,' and said he hated the sight of them."

* From "Our Charlie." By Mrs H. B. Stowe.

"Well," said their father, "I suspect, if the truth was known, James is not so much to be envied after all. I have been a week at a time at his father's house, and I have thought that a more uncomfortable, unhappy-tempered little fellow I never saw."

"Well, that is strange," said Edward; "I am sure I would be happy if I were in his place."

"I am afraid you would not," said his father; "for I believe it is having so many things that makes him unhappy."

"Having so many things, papa!" said both boys.

"Yes, my sons; but I will explain this more to you some other time. However, this afternoon, as you are going to have a ride with me, I think I will take you over to see a little boy who is a very happy boy, as I think," said their father.

"I wonder if this can be the house?" said Edward to Robert, as the carriage stopped before a very small brown house.

Their father got out, and asked them to walk in with him. It was a very little house, with only two rooms in it; and in the one they entered they saw a very pale, thin, little boy, lying on a small low bed in front of the door. His face was worn by disease, and his little hands, which were folded on the outside of the bed, were so thin, one could almost see through them. He had a few playthings lying by him on the bed, and on a little stand by him was a cracked brown mug, in which were some sweet-peas, and larkspurs, and lavender, and bright yellow marigolds; beside which lay a well-worn Bible and hymn-book. His mother was ironing in the next room; but when she saw the boys and their father, she came forward to receive them.

"Well, my little fellow," said Mr Thompson, "how do you do to-day?"

"Oh, pretty comfortable," he said.

"I have brought my boys to see you," said Mr Thompson.

The sick boy smiled, and reached out one of his thin little hands to welcome them. Edward and Robert took his hand, and then turned and looked anxiously at their father.

"Papa, how long has he been so sick?" asked Robert.

"More than a year, young gentlemen," said his mother; "it's a year since he has been able to sit up; and it's four months since he has been able to be turned at all in bed. He has to lie all the time, just as you see, on his back."

"Oh, what a long, long time!" said Edward; "why can't you turn him, and let him lie on his side?"

"Because it hurts him to lie on either side." "What is the matter with him?" asked Robert.

"Why, the doctor says it's a complaint of the bone. It began more than two years ago,

down in his foot, and they had to cut the foot off, in hopes that that would stop it; but it didn't; and then they cut off the leg above the knee, and that didn't stop it; and it's creeping up, up, up; and finally it will be the death of him. He suffers dreadfully at night—sometimes no sleep at all for two or three nights."

"Oh, father, how dreadful!" said Edward, pressing close to his father.

(Concluded in next Number.)

THE "GUEST'S" BIBLE QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNG.

TREES.

Of the fruit of what tree was Adam forbidden to eat?

Who tempted Eve to eat of the fruit of this tree?

What were the children of Israel commanded to do with the boughs of goodly trees, branches of palm-trees, boughs of thick trees, and willows of the brook?

What was King David to do when he heard a sound of going in the tops of the mulberry-trees?

Who was caught in the boughs of an oak-tree?

Where is it said, "He that trusteth in the Lord shall be as a tree planted by the water whose leaf is always green?"

Whose nurse was buried under an oak?

What particular name was given to this tree?

Where is it said, "Every man shall sit under his vine, and under his fig-tree?"

Why did Solomon wish to have cedar-trees, fir-trees, and algum-trees out of Lebanon?

Who says, "I am like a green olive-tree in the house of God?"

Where is it said, that "all the trees of the field shall clap their hands?"

Find the parable of the trees who wanted a king to reign over them?

Who climbed up into a sycamore-tree to see Jesus?

With the branches of what trees did the people come out to meet Jesus?

Where does the Saviour compare Himself to a vine, and believers to the branches?

To what tree did Jesus come seeking fruit?

On either side of what river is there the tree of life?

How many kinds of fruit does this tree bear?

How often does it yield its fruit, and what are its leaves for?

Where is it said that they who do the commandments of God have a right to the tree of life?



A FAMILY MAGAZINE FOR SUNDAY READING.

REVISED BY THE REV. NORMAN M'LEOD, D.D., GLASGOW.

WEEKLY NOS. ONE HALFPENNY.]

[MONTHLY PARTS, THREEPENCE.

THE CHRISTIAN AT SUMMER RETREATS.

BY RUFUS W. CLARK.

WE must allow that religion has suffered immensely from a want of a uniform consistency of conduct on the part of its professed advocates; from an unwillingness to let its light shine amid all the varied circumstances and positions of life, and the reluctance to act on the principle, "Whether ye eat or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God."

How many there are at this hour, at the resorts of gaiety and fashion, who give no indication that they differ in any particular from the pleasure-loving multitude; who afford no sign that they have been solemnly consecrated to the service of a Master, who will require a strict account for every moment of time, and for every idle word that is spoken!

We would be the last to advocate that phase of religious zeal which would interfere with any proper recreation or enjoyment, or which would thrust itself upon all circles, at all times, without the exercise of discrimination. We have implicit faith in the power of religion, to impart not only cheerfulness but buoyancy to the soul, to add happiness to all the relations and circumstances of human life. But it is one thing to be carried away by the tide of fashion, to have religious principles swamped in the frivolities and gaieties of the passing hour, and quite another to maintain, amid all our pleasures, that lofty Christian bearing, reverence for everything sacred, and true Christian courtesy, that would lead every spectator to take knowledge of us that we had been with Jesus, and had learned of Him.

This tendency, when withdrawn for a season from the restraints of home, to lower the standard of the spiritual life, leads to another of a more serious and permanent character; and that is, the liability, when we move from the country to the city, to leave behind our religion. It is a fearful and startling fact that

in our cities persons may be counted by the thousand, who, years ago, in their early homes, maintained a consistent religious profession, had enjoyed, in a measure, Christian hopes, who now are never seen within the sanctuary of God, and scarcely maintain the outward forms of a religious belief. Some may occasionally attend public worship on the Sabbath, but they have never made themselves known as the friends and followers of the Lord Jesus. When, in times past, these persons were propped up by surrounding circumstances, and stimulated to duty by the circles in which they moved, they could maintain a tolerably good profession; but these props removed, their religion has caved in, and they occupy a position which, if contemplated years ago, would have filled them with the deepest anxiety.

Any deviation, therefore, from the rigid path of duty is to be viewed in its tendencies. To every principle, right or wrong, there is a growth; and it is this eternal law that gives importance to what we deem the insignificant.

A relaxation from business, and a resort to the country, or to the various attractive retreats that are open to the public, may be a means of positive spiritual culture.

That the intense devotion to business that characterises the present age, this fierce hungering and thirsting after gain, is most hostile to the growth of vital religion, needs no argument. We almost wonder at the stability and progress of our churches, at the success of our Christian enterprises, when we realise the force of those agencies that are constantly at work to secularise everything spiritual, and enlist in the service of Mammon time, and property, and energies that belong to God.

Now, for the growth of personal piety, for the cultivation of the pure, noble, and heaven-aspiring virtues, there must be days and weeks

rescued from the toil of the counting-room and store, and given to religious meditation, and the study of the character and perfections of the Deity through His works. Let one escape from the prison-streets of the city, from the suffocating moral atmosphere occasioned by the constant rush for the gold, and silver, and perishable things of earth, and if he has a spark of religious reverence or love, it will be kindled by the beauties and sublimities of nature! The very breath of the mountains will invigorate his soul as well as his body. The changing landscapes will be so many pictorial illustrations of his Heavenly Father's skill, wisdom, and love. The woods, by their soft, murmuring music, their Gothic arches, cathedral lights and shadows, will invite to worship.

Our summer retreats are selected at points where the artists of the Almighty have wrought with their greatest skill—where He would have His presence and His glory most intensely recognised, and His character most fervently adored.

Can any one suppose that He has scooped out the channels of the river without designing that currents of thought and affection should run with them; that He has piled up the mountains to stand in solitary grandeur, apart from all appreciating and sympathising spirits; that He has built the waterfall, and ordained its eternal rush of waters, its ever-rising vapours of incense, revealing, as they ascend the bow of promise, its rich and variegated scenery, without a thought of the moral lesson that it is calculated to teach? Did He not place this wonder of waters on the line of the territories of two great nations, that there might be a perpetual recognition and baptism of their fraternity? Do we not see here, in the mighty expenditure of force, God's willingness to lavish upon the beautiful as well as the useful? A sordid mind might mourn over such a waste of mechanical power; but it has its connecting wheels and bands, though invisible, and they are united to the intellect to set in motion its delicate mechanism; united to the heart to quicken its aspirations.

The wearing away of the solid rock, apparently for miles, by the mere flow of the waters, is an emblem of the power of influence; of the wearing away of the rock of human depravity by the current of that divine life that has been let in upon human nature, and rolls on from age to age with a full and swelling tide.

Why, too, we would ask, should men resort to the springs, attracted by the healing qualities of the waters, and yet have no thought of the fountain of salvation that has been opened for the sin-sick soul? Can a multitude gather, morning after morning, to receive the cooling draughts, and not be reminded of those waters of which if a man drink he shall never thirst again? Can we be insensible to that great and precious invitation, "Whosoever will, let

him come and take of the waters of life freely"?

Some one has said that a splendid cathedral is but the thought of the artist embodied in stone. More truly is the earth, with its solid foundation and splendid decorations, the thought of God. The ever-flowing spring, with its healing virtues, is the emblem of His ever-flowing love. The mountain is the thought of His stability and sublimity. It is a consecrated temple. It is a monument of the ever-present and eternal. It calls up the emotions of the poet, as expressed in reference to Mont Blanc, whose variegated scenery, glistening peaks, five conspicuous torrents, and flowers within a few steps of the glaciers, would indicate that there was more than one thought of God.

Another influential consideration is the fact, that in travelling, new avenues of usefulness are opened.

I think it will be allowed, that no circumstances in life can exempt us from the duties we owe to our fellow-men; and no Christian would desire to be released from the privilege of spiritually benefiting another, in guiding souls to Jesus. It may be said we take a journey for pleasure. We need recreation. We require a respite from the toils and cares of the Christian life. We must occasionally put off the heavy Christian armour, and have a furlough from the strife of the battle-field. Perhaps I am not familiar with the private history and exertions of the great multitude who compose Christ's army; but, as far as I know, I am inclined to the opinion, that not a very large number suffer from over-exertion in the cause of their Master. In this age of ease and luxury, there is no immediate danger that the Church will break down under its load of cares and duties. We do not very frequently meet with those who are consumed by the fires of their zeal, or who fight too valiantly the fight of faith, or who are too anxious to win the prizes of immortality. I never heard a Christian, on his dying bed, regretting that he had been too exclusively devoted to the service of his Master—that he had been too anxious for the salvation of men. But even allowing all that is asked; admitting that we go to the springs, mountains, waterfalls, for pleasure, would it lessen one iota the enjoyment at the springs to lead a thirsting soul to the fountain of spiritual waters? Would it detract from the sublimity of mountain scenery to be able, from a lofty summit, to point a fellow-traveller to the distant mountains of spiritual light, and induce him to enter the narrow pathway leading thither? Would not such a deed consecrate the mound upon which you stood, and make it a monument of the highest pleasure? Travellers are often anxious to engrave their names upon a high and conspicuous rock. Would not the engraving of the name of Jesus upon a soul—a more enduring material—be a more precious memorial?

As we cannot flee from the Divine presence, so we cannot flee from that equally universal presence, danger.

If you will take the wings of the morning light, and fly to that spot where no peril, physical or moral, lurks, there may one be safe without his religion. Everywhere else he needs it. You may take your seat in a railway carriage, and there is an invisible messenger by your side. You may purchase a ticket for a distant village or city, and know not that it will take you to

"That undiscover'd country, from whose bourne no traveller returns."

How fearful and personal the moral lessons from recent accidents, against which no foresight did provide, whatever might have been the possibilities of protection. If decayed bridges and fractured rails are to be added to collisions, and fire, and the other instruments of death, what traveller is safe? You may join an excursion party, and the notes of joy, as recently, may be changed to those of sadness. Are youth, beauty, gaiety any protection against the arrows of the mysterious, ever-present messenger? Whither shall we go and he is not? He rides upon the swift engine. He sits upon the bow of the steamer. He lurks in the pestilential vapour. He sports in the lightning flash.

STORY OF A COAT.

ABOUT six years ago there was living, on a third storey, in the city of New York, a widow with one son. It is hardly necessary to say she was poor. She was, however, one of those widows who, like Anna, served God day and night, and she had been permitted to see her son treading in the same path as herself. Moreover, though they were poor, they were enterprising, and they hoped, with that blessing which maketh rich, not to remain always poor. At the time of which I speak, they were already beginning to thrive somewhat in externals. The son was in a situation where his abilities were beginning to be appreciated, and they hoped for brighter days. It was only by the most rigid economy that they succeeded in maintaining an appearance of respectability, as it is termed, but they did it, and they did it, too, without incurring a single debt, which would have been contrary to their principles. Perhaps none but the poor know the devices to which the poor are compelled to resort in order to maintain a creditable appearance in the world. The widow and her son had always been contented with the humblest kind of clothing, and often that had been obtained with difficulty. But, as I have said, things were a little brighter; and after due consultation and deliberation, it was determined that, for the first time, the son should have a new and a good overcoat, such as was worn by other young men. Of course, it was

bought at the cheapest possible rate, but it was bought and worn, and great was the satisfaction of the widow as she saw the improvement which the new garment made in the appearance of her boy.

Well, time wore on, and the coat gradually wore out, but not until the owner had made considerable advances in life, and was able to purchase another. The third storey was exchanged for a pretty house in the country, and that, finally, for a commodious one in the city, where, with thankful hearts, and in the enjoyment of great comfort, the widow and her son still lived together. Five years had now passed away, and the coat had been for some time discharged from active service, and lain undisturbed in the attic, when it was once more summoned forth into broad daylight.

In the lower part of the same city there lives, at this day, another widow, who was left alone in the world by a husband whose death was no loss to her, though it left her penniless and with three children. She, too, was a woman that feared God, and she, too, found the God of the widow and the fatherless to be a sure friend. She laboured with her hands, and taught her children to do likewise. By one of those apparently trivial circumstances which men call chance, she became acquainted with the widow of whom I have already spoken, and she, touched by the similarity of their trials, interested herself in her welfare and that of her children. It was thus that the overcoat was transferred to another widow's son, and carefully brushed and repaired by the thrifty mother. It protected him from cold and wet for nearly two winters.

At last came the great revival: the poor woman's two sons were both converted, and her heart overflowed with joy. The oldest, who was about eighteen, immediately went to work as a teacher in a mission school, and distinguishing himself by his fidelity and zeal was appointed one of the visitors of the surrounding district. One Sunday afternoon, after he had come in from his round, he sat down by his humble fireside, seeming disquieted. His mother quickly noticed it, and asked the cause.

"Mother," he said, "I do wish I had a little more money."

"What for, Edward?"

"Why, I have met with a man who is quite willing to come to meeting, if only he had clothes."

"Well, why don't you tell the superintendent?"

"O mother, there is nothing like doing the thing yourself; if I had but money I would soon settle the matter."

He was not to be comforted, and when he retired to rest that night, he was heard sobbing aloud as he poured out his heart in prayer. The mother's heart was touched, as may be supposed, and she lay awake thinking what could be done. At last an expedient occurred to her, and as soon as they met in

the morning, she communicated it to her son. "Edward," said she, "I have been thinking that you might afford to give away that overcoat that Mr — gave you; it has done you good service." Edward was delighted with the proposition, and went to work that morning with a light heart. A parcel was made up, consisting of the coat, an old vest, and one of Edward's oldest shirts, and the following Sunday morning he started from home very early in order to carry his gifts to his protégé. The poor man came to meeting that Sunday and the Sunday after, and then he too was converted.

On Washington's birthday the happy mother took her two younger children by the hand, and came to pay a visit to her friend and benefactress, to whom she longed to communicate the little history. The children had holidays from school, and the weather was fine, so she thought it would be a pleasure for them as well as herself; but when she reached the house a crape was on the bell, and the widow was gone home.—*Independent*.

DOMESTIC LIFE OF A MISSIONARY.

I RISE early in the morning, and am occupied all day long, and yet there is no time for reading, and still less for writing letters. Next to cultivating communion with God, I feel the acquisition of this language to be most important. Until a tolerable knowledge of it is acquired my tongue is tied, and though my heart should glow with an angel's love, I could not point these perishing men to heaven. And I am sorry to find that my progress must be so slow. I keep Nestorians by me at all hours of the day, and talk and read constantly; but from week to week my power of communicating with them seems to be stationary.

Perhaps you would like to know something of our manner of living, now that we have come down from Seir and are engaged in more active labour. We rise, or *mean to rise*, at six o'clock in the morning, though the days are now so short that we sometimes oversleep ourselves. We breakfast with great punctuality at seven; after which we have prayers in English, some four or five natives being present. Then I usually get half or three quarters of an hour for study, while Harriette is busy about the house. At half-past eight it is my duty to open the seminary and superintend it for an hour. The native principal conducts worship, reading a chapter and expounding it to the scholars. His remarks, so far as I can understand them, are very judicious, though we have little reason to think he feels the power of the gospel on his heart. After leaving the seminary, a class of some six or eight English scholars assemble at my house, where I teach them for an hour. Mar Yohannan frequently comes in and puts himself among them. His sprightliness and supe-

rior intelligence add much to the interest of the exercise. While this is going on, a khan, who has importuned me to teach him English, sits at the table and writes after "a copy." He is of high birth, being a nephew of the governor, but a little foolish. On this account I take little interest in his learning our language. Sometimes also Hassan Ali Khan comes, and I spend an hour or so with him. I take it for granted you know who he is. He has learned English pretty well, and has also learned very much that will give him influence among the nobles. I am more and more convinced that time spent on such young men is by no means thrown away. These Persians believe that the earth is flat and stationary, and even make it a part of their religion. But the little khan not only allows the earth to be round, but draws maps of different countries, and has made himself quite familiar with them. And now when he grows up, with these liberal views, you may easily conceive that he will do much to sweep these errors away, and prepare his people for the gospel. Science, in many other cases, has been the forerunner of religion, and I think it may be so with the Mohammedans of Persia.

After my English class, Harriette reads and talks with John for an hour, while I am engaged in the same way with a boy named Yonan. His grandfather is a malek at Geog Tapa. Some time since he applied to have Yonan received into some family of the mission, and taught English. He was assigned to my care, and has been with me about three weeks. We are both very much pleased with him. He is perhaps twelve years old, and, as the Syrians say, a very "wise" boy. So far as I know he is quite serious-minded, and you would infer from his conversation that he was a true Christian. However, so much are these people accustomed to deal in pious expressions while there is not a particle of grace in their hearts, that I cannot place great confidence in his Christian character. At the same time, perhaps he is truly a child of God. Certain it is that he reads and expounds Scripture with an ability and correctness that I have never seen surpassed, and perhaps not equalled, at his age, in our own land. He seems to love to read his Bible to me, and to tell me the meaning as he understands it. As yet he knows very little English, and my only communication with him is in Syriac. If he be a Christian, God grant that he may grow fast in grace; and if he knows not the love of Christ, that he may be truly converted to Himself. Yesterday I learned with pleasure that he was one of a very few that attended evening prayers in the Nestorian church. You know that the priests read their liturgy morning and evening every day in all their churches. Yonan, without any knowledge of mine, has been there every evening. The church is only a short distance off in the city.

But to return. From twelve to one I take

exercise, sometimes in my workshop, sometimes in the wood-house, sometimes on horseback. Then comes dinner. Afterwards again I spend an hour or two with Yonan, and, when not interrupted by other duties, call together my English class. At four o'clock, Harriette and I both ride for an hour. You know that it is next to impossible to walk here for exercise, and we are driven, by a sort of necessity, to exercising on horseback. I do not know that I have walked a quarter of a mile from our gate, except in one instance, since I came down from Seir. We are careful, however, to exercise much, and I trust that our health will thus be preserved.

After tea we have prayers in Syriac whenever Priest Abraham is in the city. He is much occupied as a native preacher, and is in the villages a third or more of his time. I feel as if he were a good man, and a great blessing to this dying people. Our evenings are spent in various ways. Two, and sometimes three evenings in the week, we all meet and pray for God's blessing on our labours. We are interrupted more or less by company, but whenever Nestorians come in, it is a part of our work to receive them, and try to lead them to the religion of Christ. This evening Mar Channan and Mar Elias visited us, and we had quite an interesting talk on astronomy. Mr Jones is about commencing instruction in his branch in the seminary, and wishes Mar Channan's countenance and aid. But their old books and the universal belief of the people against our system. It is important then that the leading men be set right. Mar Yonan's difficulties were all drawn from the Bible. While he was very free to admit that we knew far more of science than himself or his people, he thought many passages in the Bible asserted that the earth was fixed, and that the sun moved around it. These passages we examined one by one, and when he left I think he was pretty fully convinced that the Bible did not disagree with our assertions. This is a great point gained. Two years ago, I suppose, not a single Nestorian would have even admitted that the earth was round.

But I must not omit to mention our Sabbaths. At nine o'clock in the morning I go into the seminary, where I have been appointed joint superintendent of the Sabbath school with Mr Jones. Of course I can do little there yet, except with those who understand English. But I long to have my tongue unloosed that I may speak freely of the cross of Christ. At twelve o'clock we have preaching in English, and though our congregation is small, and no bell calls us together, we have interesting meetings and excellent sermons. We think the effect on our own hearts is well worth the time we spend on our sermons. After preaching, the brethren generally go to the villages. I remain here, and sit by Shamasha Eshoo, while he preaches in the seminary. In the evening, after all have returned, we meet to-

gether and pour out our souls in prayer and praise.—*Diary of the Rev. D. Stoddart.*

WILLIAM CAREY.

(Concluded from page 339.)

His colleague was living in luxury, while Carey was struggling in a foreign land, "with a large family, and without a friend or a farthing." He wandered about, endeavouring, with an interpreter, to explain the gospel, and returned to his hovel to encounter a wife and sister-in-law full of bitterness and reproaches. What was he to do? how and where can he find bread? Along the shore of the Bay of Bengal is a vast flat region of deadly jungle, inhabited by wild beasts, called the Sunderbunds. Here woodcutters resorted; and small patches were cleared for the manufacture of salt. Something possessed Carey, in his distress, with the idea that he could live by his labour here, and preach at the same time. After miserable failures in endeavouring to get money enough to convey him from Calcutta, at last he reached a spot where more than twenty people had been carried off by tigers in a few days. He and his large family were welcomed to the house of a European whom he had found. After a while he settled on a tract cleared from the jungle, and began to build a hut. His gun was his chief means of daily bread. Providence saved him from the fever, and permitted him to shew that no weight of poverty, trouble, and hindrance will break down a real instrument of God's good-will toward men.

Thomas, who had been so often his plague, was again to open his way. He had renewed an old friendship, lost by his eccentricities, and obtained a situation as manager of an indigo factory. His excellent friend and employer, Mr Udny, had another; and for it he recommended his forlorn and long-forgotten companion in Sunderbunds. This called Carey from starvation in a wilderness to a moderate income at the head of a large establishment of natives, to whom he could preach the gospel. He at once wrote home to the society, saying that he no longer needed to be paid from their funds, and requesting that what they would consider as his salary should go to print the New Testament in Bengalee. "At the same time," says this true-hearted missionary, "it will be my glory and joy to stand in the same relation to the society as if I needed support from them." Of his salary he devoted a fourth, and sometimes a third, to the purposes of his mission.

"His time was systematically apportioned to the management of the factory, the study of the language, the translation of the New Testament, and addresses to the heathen." He was prostrated by fever; one of his children was carried off by dysentery, and his wife's reason fled, never to return. Still the servant of God worked on—worked at that

secular duty for which he had neither heart nor head, and at those studies and sacred labours for which he had such a heart and head as were hardly ever given to another man. He preached to his work-people constantly, and itinerated when he could. He had a taste and power for one secular pursuit, and only one—horticulture. He loved plants and flowers; and, whether at Moulton or Serampore, cultivated them ardently. He set up, while a factory manager, as an improver of agriculture; and sent for implements from England.

But he was sowing wonderful seeds in England, while thus cultivating indigo at the unheard-of village of Mudnabatty. Dr Ryland, in Bristol, received letters from Carey, and, knowing that Dr Bogue and Mr Stephen were then in the city, sent for them to hear the missionary news. When they were finished, they knelt down together, and prayed for a blessing on the distant evangelists. Strange and wondrous then was a missionary's tale, though to-day happily familiar to our ears. The two Independents retired, to speak of forming a society in their own denomination. The London Missionary Society was the result: a noble plant sown by Carey's pen in the soil of that England which he had left for ever.

God's holy Word was now ready for printing in Bengalee. He obtained types. A wooden press was presented to the mission by Mr Udry; and as it began to work at Mudnabatty, the natives of India, like those of Fiji in later days, declared that it was a god. He wrote home for a press and paper, adding, "If a serious printer could be found willing to engage in the mission, he would be a great blessing. Such a printer I knew at Derby before I left England."

The factory was broken up, and he took one on his own account at Kidderpore. Meantime Mr Thomas had gone round a circle of occupations, always the same queer being, but always a clever doctor and a zealous preacher. Carey, steady as a rock, yet acute as a needle, learned, and laboured, and did good incessantly. "I preach every day to the natives, and twice on the Lord's day constantly, besides other itinerant labours;" yes, and besides ponderous labours in study and translation. And this while in secular employment!

For five years and more had he followed his labours uncheered by success, tried at home, and tried by colleagues. At length a letter announced the arrival of four yoke-fellows; but they were forbidden English territory, and had sheltered under the Danish flag. The little settlement of Serampore, across the river from the Governor General's country house, a few miles from Calcutta, had happily remained under Denmark. A Danish ship carried Carey out, when an English one would not; and now that an American one had brought him colleagues, Danish authorities defended them.

The powers at Calcutta were disposed to take offence; but brave Governor Bie was staunch in his little possession, and his firmness made his flag and his guests respected. For that deed, the name of Colonel Bie will never cease to be mentioned while the gospel is preached in India.

Carey wrote urging his brethren to join him in the interior. But he was there as an indigo planter: they had avowed themselves missionaries, and dared not in that character settle on the territory of the East India Company. One of them, protected by a Danish passport, set out to persuade Carey to come and settle in Serampore.

This was no other than that very printer whom Carey had mentioned as having seen him at Derby, when, in his letter home, he had said how useful "a serious printer would be." William Ward had never forgotten the words Carey spoke to him, on a walk, before he started for India. It was with great excitement he jumped from his boat, and walked from the river to the house of the man whose influence had attracted him from the heart of England to the flats of Bengal. He met Carey with an outburst of affection, and exclaimed, "Blessed be God, he is a young man yet!" A letter followed him from Serampore, shewing that the company's servants were becoming even more threatening; and therefore Carey was forced to abandon his own plans, and come down to head his brethren on the one sheltered field, where they might labour. At Serampore he found three brethren, of whom two were soon to rest from their labours, and the third was Joshua Marshman, whose name and reputation were to take a place beside his own, and out of whose family India was to welcome the pen of John Marshman, and the sword of Havelock.

About six weeks after the first baptism came another great and holy event. The blessed New Testament was placed complete in the hand of its happy translator. The first copy was solemnly laid on the communion table; and the whole mission group, with the native converts, gathered around to offer up fervent thanksgiving. Men talk of making history; but of all the history-makers in the annals of a nation, none is equal with him who gives it the Word of God in the mother tongue. From that hour the names of Carey and Serampore were touched with that true immortality which lies in the principle, "The Word of the Lord endureth for ever."

As in many other languages, the New Testament was the first *prose* work printed in Bengalee, except a code of laws.

Three eventful years of progress and toil had passed, and another great occasion came in the mission—the first Christian marriage of Hindu converts—the first solemn inauguration of that happy institution, the Christian family, before which the seragios of Bengal were eventually all to disappear. Another

solemnity soon came. The little band of converts was called to see one of their number die—the same whose heart failed him the first day of baptism, but who “afterwards repented and went.” The first Christian death was a scene of tranquil hope and joy in prospect of immortality. It strengthened the souls of the converts. The first labours of a native evangelist soon followed. The Serampore missionaries early perceived that the most fruitful of all their works would be sending forth native labourers. They kept this cardinal point steadily in view. They daily and carefully trained their converts, and prayed much and earnestly in all their undertakings.

Now came the effort to establish stations on British territory. One was tried, but the missionary had to retreat under shelter of Serampore.

Nearly twelve years had passed since Carey was smuggled into Calcutta, and sheltered in a hovel by the charity of a heathen. It was a high day at Government House—that superb residence built at a cost of £145,000, for the Governors-General, by the most splendour of their line. The fashion, wealth, and beauty of Calcutta crowded its noble throne-room. “The most eminent men in the native community—the learned Brahmans from all parts of the empire, in their simple attire—the opulent rajahs and baboos, and the representatives of the native princes of India, in their plumed and jewelled turbans, were assembled to do honour to the majesty of British power.” On the dais at the head of this grand assembly, surrounded by the judges and high officers of state, was seated the magnificent Marquis of Wellesley, in the full meridian of his renown. The occasion was to honour the college which he had created, by a public disputation. Three selected pupils from each class were brought forth as disputants, headed by the professor, who acted as moderator. In that presence stood forth the meek but mighty Carey, as professor of both Bengalee and Sanscrit, and on him devolved the task of addressing a speech to the great viceroy in the latter, ancient, and, to India, sacred tongue. He fully avowed his work as a preacher and teacher, and took his place as bravely as he wore his fame humbly.

The position of professor in the Fort William College, to which his pre-eminent talents had carried him, was advantageous to him in many ways, and all these were turned into advantages to that for which he lived—his mission. In point of literary labour he and Marshman were scarcely men, they were a sort of miracles. They dealt with languages, hard and untried languages, as other men might with poetry. To learn one language *well* is a work of some skill; and all agree that one Indian language is about equal in point of difficulty to five European ones. They learned the living and the dead, those

spoken at their doors, those spoken far away. They made grammars, and translations of Scripture, and of native works into English, on a scale that had much more of prodigy than of practical wisdom; but, as a prodigy, nothing like it has been done. They conceived grandly, lived like great souls in a wide sphere, and wrought for millions, and for distant generations. Men in Serampore translating into Mahratta, and Canarese, and Teloo-goo, was not wise, but it was wonderful and zealous.

The great passion of Dr Carey's life was to give the Holy Scriptures to all India in the mother tongue of each province. Few things more clearly display the magnitude of the country, than the difficulty of learning how many languages are spoken in it. At Serampore a map was published, according to the best light of the day, shewing where each tongue prevailed, the errors of which are a touching proof that India is a region so vast as to baffle not only conception, but even inquiry, for a length of time. Pundits of different nations were assembled at Serampore, and laboured under the direction of the missionaries in producing versions in the various languages. Seven years was the shortest period given to the preparation of any one version; but several proceeded simultaneously. In the year 1822 the New Testament *had been published in twenty of the languages of India*. This prodigious performance overtaxed the resources at their command, and brought them into straits. These, and the painful separation from the Society in England through questions of property, clouded many of their later days.

It was more than forty years since Dr Carey, now renowned and honoured, had landed friendless on the shores of Bengal. He had reached his seventy-third year. He was, as Sir Charles, afterwards Lord, Metcalfe expressed it, “surrounded by his own good works, and attended by the respect and applause of all good men.” He had the feeling of every good servant strong in him—a dread of “becoming useless.” To labour till the hour of his final rest sounded, by his Master's order, was his ambition. Yet he was gently laid aside for a little while before the moment for meeting his Lord. The progress of Christian truth in India was the chief topic of conversation with the various missionary friends who visited him during his illness. While confined to his couch, Lady William Bentinck repeatedly came over to visit him; and Dr Wilson, the Bishop of Calcutta, came to his dying bed, and asked his benediction. In the prospect of death, Dr Carey exhibited no raptures and no apprehensions. He reposed the most perfect confidence in the all-meritorious atonement of the Redeemer. He felt the most cheerful resignation to the Divine will, and looked at his own dissolution without any feeling of anxiety. His

decease thus came softly on his relatives and associates. On Sunday, the 8th of June, Dr Marshman engaged in prayer at the side of his bed, but was apprehensive that he was not recognised: Mrs Carey put the question to him, and he feebly replied, "Yes;" and for the last time pressed the hand of his colleague. The next morning, the 9th of June, his spirit passed to the mansions of the blest. He was followed to the grave by all the native Christians, and by many of his Christian brethren of various denominations, anxious to pay the last token of reverence to the father of modern missions.

DEW.

"O, DEAREST mother, tell me, pray,
Why are the dewdrops gone so soon?
Could they not stay till close of day,
To twinkle on the flowery spray,
Or on the field till noon?"

"My child, 'tis said such beauteous things,
Too often loved with vain excess,
Are swept away by angel-wings,
Before contamination clings
To their pure loveliness.

"Behold yon rainbow brightening yet,
To which all mingled hues are given;
There are thy dewdrops, grandly set
In a resplendent coronet
Upon the brow of heaven.

"No earthly stain can reach them there;
Woven with sunbeams there they shine,
A transient vision of the air,
But yet a symbol pure and fair
Of love and peace divine."

The child look'd upward into space
With eager and inquiring eyes,
And o'er its sweet and thoughtful face
Came a faint glory, and a grace
Transmitted from the skies.

With the last odorous sigh of May,
That child beneath the flowers was laid;
Like dew, its spirit pass'd away
To mingle in eternal day,
With angels perfect made.

—Household Words.

THE LOGIC OF THE LIFE.

A NARRATIVE OF FACTS.

THERE is one way, and that the best way, in which the simplest and least learned believer may meet and confute the subtlest infidel,—not so much by words as by deeds,—not so much by the logic of the lip as by *the logic of the life*. I shall best make my meaning plain by a simple account of what lately happened in my own neighbourhood, and partly under my own eye.

John — is a dyer; and mingling with men of bad character, he had become a drunkard, a blasphemous, a cruel husband, a noted boxer, a practical infidel. As is usual in such cases, his house was the home of wretchedness, unfurnished and deserted; his wife was in rags, his cupboard empty, and debt and shame were his constant companions.

About three years ago, through the efforts of an assistant of mine, his wife was induced to open her house for a cottage lecture; and the husband, after a time, began to steal into the back part of the dwelling during the little services, and to lend a half-unwilling ear to what was going on. It pleased Him "who leads the blind by a way that they know not," to reach his conscience in this manner. He became very uneasy, and in spite of his mean clothes, began to attend church. For a time his anguish of mind was greater than can be told. But at last that Saviour who came "to bind up the broken-hearted," and who died on the cross to save sinners, manifested Himself to him as He doth not to the world, giving him "beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning, the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness."

The calm morning after a stormy night is not a greater change than that which followed in the life and lot of happy John. All things became new. His house was made tidy, and one piece of furniture after another was purchased, till the whole face of his cottage was changed. His wife and himself, decently dressed, were in their places at church whenever the Sabbath-speaking bell invited them to the house of prayer, and ere long they were seen side by side at the table of the Lord.

A light thus put on a candlestick could not be hid. So striking a change in one who had been so notorious called forth much notice. He became a wonder unto many. Some admired, others mocked, and many persecuted him. His former infidel companions were more especially mad against him. They jeered him, reproached him, enticed him, swore at him, and did all in their power to draw or to drive him from his Saviour. But deeply sensible of his own utter helplessness, he clung to the strength of God, and thus, "out of weakness being made strong," his enemies only served to prove his faith, exercise his patience, and increase his watchfulness. The blast of temptation, which lays in the dust the plant which our heavenly Father hath not planted, only roots the deeper every "tree of righteousness" which He has planted in the garden of His grace.

John had most to bear at his daily labour in the dye-house. It was his hard lot to work amongst a band of low infidels, and they had it nearly all their own way. For a time, indeed, two men timidly took the Christian's part; but after a while, even those, worn out by annoyance and ashamed of the cross, deserted both him and their profession of religion, becoming apostates, the vilest of the vile. The humble confessor was thus left alone, like a sheep in the midst of wolves; but he was not alone, for "the Lord stood by him." He was enabled to walk blamelessly and unrebukably before them. Sometimes he reasoned with them, at other times he entertained them, but most commonly he did as

is Master had done when beset by His accusers, "he answered not a word." His meekness was the more lovely, because he had seen aforetime a terror to his companions, or was there one of them who would have dared to provoke him. But now the gentleness of the lamb restrained the strength of the lion.

The quiet influence of John's consistent walk could not fail to be felt. His life was harder to answer than his tongue. A beautiful proof of this occurred one day, and shall form the point of my little narrative. His fellow-workmen had been nearly an hour decrying Christianity as the source of all crime and wretchedness, whilst they boasted what their system would do if fairly tried—what peace and purity would reign in their "new moral world." John held his peace for a long time, till at last "the fire kindled," and lifting up his voice he turned upon them, and said feelingly but firmly, "Well, I am a plain-dealing man, and I like to judge of the tree by the fruit it bears. Come, then, let us look at what your principles do. I suppose they will do in a little way what they would do in a great. Now there," said he, pointing at the two apostates, "are Tom and Jem, on whom you have tried your system. What, then, has it done for them? When they professed to be Christians they were civil, sober, good-tempered, kind husbands, and fond fathers. They were cheerful, hard-working, and ready to oblige. What are they now? What have you made them? Look at them. How changed they are; but not for the better. They seem downcast and surly; they cannot give one a civil word; their mouths are full of cursing and filthiness; they are drunk every week; their children are nearly naked; their wives broken-hearted, and their houses desolate. *There* is what your principles have done. This is the 'new moral world' they have made.

"Now, I have tried Christianity; and what has it done for me? I need not tell you what I was before; you all too well know. There was not one of you that could drink so deeply, or swear so desperately, or fight so fiercely; I was always out of humour, discontented, and unhappy. My wife was starved and ill-used; I had no money, nor could I get anything upon trust. I was hateful and hating. What am I now? What has religion made me? Thank God, I am not afraid to put it to you. He has helped me to walk carefully amongst you. Am I not a happier man than I was? Can you deny that I am a better servant to my master, and a kinder companion to you? Would I once have put up with what I daily hear from you? I could beat any of you as easily as ever; why don't I do it? Do you hear a foul word come out of my mouth? Do you ever catch me in a public-house? Is there any one that has got a score against me? Go and ask my neighbours if I am not altered for

the better. Go and ask my wife; she can tell you. Go and see my house; let that bear witness. God be praised for it, *here* is what Christianity has done for me: *there* is what infidelity has done for Tom and Jem."

He stopped. The appeal was not to be withstood. For that time, at least, the scoffers had not a word to answer. They were overpowered by the eloquence of example.

My brethren of the working class, follow this beautiful pattern: "With well-doing put to silence the ignorance of foolish men." "Be not afraid of their terror." "Witness a good confession." Stand fast, like Daniel before the den of lions, or Shadrach, Meshach, and Abed-nego, before the burning fiery furnace. If you cannot argue, you can act. If you cannot reason down, you can *live* down the artful infidel. There is a logic of which, through grace, you may be master,—a logic so simple that a child can understand it, so conclusive that a philosopher cannot disprove it,—it is the logic John made use of,—*the logic of the life.*—Rev. Canon Stowell.

CHRIST IN THE GARDEN.

CHRIST having bequeathed to His Church the inestimable legacy of His own body and blood, and instituted the great Passover of the new covenant, went out the same evening from Jerusalem, and entered the garden of Gethsemane, situated at the foot of Mount Olivet. Here it was that the conflict began which ended only on Mount Calvary. As the downfall and ruin of mankind had commenced in a garden, so it was proper that the recovery and redemption of mankind should likewise commence in a garden. The garden of Eden had been the first theatre of sin. So the garden of Gethsemane became the first stage of our Redeemer's passion. Here His blessed soul underwent an excruciating martyrdom, and was drowned in an ocean of sorrows. Here His affectionate heart was seized with strange convulsions of grief, and almost torn asunder with fits of sadness. Here the joy of angels, and the sweet comforter of all afflicted and distressed souls, was overwhelmed with so heavy a load of affliction, that He breathed forth the doleful complaint, "My soul is exceeding sorrowful even unto death." Behold the Son of God prostrate on the earth! He is confounded within Himself at the imputation of our guilt. The leprosy of our sins, with which He is covered, fills Him with horror. The enormous weight of our guilt produced the most painful and intense agony; so much so, that even before the hand of man had touched Him, He melted as it were by the fire of Divine wrath, so that the sweat fell from Him like drops of blood. We shudder at the account of His sufferings given by the evangelists, who tell us that He prayed, once, twice, and even a third time, that the

cup of His affliction might pass from Him. And when His bitter trial approached, and all the powers of the Evil One were let loose upon Him, His heart so sank that an angel was sent to strengthen Him.

In the garden of Gethsemane sin was triumphant. Holiness was abandoned even by the All-Holy. It was the hour of the prince of darkness. The Father had withdrawn His consoling presence. The pitiless storm of Divine wrath beat upon the soul of the suffering Saviour in all its fury. He stood charged with the collective guilt of Adam's fallen race; and all the arrows of Almighty justice flew at once to His heart. How fearful must have been the pressure of that physical suffering which caused Him to pray that, if it were agreeable to the will of His Father, the bitter cup might pass from Him! But this could not be. As the representative of a guilty world, He must tread the wine-press of God's wrath alone. There is no way of reconciling these intense sufferings of the immaculate Son of God with the attributes of the Most High upon the principles of the Socinian, who utterly denies their vicarious nature. The agony in the garden is a knot that nothing can untie, but the old doctrine of our sin being really *imputed* to Christ, and Christ being made a sin and a curse for us.

In the agony of Jesus we behold, then, the true nature and the proper effects of sin. "The wages of sin is death." Therefore His "soul was exceeding sorrowful even unto death." We see here a specimen of that "indignation and wrath, tribulation and anguish," which every soul of man would have had to suffer, had He not become the sufferer in our stead. Let us think of Gethsemane as the place where Jesus bore the wrath of Jehovah, that we might be restored to His smiles and mercy. As we mourn over the entrance of the devil into the Garden of Eden, and the dreadful fall of our first parents, let us behold with joy the "seed of the woman" wrestling with this base usurper in the garden of Gethsemane, that He might enable us to crush him beneath our feet.—*German Ref. Messenger*.

MARTIN LUTHER AND HIS DYING DAUGHTER.

LUTHER was called to part with Magdalen at the age of fourteen. She was a most endearing child, and united the firmness and perseverance of the father with the gentleness and delicacy of the mother. When she grew very ill, Luther said, "Dearly do I love her! but, O my God, if it be Thy will to take her hence, I resign her to Thee without a murmur."

He then approached the bed, and said to her, "My dear little daughter, my beloved Magdalen, you would willingly remain with

your earthly father; but, if God calls you, you will also willingly go to your heavenly Father."

She replied, "Yes, dear father; it is as God pleases."

"Dear little girl," he exclaimed, "oh, how I love her! The spirit is willing, but the flesh is weak."

He then took the Bible, and read to her the passage in Isaiah:—"Thy dead men shall live, together with my dead body shall they arise. Awake and sing, ye that dwell in dust: for thy dew is as the dew of herbs, and the earth shall cast out the dead."

He then said, "My daughter, enter thou into thy resting-place in peace."

She turned her dying eyes towards him, and said, with touching simplicity, "Yes, father."

The night preceding her death, Catharine,* worn out with watching, reclined her head on the sick-bed and slept. When she awoke, she appeared much agitated; and, as soon as Philip Melancthon arrived, she hastened to him and told him her dream.

"I saw two young men, who seemed to be clad in robes of light, enter the room. I pointed to Magdalen, who lay quietly sleeping, and made a sign to them not to disturb her; but they said they came to conduct her to the bridal ceremony."

Melancthon was much moved, and afterwards said to his wife, "These were holy angels that Catharine saw in her dream; and they will conduct the virgin to her bridal in the celestial kingdom."

When her last moments were near, she raised her eyes tenderly to her parents, and begged them not to weep for her. "I go," said she, "to my Father in heaven," and a sweet smile irradiated her dying countenance. Luther threw himself upon his knees, weeping bitterly, and fervently prayed God to spare her to them;—in a few moments she expired in the arms of her father. Catharine, unequal to repressing the agony of her sorrow, was at a little distance, perhaps unable to witness the last long-drawn breath. When the scene was closed, Luther repeated fervently, "The will of God be done!—yes, she has gone to her Father in heaven." Philip Melancthon, who with his wife was present, said, "Parental love is an image of the Divine love impressed on the hearts of men; God does not love the beings He has created less than parents love their children."

When they were about putting the child into the coffin, the father said, "Dear little Magdalen, I see thee now lifeless, but thou wilt shine in the heavens as a star! I am joyous in spirit, but in the flesh most sorrowful. It is wonderful to realise that she is happy—better taken care of—and yet to be so sad."

Then turning to the mother, who was bitterly weeping, he said, "Dear Catharine, remember where she is gone,—ah, she has made a blessed exchange! The heart bleeds without

* The child's mother.

doubt; it is natural that it should; but the spirit, the immortal spirit, rejoices. Happy are those who die young;—children do not doubt—they believe; with them all is trust; they fall asleep."

When the funeral took place, and the people were assembled to convey the body to its last home, some friends said they sympathised with him in his affliction. "Be not sorrowful for me," he replied; "I have sent a saint to heaven. Oh, may we all die such a death! Gladly would I accept it now!"

When they began to chant, "Lord, remember not our ancient sins," Luther said, "Not only our ancient, but our present sins."

To his friend Justus Jonas he soon after wrote the following letter:—

"September 23, 1542.

"I doubt not thou hast heard the birth of my little Magdalen into the kingdom of Christ. My wife and I ought only to think of rendering thanks for her happy transition and peaceful end;—for by it she has escaped the power of the flesh, the world, the Turks,* and the devil;—yet nature is strong, and I cannot support this event without tears and groans, or, to speak more truly, without a broken heart. On my very soul are engraved the looks, the words, the gestures—during her life, and on the bed of death—of my obedient, my loving child! Even the death of Christ (and what are all deaths in comparison with that?) cannot turn away my thoughts from hers as it ought. She was, as thou knowest, lovely in her character, and full of tenderness."

STRAY THOUGHTS FOR THE STRAYING.

A SINGLE misstep has sometimes crippled a man for life. A moral misstep is sometimes attended with results still more fatal.

It would have cost Bunyan's "Pilgrim" a less effort to have kept out of the "Slough," than it did to extricate himself from it.

Peter's bitter weeping and deep mental anguish were caused by the denial of his Lord. Untold multitudes of others have experienced, and are experiencing, a like result from a like cause.

"*Facilis descensus Avernì, sed revocare gradum, hoc opus, hic labor est,*"—that is, descent is easy, but to retrace one's steps, this is work, this is labour. This is peculiarly true of the Christian in his descents and ascents, while on his journey toward heaven.

He who takes a "leap in the dark," does it at his peril. So he who walks not in the light of God's countenance, at every step is taking a dangerous "leap in the dark."

In a fleeing army, it is the lagging soldiers who are first overtaken and captured by their merciless pursuers. So with the laggards and loiterers in the "host of God's elect."

* At this time there was great apprehension from the war with the Turks.

Pages for the Young.

THE HAPPY CHILD.

(Concluded from page 348.)

"PAPA," said Robert, looking up and whispering, "I thought we were going to see a little boy that was very happy."

"Wait a while," said Mr Thompson, "and you will see;" and then he turned to the sick boy.

"My little fellow," said he, "you find it very tiresome lying here so long?"

"A little so," said the boy, smiling very pleasantly; "but then I have so many things to make me comfortable."

"What things?"

"Oh, I have a knife, and I can use it a little at a time; and I have this little china dog, that a lady gave me,—I play with that sometimes; and then, don't you see my flowers?"

The little boy pointed to a small bed of flowers just before the door, where there were some pinks, and some larkspurs, and marigolds, and sweet-peas; it was weeded very clean, and the flowers made it bright enough.

"Mother planted all those flowers for me in the spring," he said; "and she has watered and weeded them every night after she had done her work; they grow beautifully, and I lie here every day and look at them. Sometimes, when the rain is falling, or in the morning when the dew is on them, they look so bright and fresh! Mother puts some in the mug, to stand by me every day."

"But don't you suffer a great deal of pain?"

"Sometimes I do; but then, sir, I know that God would not send it if it was not best for me; so I am willing to bear it: besides, I know that the Lord Jesus Christ suffered more pain for me than I suffer. There are some beautiful hymns about it in this book," he added, taking up his little hymn-book; "and then I have the Bible. Oh, I don't know how I could get along, if it were not for that!"

"But are you never unhappy when you see other boys jumping and playing about?"

"No, I am not; I know God knows what is best for me; besides, my Saviour comforts me. I love to lie here, when it is all still, and think about Him."

"Don't you hope sometimes that you will get well, and be able to go about again?"

"No, I know that I can't; I shall not live a great while; they all say so."

"And don't you feel afraid to die?"

"Oh no; I feel as if I would be glad to. I long to see my Saviour. All I feel sad about is, that mother will be lonesome when I am gone."

"Well, my little boy, if there is anything that I can send you to make you more comfortable, I shall be glad to do so."

"Oh, thank you, sir; but I don't know that I want anything."

"I wish I could relieve your pains, my little fellow," said Mr Thompson.

"God would do it in a minute, if it was only best for me," said the boy; "and if it is not best, I had rather He would not do it. Besides, I think I am happier now than I used to be when I was well."

"Ah! how can that be?"

"I did not love God so much then, and I used to forget to read the Bible. I had not so much pleasure in thinking about heaven," said the little boy.

"You remember," said Mr Thompson, "it says in the Bible, 'Before I was afflicted I went astray; but now have I kept thy word.'"

"That is just it, sir," said the boy; "just the way I feel. Oh, I've been very happy since I have been sick here."

Edward and Robert looked at their father, at these words. Mr Thompson now rose to go.

"If you please, sir, perhaps the boys would like some of my flowers; there is a beautiful root of pinks there, and some roses," said the sick boy.

"Oh no," said Edward, "we won't take them away from you."

"Oh, I like to give them away," said the boy, earnestly; "do take some."

"Take some, my dear children; it will please him," said Mr Thompson, in a low voice, as he picked a few and gave to each of the boys; and then added aloud, "We will keep them to remember you by, my dear little fellow."

As they parted with the little boy, he smiled sweetly, and put out his hand, and added,—

"If you'll come when my latest rose-bush is in blossom, I'll give you some roses." . . .

"Papa," said Edward, "that poor little boy really does seem to be happy, and yet he is poor, and sick, and in pain; and he has very few things, too. It is strange; he is certainly a great deal happier than James Robertson."

"Well, I can tell you the reason," said his father. "It is because James Robertson is a selfish boy, that he is unhappy; from morning till night he thinks of nothing but how to please himself. His father and mother have spent all their lives in contriving ways to please him, and have never required him to give up his own will in anything; and now he is so selfish that he is always unhappy. He does not love God, and he does not love his parents, nor anything else, so well as he loves himself; and such a boy will always be unhappy. And the reason that this poor little sick boy is happy, is because he has learned to love God his Saviour better than anything else, and to find all his pleasure in trying to do *His* will instead of his own. This is what makes him *peaceful*. If he did not love God, and love to give up his will to Him, and to bear and suffer whatever He thought best, how miserable he would be now!"

"He would be very fretful, I suppose," said Edward; "I'm afraid I should be."

"Yes," said his father; "but now, when he

has learned to give up entirely to the will of his heavenly Father, see how he seems to enjoy his flowers, and his hymn-book, and his few little playthings! He enjoys them more than James Robertson enjoys all his elegant things. Now, my dear boys, remember this:—The way to be happy is to have a *right heart*, and not to have everything given to us that we want."

A FAREWELL.

My fairest child, I have no song to give you,
No lark could pipe to skies so dull and gray;
Yet, ere we part, one lesson I can leave you
For every day.

Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever;
Do noble things, not dream them, all day long;
And so make life, death, and that vast Forever
One grand, sweet song.

—Rev. C. Kingsley.

THE "GUEST'S" BIBLE QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNG.

RIVERS.

INTO how many heads was the river parted that flowed out of Eden?

What were they named?

What babe was found in an ark of bulrushes by the river's brink?

Who dreamed that he saw coming out of a river seven well-favoured kine and seven ill-favoured?

Where is a righteous man compared to a tree planted by the rivers of water?

When were all the waters of the rivers of Egypt turned into blood?

At what time were the waters of the river Jordan parted, so that there was a dry path through the midst?

What was taken out of the river to serve as a memorial of this miracle?

Where is the earth said to be greatly enriched by the river of God?

Who says, "Mine eyes runneth down with rivers of tears?"

Who sat and wept by the rivers of Babylon?
By whom was the Lord Jesus baptized in the river Jordan?

What testimony was given from heaven as He came up out of the water?

Who met on the Sabbath for prayer by the side of a river?

Where is the King of Assyria compared to a river who shall come up over all his channels, and go over all his banks?

Where is it said that "the glorious Lord will be unto us a place of broad rivers and streams?"

Where are we told that "the harvest of the river is the revenue of Tyre?"

Upon what river did the sixth angel pour out his vial?

Who saw a pure river of water of life proceeding out of the throne of God?

What tree grew on either side of the river?



A FAMILY MAGAZINE FOR SUNDAY READING.

REVISED BY THE REV. NORMAN M'LEOD, D.D., GLASGOW.

WEEKLY NOS. ONE HALFPENNY.]

[MONTHLY PARTS, THREEPENCE.

THOUGHTS ON A REVIVAL OF RELIGION.

BY REV. NORMAN MACLEOD, D.D.

We believe that among many sober-minded Christians, prejudices exist against "Revivals." We do not mean that any true Christian is prejudiced against the idea of any other person on earth becoming a Christian, and being "converted," or "turned from darkness to light, from serving Satan to serving the living God." Were it otherwise, this would only prove that he himself had not been the subject of this great and blessed change of character. But the feeling we allude to has reference more to the suddenness of conversion, or the alleged fact, that one hitherto indifferent in regard to the righteous demands of God upon him as an immortal and responsible being, should *suddenly* respond to these, and be "converted."

Now, to all such doubters we might appeal in the language of Paul,—“Why should it seem incredible to you that God should raise the dead?”

Let us briefly state the objections as these are generally urged against such spiritual resurrections, and as briefly reply to them.

1. “Such sudden conversions are not in accordance with the ordinary teaching and training of the Spirit of God.”

If by this is only meant that God ordinarily blesses for the saving of souls what are termed “the means of grace,” or “the truth as it is in Jesus,” whether inculcated by the parent, the teacher, or the minister, and presented to the mind and impressed upon it patiently and laboriously during a course of years,—then we also believe this, and cordially admit it. Nay, we would wish all our friends of “revivals” to be keenly alive to the danger of so expressing themselves as to appear even to disparage such earnest painstaking, and, as if in order to avoid labour, the seeking to attain by a summary process only what thousands strive to attain, and actually do attain, by a prayerful diligence, which begins with sowing

the seed in childhood, and never ceases until there is the blade, and the full ear ending in the golden harvest. We feel assured that the faithful minister who has seen many souls born to God under his teaching, will acknowledge that these results were connected not so much, or probably not at all, with any sudden change, from some striking sermon he had preached, but rather from a series of impressions made by pious parents in their home training, or by himself in his congregational class, or by the whole tone and tenor of his public ministrations, &c. How often has it thus happened that others have laboured, and that he has but entered into their labours! The conversion of his hearers has been the culminating point of a thousand appliances, and, in the vast majority of cases, it has been reached by degrees. The glorious summit has been attained, not by a leap from the valley, but after many preparatory steps. The light of life has not flashed out of darkness, but has dawned by imperceptible degrees, until the glory of God was seen in the face of Christ Jesus. If the new life itself has been suddenly experienced, yet let us not overlook the preparatory work of the shaking of the dry bones, then of the bone coming to its bone, and, finally, the flesh and skin covering the skeleton, and so preparing a home in which the living spirit could dwell and act. We cannot use language strong enough to express our conviction in the blessing which, as an ordinary rule, is sure to follow from the Lord on the faithful and prayerful labour of a pious parent, Sabbath-school teacher, or pastor. Let nothing be said in favour of wide-spread and sudden revivals to discourage these hopes! A true revival, we believe, shall ever, in God's own time, attend such labours. This is emphatically true regarding the work of the ministry. We believe that the ministry is of God, as much as the Bible is—one of the most

precious gifts obtained for the Church by the risen Saviour; and that now, as ever, the preaching of the Word by ministers duly prepared and—as a rule we would add—regularly called and ordained by the Christian Church, is the grand means for converting sinners; that this power never grows old or loses its adaptation to the wants of man amidst the constant changes of society, no more than a lens does in transmitting the rays of the sun, from age to age. Yet, with all these admissions, and with profound veneration for the ordinary calm and methodical means of grace, we can nevertheless believe in wide-spread sudden “conversions,” in circumstances which leave no doubt of their being caused by what has been termed an extraordinary outpouring of God’s Spirit. For let us beware of dogmatising irreverently as to when and how that Living Spirit shall operate on the souls of men, who worketh according to His own counsel of unerring and inscrutable wisdom. “Who hath known the mind of the Lord? and who hath been his counsellor that we should instruct him?” Now, we fear that this is often done—unintentionally and ignorantly, it may be, yet still sinfully.

There is one fact or fundamental truth of which we would here remind our readers as bearing materially upon this portion of our subject, and that is the *Personality* of the Spirit. As a Person He acts as “He wills,” and in every case with perfect wisdom and perfect love. And is it not in keeping with this truth, or rather a necessary consequence from it, that God’s Spirit should teach and educate individuals and churches differently, or at least in accordance with their respective and specific wants? If His outward dispensations towards the same person constantly vary, yet all working towards one end, the soul’s good—even as the combinations of the elements vary day by day, yet all helping on the earth’s fruitfulness—why should not His dealings with the *inner* life of persons also vary, yet by each and all be carried on the one glorious scheme of education for heaven? And if so, why do we think it strange that an individual should have his times of comparative spiritual darkness and light, strength and weakness? or that churches should also experience different kinds of treatment, so to speak, by the same wise Spirit, yet all suited to advance more and more in the end, both in us and by us, that kingdom which is righteousness, peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost!

Believing this, we can believe in revivals, even though they are extraordinary and exceptional, if you will, to the ordinary methods of the Spirit.

Did our space permit, we could easily adduce many illustrations of this truth in God’s training of the Jewish nation, and also in the different processes by which the apostles and other disciples of Christ were brought to God. There are hardly two histories alike. Peter

and Paul, Timothy, and the jailor of Philippi—the conversions on Pentecost, and those in Ephesus—each have their own individual characteristics, that speak of living, and not mechanical processes.

But we must pass rapidly and more briefly to the consideration of other objections to revivals.

2. “We object entirely to revivals because of the great excitement which attends them.”

To this we reply—

(1.) We admit the possibility of great excitement connected with religious truth, with the total absence of religious character. There is no more interesting or remarkable chapter in history, than that which records the *manias* that have spread like epidemics at different periods (especially during the middle ages) over Europe. They are cases of *hysteria* upon a great scale; and that these should take a religious form as well as any other, is in no way impossible.

(2.) We admit, also, that excitement is not to be desired for its own sake. Its *tendency* is to produce reaction, and, when the fire passes, to leave nothing but ashes behind. We may receive the Word with joy, and yet it may soon wither: and also give our bodies to be burnt, and yet be nothing. *Mere* excitement is next door to grossness and licentiousness. Both have the same sensuous elements in them. Had we our choice, we would prefer a revival without any excitement. But—

(3.) We have not our choice in such matters. We cannot change the laws of the human mind, and as long as these remain, how is it possible always to prevent excitement by what so powerfully appeals to every feeling and affection in the soul of man? Given only that the facts of Christianity are true regarding man’s condition without a Saviour, and all that has been done for him, and must be done in him, before salvation is possible, with the tremendous consequences throughout eternity attached to his faith and repentance in time—and why should excitement be deemed unlikely or unbecoming in him who sees and believes these truths for the first time in his life, whether that excitement consists in uncontrolled emotions of shame for what he has been as a sinner, fear for what he deserves from God’s justice, or joy for what he has received from God’s mercy? Would not calm self-possession, in such circumstances, if more *reasonable*, be more wonderful than excitement? But—

(4.) Why may not a wide-spread excitement about religious truths, though in some persons a mere physical condition of the nervous system, be the very means, under God, of arresting their mind or the minds of others, and disposing them to consider and receive the truth itself? What is it which we have most to complain of as an obstacle to the gospel? Not infidelity, nor active opposition,

nor ignorance, but *indifference*—cold, heartless indifference in those who may go to church, stand up at prayer, hear or sleep, read or dream, agree with everything the minister says, yet verily believe nothing, and are therefore neither roused by fear nor gladdened by hope, but live on, day by day, buying and selling, eating and drinking, respectable it may be, and respected, as good farmers, decent tradesmen, honest shopkeepers, honourable gentlemen, but to spiritual things in their living reality and momentous importance—*indifferent*! Could any one but read the thoughts, hear the conversation, or watch the effects on the great mass of the hearers, one day or one hour, after hearing the most impressive and earnest sermon in which the minister before God sought to save their souls, what a fearful vision of the mystery of indifference would be revealed!

Whatever, then, breaks this up is a blessing. No excitement can be so dangerous, so deadly, as this indifference. Better a thousand times the wild hurricane than the calm miasma. Better the stream which rushes impetuously over its banks, carrying with it devastation for a time, than the dead and fetid marsh! The one may be turned into a new channel, and made available as a power for advancing the interests of man; but the other is "evil, and only evil continually." Whatever, therefore, we repeat it, tends in Providence to destroy indifference, be it the excitement of a storm or earthquake, of a great religious revival, or of domestic bereavement and sorrow—whatever it be, yet is it a blessing, if it prepares the soul to receive the seed of the gospel, by inducing men even to *think* seriously, as the first condition for their ultimately believing seriously.

(5.) But this excitement which alarms so many sober-minded people, was not, after all, an element which vitiated the religious "movements" in the early ages of Christianity. There were rational Sadducees, learned scribes, and formal Pharisees, who were much displeased at the excitement of the multitude when Jesus made His triumphant entry into Jerusalem. But when our Lord was asked to rebuke them, He replied that the very stones would cry out if these were silent! Was there no excitement on the day of Pentecost? Some thought the apostles were intoxicated, but what must have been their thoughts when they heard thousands under overwhelming emotion crying out, What shall we do to be saved? Nor were these cases singular. The preaching of the gospel was everywhere accompanied by such awakenings as arrested the attention of cities and nations. Would God it were so now!

(6.) But, in once more meeting this objection, we cannot help noticing the character of the persons who most generally urge it. How often does one hear from the lips of the intensely worldly-minded, fears expressed at the

danger of religious excitement! And if the symptoms of such a terrible state of mind manifest themselves in son or daughter, even in the form of thoughtfulness in regard to their duty to God, or of fear about their state, or doubts with reference to the manner in which they have been accustomed to spend their time and talents, how often does the very mother who bore them become herself thoughtful and concerned about her child! "She so much dislikes religious excitement. She likes cheerful Christians—religious people now-a-days are so sad and gloomy—she is really anxious about her poor daughter," &c. And all this from persons who live in a constant whirl of excitement, to whose daily life excitement is essential, not as a means of temporary relief from severe thought and action, but as the very end of existence. And whence is their excitement derived? From the most contemptible and silly frivolities, from balls, parties, visits, and gossip without end—excitements utterly selfish, which materialise the soul, debase its tastes, enervate its powers, rendering it incapable of all earnest labours or self-denial, and which incapacitate it from apprehending the purity, the majesty, and the surpassing wonder of spiritual realities. These are the persons who are so much alarmed lest their dear children should become excited about the things which arrest the attention and engage the thoughts of the mighty angels, yea, of Jesus Christ himself! Believe it, that whatever excitement may possibly accompany the commencement of the Christian life in one who has never been trained to think seriously or act conscientiously, yet the only persons in the world who are habitually free from all excitement or violent emotions of any kind, are true Christians, because they have the "love which casteth out fear," and enjoy "the peace of God which passeth all understanding."

But we must delay our further remarks upon this subject till our next number.

PROTESTANTISM IN HUNGARY.

BY PROFESSOR DE FELICE.

THE attention of Europe and of the world is now turned to the internal state of Austria. Every one wants to know how this vast empire is governed, which experiences such serious reverses; and the closer we look into the matter, the more we are convinced that the government of Vienna deserves severe punishment by the hand of Providence.

The concordat concluded by the Emperor Francis Joseph with the court of Rome, some years ago, is one of the principal causes of the decline of Austria. If this act of servile deference has procured for the dynasty of the Hapsburgs the sympathies of priests, it has excited, not only in the Austrian monarchy, but in the other civilised states, deep disgust.

and I believe the loss is greater than the gain.

First, it has been impossible to satisfy the exactions of the high dignitaries of the Romish Church. The statesmen of Vienna, seeing constantly before them increasing usurpations, were forced to set limits to them. Next, the intelligent classes of Austria are opposed to the concordat. Lately, at a theatrical performance which took place in the very palace of the emperor, allusion was made to clerical tyranny; and the spectators, although belonging for the most part to the aristocracy, loudly applauded the attacks made against the encroachments of the priests. The treaty with Rome is, then, unpopular in the higher ranks of the nation. This is not all. The clergy hinder, as much as they can, the progress of manufactures, commerce, science; they would have an indolent and degraded people like that of Spain. Lastly, Protestants have been harassed in a thousand ways, and are very discontented. All this may cause serious embarrassment to the cabinet of Vienna. Will political governments, then, never learn that their interest as well as their dignity demands that they do not subject their actions to the control of the Roman hierarchy?

I wish to speak particularly of the situation of Protestants in Hungary. They are divided into two branches: the Lutherans and the Reformed, or disciples of the Helvetic Confession. They are numerous, in spite of the intrigues of the Jesuits, and the persecutions which they have endured in former ages; for they constitute still a population of three thousand souls.

In 1848, when democracy reigned in Vienna, and the Hungarians were in arms, these Protestants obtained the most liberal promises. The government engaged to give them perfect liberty of worship, and to place them on equal footing with the Romanists. Vain and deceitful promises! The Austrian emperors are famous for breaking their word; they easily forget, in the days of prosperity, the promises made in times of adversity; and if they are devoted to the pontifical See, they have no respect for the plainest duties of morality.

Mark what happened after Hungary was crushed by the Muscovite arms. General Haynau and his worthy followers placed the Protestants under the most oppressive yoke, alleging unworthy pretences. Their meetings of synod were forbidden, their consistories deprived of power, some of their schools suppressed, and the pastors treated like suspicious persons. It was the reign of terror. Protestants asked what crimes they had committed to be thus punished. The military dictators of Hungary did not deign them even a reply. Indeed, the poor Protestants were charged with having *independent* opinions; and this charge seemed to justify all the *iniquitous proceedings* against them.

The concordat rendered still more deplorable the condition of the Hungarian Protestants. The Popish priests were then convinced that all was in their power, and one of the first acts was to persecute those who did not recognise their spiritual authority. Judged what they did by what took place in the affair of *mixed marriages*.

A law published by the Emperor Ferdinand in the month of May 1848, allowed the relatives belonging to two religions to baptise their children in the Protestant Church. This rule was proper and conformable to the right of paternal authority. But the priests so took advantage of their increase of power as to annul the law. They maintained that whether the father or mother were Roman Catholic, *all* the children should be trained in Popery! Youths of fifteen or sixteen years who had received a Protestant education, have been forced into the Romish Church; and the parents made any resistance, the clergy called for the aid of the secular power to enforce its aim.

Last year, a Protestant officer of the Imperial army, who had married a wife of the Romish religion, was cited by the Archbishop-primate of Hungary, before the magistrate for not having brought up his two daughters in the Popish communion, and was ordered to commit them to the care of nuns in the convent of the metropolis, under threat that the children should be wholly taken from him, he did not comply with the judge's decision. The unhappy officer yielded to this monstrous injustice. The magistrate relied on a law passed in 1791, as if it had not been abrogated by the law of 1848.

It should be added that the chief officers of the Hungarian government are German, and that these strangers, not knowing the rights of Protestants, allow them a meagre tolerance.

The consistories have petitioned the Supreme Council of the Empire. They have stated their grievances, saying, among other things, that the Protestants are unlawfully interrupted in their work during Roman Catholic festivals. These petitions have been rejected by the Emperor's councillors. Is such a condition tolerable?

Protestants had asked leave to found an auxiliary branch of the *Gustavus Adolphus Society*. Their only object was to send pastors and evangelists among their scattered brethren. Yet this lawful request was refused because the priests fear whatever serves to unite Protestants to one another.

Such has been the condition of Hungarian Protestants until the present time. They were systematically oppressed. But within three or four months they have been somewhat relieved. The government of Vienna has allowed them to found a Protestant Orphan Asylum. It has authorised the opening of a lyceum, or college, in the Hungarian

Oedenburg. It has even contributed purchase of a Protestant cemetery in Austrian capital. Why this change of attitude towards dissenting communions? It is only necessary to say, the Cabinet of Austria, seeing war approach, has felt the need of winning the affections of the Hungarian subjects. Their cunning and duplicity are evident. These concessions are extorted by

LOOK ON THIS PICTURE, AND ON THAT."

BY MRS HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

It was a splendid room. Rich curtains hung down to the floor in graceful folds, excluding the light, and shedding it in lines over the fine old paintings on the wall, and over the broad mirrors that reflect the taste can accomplish by the hand of an artist. Books, the rarest and most costly, round, in every form of gorgeous binding and gilding, and among them, glittering in ornament, lay a magnificent Bible—a too beautiful in its appointments, too too ornamental, ever to have been to be read—a Bible which every visitor take up and exclaim, "What a beautiful! what superb bindings!" and then lay down again.

The master of the house was lounging in a sofa, looking over a late review—for he was a man of leisure, taste, and reading—but he was not reading the Bible!—that forms, in his opinion, no part of the pretensions of a gentleman's letters. The Bible—certainly he considered it a very respectable book—a fine specimen of ancient literature—an admirable source of moral precepts; but then as to its origin, he had not exactly made up his mind—some parts appeared strange and inconsistent to his reason—others were very repugnant to his taste; true, he had never neglected it very attentively, yet such was his impression about it; but on the whole he thought it well enough to keep a magnificent copy of it on his drawing-room

shelf for one picture, now for another:—he went with us into this little dark alley, a flight of ruinous stairs. It is a bitter cold, and the wind and snow might drive through the crevices of the poor room, were it not that careful hands have stopped them with paper or cloth. But for all this little coldness, the room is bitter cold—cold even those few decaying brands on the hearth, that sorrowful woman is trying to warm with her breath. Do you see that pale, thin girl, with large bright eyes, who is looking so near her mother? Hark! how she sighs! Now listen:—"O my dear child, my dear child," says the mother, "wrap that shawl close about you; you are

cold, I know," and the woman shivers as she speaks.

"No, mother, not *very*," replies the child, again relapsing into that hollow ominous cough—"I wish you wouldn't make me wear your shawl when it is cold, mother."

"Dear child, you need it most—how you cough to-night," replies the mother—"it really don't seem right for me to send you up that long cold street, now your shoes have grown so poor, too; I must go myself after this."

"O mother, you must stay with the baby—what if he should have one of those dreadful fits while you are gone—no, I can go very well, I have got used to the cold now."

"But, mother, I'm cold," says a little voice from the scanty bed in the corner, "mayn't I get up and come to the fire?"

"Dear child, it would not warm you—it is very cold here, and I can't make any more fire to-night."

"Why can't you, mother? there are four whole sticks of wood in the box, do put one on, and let's get warm once."

"No, my dear little Henry," says the mother, soothingly, "that is all the wood mother has, and I haven't any money to get more."

And now wakens the sick baby in the little cradle, and mother and daughter are both for some time busy in attempting to supply its little wants and lulling it again to sleep.

And now look you well at that mother. Six months ago, she had a husband, whose earnings procured for her both the necessities and comforts of life—her children were clothed, fed, and schooled, without thought of hers. But husbandless, friendless, and alone, in the heart of a great busy city, with feeble health, and only the precarious resource of her needle, she has gone rapidly down from comfort to extreme poverty. Look at her now, as she is to-night. She knows full well that the pale, bright-eyed girl whose hollow cough constantly rings in her ears, is far from well. She knows that cold, and hunger, and exposure of every kind, are daily and surely wearing away her life—and yet what can she do? Poor soul, how many times has she calculated all her little resources, to see if she could pay a doctor, and get medicine for Mary—yet all in vain. She knows that timely medicine, ease, fresh air, and warmth, might save her—but she knows that all these things are out of the question for her. She feels, too, as a mother would feel, when she sees her once rosy, happy little boy, becoming pale, and anxious, and fretful—and even when he teases her most, she only stops her work a moment, and strokes his poor little thin cheeks, and thinks what a laughing, happy little fellow he once was, till she has not a heart to reprove him. And all this day she has toiled with a sick and fretful baby in her lap, and her little, shivering, hungry boy at her side, whom poor Mary's

patient artifices cannot always keep quiet; she has toiled over the last piece of work which she can procure from the shop, for the man has told her that after this he can furnish no more. And the little money that is to come from this is already portioned out in her own mind, and after that she has no human prospect of more.

But yet that woman's face is patient, quiet, firm. Nay, you may even see in her suffering eye something like peace—and whence comes it? I will tell you.

There is a Bible in that room, as well as in the rich man's apartment. Not splendidly bound, to be sure, but faithfully read—a plain, homely, much-worn book.

Hearken now while she says to her children, "Listen to me, dear children, and I will read you something out of this book. 'Let not your hearts be troubled, in my Father's house are many mansions.' So you see, my children, we shall not always live in this little, cold, dark room. Jesus Christ has promised to take us to a better home."

"Shall we be warm there all day?" says the little boy, earnestly, "and shall we have enough to eat?"

"Yes, dear child," says the mother, "listen to what the Bible says, 'They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more; for the Lamb which is in the midst of them shall feed them; and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes.'"

"I am glad of that," said little Mary, "for mother, I never can bear to see you cry."

"But, mother," says little Henry, "won't God send us something to eat to-morrow?"

"See," says the mother, "what the Bible says, 'Seek ye not what ye shall eat, nor what ye shall drink, neither be of anxious mind. For your Father knoweth that ye have need of these things.'"

"But, mother," says little Mary, "if God is our Father, and loves us, what does He let us be so poor for?"

"Nay," says the mother, "our dear Lord Jesus Christ was as poor as we are, and God certainly loved Him."

"Was He, mother?"

"Yes, children, you remember how He said, 'The Son of man hath not where to lay His head.' And it tells us more than once that Jesus was hungry when there was none to give Him food."

"O mother, what should we do without the Bible!" says Mary.

Now, if the rich man, who had not yet made up his mind what to think of the Bible, should visit this poor woman, and ask her on what she grounded her belief of its truth, what could she answer? Could she give the argument from miracles and prophecy? Can she account for all the changes which might have taken place in it through translators and copyists, and prove that we have a genuine and uncorrupted version? Not she! But

how, then, does she know that it is true? How, say you? How does she know that she has warm life-blood in her heart? How does she know that there is such a thing as air and sunshine? She does not *believe* these things, she *knows* them; and in like manner, with a deep heart-consciousness, she is certain that the words of her Bible are truth and life. Is it by reasoning that the frightened child, bewildered in the dark, knows its mother's voice? No! Nor is it only by reasoning that the forlorn and distressed human heart knows the voice of its Saviour, and is still.

Go, when the child is lying in its mother's arms and looking up trustfully in her face, and see if you can puzzle him with metaphysical difficulties about personal identity, until you can make him think *that* is not his mother. The child sees his mother there, and feels her arms around him, and his quiet belief on the subject is in many respects like that which the little child of Christianity feels in the existence of his Saviour, and the reality of all those blessed truths which he has told in His Word. No evidence is so strong as the internal, when rightly understood. And none can rightly understand it but those who are "born again." The "children of the Father know His voice."

A SICK-BED.

Long hast thou watch'd my bed,
And smoothed the pillow oft
For this poor, aching head,
With touches kind and soft.

Oh! smoothe it yet again,
As softly as before;
Once—only once, and then
I need thy hand no more.

Yet here I may not stay,
Where I so long have lain
Through many a restless day
And many a night of pain.

But bear me gently forth
Beneath the open sky,
Where, on the pleasant earth,
Till night the sunbeams lie.

There, through the coming days,
I shall not look to thee
My weary side to raise
And shift it tenderly.

There sweetly shall I sleep,
Nor wilt thou need to bring
And put to my hot lip
Cool water from the spring;

Nor wet the kerchief laid
Upon my burning brow;
Nor from my eyelids shade
The light that wounds them now;

Nor watch that none shall tread,
With noisy footstep, nigh;
Nor listen by my bed
To hear my faintest sigh;

And feign a look of cheer,
And words of comfort speak,
Yet turn to hide the tear
That gathers on thy cheek.

Beside me, where I rest,
Thy loving hands will set
The flowers I love the best,—
Moss-rose and violet.

Then to the sleep I crave
Resign me, till I see
The face of Him who gave
His life for thee and me.

Yet, with the setting sun,
Come, now and then, at eve,
And think of me as one
For whom thou shouldst not grieve;

Who, when the kind release
From sin and suffering came,
Pass'd to th' appointed peace
In murmuring thy name.

Leave, at my side, a space,
Where thou shalt come at last,
To find a resting-place,
When many years are past.

W. C. B.

THE CHURCH IN THE HOUSE WITH LIVING PREACHERS.

THE MISSIONARY ACTIVITY OF THE CHURCH.

THE missionary activity of the Church *rests upon true Christian doctrine.* Christian work, like every other, must spring from faith; and faith, again, is but *another name for the intelligent and cordial apprehension of the truths of apostolic Christianity.* Every preacher who earnestly inculcates these truths, every congregation which receives them in love, every denomination that holds them fast, is thereby a fellow-worker in the great work of missions. We rest upon the basis of the Epistle to the Romans. A Church thoroughly pervaded by the principles of this epistle, is the only one in which missionary interest and effort will spring up and flourish. A theology which has the same emphasis as this epistle upon the fall of man, with the total ruin and fear-dominance of Gentile and Jew; which takes to its inmost heart the grand doctrine of justification by grace through the redemption that is in Christ Jesus, whom God hath set forth as a propitiation, through faith in His blood; which places this doctrine in the foreground as the one source alike of comfort and sanctification, and yet piously ascribes all its happy effects, not to him that willeth or to him that runneth, but to God that sheweth mercy;—a theology like this, as it has ever been the nurse of a profound, fervent, and practical Christianity at home, so has it been the fostering element in which all our missionary societies have grown to their present strength. It is only with doctrines of this kind that the true missionary spirit is found in combination; that deep yearning over the souls of the heathen as sunk in perdition, which prompts to earnest effort and prayer on their behalf; that belief in the reality and blessedness of conversion which attempts and struggles after it as the one thing needful for mankind; that humble reliance upon the omnipotence of sovereign grace, which hurls defiance at the embattled hosts of darkness, when their strongholds are demolished, and gives to God all the glory. Long may

these doctrines be maintained amongst us, with whatever diversity of theological colouring, in their essential strength and energy; yea, with a depth and clearness greater than is yet attained! Long may they be sounded forth from our pulpits, and cherished by our congregations, as the glory of the Church and the life of the world! They are the seed of missions, the nutriment of missionaries, the rallying cry by which the whole missionary army is collected, inspired, and led to victory. Every one who expounds, enforces, defends, or illustrates by holy living those mother-truths of Christianity, though in a totally different walk, is a genuine contributor to the missionary cause. He is lending his part to the offering of the Gentiles, he is assisting to fulfil his own prayer, "God be merciful unto us and bless us, and cause thy face to shine upon us, that thy way may be known upon earth, thy saving health among all nations."

2. The missionary activity of the Church *must be supported by Christian example.* We may easily deduce this principle from the second great text of the Epistle to the Romans, viz., the necessity and vital importance of a Christian morality. This is the substance of the apostolic exhortations, which begin with an appeal to those who acknowledge the mercies of God, to present themselves to Him as a living sacrifice. This is the Christianity which we carry to the heathen; and how can we expect them to offer themselves up to God, if there be no such mark of consecration upon ourselves? How often has the mournful contrast between the missionary appeals of Christian Britain and her own unchristian practice, been dwelt upon with bitter sarcasm by the heathen, and served as an adamant wall of prejudice to shut out the pure and benignant influences of the gospel! We are painfully familiar with their representations of our country, as coming with the sword of conquest in the one hand and the Bible in the other, exporting the missionary and the opium chest in the same vessel, and offering a new religion in the centre of a cluster of new vices. However mistaken may be the inference which confounds the Christian religion with the doings of that, unhappily, large majority of the British nation, who have hitherto so grievously misrepresented it, and however exaggerated even the estimate of their misdeeds may have been, the result is not less lamentable, so far as the hindrance to missions is concerned; and hence the foremost advocates of this cause have justly, in past days, taken the front rank in protesting against all public and national scandals that caused the name of God to be blasphemed among the Gentiles. In this course they must continue, since God has owned it in the past; and it cannot be doubted that the success of missions has been greatly furthered by such measures as the abolition of slavery, and the application, though as yet far from adequate, of more just and

righteous principles to the treatment of subject races and nations. This, however, is but a small portion of the responsibility which lies on the Christian Church in regard to the example of our nominally Christian land. We have to carry out the great work, happily begun, of training up a better race of administrators, emigrants, traders, soldiers, and sailors, by whom the Christianity of Britain shall be reflected in its moral lustre and purity. We have to exalt the tone of our churches, so that membership in them at home shall be some security for the practice of truth, justice, and temperance abroad. We have to act by Christian teaching, remonstrance, and example, upon all the moral and social evils of our own land, which send out their ramifications and spread their shadow to the ends of the earth, and that with such vigour and resolution, that our beloved country, purged by a dominant Christianity from its old sins, may shine afar in the attractiveness of a moral beauty, which shall not only silence the reproaches, but win the hearts of the heathen. In this great work of indirect mission-labour there is room for all. From the most prominent minister of religion in the most refined circles, down to the city missionary, who acts on the lowest pauperism, intemperance, and profligacy—from the highest statesman, who strives to shape our national policy by the Christian rule, down to the humblest tradesman who imprints on his most private dealings a stamp of Christian truth and honesty—from all ranks and varieties of professing Christians, this service is demanded to the missionary cause: that the taunt may be turned aside, "Physician, heal thyself;" and succeeded by the blessing, "We will go with you, for God is with you." Our light may be small, but it is due; and it is due without spot or obscuration. It will serve to increase the constellation—in which its individuality is lost; and this shall rise upon the nations with ever happier influence, and guide them, with their offerings, to Him who is their Lord and ours?

3. The missionary activity of the Church *must be promoted by Christian union.* The Epistle to the Romans is the text-book of Christian union, not less than of Christian doctrine and morality. The subject is actually expounded by the apostle in relation to missions. He reprehends the disputes about meats and drinks and days, on this express ground, that God intended to include the Gentiles not less than the Jews in the Christian Church; and appeals to them not to frustrate this great missionary design by the want of mutual forbearance and charity. The largeness of God's plan is brought into vivid contrast with the narrowness of human prejudices, and a protest is lodged for all time against the sectarian exclusiveness which for meat would "destroy the work of God." That chief controversy of the primitive time has *now fallen into oblivion, and almost into con-*

tempt! And yet was it not a more capable ground of difference in its day, than of our standing causes of party strife and test? How prone are we all to forget the majestic amplitude of Christianity as a religion of the human race, which is formed by the attempt to confine and limit it by the particular forms and institutions which have been generated in the histories, sects, and even of nations! How append upon what is local, sectional, and partial a generous and a particular clime and people an undue share of the interest which should be devoted to that Christianity which is common to us all, and capable of glowing in all the world! Our differences hinder our heads in the presence of heathenism; our missionaries are ashamed of our shibboleths. Our converts cannot translate them into new tongues in which the Spirit gives utterance! And yet the heathen heathen controversies, and are staggered by them while a widely disproportionate amount of domestic energy is absorbed in debate about them, after all, secondary, and in a way which can have no universal or lasting character. How unnatural the alienation and jealousy produced by such causes: those who ought to be knit together by bands of a common enterprise! How able the bigotry which distrusts the work of God itself apart from its own polity and would rather see the heathen perishing than receive the water of life in a cup of unbecoming form and texture! Blessed be God, the evils are on the wane! The grand catholicity of the missionary enterprise has done more than any other cause to break the demon of party from our British anarchy, and to develop a spirit of large sympathy and co-operation. Let us follow the impulse which still needs to be renewed. Let us study afresh the relative size of differences under the shadow of truth, in which we must bear into all lands, and in the face of that dying world which our united efforts will reach only too late. The heathen will thank us for every weight we lay aside, that we may run with greater speed, and our feet shall be all the more lifted up upon the mountains for the sectarianism we have dropped by the way! In the name of love, we shall publish love's own invitation, and the offering of a united Church "pleasant unto the Lord, as in the old, and as in former years!"—*Rev. R. Cairns, D.D.*

"CUT IT DOWN."

If thou be a professor, read and think; if thou be profane, do so likewise. For if the righteous scarcely can be saved, what shall the ungodly and sinners appear? On this ground, take heed of the axe! Before thou cutt'st down the tree, beware of the fire!—*Bunyan.*

ESHCOL CLUSTERS.

ESHCOL was the *valley of foretastes*. The enormous bunch of grapes borne homeward by the spies—that cluster of luscious loveliness was an earnest of the good things to come in the promised Canaan. But every soul that sets out from Satan's *Sahara* towards God's Canaan, comes sooner or later upon a spiritual Eshcol.

There is an Eshcol-foretaste in the joys of conversion. Then the soul plucks its first clusters. As old things pass away, and all things become new, a delight kindles in the heart unknown before. It is a sweet sense of deliverance—of escape from the desert into the confines of the land that floweth with milk and honey. The consciousness of having got from beneath the thunder-cloud of God's wrath into the serene atmosphere of His favour, is a source of genuine, wondrous joy. To some it is a calm, tranquil gratitude; to others, an ecstatic thrill. Sometimes it rises into raptures—songs burst forth irrepressible; a halo of gladness plays on the countenance; the whole world is bathed in light and glory to the joyous spirit. As the grateful Mary bathed her Redeemer's feet with her tears—as the healed leper came back to glorify Jesus—as the restored Bartimeus followed Jesus with peans of praise—so the new-born soul throws itself before the Divine Deliverer, and cries out, "Worthy is the Lamb to receive glory, and honour, and riches, and praise, and blessing!"

A striking scene that occurred during a revival in the State of V—— illustrates this feeling. A Mr C—— tells us, that after an evening gathering for prayer had broken up, he retired to spend the night with a pious friend in the neighbourhood. A daughter of the family had recently been awakened by a religious volume. The little circle bowed in prayer; at the close of the prayer there was such a sense of the Divine presence among them as is seldom realised. They talked together a few moments of the joys of heaven, and then prayed again. The daughter soon exclaimed, "Mother, I believe that I have found the Saviour!" Then another of the family broke forth into ecstasies of praise. In a few moments another lady, the wife of one of the church elders, burst forth into exclamations of joy: she too had reached Eshcol—the first pressure of the purple vintage was on her lips. A little tract, "Have me Excused," had first awakened her, but prayer had now brought to her the blessings of pardon. A daughter-in-law presently united her song of praise to the newly awakened anthems of those about her; she too cried out, "I am forgiven!" Just then the father of the family entered the room; his daughter ran and threw her arms about his neck. Tears of joy gushed from all eyes; the scene became at once insupportably thrilling.

"Mr C——," exclaimed an aged man in the room, "*is not this heaven?*" Truly it was a foretaste, it was an hour at Eshcol on the very verge of the celestial Canaan. The domestics were called into the parlour. Amid tears, and songs, and sobs of joy, the hours wore on. It was a night to be remembered on earth and in heaven.

Now here were the raptures of conversion in their delightful fulness. Such scenes are not uncommon, the last year has witnessed many like it. But we have no faith in any rapture or ecstasy of soul that does not flow from the Holy Spirit's genuine work. We have no confidence in a tide of emotion that does not bear the soul on towards a higher and holier *life*. That conversion is no conversion that does not make a man better—a better father, a kinder husband, a more filial son, a nobler citizen, a truer philanthropist, a more honest man of business. Revival scenes are full of joy, but they are only Eshcols where they prepare God's Church for holy achievements and fearless advances towards the conquest of the world for Christ. The pentecostal revival was genuine, for it made practical Christians. Amid the down-pourings of those showers of blessings, and the exultation of the new-born multitudes, we read that Christ's followers equipped themselves for the invasion of Satan's kingdom. The disciples were refreshed and gladdened by the grapes of Eshcol, and then pressed forward to take possession of the land for Christ Jesus. Brethren, shall not the present revival be such an Eshcol to us?

THOLUCK'S CONVERSION.

(From the Introduction to his Commentary on the Psalms.)

DEBARRED of the privilege of Christian instruction and Christian example, I shared up to my nineteenth year the then prevalent rationalistic views. My scientific (theological) studies did not result in my conversion to the faith of the gospel. It was brought about by the instrumentality of a noble layman—Christian layman—who belonged to the small number of those who, under the influence of Matthias Claudius of Hamburg, and the co-operation of the brethren, (*unitas fratrum*), had in that period of universal infidelity kept alive the faith in the word of God's truth. His luminous example of a Christian walk, more than what he told me, led me to think, and assured me at least of this, that Jesus is the Son of God, and that His doctrine and example make up a complete moral ideal, which man must appropriate for the purpose of attaining to rest and finding peace. Then I believed in Christ; I was able to kneel before Him and to pray to Him. Then He became the friend of my soul, whom I learned to consult in all things, as I had formerly consulted my conscience.

But how far remote was I at that time from the position of a doctrinally correct Christian! Only some portions of the New Testament fell in with my taste. These were the Gospel of John and the Epistle of James. The Old Testament—I am constrained to make the confession—I loathed, like Marcion of old. I had till that time studied the Oriental language only. Not a long time after this, I was, without my having taken any steps to that effect, requested by the religious department of government (*Ministerium des Cultus*) to deliver theological lectures on the Old Testament, in the place of De Wett, who had been deposed. I found myself in a great strait. I went to solicit the help of Neander.

He knew how to meet my doubts and scruples relating to Christianity, with wisdom and gentleness; but though himself a Jew, he shared, respecting the Old Testament, the universally diffused rationalistic views—with this exception, that his religious zeal prompted him to search in its pages for those religious truths which are allied to Christianity. The share of Christian feeling which entered into my faith, placed me in strong opposition to rationalism, and I held it my duty to combat in my lectures on the Old Testament, also, every view advanced by the rationalistic school.

I gradually arrived at the conviction that the criticism and exegesis on the Old Testament, as set forth by old theologians, did not in any way hold good in every instance. I endeavoured for some time, while the struggle between my *religious* and my *scientific* conscience was going on, to justify these old views only; but at last I could no longer continue blind to such a contradiction, and the thing to be done was to reconstruct in a new spirit that old theology, as in fact it had already been done with reference to the New Testament. I derived considerable aid in that task from Calvin's "Commentary on the Psalms." It disclosed to me a religious depth in this one book of the Old Testament, which opened my eyes for many other glories of the Old Testament scriptures. Progressing in this knowledge, I learned to understand that the Christian revelation is indeed a tree without root, as long as it is not understood in its intimate connexion with God's revelation of salvation in the Old Testament.

THOUGHTS FROM THE GERMAN.

THE countenance is the title-page to the book of the soul, and it may also be regarded as the preface—a portion of the work we should by no means leave unread.

As without the sun there could be no sunlight, so without Christ there could be no Christians. And as the sun's rays enlighten and enliven the world—although they are not

the sun—so Christians, too, are the light and life of the world.

A noble mind, weighed down and obscured by suffering, may be likened to one of the plain wooden clocks of our forefathers' days. A glance at the outside discloses nothing brilliant or beautiful; nothing strikes the eye but the dark, heavy weights which give it motion. But for usefulness, these are the best of clocks.

With our finite understandings we comprehend sacred things, just as a child which has just acquired a knowledge of the alphabet might be supposed to read a volume—what manner of insight into its contents would it gain?

How frequently, in the course of our lives, do we gain an experience by the loss of a pleasure!

As we may notice, even in a calm, by the inclination of a tree in a forest, from which side come the fiercest and most frequent blasts of the storm, so an attentive observer of men may easily distinguish the heaviest gales of passion.

Beneath what a load of worldliness and worldly cares is the soul of the Christian often buried; and how anxiously and perseveringly he struggles to penetrate the mist to return again into the bright, clear light of heaven! Yet, at other times, how easily, and by what trifling matters, we suffer ourselves to be led away from God!

A noble person needs but a plain garment to set it off; a beautiful picture but a simple frame; a great thought is best dressed in the simplest language. But all these need a spirit of understanding to be appreciated.

Our thoughts should depend from our souls as leaves from a tree—so natural, so uncontrived, so easily stirred, so closely connected, so entirely one in nature. And like leaves upon a tree, when a stormy wind shakes them, we shall see only the sickly, the pale, and the dead fall to the ground.

RIGHTS AND DUTIES.

WE hear in these days a great deal respecting Rights; the rights of private judgment; the rights of labour; the rights of property; and the rights of man. Rights are grand things, divine things in this world of God's; but the way in which we expound these rights, alas! seems to me to be the very incarnation of selfishness. I can see nothing very noble in a man who is for ever going about calling for his own rights. Alas! alas! for the man who feels nothing more grand in this wondrous, divine world, than his own rights!

Two thousand years ago, there was One here on this earth, who lived the grandest life that ever has been lived yet; a life that every thinking man, with deeper or shallower meaning, has agreed to call Divine. I read little

pecting His rights, or of His claims of duty; but I have read a great deal respecting duties; every act He did He called a duty. I read very little in that life respecting His rights; but I hear a vast deal respecting His wrongs—wrongs infinite—wrongs borne with majestic, God-like silence. His reward? His reward was the reward that God gives to His true and noble ones; to be cast out in this day and generation, and a life conferring nothing at last,—those were His rights!—*Sermons of F. W. Robertson.*

NATURE AND FAITH.

2 Cor. iv. 17, 18.

We wept—'twas Nature wept,—but Faith
Can pierce beyond the gloom of death,
And in your world so fair and bright
Behold thee in refulgent light!
We miss thee here, yet Faith would rather
Know thou art with thy heavenly Father.
Nature sees the body dead—
Faith beholds the spirit fled;
Nature stops at Jordan's tide—
Faith beholds the other side;
That but hears farewell and sighs,
This, thy welcome in the skies;
Nature mourns a cruel blow—
Faith assures it is not so;
Nature never sees thee more—
Faith but sees thee gone before;
Nature tells a dismal story—
Faith has visions full of glory;
Nature views the change with sadness—
Faith contemplates it with gladness;
Nature murmurs—Faith gives meekness,
"Strength is perfected in weakness;"
Nature writhes, and hates the rod—
Faith looks up and blesses God;
Sense looks downwards—Faith, above;
That sees harshness—this sees love.
Oh, let Faith victorious be,
Let it reign triumphantly!
But thou art gone! not lost, but flown.
Shall I then ask thee back, my own?
Back—and leave thy spirit's brightness?
Back—and leave thy robes of whiteness?
Back—and leave thine angel mould?
Back—and leave those streets of gold?
Back—and leave the Lamb who feeds thee?
Back—from founts to which He leads thee?
Back—and leave thy heavenly Father?
Back—to sin and earth?—Nay, rather
Would I live in solitude!
I would not ask thee if I could;
But patient wait the high decree,
That calls my spirit home to thee!

Floweret Gathered.

JOYFUL EXPERIENCES.

RELIGION, in one sense, is a life of self-nial; just as husbandry, in one sense, is a risk of death. You go and bury a seed, and that is husbandry; but you bury one that may reap a hundredfold. Self-denial does not belong to religion as characteristic of it; it belongs to human life. The lower nature is always to be denied when you are trying to rise to a higher sphere. It is no more necessary to be self-denying to be a Christian, than it is to be an artist, or to be an honest man, or to be a man at all, in distinction from brute. Of all joyful, smiling, ever-laughing experiences, there are none like those which spring from true religion. "When the Lord rescued again the captivity of Zion, then was our mouth filled with laughter."—*H. W. Beecher.*

Pages for the Young.

THE SINGING STUDENT BOY.

MANY years ago a student boy was seen and heard in the streets of an ancient town, singing. He was a stout, plainly-dressed boy, but his face was pale, and his eyes were sad and tearful. His voice was most musical, and the songs he sang were in beautiful words, and about sacred things. Every time he finished a song, he stepped to the door of a house, and gave a gentle tap. When it was opened, he said in gentle tones:—

"Please give a poor student boy a morsel of bread."

"Begone with thee! thou beggar child," was the rough reply that met his ear as the poor child shrank back from the door-steps.

Thus driven from door to door, he sang his sweet songs until his body was weary and his heart sad. Scarcely able to stand, he at last turned his steps homeward. Striking his noble forehead with his hand, he said:—

"I must go home to my father's house, and be content to live by the sweat of my brow. Providence has no loftier destiny for me. I have trodden out its paths by aiming higher."

Just at that moment, Ursula Cotta, a burgher's wife, who had heard his songs, and seen him driven from a neighbour's door, felt her heart yearn with pity towards the helpless boy. She opened her door, beckoned to the young singer, smiled sweetly upon him, and in tones that sounded like heavenly melodies to his ears, said:—

"Come in, poor boy, and refresh thyself at my table."

Happy little singer! How he enjoyed the delicious meal! And when the good dame and her husband told him to make their house his future home, his heart melted. With eyes half blinded with tears, he looked in the face of his friends, and said:—

"I shall now pursue my studies without being obliged to beg my bread from grudging hands. I shall have you, sir, for a father, and you, sweet Ursula, for a mother. My heart will once more learn to love. I shall be happier than I can express."

After that day the singing boy studied hard and well. Years afterwards the world heard of him, for it was he who uttered his voice against Popery, and became the chief of that Reformation which gave an open Bible to the world. His name was MARTIN LUTHER.

Courage, then, poor boy! You may be friendless and unknown to-day—you may have to plod through trials and toils, uncheered by the smiles of even a sweet Ursula. But never mind. Plod away. Stick to study and duty. God cares for you. He has a work for you to do, and if you are faithful and true, He will, in due season, put you in your proper place. Toil on.

A GENTLE MAN.

"BE very gentle with her, my son," said Mrs B—, as she tied on her little girl's bonnet, and sent her out to play with her elder brother.

They had not been out very long before a cry was heard, and presently Julius came in, and threw down his hat, saying,—

"I hate playing with girls! There's no fun with them; they cry in a minute."

"What have you been doing to your sister? I see her lying there on the gravel walk; you have torn her frock, and pushed her down. I am afraid you forgot my caution to be gentle."

"Gentle! Boys can't be gentle, mother; it's their nature to be rough, and hardy, and boisterous. They are the stuff soldiers and sailors are made of. It's very well to talk of a gentle girl; but a gentle boy—it sounds ridiculous! I should be ready to knock a fellow down for calling me so!"

"And yet, Julius, a few years hence, you would be very angry if any one were to say you were not a gentle man."

"A gentle man! I had never thought of dividing the word that way before. Being gentle always seems to me like being weak and womanish."

"This is so far from being the case, my son, that you will always find the bravest men are the most gentle. The spirit of chivalry that you so much admire, was a spirit of the noblest courage and the utmost gentleness combined. Still I daresay you would rather be called a manly than a gentle boy."

"Yes, indeed, mother."

"Well, then, my son, it is my great wish that you should endeavour to unite the two. Shew yourself manly when you are exposed to danger, or see others in peril; be manly when called on to speak the truth, though the speaking of it may bring reproach upon you; be manly when you are in sickness and pain. At the same time be gentle, whether you be with females or with men; be gentle towards all men. By putting the two spirits together, you will deserve a name which, perhaps, you will not so greatly object to."

"I see what you mean, dear mother, and I will endeavour to be what you wish—a gentlemanly boy."

DO NOT SWEAR—AN ADDRESS TO BOYS.

LITTLE boys with sparkling eyes,
Rosy cheeks and auburn hair,
List a moment, while say I,
Do not, do not swear!

Life will bring enough of sin—
Childhood's brow should all be fair—
But a stain is form'd within
The heart of those who swear.

There is a name, a sacred name,
Purer than all others are;
Would you cast on it a stain?—
Do not, do not swear!

Would you win a schoolmate's love,
And his friendship share?
Know that they are always shunn'd
Who will idly swear.

Would you be beloved by all?
Make it then your care
Every word to render pure—
Do not, do not swear!

THE "GUEST'S" BIBLE QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNG.

SERVANTS.

1. Who had three hundred and eighteen servants?
2. What important commission did Abraham intrust to the eldest servant of his household?
3. Who was immediately and eternally benefited by following the advice of his servants?
4. What sad instance of wickedness in a servant occurred in connexion with this event?
5. Who said to a king, "Happy are thy servants which stand continually before thee?"
6. When was a servant struck, and his ear cut off?
7. Who came to Jesus on behalf of a servant who was dear to him?
8. What did the mother of our Lord say to the servants at the marriage?
9. Why did a young man call one of his father's servants?
10. To whom did Paul write an especial epistle regarding a servant?
11. What were the servants of David afraid to tell him?
12. To whom did a king say, "Ye servants of the most high God, come forth, and come hither?"
13. In what peculiar circumstances were the men thus addressed?
14. Where is it said that our Lord and Saviour made Himself of no reputation, and took upon Him the form of a servant?
15. From what exalted motives can servants serve their earthly masters?

ANSWERS TO "BIBLE QUESTIONS" FOR THE YOUNG.

No. 21.—Prov. xxviii. 1.—1 Sam. xx. 35, 36.—2 Sam. xv. 1.—2 Sam. xviii. 19.—Psalm xix. 4, 5.—2 Kings iv. 22.—2 Kings v. 20.—2 Kings v. 20.—2 Kings v. 27.—Jer. li. 31.—John xi. 4.—John xx. 1, 2.

No. 22.—Deut. xxxiv. 3.—Matt. xxiii. 34.—Luke xix. 41.—Heb. xiii. 14.—Zech. viii. 3.—Acts xxvi. 11.—Gen. iv. 17.—Isa. xxiii. 8.—Joshua vi. 3, 15.—Prov. xviii. 19.—Prov. xxv. 28.—Matt. ii. 23.—Num. xxxv. 6.

No. 23.—John iii. 1.—John i. 40.—Matt. x. 20.—John iii. 26.—John x. 24.—Mark xii. 13.—Matt. v. 1.—Matt. viii. 2.—John xi. 20.—John i. 47.—Matt. ii. 11.—Luke ii. 16.—Mark x. 14.—Matt. ix. 10.—Matt. ix. 20.—Matt. xvi. 1.—Mark v. 23.—John xii. 21.—Luke vii. 2, 3.—Matt. xi. 28.—Matt. xi. 28.—John vi. 37.

No. 24.—John xi. 2, 3.—1 Sam. xix. 14.—Dan. viii. 37.—Acts ix. 36, 37.—Acts ix. 40.—Acts xix. 11, 12.—Isa. xxxix. 1.—Prov. xiii. 12.—Matt. ix. 12.—Matt. ix. 13.—Luke xviii. 11.—Psalm xl. 12.—Psalm cxix. 73.



A FAMILY MAGAZINE FOR SUNDAY READING.

REVISED BY THE REV. NORMAN M'LEOD, D.D., GLASGOW.

WEEKLY NOS. ONE HALFPENNY.]

[MONTHLY PARTS, THREEPENCE.

THOUGHTS ON A REVIVAL OF RELIGION.

BY REV. NORMAN M'LEOD, D.D.

(Continued from page 303.)

"I HAVE no great faith in *sudden* conversions," is a form of expression in which we hear revivals objected to, when the subject happens to be the topic of conversation in ordinary society.

Alas! how few have great faith in the necessity of *any* conversion! A want of hearty conviction regarding human sinfulness and guilt, and a tendency rather to flatter man's character, worship his genius, and almost deify his powers, lies too much at the root of many of the religious views and feelings of our day; and hence there is a corresponding want of faith in the mighty change of character which some time or other every one must experience, or in the "supernatural" means required either for the removal of man's guilt, and his restoration to the Divine favour, or for the renewal of man's nature, and his restoration to the Divine image. There are, in short, very inadequate convictions—if these are brought to a Scripture test—either as to the state *out* of which, or *into* which every man must be brought before he can be saved. But, nevertheless, there are moral necessities grounded on the character of God as it is, and the character of man as it is and ought to be, which remain the same in every age and clime. Some of these necessities are expressed by such declarations as these:—"Ye must be born again." "Unless ye become converted, and as little children, ye cannot inherit the kingdom of God." "If any man is in Christ Jesus, he is a new creature."

But while conversion is absolutely necessary for every man, yet we by no means assert that the history of this great change must, in each step, be necessarily, though, as a whole, essentially, the same in every case; or that the process must be the object of memory and consciousness. The Spirit of God, who works when and how He pleases, may, in some cases,

so work in the soul from its earliest years, that the time when the seed of a new life entered it, and the process by which it has gradually increased there, until it now brings forth fruit, are both unknown. Not unknown is *the fact* that life is there, for it is recognised and evidenced by its fruit, but *when* it began may be unknown; and what also has been the rate or successive stages of its increase may be equally unknown, or at least unmarked.

Yet, while this is true in some cases—or, let it be admitted, in many cases, chiefly among those favoured ones who have been reared from childhood within the paradise of a truly Christian home—why should we deny the reality of many conversions on the mere ground of their suddenness?

We shall not appeal to authentic historical facts to refute such an objection, but simply remind our readers of such sudden conversions as those of Paul the apostle, the jailor at Philippi, or the thousands on the day of Pentecost at Jerusalem. Would we be warranted in rejecting those, because a few days or hours marked in them a transition from death to life, from darkness to light, from serving Satan to serving God, from being enemies to their being friends of Jesus?

But apart from this evidence, what, we would ask, is there in the very nature of conversion inconsistent with its alleged suddenness? There may, indeed, be a *preparedness* for it which may occupy much time, as dawn ushers in the sunrise, or months of travail the "child born into the world;" and there may be *results* from it, the character of which may require time to determine; but why should not conversion itself, apart from its antecedents, or consequents, be sudden? Let us consider briefly what conversion is.

It is not, for example, the attainment of *good habits*, nor even the doing of *good works*,

though it leads to and must end in this, if genuine. These are the *results* of conversion. Nor, again, does it imply anything like a full or accurate *knowledge* of the Christian scheme, far less of its "evidences;" for how little could have been thus known by the converted jailor of Philippi, who was one day a heathen, and the next day a baptized Christian—or by the converted thief on the cross—or by the three thousand converts on the day of Pentecost?

What, then, is implied in conversion? (1.) There must, for instance, be *thorough earnestness* about the salvation of the soul, or our relationship to God. And why should not this feeling be suddenly kindled? Men can be easily roused to *sudden earnestness*, in order to save their bodies, when they realise present danger; and why not to save their souls? If, indeed, the soul can never be in such danger—or if a man can never be ignorant or forgetful of the fact—or if, in no circumstances or by no means, he can be roused to a sense of his danger,—then may such sudden earnestness be impossible; but not if his danger is real, and immediate deliverance possible and of infinite importance, seeing that the day of grace ends with life, and life may end in any moment. If this night thy soul may be required of thee, surely this day conversion is required!

(2.) Conversion implies also *faith in what God has revealed to us*. And why should we not *at once* believe God? Do we think it necessary to hesitate for months and years ere we believe the word of an honourable, truthful man, in matters of fact about which he cannot possibly be mistaken? And shall we think it strange to believe God's Word the moment we hear it? Now, that Word tells us many things which, if true, cannot be believed without producing immediate results. It tells us that we are lost sinners "*condemned already*;" that God, in love, has had pity on us, and sent His Son to save us; that He died on the cross for sinners, so that "*whosoever believeth in Him shall never perish*!" that He lives to quicken and sanctify through His Spirit, all who will receive Him; that there is "*no other name given under heaven whereby a man can be saved*;" and that "*he who believeth not shall be damned*." Now, is it impossible for a man suddenly to believe all this, or even thus far to understand his danger and deliverance, and believe the gospel when thus preached? Does it seem strange that men should have at once believed Christ, or any of His apostles, when *they* preached? Or, does it not seem more strange that some were "*fools, and slow of heart to believe*?" And why should it seem incredible that a sincere and earnest man should now believe the moment he hears the same gospel, and say,—"*I have been a great sinner in hitherto treating this message with so much neglect! By my disbelief, I have made God a liar; I*

shall do so no more! Thy Word is truth. Lord, I believe; help mine unbelief!"

(3.) Conversion implies a "*yielding ourselves to God*," because thus believing in His love to us, through Jesus Christ and Him crucified. Such a state of mind might be thus expressed,—"*Lord, I shall fight against Thee no more! I believe in Thy mercy, and yield myself to Thee for time and eternity, to have the good pleasure of Thy will done in me and by me; to be pardoned, sanctified, and governed wholly by Thyself, and in Thine own way! I am Thine—save me!*" Why should not this attitude of soul be assumed *at once* towards God the very moment the gospel is heard?

(4.) Conversion implies some degree at least of *peace* with God. Alas! many seem to think it almost presumptuous to look for peace or to expect joy in God. "*It betokens*," they say, "*a want of humility*." Love and humility are one! Both are a going out of ourselves, and finding our good, strength, peace—all in God. It is surely a poor compliment to pay a friend, if we rebuke those who dare to be happy in his presence, or to find peace in his society! What hard thoughts have men of God when they do not see how He must ever rejoice in the glory and peace of His children! Oh, shame upon us that we do not "*rejoice in the Lord always*," and possess the "*love which casteth out fear, for fear hath torment*!" Why, then, should it seem impossible for a man to have peace, the moment he can say with the Apostle John, "*We have known and believed the love that God hath to us*?" Cannot that love be known and be believed when revealed? And if so known and believed, because *true*, why should the possession of *immediate* peace in a degree corresponding to faith in God, seem to be so wonderful? Would not its absence be more so? The very *hope*, methinks, of pardon, when first entertained by the condemned criminal—or of deliverance and return to home, when first realised by the shipwrecked sailor—or of life and health, when first deemed probable even, by the hitherto despairing invalid—may well kindle sudden joy and peace! Much, no doubt, may have been done before any hope could dawn to the captive, to the shipwrecked, or to the invalid; yet the hope itself may *suddenly* flash on each, as the message enters the cell to assure the criminal of his safety, or the signal is seen on the distant horizon that promises succour to the mariner, or the smile plays on the countenance of the physician, telling that the dread crisis is over, and that progress towards recovery has begun. And why should not a man who has been roused to see his moral guilt, as well as moral depravity—to see his dread and terrible danger—find unutterable peace *the very moment* he believes that there is for him deliverance from the evil, and forgiveness with God, "*that He may be feared*?"—or even when

the *maybe* dawns upon him that he, the hitherto dead, careless, presumptuous sinner, has not been so shut out of his Father's heart and home, but that there is yet grace omnipotent to save *him*, to take away his sins, renew his whole being, and make him and *keep* him a child of God! When the prodigal in the far country was planning only his return, he resolved to say to his father, "Make me one of thy hired servants!" To be for a time a very slave in his father's house, seemed in prospect as a very paradise when compared with his present wretchedness; but to be received at once as a son!—*that* he would not be so presumptuous as to dream of! Ah! he had forgot his father's character in the far country. Unbelief had done its work, and "cut off his hope." But however dark and dim his views were, he returned, was met afar off, and at last received in his father's arms. There he poured forth the confession which relieved his choking heart, "I am no more worthy to be called thy son!" True. But did he add, "Make me a hired servant!" No! for he had already been received *as a son*!

We have dwelt upon this point longer than we had at first intended; for the doubt so often expressed, of the possibility of one who is lost finding *immediate* peace when he finds his God—and so has found himself—betrays great unbelief or great ignorance of God. Pride is at its root!—a desire to find something wherewith to commend ourselves to God—some evidence of a good character first—some work done as a hired servant, in order to entitle us with any hope to call God father and be at peace with Him, instead of our *beginning* all work by *first* being at peace—by our being reconciled at once to God through faith in His love to us, secured in, and revealed by, the atonement of Jesus Christ.

Let us state one objection more, and we are done:—"All this may be mere feeling, and we have heard of so-called 'converts' becoming worse in the end than they were before." This is quite possible. Our Lord tells us how some hearers may receive the Word immediately, and that with joy, and yet give it up when it is the occasion of their being brought into outward perils or difficulties. Paul complained that Demas had forsaken him, and John of many who, he says, "went out from us." We must not think it strange, moreover, if the *visible* Church should ever and anon disclose to us how much evil as well as good it contains. Our Lord never contemplated a Church on earth which should be otherwise than a mixture of good and bad. There was one in twelve of His own pure apostolic Church a traitor. Among the members of the Pentecostal Church, two were struck down dead for falsehood of the blackest kind. Among the earliest professed converts in Samaria was Simon Magus, in the bond of iniquity. And so it will ever be. The field will contain tares as well as wheat, and both must grow together

till the harvest; the net must gather into it bad fish as well as good, until the great day of final separation comes at the end of the world. But, nevertheless, the field may *now* contain a glorious crop of wheat, and the net, after a night of toil, be sometimes full of good fish, so as to excite the wonder and praise of the "fishers of men."

A SOLEMN WARNING.

A PRAYER-MEETING was held at the house of one James Ashcroft, a mechanic, then a well-meaning man, but a fanatic. His fellow-workmen used to laugh at his profession of religion. One day, their mockery was more than usually keen, and he grew angry. "I do love Christ," he shouted, "and I can burn for Him;" with which words he thrust his hand into the fire, and held it there until he thought his testimony complete. But his was an "agueish love," if it was ever real; and, twenty years afterwards, this same man, his son, his brother, and one William Holden were convicted, at the Lancaster assizes, upon evidence which their own admissions elicited, of a murder, committed in open day, upon two women, at Pendleton, near Manchester, within half-a-mile of the house where the prayer-meeting had been held. All the prisoners had pleaded "Not guilty;" and when the verdict was given, James Ashcroft, being demanded why judgment of death should not be passed upon him, said,—“Because so many lies have been told of us; and I pray that God Almighty would even now send down upon that table the angels of those murdered women to testify of our innocence.” The three other convicts gave similar replies; and, when the last had finished, all cried aloud, “Yes, we are all innocent; *and we shall die declaring our innocence.*” Then James Ashcroft, waving a handkerchief, with a voice which shook the very hearts of the bystanders, exclaimed, “Glory be to God, we are innocent; and we shall die innocent.” Three days after, they were led to the scaffold. First Holden addressed the crowd, strongly denying the justice of the sentence; then, and in like terms, David Ashcroft. The father then kissed his son; but neither spoke to the other, nor to the people. All four, in their last solemn prayers, appealed to the Great Searcher of hearts that they were guiltless of the crime for which they were about to suffer. This over, they stood in grim array, while the hangman pulled down upon their faces the coverings which were to veil their dying shame, and looked warily to see that the fatal cords were surely tied. Then rose, as by some token before agreed upon, a dull and muffled sound. The wretched creatures sang, upon the brink of death, that same Psalm, with words from which, trembling on his lips, John Wesley went to Paradise:—

"I'll praise my Maker, while I've breath,
And, when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers;
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought,"—*

But here the drop fell. And those four startled, shuddering souls took their forced leap into the gulf that yawned to meet them; and there were heard the deep gasp and sigh of the huge, gazing multitude; and then four dead bodies swung heavily to and fro in the life-laden air of morning!

We shrink, naturally, from believing that the last words of the departing are intentionally false; and, for some time, the popular feeling ran in this direction. And so, when it was rumoured, long afterwards, that another man, on his death-bed, had cleared up the mystery by declaring himself the only murderer, some impression, not yet entirely effaced, was again created that the law had missed its proper victim. But all who read the records of the trial, and are accustomed to weigh evidence, will feel a comfortless persuasion that James Ashcroft was an accomplice in the bloody deed. "Lord, Lord!—Thou hast taught in our streets! But He shall say, I tell you I know you not whence ye are."—"But what! is thy servant a dog, that he should do this great thing?"—"Some fell upon stony places, where they had not much earth: and *forthwith they sprung up*, BECAUSE they had no deepness of earth: and when the sun was up, they were scorched, and because they had no root, they withered away."—"Wherefore let him that thinketh he standeth, take heed lest he fall." Which of these passages furnishes the solution of this strange story?

It was at James Ashcroft's doorway, one Sunday afternoon, early in 1798, that my father first addressed a congregation on religious subjects. He stood up, and, after singing and prayer, delivered a short extemporaneous exhortation, without a text, to such passers by as the service itself, or the speaker's youth induced to stop and listen. During the sittings of the Conference in Manchester in 1849, he passed and noted the place, and related the story of the murderer.—*Life of Dr Bunting.*

SHEPHERD LIFE IN PALESTINE.

BY W. M. THOMSON, D.D.

OWING to the wild wadies covered with dense forests of oak and underwood, the country above us has ever been a favourite range for sheep and goats. Those low, flat buildings out on the sheltered side of the valley are sheepfolds. They are called *mārāh*, and, when the nights are cold, the flocks are shut up in them, but in ordinary weather they are merely

* The verse continues,—

"And being last,
Or immortality endures."

kept within the yard. This, you observe, is defended by a wide stone wall, crowned all around with sharp thorns, which the prowling wolf will rarely attempt to scale. The nimer, however, and fahed—the leopard and panther of this country—when pressed with hunger, will overleap this thorny hedge, and with one tremendous bound land among the frightened fold. Then is the time to try the nerve and heart of the faithful shepherd. These humble types of Him who leadeth Joseph like a flock never leave their helpless charge alone, but accompany them by day, and abide with them at night. As spring advances, they will move higher up to other *mārāhs* and greener ranges; and in the hot months of summer they sleep with their flocks on the cool heights of the mountains, with no other protection than a stout palisade of tangled thorn-bushes. Nothing can be more romantic, Oriental, and even biblical than this shepherd life far away among the sublime solitudes of goodly Lebanon. We must study it in all its picturesque details. See, the flocks are returning home as the evening draws on, and how pretty the black and spotted goats, with their large, liquid eyes, and long, pendent ears—now in bold relief on the rocks, now hid among the bushes, but all the while rolling along the hill-side like a column of gigantic ants! If some sharp-witted Jacob should take all the spotted, ring-streaked, and speckled of these flocks, he would certainly get the lion's share; nor do I wonder that the countenance of that money-loving father-in-law of his should not be toward him as yesterday and the day before. These bushy hills are the very best sheep-walks, and they are mostly abandoned to herds and flocks. They are now converging to this single point from all quarters, like the separate squadrons of an army. The shepherd walks before them, and they follow after, while the dogs, that Job talks of, bring up the rear. These Oriental shepherd-dogs, by the way, are not, like those in other lands, fine faithful fellows, the friend and companion of their masters, and fit to figure in poetry. This would not suit Job's disparaging comparison. They are a mean, sinister, ill-conditioned generation, kept at a distance, kicked about, and half starved, with nothing noble or attractive about them. Still, they lag lazily behind the flocks, make a furious barking at any intruder among their charge, and thus give warning of approaching danger.

As you mentioned at the *Damūr* the other day, I notice that some of the flock keep near the shepherd, and follow whithersoever he goes without the least hesitation, while others stray about on either side, or loiter far behind; and he often turns round and scolds them in a sharp, stern cry, or sends a stone after them. I saw him lame one just now.

Not altogether unlike the good shepherd. Indeed, I never ride over these hills, clothed with flocks, without meditating upon this de-

lightful theme. Our Saviour says that the good shepherd, when he putteth forth his own sheep, goeth before them, and they follow. This is true to the letter. They are so tame and so trained that they *follow* their keeper with the utmost docility. He leads them forth from the fold, or from their houses in the villages, just where he pleases. As there are many flocks in such a place as this, each one takes a different path, and it is his business to find pasture for them. It is necessary, therefore, that they should be taught to follow, and not to stray away into the unfenced fields of corn which lies so temptingly on either side. Any one that thus wanders is sure to get into trouble. The shepherd calls sharply from time to time to remind them of his presence. They know his voice, and follow on; but if a stranger call, they stop short, lift up their heads in alarm, and if it is repeated, they turn and flee, because they know not the voice of a stranger. This is not the fanciful costume of a parable; it is simple fact. I have made the experiment repeatedly. The shepherd goes before, not merely to point out the way, but to see that it is practicable and safe. He is armed in order to defend his charge, and in this he is very courageous. Many adventures with wild beasts occur not unlike that recounted by David, and in these very mountains; for, though there are now no lions here, there are wolves in abundance; and leopards and panthers, exceedingly fierce, prowl about these wild wadies. They not unfrequently attack the flock in the very presence of the shepherd, and he must be ready to do battle at a moment's warning. I have listened with intense interest to their graphic descriptions of downright and desperate fights with these savage beasts. And when the thief and the robber come, (and come they do,) the faithful shepherd has often to put his life in his hand to defend his flock. I have known more than one case in which he had literally to lay it down in the contest. A poor faithful fellow last spring, between Tiberias and Tabor, instead of fleeing, actually fought three Bedawin robbers until he was hacked to pieces with their khanjars, and died among the sheep he was defending.

Some sheep always keep near the shepherd, and are his special favourites. Each of them has a name, to which it answers joyfully, and the kind shepherd is ever distributing to such choice portions which he gathers for that purpose. Those are the contented and happy ones. They are in no danger of getting lost or into mischief, nor do wild beasts or thieves come near them. The great body, however, are mere worldlings, intent upon their own pleasures or selfish interests. They run from bush to bush, searching for variety or delicacies, and only now and then lift their heads to see where the shepherd is, or, rather, where the general flock is, lest they get so far away as to occasion remark in their little commu-

nity, or rebuke from their keeper. Others, again, are restless and discontented, jumping into everybody's field, climbing into bushes, and even into leaning trees, whence they often fall and break their limbs. These cost the good shepherd incessant trouble. Then there are others incurably reckless, who stray far away, and are often utterly lost. I have repeatedly seen a silly goat or sheep running hither and thither, and bleating piteously after the lost flock, only to call forth from their dens the beasts of prey, or to bring up the lurking thief, who quickly quiets its cries in death.

Isaiah has a beautiful reference to the good shepherd: "He shall feed his flock like a shepherd; he shall gather the lambs with his arm, and carry them in his bosom, and shall gently lead those that are with young." Have you ever noticed these actions mentioned by the prophet?

Yes, in every particular. In ordinary circumstances the shepherd does not *feed* his flock, except by leading and guiding them where they may gather for themselves; but there are times when it is otherwise. Late in autumn, when the pastures are dried up, and in winter, in places covered with snow, he must furnish them food or they die. In the vast oak woods along the eastern sides of Lebanon, between Baalbek and the cedars, there are then gathered innumerable flocks, and the shepherds are all day long in the bushy trees, cutting down the branches, upon whose green leaves and tender twigs the sheep and goats are entirely supported. The same is true in all mountain districts, and large forests are preserved on purpose. Life in these remote and wild woods is then most singular and romantic. The ring of the axe, the crash of falling trees, the shout of the shepherds, the tinkling of bells and barking of dogs, wake a thousand echoes along the deep wadies of Lebanon. I have ridden five hours at a stretch in the midst of these lively scenes, and the mere remembrance of them comes back now like distant music dying out sweetly along the solemn aisles of the wood. From early boyhood there has been within me an earnest sympathy with the mighty forest—something ever ready to sigh for such boundless contiguity of shade as these wide sheep-walks of Lebanon and Hermon afford. Can anything be more poetic than this life of the Syrian shepherd? It ought to be religious too. Far, far away, out on the lone mountain, with the everlasting hills around, and heaven above, pure, blue, and high, and still. There go and worship free from the impertinence of human rhetoric, and the noisy cadences of prima donnas courting applause—in spirit and in truth worship—in solemn silence and soul-subduing solitude worship the most high God in His temple not made with hands.

Did you ever see a shepherd gather the lambs in his arms, and carry them in his bosom?

Often; and he will gently lead along the mothers in those times, when to overdrive them even for a single day would be fatal, as Jacob said to his brother when he wanted to get rid of him: "My lord knoweth that the flocks and herds with young are with me, and if men should overdrive them one day, all the flock would die." This, by the way, proves that Jacob's flight was late in the autumn, when alone the flocks are in this condition. The same is implied in his immediately building booths at Succoth for their protection during the winter.

Micah, perhaps, had noticed the flocks feeding in the wilderness somewhat as you describe them along the slopes of Lebanon. He says, "Feed thy people with thy rod, the flock of thy heritage, which dwell solitarily in the wood, in the midst of Carmel: let them feed in Bashan and Gilead, as in the days of old."

No doubt the reference is to the same thing. Large parts of Carmel, Bashan, and Gilead, are now covered with just such forests, which, at the proper season, are alive with countless flocks, which live upon the green leaves and tender branches.

How do you explain the expression, Feed—with thy rod?

The word signifies both to feed and to rule, and both ideas are natural. The shepherd invariably carries a staff or rod with him when he goes forth to feed his flock. It is often bent or hooked at one end, which gave rise to the shepherd's crook in the hand of the Christian bishop. With this staff he rules and guides the flock to their green pastures, and defends them from their enemies. With it, also, he corrects them when disobedient, and brings them back when wandering. This staff is associated as inseparably with the shepherd as the goad is with the ploughman. David, in the 4th verse of the 23d Psalm, has an extended reference to the shepherd and his kind offices, and among them is an allusion to this rod: "Thy rod and thy staff, they comfort me"—in every way in which these are employed by the good shepherd in the discharge of his office.

MY PSALM.

I MOURN no more my vanish'd years:
Beneath a tender rain,
An April rain of smiles and tears,
My heart is young again.

The west winds blow, and, singing low,
I hear the glad streams run;
The windows of my soul I throw
Wide open to the sun.

No longer forward nor behind
I look in hope and fear;
But, grateful, take the good I find,
The best of now and here.

I plough no more a desert land,
To harvest weed and tare;
The manna dropping from God's hand
Rebukes my painful care.

I break my pilgrim staff, I lay
Aside the tolling oar;
The angel sought so far away
I welcome at my door.

The airs of spring may never play
Among the ripening corn,
Nor freshness of the flowers of May
Blow through the autumn morn;

Yet shall the blue-eyed gentian look
Through fringed lids to heaven,
And the pale aster in the brook
Shall see its image given;

The woods shall wear their robes of praise,
The south wind softly sigh,
And sweet, calm days in golden haze
Melt down the amber sky.

Notless shall manly deed and word
Rebuke an age of wrong;
The graven flowers that wreath the sword
Make not the blade less strong.

But smiting hands shall learn to heal,
To build as to destroy;
Nor less my heart for others feel
That I the more enjoy.

All as God wills, who wisely heeds
To give or to withhold,
And knoweth more of all my needs
Than all my prayers have told!

Enough that blessings undeserved
Have mark'd my erring track—
That wheresoe'er my feet have swerved,
His chastening turn'd me back—

That more and more a Providence
Of love is understood,
Making the springs of time and sense
Sweet with eternal good—

That death seems but a cover'd way
Which opens into light,
Wherein no blinded child can stray
Beyond the Father's sight—

That care and trial seem at last,
Through Memory's sunset air,
Like mountain ranges overpast,
In purple distance fair—

That all the jarring notes of life
Seem blending in a psalm,
And all the angles of its strife
Slow rounding into calm.

And so the shadows fall apart,
And so the west winds play;
And all the windows of my heart
I open to the day.

J. G. Whittier.

AN EXAMPLE TO WORKING MEN.

It should be interesting to working men to remember the lot in human life which the Saviour selected. He had His choice. He might have chosen for His residence a mansion or a palace; but He chose for His domicile, so long as He had one, the cottage of a carpenter. He cast His earthly lot alongside of the labouring man; and besides the intentional lowliness, there were other ends it answered.

It lent new dignity to labour. Some silly people feel it a disgrace to work: they blush to be detected in an act of industry. They fancy that it is dignity to have nothing to do, and a token of refinement to be able to do nothing. They forget that it is easy to be useless, and that it needs no talent to cumber

ground. But the Lord Jesus knew that the best for the world when all are workers, He conformed to the good rule of Palestine, which required every citizen to pursue employment. And instead of selecting brilliant occupation, He gave Himself to humble and commonplace, that we might know how possible it is to do extraordinary in a very unobtrusive station.

And by this selection He left an example for working men. Rough work is no reason for rude manners, or a vulgar mind. Never there traverse the globe a presence so serene, and a fascination so divine, as moved out in the person of the "carpenter's son." gentle in His dignity—so awful in His meanness—so winsome in His loveliness—so generous in diffusing happiness—so delicate in dealing inward hurts—so gracious in foreboding wishes!—no rules of etiquette, no selfishness of society, can ever yield anew the majestic suavity. Amid the daily drudgery, His soul was often swelling with its noble purpose; and whilst shaping for the bores of Galilee their implements of industry, His spirit was communing with the

They are not little occupations, but the thoughts, and little notions, which make the little man; and the grandeur of mien, the engaging manners which emerged from that Nazareth workshop, are a lesson to those who handle the hammer, the spade, or the shuttle. But far more—the sanctity. In the face of bad repute—forced into the company of ruffians and blasphemers—all the congenial fellowship shewed Him the more conspicuously "holy, harmless, undefiled, separate from sinners." And if you complain that you are shut up to the society of loose, low-minded men—if constrained to listen to words ribald and profane, or to witness scenes of debauchery—remember that it was in the guise of a labouring man that the Saviour met the world's corruption, and overcame. If like to be worsted, cry for help to Him, amongst His other memories of earth, remember Galilee—who, now that He has parted with the carpenter's shop for ever, has forgotten the surly neighbours, and the crowded town; and whose solitary example has proved the proverb,—“Can any good thing come out of Nazareth?”

And by choosing this humble lot, the Saviour learned to sympathise with penury. Whatever wealthy bards may sing of the joys of poverty, it is a painful thing to be poor. To be a poor man's child, and to grow through the rails of the play-ground, and to see richer boys for the sake of their many toys, and yet be doomed to ignorance; to be apprenticed to some harsh stranger, and for ever banished from a mother's tenderness and a sister's love; to work when very weary;—to work when the heart is sick and the head is sore; to see a wife or a darling child wasting away, and not be able to get the

best advice; to hope that better food or purer air might set her up again, but that food you cannot buy, that air you must never hope to breathe; to be obliged to let her die; to come home from the daily task some evening, and see her sinking; to sit up all night, in hope to catch again those precious words you might have heard could you have afforded to stay at home all day, but never hear them; to have no mourners at the funeral, or even to carry on your own shoulder through the merry streets the light deal coffin; to see huddled into a promiscuous hole the dust which is so dear to you, and not venture to mark the spot by planted flower or lowliest stone; some bitter winter or some costly spring to barter for food the clock or the curious cupboard, or the "Henry's Commentary," on which you prided yourself as the heirloom of a frugal family, and never be able to redeem it; to feel that you are getting old, nothing laid aside, and present earnings scarce sufficient; to change the parlour floor for the top storey, and the top storey for a single attic, and wonder what change will be the next,—these, and a thousand privations, are the pains of poverty. And in the days when the world's Redeemer occupied the poor man's home, He was familiar with sights the parallels of these. He noted them. He entered into them. He shared them. Even at the time He did somewhat to relieve them. It was in such a scene that He let forth the first glimpse of His glory. The scanty store of wine had failed at a marriage-feast, and to relieve the embarrassment of His humble entertainers, He created a new supply. And it was in a similar scene that the second of His healing miracles were wrought, and His entrance to Simon's fishing-hut was signalled by restoring from a fever his sick mother-in-law. And, not to dwell on the miracles of mercy, which restored to the widow of Nain her only son, and to the sisters of Bethany their only brother, it is worth while to notice how many of His wonders were presents to the poor. A weary boatman has swept the waves all night, and captured not a single fin. Jesus bids him drop the net in a particular spot, and instantly it welters with a silvery spoil. Again and again the eager throng hangs round Him till the sun is setting; and it is discovered that there are only a few small loaves among all the fainting thousands; but He speaks the word, and as little loaves bulk out an endless banquet, the famished villagers rejoice in the rare repast. And though He did not grudge His cures to centurions and rulers of synagogues, they were usually the poor and despised who craved, and got the largest share: the woman who had spent on physicians all that she had; the impotent man at Bethesda; the Samaritan lepers; and Bartimeus the blind beggar. And thus would the kind Redeemer teach us, that if there are always to be poor

on earth, there will always be the poor man's friend in heaven. He would teach those sons of toil, who are His true disciples, that in all their afflictions He is afflicted; that He knows their frame and feels their sorrow. And should these lines be read by one who is indigent in spite of all his industry, let him remember how it fared with the world's best benefactor when here below—let him remember that the Saviour himself had once nowhere to lay His head, and asking for a cup of cold water, could scarcely obtain it. But now that He has all power in heaven and earth, that Saviour is as tender as ever; and to you, O children of want and woe! He says, "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

DEATHBED OF RICHARD BAXTER.

BY REV. JOHN STOUGHTON.

BAXTER survived Owen eight years. In a house near his friend Sylvester, in Charter House Square, he spent his last days; and there did this remarkable man, with regard to whom activity and existence were but convertible terms, labour to the end. When disabled from preaching in Sylvester's meeting-house, he preached in his own dwelling. He almost died in the pulpit the last time he occupied it. Such hazards were nought to him. "It would, doubtless," says his friend, "have been his joy to have been transfigured on the Mount." No wonder! because his unearthly soul was now full of heaven. "Drawing near to the city," if I may quote Bunyan here, "he had yet a more perfect view thereof." He talked in the pulpit, Calamy tells us, "with great freedom about another world, like one who had been there, and was come, as a sort of express, from thence to make report concerning it." His pen, too—that busy pen—was employed as long as he could hold it in writing for the cause dear to his heart; and among his last works was his "Dying Thoughts," worthy of being bound up with Owen's "Meditations on the Glory of Christ." But at last his growing infirmities took him from his favourite employments, confining him first to his chamber, and then to his bed. But when his lips could no longer speak in public, and the pen of the ready-writer had been for ever dropped, his vigorous mind "abode rational in faith and hope, arguing itself into, and preserving itself in patience and joy, through grace." Nor did he fail to converse with those who visited him on those subjects which through life had always had the first place in his thoughts. With unaffected humility, he spoke of himself as "the vilest dung-hill worm," as "a sinner worthy of being condemned for the best duty he ever did"—whose hopes were all from the free mercy of God in Christ. Reminded of the good which his works had produced, this in-

defatigable author replied, "I was but a pen in God's hands, and what praise is due to a pen?" His resigned submission to the will of God in his sharp sickness was eminent. When extremity of pain constrained him earnestly to pray to God for his release by death, he would check himself,—*"It is not fit for me to prescribe—when Thou wilt, what Thou wilt, how Thou wilt!"* Being in great anguish, he said, "Oh! how unsearchable are His ways, and His paths past finding out; the riches of His providence we cannot fathom. Do not think," he added to his friends, "the worse of religion for what you see me suffer." He had a well-grounded assurance of his eternal happiness, and great peace and comfort within, only lamenting that he could not triumphantly express his feelings, owing to extreme pain. Still he spoke delightfully of heaven, and, quoting the apostle's description of the celestial assembly, remarked, that it deserved a thousand thousand thoughts. Words of wisdom and counsel were ever on his lips for those who visited him; and, with that large public-spiritedness which he displayed throughout his active life, he spent many of his last hours in praying for this miserable distracted world, and for the preservation of the Church in the midst of it. Pain was his constant companion, but with martyr-like firmness he endured all, exclaiming, "I have pain; there is no arguing against sense; but I have peace—I have peace." His life had been a continued state of physical torture. His manifold diseases and sufferings were enough to excite pity in the hearts of the most inhuman of his enemies. Our sensibilities are positively tortured by the reading of his pathetic descriptions of himself. Welcome, then, must have been the prospect of his entering a world of which it is said, "Neither shall there be any more pain;" and how beautiful was the oft-quoted answer which he gave to the question, "How he did!" *"Almost well. Better than I deserve to be, but not so well as I hope to be!"* Sickness to him was convalescence, and death was immortal and healthful life. The world had been to him an hospital, and his lot had been cast in the ward appropriated to extreme sufferers; but now his recovery was at hand, and he was bound for those salubrious regions where the air can never be tainted with disease, and the cry of pain is never heard. "On Monday," says his friend Sylvester, "about five in the evening, death sent his harbinger to summon him away. A great trembling and coldness extorted strong cries from him for pity and redress from heaven, which cries and agonies continued for some time, till at length he ceased, and lay in patient expectation of his change." The storm was now over, and the tempest-tossed vessel was in still waters, waiting for admission to the harbour. The gentle cry in the ear of his house-keeper, "Death, death!" betokened the full

consciousness of Baxter in his dying moments. But it was not in words to reveal the mysteries of that awful crisis. There is no syllable more common in human speech—there is nothing more utterly unknown, than DEATH! He turned to thank a friend for visiting his dying bed, and looking on him with an eye of love, exclaimed, "The Lord teach you how to die!" Truly the Lord had taught him the lesson; and through the record of his last hours, which the hand of friendship has carefully preserved, may the Lord teach the same to every reader! About four o'clock on the morning of the 8th December 1691, Baxter had done for ever with the sorrows of this mortal state, and had entered on the saints' everlasting rest. His body sleeps in Christ Church, beside the ashes of his wife and mother. Many vied in doing honour to the man whose memory they revered; and Conformists as well as Nonconformists carried him to his grave, and made great lamentations over him. Dr Earl informed Mr Palmer that he was present at Baxter's funeral, and that the train of coaches reached from Merchant Tailors' Hall (from whence the corps was carried) to the place of burial.

HOME EDUCATION.

THE Family is an institution of God, designed to secure the virtue and happiness of man. It is the origin of society, and the fountain of pure and holy affections. Home is a more powerful agency for forming the character, than the school or the church. The impressions which last longest are those received in childhood. The best Christians are those who have been taught the duties of religion from infancy. Nothing, therefore, can make up for the neglect of such instruction by the best teachers in the world—a father and mother.

A fear is often expressed that religious instruction by the fireside has of late years fallen into neglect, or at least been thrown into the shade, by the public instruction of the Sunday school. In the days of our fathers lessons in the Catechism were a part of the regular duties of the Sabbath. On the evening of the Lord's day the pious patriarch gathered his children round the table, and beginning with the chief end of man, explained to them the doctrines of religion. When such children grew up to manhood, and entered the Church, they become intelligent Christians. But since the establishment of Sunday schools, there has been a disposition to throw upon them the whole business of religious education. Of course, we mean not to depreciate the blessed institution of Sabbath schools, which has been so eminently useful, especially as it has reached the children of irreligious parents—a class that otherwise would be wholly without Christian

instruction. But for those who are so happy as to have pious parents, the teaching of a Sunday school is a poor substitute for a father's and mother's instruction. If one or the other must be given up, we should say at once, Better go back to the household training of our Puritan ancestors, than to have children taught once a week in a public school, and hear nothing of religion at home.

But it is not necessary to give up either. Every Christian parent ought to prize the Sabbath school. If he truly loves his children, his heart will swell with joy, as he sees the little creatures strolling off so bright and happy every Sunday morning. But at the same time, if he would do his *whole* duty, he will follow up this public instruction by affectionate parental counsel at home—lessons enforced at once by all a father's authority and all a mother's tenderness.

There is a power in the associations of childhood which affects strongly the man of mature years. The very names of father and mother have a charm, long after they are sleeping in the dust. Even from the grave they may recall a wandering child to penitence and peace.

It is said that a pirate once, being for a time on the coast of Florida, was accustomed to go every day and sit on a rock by the sea-shore. As he went there day after day, he heard the notes of a dove that frequented the spot. How strangely did that sweet and solitary voice, pouring out its melody to the wild billows, contrast with his own stormy life—his career of passion and crime! Those plaintive notes carried him back to the days of his childhood, when he was innocent as that dove. It seemed to be the spirit of his mother, calling to him from heaven to forsake the ways of violent men. He obeyed, and returned to a life of innocence and peace.

So is the poor inebriate sometimes arrested by the sudden spectacle of a scene of domestic piety and happiness. As he reels home at night from a place of drunken revelry, he passes a Christian dwelling, and sees a light shining through the window. He stops to listen, and lo! the voice of prayer and singing thrills through the still evening air, and floats upward to Heaven. For a moment, at least, the scales fall from his eyes, and a light from a better world breaks upon his dark path, and afar off in the sky he hears a song like that of redeemed souls. Well may he pause to drink in those melodies which he is all unused to hear. What a contrast to the vulgar merriment, the loud laugh, the coarse jests, the profane oaths, from which he has but just parted! Surely, he feels, if there be a paradise on earth, it is in a happy Christian home.

Ye, then, who love your children and would attract them to Him in whom you believe, let your homes be made bright by the indwelling spirit of religion. Let not your piety

be downcast and gloomy, but full of peace, and love, and hope. And the very Spirit of love will descend like a heavenly dove and hover over your dwellings, and all who enter shall say, Lo, God is here! Such is the fruit of a happy religion; such the charm and attraction when "the voice of rejoicing and salvation is heard in the tabernacles of the righteous."

GOD'S DESIGN IN SICKNESS.

THE contemplations of a sick-room to a person of religious habits are certainly among the most refined and spiritual experiences of life. Nowhere else in life does the soul so clearly vindicate its superiority to everything else. From the sick man's window, the whole prospect has a spiritual hue. All things take their places in a new and a higher order. Beauty, hitherto unappreciated, seems concealed in everything. Intellectual and moral qualities seem to invest the commonest objects. The delicacies which delight his tender senses are miracles of goodness; and he wonders how he could have ever lived and not seen it before. The scale of being seems to be pitched higher, and more delicately balanced. It is one of the remarkable qualities of the sick-room experiences of a religious mind, to weave everything into the plan of goodness. And it is good; it is not an effort of a half-consenting mind, trying to think that it is; so clearly is the quality discerned, and so completely does it transcend everything else, through its high affinities, that it *is* good. I have never known of such an one as I refer to now, who did not discern that goodness prevailed; that it was the ascendant in everything; and that the mingling of relations in which the eye of sense sees so much that it calls evil, is in reality good. One who has now passed from mortal said to me, a few days before her death, as from her bed she looked out upon the few objects that could be seen from her window, "Everything is so beautiful. I wonder how it is. These flowers (turning her eyes to a bouquet upon the table) fill me with delight." And, said she, just lifting her finger from the pillow and pointing to the window with a smile, "there is that old dead tree; it seems to me the most beautiful thing in the world. I lie here hour after hour, and look at it, and think of God's goodness and love in putting it there; and then I think of the goodness of those who bring me these flowers. Everything and everybody seems good to me. I never knew that there was so much goodness in the world before." Now, whence arises this quick affinity with all that is kind and beautiful and benevolent? Why do the little kindnesses which the common sympathies of our nature prompt, enlarge into great acts of love? Why does nature, in her very desolation, put on garments of beauty

and glory, filling the weary spirit with ever new delight? The sick-room contemplations of a religious mind weave all life's meaning and mystery into the fabric of goodness and love. Sickness, as we commonly esteem it, is a calamity. It *is* a calamity, according to our measure of evil. No one in his right mind would pray to be laid prostrate with disease. But there are many who from the depths of a blessed experience, can thank God that they have been. You may talk about health as much as you please, you may extol it as the richest blessing which descends upon our mortal lot, and justly. But I ask any one who has ever had a profound experience of sickness, of sickness exalted by the holy influences of religion, if he would exchange those experiences for the health which they cost him.

FAITH.

In endeavouring to believe, do not think of faith. Think of God. Think of His character! Then faith will grow. Have a good opinion (we say it reverently) of God. Do you believe He is true? You have an opinion of every friend; some of them you would believe against every improbability.

What opinion has your child of six or eight or ten years of you? Does he not think you are one of the strongest or best? What is his opinion of you? Of your truth? Should you say to him, "to-morrow morning you will see a dove fly right out of the sun, and come into the window—you certainly will see it if you look." Would he look? Would he not be making a cage for it, or wishing to do so? Why? Because his opinion of you is that you are true; that you would not deceive him. Now, as your little son has an opinion of you, so you have an opinion of God. Is your opinion of Him such that His word is to you sufficient, no matter what are the difficulties or improbabilities? It was so to Abraham. He considered not his body now dead. Why? God had promised. He considered not the death impending over Isaac! Why? God had promised. His faith gave glory to God. For this, his naked faith, he was called the friend of God.—*Beauty of Holiness.*

PERFECTION.

THE disputes which have filled the Church upon the doctrine of perfection seem to me to have been pitiable. They reveal the narrowest conception of human character. God's idea of perfection is not mere conformity to rule and law, but, with this, development into a state far beyond anything known among men. Perfection is ripeness; but time is not a summer long enough to ripen the soul. Heaven is the soul's summer.

The perfection of the schools is a kind of mandarin perfection. Suppose a Chinese mandarin, whose garden was filled with dwarfed plants and trees, would shew me an oak tree, two feet high, growing in a pot of earth, and should say to me,—

"A perfect tree must be sound at the root—must it not? And it must have all its branches complete, and its leaves green. Look here. This root is sound; there is no decay in the trunk; it has the full number of branches; the leaves are bright and green, and little acorns are ripening all over it. It is a perfect tree; why do you not admire it?"

A miserable two-foot oak! I turn from it to think of God's oak in the open pasture, a hundred feet high, wide-boughed, and braving the storm.

Now, when a man comes to me talking of perfection, and says, "A perfect man must have such and such qualities—must he not? He must control his passions and appetites, and regulate his affections. He must not sin in this thing, or that thing, or the other. Such am I. I do not commit this fault, or fall into that error. I have trained and schooled myself. Behold me! I am perfect!" I can but exclaim, "Miserable two-foot Christian!" I have no patience with this low standard, these earthly comparisons, this relative goodness. I must outgrow this pot of earth. God's eternity is in my soul, and I shall need it all, to grow up to the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ.

PRAYER.

In the morning, prayer is the key that opens to us the treasury of God's mercies and blessings; in the evening, it is the key that shuts us up under His protection and safeguard.

It is less reproachful to tender God no service, than to perform it slightly and ceremoniously; the one is disobedience, the other contempt.

All the afflictions that a saint is exercised with are neither too numerous nor too sharp. A great deal of rust requires a rough file.—*Isaac Browne.*

Sacrifices, which, under Jewish ceremony, were the greatest part of God's solemn worship, were commanded to be offered up with fire; and no fire could sanctify them but that miraculously sent down from heaven. . . . Truly, all our Christian sacrifices, both of praise and prayer, must be offered up to God with fire; and that fire which alone can sanctify them, must be darted down from heaven—the celestial flame of zeal and love which comes down from heaven, and hath a natural tendency to ascend thither again, and carry up our hearts and souls upon its wings with it.

Pages for the Young.

THE LITTLE BENEFACTOR.

BY ECTOH.

"MOTHER, I want you to give me a piece of bread to carry to school to-day for little Johnny Himes," said George Martin to his mother, one morning, as she was putting up his dinner for school.

"Why, what makes you want to carry a piece of bread to Johnny Himes?" inquired his mother. "Don't he have any dinner of his own?"

"No—not a bit," answered George. "You see, yesterday I had more dinner than I wanted, and little Johnny stood watching me all the time I was eating; and I thought he was very unmannerly for doing so. But he looked very sad, as if he wasn't well, or felt bad about something. And I never see him eat any dinner; I thought it must be because he didn't want any. But when I took out a biscuit, I said, I didn't want it; I'd got dinner enough. And Johnny said—'Won't you please give it to me?' He almost cried, too, when he said so. Then I thought maybe he was hungry; I didn't think of it before. So I gave it to him, and he eat it as if he hadn't had anything to eat all day. I asked him why he didn't bring some dinner, and he said his mother hadn't any; that his father was sick, and sometimes his mother couldn't get hardly anything for breakfast or supper, and nothing for him to carry to school. And now, mother," added George, "won't you let me carry a good large piece of bread and butter every day for Johnny?"

George's eye sparkled, and his plump little cheek was flushed, as he pleaded for his poor schoolmate.

His mother's heart was as generous as his own, and she was glad to see George trying to cheer a sad spirit, and lighten, though but a little, the load of human suffering. So now, every day, George Martin gives Johnny Himes a dinner, for which Johnny's gratitude and his parents' blessing are an abundant reward.

THE ROSE OF SHARON—A STORY FOR THE CHILDREN.

Two little girls, of the ages of eight and six, ran merrily about a lovely garden, picking flowers; here a rose, there a lily, and again a violet, till their aprons were full of beauty and fragrance, and they sat down on a mossy bank with their precious load.

"What a splendid heap!" laughed little Ellie, as they emptied them between them.

But Marion did not stop to admire. Her

head was too full of business ideas, and Ellie soon followed her example, and the two were making wreaths of flowers as diligently as if their lives depended on their exertions.

The birds sang, the bees hummed, the butterflies flitted gaily from flower to flower; but merrier than all were the little girls in the bright sunlight of that warm June day. Suddenly little Ellie plunged her fat fingers into the heap and drew out a lovely crimson rose sparkling with dew-drops. "Oh you beauty!" cried she, and was proceeding to weave it into her wreath. It was indeed the gem of the whole.

Marion looked up. "That's mine, Ellie!" she said, quickly, with a flushed cheek, "I picked it,"—and she held out her hand, but Ellie drew back. "The heap was for both, Marion; I shall keep the rose."

"Ellie, give it me, I say." Marion seized her arm violently, half throwing her down; but Ellie wrenched herself from her grasp, and ran, treading upon her own fallen wreath in her haste, while Marion followed with hers dangling from her hand, with the flowers dropping one by one on the new-mown grass, and shouting aloud in her anger.

What a sad change! Did you ever, dear children, hear the report of a gun on a beautiful spring day, and see a sweet singing-bird fall? I do not think it could have been more sad than the sight of these little girls as the sweet bird of peace fell wounded from their hearts. Ellie escaped round the corner of the house, and Marion walked quickly within with her complaint. Ellie was called, and the mother listened to their story by turns.

"Give me the rose, Ellie," she said. Ellie put it in her hand. "I am the Rose of Sharon and the Lily of the Valley," said the mother, in a tremulous voice. "Who is speaking, my children?"

"Jesus Christ," said Ellie, instantly sobered.

"Mother is very sorry to see her little girls quarreling thus about a poor perishing rose, and forgetting *Him* so soon. Do you remember last night, when we talked of this Rose of immortal bloom, how you each hoped it might be planted in your hearts and shed its fragrance there? And do you remember how you knelt and prayed to God for His Spirit to make it grow? And now look at this rose," she continued, holding it up before them, "see how its beautiful leaves have fallen through your anger. You have wounded this poor rose, but, oh! dear children, how have you treated the Saviour!"

Ellie burst into tears. "O mamma, I have been very naughty," she sobbed; "you may have the rose, Marion. Kiss me, and let us play."

"I have done playing, and the rose is spoiled," said Marion, coldly. Her mother looked earnestly at her, but said nothing.

That night the children knelt to pray. Ellie again asked earnestly for forgiveness and

a new heart. Marion *said* her prayers and went to bed; but the mother did not neglect to pray that night for her sinful, erring child. That night Marion dreamed she and Ellie were in a beautiful garden filled with more lovely flowers than she had ever seen. Glorious angels were winging their way among groups of little children dressed in white and singing sweetest hymns. Ellie joined; but Marion's heart was heavy, and she could not sing. Suddenly the voices swelled into exulting harmony, and died away, while an angel chanted the words, Behold He cometh! and a form of surpassing majesty appeared, attended by blessed spirits. The children flew to meet *Him*, and caught the light of His smile on their joyous faces. Marion advanced too, but the smile vanished as He pointed to a lovely rose which she was treading under foot. Then a cloud came over all, and a voice came forth as Marion sank weeping on her knees, "I love them that love me, and those that seek me early shall find me. To this man will I look, even to him that is poor and of a contrite spirit, and that trembleth at my word." Then Marion awoke, and throwing her arms around Ellie, prayed earnestly for forgiveness. And the Rose of Sharon was remembered by each young heart. H.

TAKE CARE OF THE BEGINNING.

"ALL's well that ends well" is an adage, which, although it sounds agreeably, is but partially true. It is of the highest moment to begin well, and to go on well. This is the best, almost the only guarantee for ending well. Things may end well which began ill—that is the exception. The reverse is the rule. We therefore say to all young people, "Take care of the beginning!"

The Arabs have a fable of a miller, who was one day startled by a camel's nose thrust in the window of the room where he was sleeping. "It is very cold outside," said the camel, "I only want to get my nose in." The nose was let in, the neck, and finally the whole body. Presently the miller began to be extremely inconvenienced at the ungainly companion he had obtained, in a room certainly not large enough for both. "If you are inconvenienced, you may leave," said the camel; "as for myself, I shall stay where I am."

The moral of the fable concerns all. When the temptation occurs, we must not yield to it. We must not allow so much as its "nose" to come in. Everything like sin is to be turned away from. He who yields, even in the smallest degree, will soon be entirely overcome; and the last state of that man is worse than the first. The rule applies to habits, indulgences, company, and books. It is for every man to ascertain what is right, and then, by the help of God, to follow that course, and none other.



A FAMILY MAGAZINE FOR SUNDAY READING.

REVISED BY THE REV. NORMAN M'LEOD, D.D., GLASGOW.

WEEKLY NOS. ONE HALFPENNY.]

[MONTHLY PARTS, THREEPENCE.]

FREDERICK PERTHES, THE TRUE MAN OF BUSINESS.

IN the busy town of Hamburg, some sixty years since, there might be seen, in a book-shop in one of the busiest of its streets, a slender but firmly-knit German, whose genial heart draws around him the sympathies, as his energetic decision in business secures the respect, of the most worthy of its citizens. "Little Perthes," they will say, "has the most manly spirit of us all." "He is the king of booksellers," remarked one day the historian Niebuhr. And another writes:—"Perthes is a man to whom I feel marvelously attracted: I could not withdraw my eyes from him—the charm of his outward appearance I could not but regard as the true expression of his inner nature."

This soul—so firm, yet so delicately strung—has been reared amidst rude storms.

Born at Rudolfstadt, April 21, 1772, Frederick Perthes finds himself, at the early age of seven, a solitary orphan. A maternal uncle—kind, but poor—welcomes the boy to his humble home. In his fourteenth year—resolved that, come what may, he and his beloved books must be companions through life—he sets out for Leipzig book-fair in search of a master. The youthful apprentice, though welcomed kindly enough in his new home—especially by Frederika, one of his master's daughters, a girl of twelve, who has the art of "driving away his fancies and whims"—finds the discipline and the labour not a little trying. Beginning work in the morning at seven, he is on his feet till eight at night, with an interval of half an hour at mid-day for dinner; and, during his first winter, he has to stand so long on the cold stone-slabs, collecting orders, that his feet are frost-bitten; and for nine weeks he lies in his bed in his little attic-chamber. This is stern training; but, like the stormy blast which fixes the rising oak more firmly in the soil, it inures his spirit for the sharper struggles which are yet before him.

The years of his apprenticeship, however, are not an unmixed misery. His vivacious and kindly temperament turns them into "happy years of earnest striving." They expire in 1793; and he betakes himself to a wider and more congenial sphere in Hamburg—his apprenticeship to the book-trade finished, but not his apprenticeship to life.

In these early years, Perthes knows but little of the struggles of the inner life. Shrinking sensitively from all impurity and coarseness, he has found himself, among his fellow-apprentices of Leipzig, a sort of martyr; for "men here," he wrote, "must live like others, or make up their minds to be persecuted." But his spiritual cravings have not yet intenseness enough to rise above the earth. The order of the day in Germany for all young men is—"philosophy." Perthes must be in his turn a "philosopher;" and deeply does he study the favourite books of the day, till at last, in his nineteenth year, after poring for months during his hours of leisure over a translation of Cicero, "De Officiis," he "believes he has found true satisfaction."

To various fellowships his frank open nature successively clings. One is the sprightly, joyous girl, who so often has cheered him in his lonely hours. "She is still most kind to me," he writes; "she knows how, by a few words, to comfort me when I am troubled and depressed." Another is, the intimacy formed at this period with seven young Swabians—young men of great mental activity and high moral character, in whose society he now spends all his leisure-hours, giving him his first enjoyment of youth's springy activities. "Never," says he, "have I had such pleasant, heart-quickening hours, as now in the society of my beloved new friends. The moment I enter, I read my welcome in their eyes." And another attraction which these Swabians have for him, is the introduction

they give him to the friendship of such men as Goethe, Herder, and Schiller.

But the joys he seeks are of the earthly kind, in which only such a heart can rest. Working at his business the half of each alternate Sunday, the remainder is devoted to the most trivial and unholy engagements! "Thirty of us," he writes, describing one of his Sunday pleasure-trips, "ladies and gentlemen—some old, some young—floated yesterday down the Elbe, to the sound of kettle-drums and trumpets, and enjoyed ourselves to the full." And, on holidays, the theatre, concerts, and masquerades present to him the most pleasurable attractions.

A new light now begins to dawn. "It was through the consciousness of SIN, in the forms of sensuality and pride," (he wrote, many years afterwards, referring to this turning-point of his inner life,) "that I came to recognise my need of redemption, and the truth of God's revelation in Christ. Whoever disdains this way," he added, "will, if he be intellectual, wander through speculation and mystic symbolism to pantheism; or, if he be superficial, will take the convenient way of progress to perfection, Jesus of Nazareth being the trainer-in-chief."

But still he "timidly draws back" from the Cross. Indeed the Cross, even as a doctrine, is as yet but dimly comprehended. "My internal anxiety," he writes, "calls for some one who in my stead may give satisfaction; and undefined feelings come across me, which seek after a God who, as man, has felt the agonies of man. I have leaned," he adds, "on many a staff which has given way, and have seen many a star fall from heaven."

A better "staff" now is in store for him. "I am a poor *sinner*," we find him writing one day, "in myself helpless and comfortless." And on another occasion:—"Again and again, the all-important question recurs, —Can God forgive sin? and will He? He who does not understand the full force of this question does not know himself." Perthes sees his *sin*, and he *begins* to see the *Sin-Forgiver*.

Still there is not peace. "The time," said he to a friend one day, "when these facts are to become vital to me, and the measure of their vitality, depends on the grace of God." But his soul is now too earnest to suffer this conviction to lull him into a stupid repose. "I want," he says on another occasion, giving utterance to his heart's intense longing,—"I want to grasp the uncreated Son of the Father as in reality my God. I want this God-man to become the very centre of my being."

The victory comes at last. "How," we find him writing to a friend, in the spring of 1805, "can I ever sufficiently thank you, who have been the means of giving a fixed direction to my longings? It is through you that I have

attained to the religious certainty which I now enjoy, and shall enjoy throughout eternity." And, years afterwards, he thus describes the way by which he reached it:—"My trouble on account of selfishness and impurity drove me to seek reconciliation with the God before whom I trembled. Christianity was not forced upon me, but I upon Christianity; I was thrown by an inward necessity into the arms of the Saviour." And he adds:—"For him who, in the anguish of his heart, cries out, 'I am a miserable sinner,' and stretches out his arms to the Saviour—for him, I say, 'Christ died.' How closely, then, is faith in the Redeemer allied with a realisation of one's own sinfulness!" He has reached the landing-place, and is safe.

Perthes is not a mystic, gauging frames and feelings. "I am more than ever persuaded," he writes, "that my destiny is an active, masculine career—that I am a man born to turn my own wheel, and that of others, with energy." And right manfully he turns it in many a trying scene. The battle of life now is to be fought, and he fights it not in vain.

When he first entered on the book-trade it was as the means of a mere livelihood, and ultimately of acquiring an independence. But now he is possessed with a conviction so intense of its bearing on the people's entire intellectual life, that the mere question of gain has henceforth scarcely any weight with him. "I know," says he, one day, "that the book-trade can be managed mechanically, and as a way merely of making money—just as I see, among priests, and professors, and generals, some who, in giving their services, think only of their daily bread. But a shudder comes over me when I find booksellers make common cause with a crew of scribblers who hire out their wits for stabling and provender. Germany is deluged with wretched publications, and will be delivered only when the booksellers shall care more for honour than for gold."

Turning aside for an interval from the tumult and throng of business, he finds, in the daughter of the distinguished Claudius, "a help from above such as his soul required"—one in whom are "peace and stability, devotion and truth." "My Caroline," he writes, "makes me unspeakably happy. She is pious, faithful, true-hearted, and submissive; her inward course she shapes for herself, and pursues it with a steady step." And to herself, on one of his business journeys:—"Can you, then, believe that my restless labours, my activity and energy, can be detrimental to you? Rather let us thank God that He enables me to take pleasure in things which might have been to me a burden and a weariness. Believe me, I understand your present feelings thoroughly. While you lived in your father's house, you maintained a constant

walk with God. You had had but one thought, and but one path. But then your walk with God was the walk of a child who knew sin, and the world, and life, not at all, or only by name. Now, however, simply because you are in the world, this condition must be disturbed. Would you live apart from everything? No, we are not to drift away from the world. God demands not the sacrifice of natural ties, but the submission of our will to His. The sorrow and annoyances which may be our lot in the world where He has placed us, we should bear with inward tranquillity, rather than seek to escape from them."

The war breaks up his pleasant home. Hamburg is for months in the hands of the French; and, with a true patriot-heart, he forsakes all rather than be a slave. Most trying hardships follow; but Perthes stands firm. "May God enable me to do what is right without exultation," writes the brave man, as the trial is at its height; "I will preserve my integrity; I will look upon my fatherland with a good conscience, and will return to our city with an open countenance and head erect."

Seldom has a family been overtaken by a calamity more stern. "There are seasons," he writes to his wife, who with the children has fled for safety to Gotha, "in which the whole weight of the anxieties which await us in the future, and of the sorrow which is involved in the present, presses heavily upon me. Your task is, indeed, a hard one; but mine is not light. Have patience; be calm and self-possessed, my beloved Caroline: trust to my sense and prudence, and leave the event to God. I trust to your wisdom, your energy, your affection; and I pray God to give you what you want, and that is tranquillity." And in another letter:—"Thank God that you, my darlings, and my only earthly treasures, are well. Dear Caroline, what a vast wilderness the world becomes when man has no home! The sight of little children always brings tears into my eyes."

But Perthes breasts the surge nobly. "Ought we not to feel ourselves great," he says, one day, "just because we are born in such evil times?" But it is not Roman greatness. "What the highest greatness is without love," he remarks, on another occasion, "we may see in the devil." That greatness Perthes covets no more; but the crisis proves him truly great. "God will help me," he writes; "I dare not leave what I have undertaken. It is my business to lift up my voice for truth and justice as opportunity offers, and to shew that the will of God is not altogether forgotten, in spite of the sinfulness and weakness which everywhere impede its clear and perfect recognition. That, in times such as these, when the struggle betwixt good and evil, truth and falsehood, is so fierce, a man cannot hope to achieve anything with-

out risking much—that, in order to do homage to truth and right, a man must be ready to give up heart and life, and fortune and estate,—that, my noble wife, you know as well as I. I have courage and energy, and moderate desires; and am at peace with God and with myself. I can pray now as I never prayed before, and I pray much. My much-loved Caroline, take courage and be calm; God will help you and me also." Perthes' Christianity is not a hothouse-plant—it can brave and can outlive the storm.

(To be continued.)

THE GREAT REVIVAL IN IRELAND—

ITS ORIGIN AND CHARACTERISTICS.

BY REV. WILLIAM ARTHUR, A.M.*

[In every direction the horizon brightens at the near approach of the Sun of Righteousness, and every Christian heart should lift fervent prayers for the return of pentecostal seasons all over the world. The angel of the Apocalypse may soon come out of the temple, crying with a loud voice to Him that sits on the cloud, "Thrust in thy sickle and reap, for the time is come for thee to reap; for the harvest of the earth is ripe."—E. C. G.]

THE origin of the present movement is clearly traced to Connor, a parish seven miles long, peopled by small farmers, weavers, and linen manufacturers, nearly all Presbyterians, mixed only by a handful of Church people, and scarcely any Roman Catholics. In the centre of the parish stand two villages, Connor and Kells. For many years the Rev. John H. Moore had laboured among them and not fainted. He had formed Sunday-schools on a new plan; not attempting to gather the children into one or two places, but at (I think) thirteen different points of the parish, he had formed rather a class than a school. Here scriptural instruction, real exercises in the Word of God, was carefully given. On the training of his teachers he bestowed great labour. Among the topics of his preaching, the revival of God's work had often borne a prominent part. He feared not to speak of hell, or to tell sinners that a God of love was sure to punish sin. Prayer-meetings had been established at different times, but gradually died away, till one only remained, and that was sometimes attended by but one man and one woman.

A young man belonging to this congregation was residing in the town of Ballymena, a few miles away. He was, like many, zealous for religion after his manner, and stood in his own eyes as a Christian. But he heard a lady from England, said to be a Baptist, conversing with some young women, and describing true conversion. She told them that they were strangers to it, and still "in the gall of bitterness, and the bond of iniquity." This word reached the heart of the young man. He sought the inward and holy power of religion, the true and mighty regenerating grace, "the love of God shed abroad in our

* From a tract on this subject, just published, to which we urgently invite the attention of all our readers.

hearts by the Holy Ghost, which is given to us." He found clear and joyful acceptance with his Father in heaven. Full of this new happiness, he returned to his own parish.

In the month of September 1857, the very same month in which the first noon-day prayer-meeting, the harbinger of the great Revival, was held in New York, he and three other young men joined together in secret fellowship, to pray for God's special blessing on the people around them. They met in a little school-house, which stands alone by the wayside. For three months their prayers seemed to rise to an unheeding heaven. In December one conversion revived their hearts. In the course of the next month, one of the Sabbath-school classes had the unwonted joy of a true and clear conversion. Three months later, two persons, who had been frequently prayed for, were brought to know the Lord. Thus slowly, silently, did the Lord at first work; thus steadily did these disciples continue to wait till His Spirit was poured out from on high.

Among the Presbyterian churches the Lord's Supper is administered but twice a-year; and, being thus rare, is made a great solemnity. What is called "The Spring Communion" came. The parish had been more or less filled with tidings of the prayers that were being offered, and of the strange, clear, happy conversions which had taken place—conversions which made the person changed go on his way, "walking, and leaping, and praising God." Their faithful minister had been preaching on the subject of a great Revival, and telling what the Lord was doing for His vineyard in America, with a strong desire for the like at home. The solemn services of the Communion were crowned with an unwonted influence. Life, inquiry, deep convictions, strong crying and tears, nights spent in wrestling prayer, hearts heavy, and faces mournful with the burden of sin, and others, formerly as reserved upon religion as if it was a life and death secret, telling as simply as babes, and as happily as primitive Christians, of God's pardoning love—these became the familiar tidings of that favoured parish. Prayer-meetings sprang up on every hand, and wonderful was it to the staid Presbyterian folk to hear, out of the lips of the unlearned and the ignorant, out of the mouth of babes and sucklings in religion, prayers of deep import and heavenly power,—prayers that God must have taught, and that His own hand seemed manifestly to answer.

The conversions were of that marked Bible type which fail when the power of the Spirit is low in the Church, but ever reappear in seasons of heavenly influence. And what a host of neat theories and preferences on the subject of gradual conversions, and reserved silent disciples, went to the winds when the Power from on high, coming no one knew whence, wrought God's fair work of new crea-

tion in His own way! The conscience now of a self-complacent Pharisee, now of a drunkard, now of a well-conducted woman, now of a graceless youth, was pierced as with an arrow.

The first house into which I entered in this parish had shared the blessed influence. Without knowing a word as to one another, the good woman and I were in a moment shaking hands, and joining in conversation. In their family the conversions had begun about eighteen months ago. Some had gone through deep, deep, and sorrowful pains of conviction. One, after having "found peace," could not sleep for anxiety about the souls of the others; but would rise up at night to spend a time wrestling in prayer, and even call upon them to pray for themselves. In all, a family of eleven had been brought to taste the blessedness of pardon, except one, who was "very anxious." All this was told as naturally as one would tell of recovery from fever, or release from captivity; and, at the close, it was quietly remarked, in reference to the physical manifestations which have sprung up more lately, and to which much attention has been turned: "But we had no bodily affections; we were all brought nicely."

That night I attended a prayer-meeting. About thirty different places in the parish now have them regularly, and in all a hundred meetings are weekly held. The room was densely crowded. The house had been a public-house, and the sign-board was not yet down. Three or four persons prayed, and one young man delivered an exhortation. All was intelligent and sober, without anything whatever remarkable, either in the matter or manner of the prayers and address. I suppose there they would be thought lively, but in many places rather heavy, though earnest.

At a prayer-meeting in the Meeting-house, the evening after the one before referred to, there were about three hundred persons. Here, again, all was quiet and unexcited, though earnest. At the call of the minister, a young man, one of the recent converts, read a portion of Scripture, and delivered a short and sensible exhortation. The moment when one felt the difference between this prayer-meeting and a formal one, was when the minister called on them to spend a little time in silent prayer. At first it seemed as if the moments would pass in that deep silence, which has often, at a watch-night service, seemed as the hushing of men's breath to wait the expiring of the year. But, after a moment, breathings began to be heard, low, subdued, but earnest—no voice, no tone, no words; but a breathing here, there, throughout the place, as if each one apart was, like Hannah, moving the lips without speaking, and breathing out the soul to God. That strange sound rose and came quicker, till it almost rushed, and the place seemed all astir with suppressed but outbursting prayer.

The way in which the Revival first spread beyond Connor, is strictly in keeping with that in which it began. One who had felt the power of pardoning love filling his own soul, and yearning in his breast a little heaven, longed to tell his mother, who lived in a neighbouring parish "across the Maine Water," as the River Liffey is called, as happy as grace had made him. He got one of his comrades to join him in earnest prayer for her conversion. They had seen prayer wonderfully answered in the case of those around them, and why not at a distance? After this he went home to see if prayer had had any effect, and, to his joy and wonder, found that just while they had been praying, deep conviction had fallen upon his mother's soul; she had sought mercy, and was now rejoicing in hope of the glory of God. His triumph of prayer was no sooner won, when came the question, Where was his brother? Away at a cock-fight. Thither he followed him: there he found him, and, seizing him, he said, "I have a message for you from our Lord Jesus." This went to his heart: he, too, felt the pangs of deep repentance; he, too, fled for refuge to the open arms of the crucified Redeemer. His burden fell off, joy and peace in believing took possession of his soul, and, warm and simple, he rushed away to his minister, exclaiming, "I am saved! I am saved!" The minister, at first, feared that he was only heated with some passing fervour—for, oh! how slow we all have been to believe that we live in a world wherein the saving of men is a work committed to an all-powerful and Almighty hand, and that, therefore, we should expect to see it going on upon all sides, and at all times. But when he had fully investigated the case, the minister said, "Wish we had some of those young men over here to hold prayer-meetings." This wish led to converts from Connor coming to tell the people of Ahoghill what the Lord had done for their souls. It was a strange thing to hear weavers, and stone-masons, and butchers, and others unskilled in speech, pouring forth effectual, fervent, and so true and reverent and thoughtful prayers. It was more wonderful still to hear them tell how the Lord had sent His arrows through their souls; how they had felt "day and night your hand was heavy upon me;" and under his burden, "I said, I will confess my transgressions unto the Lord;" and then, most wonderful of all, "Thou forgavest the iniquity of my sin." They had always believed in the forgiveness of sins. They had never wondered at reading this of David; it seemed natural that he should be forgiven. Even in Bunyan, when they read of the "Pilgrim" finding his burden unloose at the sight of the Cross, they thought it likely enough for Christian in a dream. But that simple country lads, their neighbours, and no better than themselves, should find forgiveness of sins, was hard to be believed. "You ask," cries a con-

vert, "if you did find mercy, how would you know it? Ah, you would know it very well, you would feel it." And there his argument ended. But something was in these new-born souls—something with them, which went further than ten thousand arguments. The power of the blessed Spirit attended them. The hearts of the people were broken. And then began those overwhelming affections of body and mind together, which have resounded through the world, and made the Ulster Revival notorious to the religious and the curious alike.

We have given sufficient light upon the origin of the movement, to bring out a few facts, which ought to be kept in view.

1. The Revival began on a field where much labour had been bestowed, where the people were carefully taught in the truth, and where, consequently, the converts were better than ordinarily prepared to unite knowledge with zeal. The ground was full of seed; and how wonderfully has it sprung up as in a night, and ripened in a day!

2. The origin and spread of the work are directly traceable to prayer—the prayer of a few agreeing to ask things touching the kingdom of God; prayer persevered in without outward encouragement for some time; prayer becoming still more and more valued—more and more taking hold upon the habits of the people.

3. The first instance in which the work broke into another neighbourhood was in direct answer to prayer.

4. The human instrumentality by which the work has been propagated is especially the personal testimony of souls newly blessed, who commended Christ to their neighbours, as He "in whom we have redemption through His blood, even the forgiveness of sins." So far from this, personal effort and prayer-meetings superseding the regular ministry, or rendering it of less effect, they have only served to make the Word trebly precious, and the feet of Him that publisheth good tidings beautiful, in the eye of the people, beyond former belief.

5. The same effects which have followed other great Revivals are conspicuous here,—Christian fellowship, and first the spontaneous exercise, then the recognised and regular employment, of Lay agency. A number of the most zealous young converts at Connor are now supported by a local society, and employed in going through the country, exhorting and assisting at prayer-meetings; but beyond this no new or peculiar measures whatever have been adopted.

6. The effect upon the public morals and on domestic happiness is acknowledged by all parties equally, though even now the converted are a decided minority—conscience has gained new powers over all.

After nearly two years, the first converts are steadfast, and the original seat of the Re-

vival more and more alive. Only within the last few months has it attracted public notice; but in that time it has spread like fire, among country districts, market towns, and considerable cities. From Belfast to Coleraine, I have been permitted to see its effects, with wonder and joy, and deep, deep adoration. I never read of anything equal at once in extent and transforming power.

THE STORY OF A HIGHLAND WIDOW.

SHE came one morning among the many who occupy, with various matters of business, the time of the minister of a populous parish. She was cleanly dressed, and appeared very sad and dejected. Her story, and the causes of her sorrow, were soon told. She and her family, consisting of four daughters and a son, had been accepted by the Government Commissioners as emigrants to Australia. Under the impression that they were to sail early in spring, her daughters had left their service. The son, in the meantime, had broken his arm, and was unable to work. They were strangers, in a strange land. The certificates in their possession, from their minister and landlord in the Highlands, represented them as a sober, industrious, and most deserving family. Week after week passed, while waiting for the expected order to sail. The purse, never very full, was fast getting empty in the great city. But at last the order came, that in three days they must embark! Their passage was paid. They must go, or lose all. One difficulty alone remained,—they could not supply themselves with all the necessary articles of clothing; and unless these could be obtained, their chests, when opened at Liverpool, would be found wanting in the shoes, the petticoats, the shifts, &c., which were absolutely necessary for the voyage; and she and her family would be sent back in poverty and despair! How much was required to make up the defective articles! Only twelve shillings! A small sum, reader, but nevertheless, as far, almost, as Australia itself from the poor woman's grasp. O ye who think little of twelve shillings, or twelve pence, would that ye accompanied a minister in his daily rounds, and soon would ye be taught to feel what comfort to the widow and the fatherless, the hungry and the sick, ay, and to your own heart, ye are daily making and daily spending, without hardly knowing how or why! Perhaps, however, the money might be got, "somehow or other," in a few days. But that afternoon I was obliged to leave town, and in two days the ship was to sail; and after she had sailed, the twelve shillings, one hundred times multiplied, would not get the widow and her family on board. "What is to be done?"—"God alone knows!" she replied, meekly bending her head, and wiping her tears with her apron. "I have not shut an

eye for four nights; the lassies are as ill as me. We have parted with all we had." Who will give me twelve shillings? thought I. Why not give it yourself? exclaims my readers. Try the experiment first, I reply, when such demands come daily on you—hourly almost! A very convenient philosophy is this, of everything being done now-a-days by ministers! "Go to the minister! Ask the minister! Apply to the minister! Fond of money those ministers,—why not give twelve shillings?" Instead of saying so, please go to your own minister, if you have one, and say to him, "I can afford to give such and such in charity—twelve shillings occasionally—let me know of any case where it can be of use." Ah! had I known of such a considerate friend, how glad I would have made my poor Highland petitioner! What can be done? To such repeated questions, which too clearly said, "Nothing can be done," she replied in sobs, "Surely God, who has helped me in my widowhood—who has never left me since he gaed awa—will not desert me in the eleventh hour. 'Though He slay me, yet I'll put my trust in Him!'" "I can give you four or five shillings," cheerfully said I; "but what good would that do?"—"God who made one friend to a stranger might find another before we must sail." "Come back," I said, "in an hour, and we shall see what can yet be done." It was one of those expedients to which we resort in order to remove pain even for a time from our eyes when we cannot see how to relieve it. I had resolved, however, to give her the money, and not to buy the next tempting twelve shilling book which met my eye! In the meantime a marriage party was announced, and the happy bride and bridegroom stood where the widow had stood a few minutes before: for thus do sorrows and joys constantly pass in light and shade across the daily life of the minister. The bridegroom was a Highlander, and returning that day with his bride to his Highland home. The marriage being over, the bridegroom, to my unspeakable surprise, begged me to accept of one pound, to be expended for any charitable purpose! I told him of his poor countrywoman. He requested that she should have it all. May God bless the pair! Long may it be ere the bonnie bride is a widow; and when that dark hour comes, may she find a widow's friend like her own good bridegroom!

The poor widow returned. "You trusted God," I said; "and no one who does so was ever put to shame." I gave her the pound. I shall not tell you, reader, for I cannot, what she said, or how she looked. But as she departed, with many tears and thanksgivings to the Father of the fatherless, I found myself weeping like herself, and my faith strengthened in the providence of God.

The wind blows fresh and clear! and while I write, the widow and her family are on their

, and taking, probably, a last look of the untry, and remembering with many tears the lonely spot where *he* lies buried, he dim shieling on the misty island!" all never more be their home.

EVENING PRAYER.

I COME to thee to-night,
my lone closet where no eye can see,
I dare to crave an interview with Thee,
Father of love and light!

Softly the moonbeams shine
the still branches of the shadowy trees,
hile all sweet sounds of evening on the breeze
Steal through the slumbering vine.

Thou gav'st the calm repose
at rests on all—the air, the birds, the flower,
e human spirit in its weary hour,
Now at the bright day's close.

'Tis Nature's time for prayer;
e silent praises of the glorious sky,
id the earth's orisons, profound and high,
To heaven their breathings bear.

With them my soul would bend
humble reverence at Thy holy throne,
asting the merits of Thy Son alone
Thy sceptre to extend.

If I this day have striven
ith Thy blest Spirit, or have bow'd the knee
ought of earth, in weak idolatry,
I pray to be forgiven.

If in my heart has been
unforgiving thought, or word, or look,
ough deep the malice which I scarce could brook,
Wash me from the dark sin.

If I have turn'd away
om grief or suffering which I might relieve,
reless the cup of water e'en to give,
Forgive me, Lord, I pray.

And teach me how to feel
r sinful wanderings with a deeper smart,
id more of mercy and of grace impart,
My sinfulness to heal.

Father! my soul would be
re as the drops of eve's unsullied dew,
id as the stars whose nightly course is true,
So would I be to Thee.

Not for myself alone,
ould I these blessings of Thy love implore,
it for each penitent the wide earth o'er,
Whom Thou hast call'd Thine own.

And for my heart's best friends,
hose steadfast kindness o'er my painful years
as watch'd to soothe afflictions, griefs, and tears,
My warmest prayer ascends.

Should o'er their path decline
e light of gladness, or of hope, or health,
Thou their solace, and their joy and wealth,
As they have long been mine.

And now, O Father, take
e heart I cast with humble faith on Thee,
nd cleanse its depths from each impurity,
For my Redeemer's sake.

—Hymns of the Ages.

GOLD-DIGGINGS OF AUSTRALIA.

ow for it, father," cried Jem, eagerly. d watched the last spoonful of supper is father's lips, and grace had been said. helped his mother to clear away the Will lifted poor Mary in his arms, and her on two chairs in her own little . The warm fire-light fell on happy, faces, and in their own snug home, the

day's toil and the wintry storm that raged outside, were alike forgotten.

"Well now, Jem," answered Smith, "suppose you tell us first what you have heard about Australia?"

"Oh, they say it's a beautiful country, father; so warm, you would just as soon sleep out of doors as in, and the gold lies about in such big lumps, you may fill your pocket with more money in a day than you could earn in a year in our parts."

"They have told you part true and part false, Jem. First place, it's a thousand to one if you find the gold lying about; you must dig for it."

"Well," said Jem, looking at his two hands, and thinking of the good spadefuls he had turned over that day, "the digging would not come amiss."

"Ah, boy, our garden-digging is child's play compared to the digging for gold. The stuff in which it lies—quartz they call it—is as tough as a millstone. This must be hewn and hacked to pieces with a pick, and I heard one young man, who tried it, say that it made his hands so sore, the blood glued his fingers to his tools as he worked."

"Oh dear, you would not like that Jem," said little Bobby, the most chicken-hearted of the three brothers; "is it all as hard as that, father?"

Smith. "No, not all, Bobby. It is in the quartz that the lumps, or nuggets, as they call them, mostly lie, I believe; but gold-dust is mixed up with the looser earth, and they get it by what they call 'cradling.'"

"Cradling," said Mrs Smith, who had not yet spoken, "why, that sounds more in my way than in the boys', I think, father."

Smith. "Ay, but you would not think so if you tried it, wife; I believe you would rather cradle your baby for four-and-twenty hours than the gold for one."

"But do tell us, father, what it means," said William.

Smith. "Well, they have a wooden cot, Bill, just about the shape and size of the wicker one the child's asleep in now; and across it, near the middle, they put wooden bars or ledges, so that anything heavy washed up against them settles on them. There is a hole at the end, as it might be, where the child's feet go, to let the water off. They mix the soil in which they think there is gold-dust with plenty of water, fill the cradle with it, and rock it backwards and forwards; the water slowly filters out at the end, and carries the light, loose earth away with it, while the heavier gold settles on the ledges or shelves within, so that they can take it out when they have done. Now, how much do you suppose they make at the diggings, in a general way, boys?"

Jem. "Oh, some £50 or £60 a-week, I dare say, father; some fellows do, Tom Jones told me so."

Smith. "Ay, some fellows may, Jem; but against one such finder you must set dozens of losers, who get nothing at all. The only fair way is to reckon one man's gains with another's losings, and putting one with another in this way, guess how much it is."

"Well, £5 at the least," cried Bobby.

"Nearly four times too much, Bob," replied his father, laughing at his eagerness; "half-an-ounce of gold, that is 30s. a-week, is what they reckon the common yield of the gold-fields."

"Well, but we could soon get rich if we got our 30s. a-week a-piece, father," said William.

Smith. "True for you, Bill, if you knew how to keep it as well as get it; but I suppose you would not expect to dig up bread and bacon out of the ground with your nuggets, and a man can't work on an empty stomach."

"Trust me for trying to do that, father," said Bill, with a private chuckle, "if I had 30s. in my pockets; why 10s. would keep me like a prince, and I'd put by the rest."

Smith. "I'm not so sure about your princely living, my lad; guess what you would have to pay for the loaf which costs us sixpence here?"

"Double as much?" asked Mary.

Smith. "Twelve times as much, dear; 6s., that is twelve sixpences, isn't it? It makes a difference that meat and flour are cheap; the flour they make up into a sort of flat dumpling, and call it *damper*, but the water is very scarce. When you are tormented with heat, and flies, and dust, and would give half you possess for a drink of good water, the very best to be had looks much like what runs down our roads on a wet day, and for this you have to pay a shilling a pail."

"Well, Jem," said his mother, "I think father will make out you are best off at home now."

Smith. "I don't know that I meant to go as far as that, wife; but I wished the children to know that the roses have thorns the other side of the water, just the same as they have here. I don't deny for a moment that if a man goes the right way to work about it, he has ten times the hope of making money at the diggings to what he has here; but then he must pay the cost. He must be content to toil under a burning sun in the hot weather, with nothing better than puddle water to quench his thirst; and in the rainy season he must not grumble at working up to his knees in water all day, and lying down to sleep on the wet ground at night, with nothing better than a blanket to keep out the rain over-head. But, after all, I am not sure but that the gold itself is most to be feared."

"The gold itself, father!" cried all his listeners in a breath.

"Ah, my dear lads," replied Smith, in the low, earnest tone, which told in a moment how the words came from his heart, "a full

pocket will never, never make a happy heart. Nothing in the world but being a downright Christian will do that; and because plenty of gold often drives a man far from God, it really only helps to make him miserable. If you want to be warm, you must come near the fire; and if you want joy, and peace, and gladness, you must come near to the One who is the very fountain and springhead of joy,—our Saviour Jesus Christ; you will never find it in gold."

"How can we come to Him, father?" asked Mary, softly.

Smith. "We must ask the Holy Spirit, dear, to teach us about the Lord Jesus. We can't find Him out of ourselves; but if we ask the Holy Spirit, He will, as it were, take us by the hand, and lead us to Jesus."

"But, father," said James, "do you mean that a Christian must not try to be rich?"

Smith. "No, no, certainly not, Jem. A Christian may, and ought to, try and better himself and his family, just as much as others do; and what does this mean but that he will try to get more money in his pocket, and more comforts around him. But here lies the difference between him and another,—his heart is set on something else. God comes first with him, and money second; the good of the soul first, the good of the body next. You know with most people it is just the other way; it is money first—good eating and drinking first—tidy clothes first; and prayer and the Bible only come in when they have nothing else particular to do. Ah, boys, they miss what they seek both ways. Give your hearts to God, and God will give you plenty of what is needful. He has pledged His word for it, that they who seek Him shall want no good thing."

"Well, father," said William, thoughtfully, "I think you want us to do a hard thing. There's no good thing you can mention that money will not get. How can we help setting our hearts on it?"

Smith. "If you had just had a downright good dinner at the club, Bill, and came in and found your mother at tea, would you be wishing for some of it?"

"No," said Bill, wondering what his father was driving at now; "why should I if I was satisfied elsewhere?"

Smith. "Now, you've got it, my dear fellow,—the Christian is *satisfied elsewhere*; that's why he can do without fretting and craving after money or anything else in this world. He is content with the comfort God has already put in his heart—content with the bright prospect of far better things that are coming, and he can afford to take other things quietly. Make sure of God's treasure, dear, and lack of the world's will not trouble you. But just now you thought that money would bring you all sorts of good. I can tell you a true story to prove that sometimes it is *exactly the other way*."

The eyes of the younger ones brightened to hear of a story, and Smith continued :—

"There was a poor fellow at the diggings in Australia, who thought, too, that the best thing in the world was to get money, and fight hard he worked for it. He gave up everything else; he wrought with all his might, and wore himself almost to skin and bone, pick-axing and cradling, but it all seemed no good. He was one of the many losers at the diggings who seem to fail, let them try what they may. The more he was disappointed the harder he strove, and the oftener he said and felt, that to turn up a good big nugget would make him a happy man as long as he lived. At last, one morning early, those who wrought in the holes next his heard a cry of joy, which told them his luck, as he called it, had come at last; and when the breakfast hour came they went to see. He sat in the bottom of his hole, his eyes fixed upon the beautiful shining lump he held; the fortune he had been seeking was safe and sure in his two hands at last. They spoke to him, but he never answered—he sat on, gazing at the gold. One jumped down and shook him, to make sure he was awake. The poor fellow looked up and broke out into a horrid laugh; the next minute he was crying like a baby. *He had gone raving mad!* The sudden joy drove him out of his senses, and so, I believe, he died."

The children were so awe-struck at this story, that none of them spoke; and Smith, laying his hand on Bill's shoulder, added, softly,—

"Take a bit out of the Bible to bed with you to-night, my lad: 'Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth, where moth and rust doth corrupt, and where thieves break through and steal; but lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven.'—*A Working Man's Fireside.*

DIRECTIONS FOR PRAYER AND PRAYER-MEETINGS.

BY JABEZ BUNTING, D.D.

1. Let us endeavour to have a constant sense of the attributes of the Almighty deeply impressed upon our minds, in order to prevent trifling and frivolous expressions from proceeding out of our mouths.

2. Let us remember that we, unworthy, sinful, depraved, and rebellious creatures, have authority to approach our Sovereign and Creator by one "new and living way" only, the Lord Jesus Christ.

3. Let us keep the lamp of Divine life burning with great brightness in our own souls; remembering that our prayers will languish and droop in exact proportion to the state of our own souls.

4. Let us never, or as seldom as possible, begin to pray in public, without having

obtained a previous and secret interview with God. By this means we are ready to enter into immediate converse with Him, without the passing of much introductory ceremony; which, however necessary to ourselves, may be unprofitable to others. This direction is, however, in a great measure, or totally, superseded by living in a continual spirit of prayer. Oh, desirable state! Oh "rejoice evermore, pray without ceasing," and "in everything give thanks!"

5. Let us never pray long, at one and the same time.—In prayer-meetings this is sadly too frequent, but is very unpleasant and unedifying. Not one in a thousand is qualified to pray for twenty minutes (though many do, and presume themselves able to continue a longer time), without using many very irksome and tedious repetitions. And if, in prayer-meetings, there should not be a sufficient number of people to fill up the usual time with ten-minute prayers, let the same persons exercise two or three separate times, rather than continue long at one and the same time. But this direction must admit of particular cases of indulgence. If a person should, as Dr Watts somewhere remarks, be led out of his general usage by some uncommon communication or comprehension of Divine goodness, while in the office of prayer, it would be criminal indeed to desire to contract the then widened range of agonising prayer or of ardent praise.

6. In like manner, let us never sing long at one time. Three or four verses at the opening of a meeting, with a single striking verse, or two short ones, between every prayer, are quite sufficient. Variety is very pleasing; it engages the faculties of attention, and may thereby lend some degree of force to the wings of our affections.

7. Another direction has often appeared extremely necessary, viz., that every prayer-leader should store in his memory a variety of verses of hymns, suitable to the circumstance of entering upon prayer, which should be given out *extempore*, without being compelled to have recourse to a book, and to make the people wait till it be turned over, to find something proper for the occasion. The singing for the middle, and not for the beginning of the meeting is here intended: and surely any one must discover that a verse or two so delivered has generally a much happier effect.

8. It will be well for one who can read properly, to read, sometimes a short, striking chapter, or part of one, or a chapter out of the "Christian Pattern," or a section out of "Mason's Remains."

9. Let us never attempt affected or lofty expressions, to make ourselves thought of highly by man. God hateth this with a most perfect hatred. What! can we, shall we, dare we go into the presence of that incomprehensibly wise and powerful Being, the Almighty,

with such sinister intentions; or think to captivate His ear with elegant sentences and high-dressed diction? Let us shudder, lest He sweep us from His presence into eternal darkness for our strange presumption. "*God be merciful to me a sinner,*" is an example of simplicity worthy of imitation, and recommended to us by Christ himself.

10. If we are not already delivered from all evil jealousies about precedence, about another praying before, or better than ourselves, let us not cease to request a deliverance at the Lord's hands, from such uncomfortable and unchristian surmisings. 'Tis good to take contentedly the lowest seat. "*God resisteth the proud, but giveth grace to the humble.*"

11. Never hold prayer-meetings in the house of any persons of doubtful character, or of such as do not live peaceably with their neighbours.

12. Let us always endeavour to present ourselves in every *public* duty of religion, yea, and *private* also, in the spirit of faith and of full expectation; and, if our hearts be right in the sight of God, we shall never be wholly disappointed. When we have laboured in prayer, and have neither seen nor felt any fruit of our labour, let us not rest ourselves contented, as though the Lord's presence had been evidently among us. 'Tis an unpleasant symptom when we are not pained at our own unprofitableness. I am informed of one person, (and I trust there are more,) who, when he has laboured in public, and has not discovered the happy effects of Divine power accompanying his labours, is often so troubled in spirit, as not to be able to sleep the succeeding night, but rises, during the frequent intervals of interrupted rest, to wrestle with the Lord in prayer. Would to God that every Christian man possessed the same earnest and laudable zeal! However, sure it is, that self-examination and secret prayer are the certain handmaids to public usefulness and to private happiness.

13. Let us never use expressions in prayer, without a feeling sense of what we are saying, remembering that God assuredly discerns our hypocrisy and insincerity. Let us say whatever we may or can, much or little, with fluency or with stammering; but let it be from the heart. Far better for us only to groan in secret, than to tell the Lord in public this tale or the other, when we are conscious it is not so in reality. Paul says, "*I will pray with the spirit;*" and the spirit of the Lord is sincerity and truth.

14. And, lastly, there is a custom introduced into some prayer-meetings, of applying loud *Amens*, &c., to the confessions, prayers, or praises of another, when it is evident that some persons so doing do not attend to the expressions just delivered. Now, as this may hurt some weak minds, it should, if possible, be avoided, while we labour to "*pray not only with the spirit, but with the understanding*

also." But yet, let none conclude from hence that the practice of joining hearty *Amens* is altogether improper. No; hear Gouge on "*The Whole Armour of God,*" printed 1616, fully to the purpose:—"The ordinary way, and the best way, for people to manifest their consent, when a person is praying, is, with a distinct and audible voice, to say *Amen*. This was commanded, Deut. xxvii. 15, &c.; and, accordingly, it was practised, Neh. viii. 6. It is a sound well befitting God's public worship, to make the place ring again, as we speak, with a joint *Amen* of the people. The Jews uttered this word with great ardency, and, therefore, used to double it, saying—*Amen—Amen.* Neh. viii. 6."

It is requested that this may be put into the hands of such as are accustomed to exercise in prayer-meetings; and the Lord give His blessing with it!"—*Life of Dr Bunting.*

THE MOTHER'S DREAM.

BY HENRY ROGERS.

THERE was once a mother, kneeling by the bedside of the little one whom she hourly expected to lose. With what eyes of passionate love had she watched every change in that beautiful face! How had her eyes pierced the heart of the physician at his last visit, when they glared rather than asked the question whether there yet was hope! How had she wearied heaven with vows that if it would but grant—"Ah," you say, "you can imagine all that without any difficulty at all." Imagine this too. Overwearied with watching, she fell into a doze beside the couch of her infant, and she dreamt in a few moments (as we are wont to do) the seeming history of long years. She thought she heard a voice from heaven say to her, as to Hezekiah, "I have seen thy tears, I have heard thy prayers; he shall live, and yourself shall have the roll of his history presented to you." "Ah!" you say, "you can imagine all that too." And straightway she thought she saw her sweet child in the bloom of health, innocent and playful as her fond heart could wish. Yet a little while, and she saw him in the flush of opening youth, beautiful as ever, but beautiful as a young panther, from whose eyes wild flashes and fitful passion ever and anon gleamed; and she thought how beautiful he looked, even in these moods, for she was a mother. But she also thought how many tears and sorrows may be needful to temper or quench these fires! And she seemed to follow him through a rapid succession of scenes—now of troubled sunshine—now of deep gathering gloom. His sorrows were all of a common lot, but involved a sense of agony far greater than that which *she* would have felt from his early loss; yes, greater even to her—and how much greater to him! She saw him more than once wrestling with pangs more agonising

an those which now threatened his infancy; he saw him involved in error, and with difficulty extricating himself; betrayed into youthful sins, and repenting with scalding tears; she saw him half ruined by transient prosperity, and scourged into tardy wisdom by long adversity; she saw him worn and haggard with care,—his spirit crushed, and his early beauty all wan and blasted; worse still, she saw him *thrice* stricken with that very shaft which she had so dreaded to el but once, and mourned to think that her prayers had prevailed to prevent her own sorrows only to multiply his; worst of all, she saw him, as she thought, in a darkened chamber, kneeling beside a coffin in which youth and beauty slept their last sleep; and, as it seemed, her own image stood beside him, and iterated unheeded love to a sorrow that refused to be comforted; and as she gazed at that face of stony despair she seemed to hear a voice which said, "If thou wilt have thy floweret of earth unfold on earth, thou must not wonder at bleak winters and inclement skies. I would have transplanted it to more genial clime, but thou wouldest not." And with a cry of terror she awoke. She turned to the sleeping figure before her, and, sobbing, *hoped* it was sleeping its last sleep. He listened for his breathing—she heard none; she lifted the taper to his lips—the flame wavered not; he had indeed passed away while she dreamed that he lived; and he rose from her knees and was *comforted*. Ah!" you will say, "these sorrows could never have been the lot of my sweet child!" It is hard to set one's logic against a mother's love; I can only remind you, my dear cousin, that it has been the lot of thousands, whose mothers, as their little ones crowded and huddled in their arms in childish happiness, could have sworn to the same impossibility. But for *you*—you know what they could only believe; that it is an impossibility. Nay, I might hint at yet profounder consolation,—indeed, there ever existed a mother who could fancy that, in the case of her *own* child, could ever be needed. Yet *facts* sufficiently bew us, that what the dreaming mother saw—errors retrieved, sins committed but repented of, and sorrows that taught wisdom—are not always seen, and that children may, in spite of all, persist in exploring the path of evil—"deeper and deeper still!" With the shadow of uncertainty whether it may not be with any child, is there no consolation in sinking that even that shadow has passed away? For aught we know, many and many a mother may hereafter hear her lost darling say, "Sweet mother, I was taken from you a *little* while, only that I might abide with you *ever*!"

HOW TO CRUCIFY THE WORLD.

SOME are saying, Oh that the world were crucified to me, and I to the world! Oh that my

heart were as dead as a stone to the world, and alive to Jesus! Do you truly wish it? Look, then, to the cross. Behold the amazing gift of love! Salvation is promised to a look. Sit down, like Mary, and gaze upon a crucified Jesus. So will the world become a dim and dying thing. When you gaze upon the sun, it makes everything else dark; when you taste honey, it makes everything else tasteless; so when your soul feeds on Jesus, it takes away the sweetness of all earthly things—praise, pleasure, fleshly lusts—all lose their sweetness. Keep a continued gaze. Run, looking unto Jesus. Look, till the way of salvation by Jesus fills up the whole horizon, so glorious and peace-speaking. So will the world be crucified to you, and you unto the world.—*McCheyne*.

RELIGIOUS FAITH.

The religious faith of multitudes may be summed as follows:—

1. I believe in the greatest congregation.
 2. I believe in the greatest denomination.
 3. I believe in the greatest popularity.
 4. I believe in the largest meeting-house.
 5. I believe in the man of the greatest learning.
 6. I believe in the most eloquent man.
 7. I believe in attending the church that will put the most money in my pocket.
- In what do you believe, reader?

KIND WORDS.

KIND words do not cost much. They never blister the tongue or lips. And we have never heard of any mental trouble arising from this quarter.

Though they do not *cost* much, yet they *accomplish* much.

1. They help one's own good-nature and good-will. Soft words soften our own soul. Angry words are fuel to the flame of wrath, and make it blaze the more fiercely.

2. Kind words make other people good-natured. Cold words freeze people, and hot words scorch them, and sarcastic words irritate them, and bitter words make them bitter, and wrathful words make them wrathful.

There is such a rush of all other kinds of words, in our days, that it seems desirable to give kind words a chance among them. There are vain words, and idle words, and hasty words, and spiteful words, and silly words, and empty words, and profane words, and boisterous words, and warlike words.

Kind words also produce their own image on men's souls. And a beautiful image it is. They soothe, and quiet, and comfort the hearer. They shame him out of his sour, morose, unkind feelings.

Page for the Young.

POOR JAY JONES.

BY MRS J. N. PAGE.

MISS TAYLOR left her large and interesting group of pupils in the school-house and yard, and went to spend the hour of recess with a kind friend.

She was an intelligent and pious young lady, who loved good children very much, and was ever interested in knowing their trials and joys, and in hearing their wonderful exploits; and so each one believed that she was especially his friend.

Recess past, she was returning to the school-room, when, as usual, almost all the scholars ran forward to meet her. Foremost among a group of some dozen boys stood Allen Blair, a fine manly boy of eleven years, holding in his hand a beautiful and somewhat costly toy.

"See here, Miss Taylor, what a grand bargain I have made to-day! Jay Jones gave me this beautiful toy for an apple. An apple—only think! and thanked me besides."

Miss Taylor looked rather sorrowfully, first at Allen, then at the poor little cripple, Jay Jones, who, with pale, sallow face, and hunchback, stood leaning on his crutches, with his eyes fixed imploringly upon the teacher, as if he would beg for the kind words and sweet caresses which his more nimble companions had rushed forward to obtain.

"Allen," said she, reproachfully, "I am sorry you took anything for an apple from poor Jay."

"Children," she added, "come into the school-room, and I will tell you about him."

Eager for the story, they were soon in their places, and Miss Taylor began:—

"Jay Jones has no father or mother to take care of him. In infancy he was abused and neglected. Now he is a poor little town pauper, his back badly bent, obliged to go on crutches, and is pale and ill. How easy it is for you, who are well, and have plenty of good food, to do without an apple! But the kind woman who takes care of little Jay has no orchard, and she cannot afford to buy apples for him. He is often sick and faint, and cannot eat his meals. How delicious, then, to him appeared that ripe apple! so tempting to his faint and fevered lips, that he gladly gave for it the toy that was kindly given him by a pitying friend to cheer his lonely hours, when he is too ill to come to school."

"Miss Taylor," said Allen, "I'll tell you what I'll do; I'll bring Jay every ripe apple I can find in our orchard to-morrow. I know mother'll let me—and I'll give back the toy. Here, Jay, I'm sorry I took it, but I didn't think."

"I'll bring him some too," said another voice. "And I"—"And I," said many more.

"That's right," replied Miss Taylor; "be

kind to little Jay while he is with you; you will not have him long."

The next day, Miss Taylor's desk was covered with apples for little Jay, and through the long summer he had all the fruit he wished, and many other presents, until he began to think his schoolmates were like dear little brothers and sisters. But he grew weaker and weaker, until he could no longer leave his bed. And carefully nursed and tended by pitying neighbours, little Jay passed down the stream of death. And when autumn strewed the ground with showers of rainbow-leaves, and golden fruit in luxurious abundance was seen on every hand, a train of beautiful boys in black clothes and snow-white collars, followed by little girls with hands full of flowers, and the beloved teacher, and the kind villagers, gathered around an open grave in the churchyard. The farewell hymn floated on the air, the autumnal flowers almost covered the coffin, and with noiseless steps the procession moved away, and left Jay Jones in his silent grave, though his chastened spirit had gone to a brighter world.

Are those noble boys, with their manly tears, those gentle girls and compassionate villagers, sorry that they have sweetened with Christian kindness the cup of suffering which that poor lone boy was compelled to drink?

I think not.

—
"I WISH I WERE RICH."

"I WISH I were rich, I would buy *everything*," cried Charlie.

"The sun, moon, and stars?" inquired William.

"No; everything that can be had for money."

"That's not happiness," said William.

"Get your hat, Charlie, and come with me to Mr Morrison's," said his father.

"Oh! please not, papa, he is such a disagreeable, miserable old man, with his cross looks and gouty foot, hobbling about and groaning."

"I think you would like to live with him!" said his father.

"I, papa? I would rather live down a coal-pit!"

"With him you would have all that can be bought with money."

"I recant; I see it won't do," said Charlie. "Health cannot be bought with money."

"Nor good temper, nor friendship, nor life," said William.

"Above all," added their papa, "the favour of God cannot be bought with money. Be content with as much of it as God gives, and seek to use it aright."

"The fear of God, and sweet content,
Yield riches that will ne'er be spent."



A FAMILY MAGAZINE FOR SUNDAY READING.

REVISED BY THE REV. NORMAN M'LEOD, D.D., GLASGOW.

WEEKLY NOS. ONE HALFPENNY.]

[MONTHLY PARTS, THREEPENCE.

REMINISCENCES OF A COUNTRY CONGREGATION.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE POWER OF PRAYER."

FRAGRANT and fresh are the memories of a country parish in which I was born, and where I grew up toward manhood, and where I would like to die and be buried. As I grow older, and the frosts of life's winter cover me, I think that the clouds must soon lie on me. I begin to feel as one of the early pastors of a New England city did when he saw his approaching. He had been settled, in his life, over a parish some miles distant, and his heart was bound up in that people of charge, as with a first and only love; and he begged his friends to carry him back and let him die there. They told him that he was too weak to be moved, and that he would be injured by the exposure; but he would not listen to no arguments—he would go and die where his heart was; and they put a bed into the room, and the old dying pastor on the bed, and carried him home, and he was laid in his grave.

There is no place like home; and there is no home but where the young heart has made it. It is a haunt, and gathered its warm affections as in a garner. You may go the world over, and get the riches and honours that the world gives, and bring them all about your habitation, and call it home, and think you are happy in it; but the heart will yearn for the homely house, and the green hillside, and the murmuring brook, and the pine tree, and the pleasant walks of childhood; youth; they are all fresh and perennial, and will never be forgotten while memory is true to her precious trust.

Of course, there are all sorts of people in a country congregation; and I have thought I could find a melancholy pleasure in taking up my pen and drawing sketches in ink of some of them, as they now appear to me, after the lapse of so many years.

I must say something of the place itself, the church, the pastor, and the ways of doing

things up there; and then I shall be ready to speak of the people, and the scenes of varied interest which I have passed through, and which have been witnessed in that retired but eventful place. I shall try to avoid the mistake of supposing that everybody else takes the same interest in matters personal to myself that I do; and shall therefore avoid many incidents that have a charm to me, but others may not regard of any importance. There is, however, a "touch of nature" about scenes in the country that makes us brothers, and there are facts in the annals of the old town that will reach a chord in all hearts that love nature, and the way they do things a couple of hundred miles from the city.

The town of Ellington is in the northern part of the State of —; and must have been cold in winter and cool in summer; a place where a hardy race of men and fair women may live, and the manly virtues with brave constitutions flourish, more freely than we find them in sunnier climes. The mountains lie around it as they do about Jerusalem; and the glorious illustration in the Psalms was always read with peculiar force from the pulpit of the old yellow KIRK, as many of the Scotch people loved to call it, in memory of old times in a far away land. A pleasant stream, by way of dignity called *the river*, wound its way among the hills, and watered the lovely meadows of that charming valley; the fine farms stretching up from its banks to the sides of the hills, and even these were year by year becoming cleared by the ascending husbandman, who found the soil more profitable for corn than timber.

Those were honest, good men, those farmers, and they feared God and honoured Him in their ways. One of them I have in mind at this moment; a good man and true, whose uprightness became a proverb, and it was

common to hear the remark, when one would assure another of his own integrity in dealing, "I will be as fair in this matter as Mr Norton would be," and this was one of the strongest guarantees. There was a short crop of corn one season, (not a very rare occurrence in that northern climate,) and the price of the article rose considerably in market. Mr Norton sold to those who would transport it to the city, and took the market price, but to the poorer people, the day-labourers and others around him, who had no more ability to meet the increased price than they had to meet a harder winter, he put the grain as in former years, and made no merit or mention of it. He did it as a matter of course, and would have thought very meanly of himself if he had taken advantage of the necessities of his neighbours. Very many will say this is nothing; but very few would have done as farmer Norton did, however they may undervalue the generous way of the farmer when they see it in another. But speaking of farmer Norton brings to mind—and I would not have forgotten, if I had forgotten him—that there was a daughter of his, whose loveliness and fate have made a deeper impression on the pages of my memory than almost any other of the young people of Ellington. We were young together, and my first memories of her are when we went to the district school, and stood up in the same class to recite. That was the way up there, however strange it may sound to those who have no other idea of the mode of education than a fashionable boarding-school offers. Ellen Norton was a fair girl and a smart one; so that in the class where we took our places according to merit, those who recited best were up at the head of the class, and the order of the rest exhibited their comparative success; so Ellen had a double advantage. She was a general favourite, and every one wished her to be above the rest; and she was so bright a scholar, that she would easily have taken the lead in spite of the best of them. I was very fond of being next to the head, when she was quite there. No doubt I studied all the more for that, so that it was a good thing for me that Ellen was smart, as it served as a stimulus to me that ambition to be above the others would not have supplied.

Then I remember Ellen grown up to seventeen, at a prayer-meeting, thoughtful and serious; and on the way to her home one evening, she told me that she had been thinking much of death lately, and the need of religion whether we live or die. It was wonderful to me that one so young, so innocent, and lovely, should talk of dying, and more, that she should want to be any better. I told her so. How she sighed as I spoke! It seemed as if I had pierced her heart with a sudden pang.

"You know," she said, "that we have sinful hearts, and that we are inclined to evil."

I have struggled against the inclinations of mine; but I feel that it is very, very wicked, and that while it remains so, I cannot enjoy God nor heaven."

This was all strange to me, for though I had heard the gospel in the old kirk, and had been trained up in the strictest sect of the orthodox, I had never felt as this gentle girl now felt, that I reasoned very properly, that if one of so much purity and loveliness of character was accusing herself of sinfulness, there was far more reason for me to be thinking of my own condition. And Ellen hinted at this necessity, not by way of the contrast with herself, which my own conscience was making, but from a strong desire, which she was not ashamed to express, that I should set out with her to seek the pearl of great price. I hope we both found it; and for many years of time—I know not how they reckon in heaven—Ellen Norton has been in glory—an angel there; and if they are the brightest and happiest in heaven who were the purest and best on earth, she must be among the nearest to the throne.

She was nineteen when her health failed. Her friends thought she was growing more beautiful, as the blushing rose faded from her cheeks, and the lily took its place. She was not less cheerful, and she was even more active in her walks of usefulness, which she took like an angel of mercy among the abodes of the poor and the sorrowing. "Blessings on you! a thousand blessings on you!" it was common for them to say as she gave them her fair hand on rising from her knees to take leave, and when the door was closed they would add with a sigh, "but she is too good for this world; she won't live long."

This is a common saying in the country among the humbler classes, who have the pleasing superstition that the Latins expressed in the sweet line, "Whom the gods love, die young." We have all noticed it: not that early virtue ripens for the grave; but when God will take a flower to bloom in His garden, He transplants it in the morning, in the dew of its youth. He trains the young for His service and enjoyment, and then takes them to His presence, where there is fullness of joy. Ellen was thus trained. Her heart was all alive to the wants of others; and in the cottages of the poor, and especially among the sick, she loved to be, like Him who went about doing good. It was a sight that I am sure the angels lingered over, when Ellen Norton stood up in the aisle of the church, and was received as a member of its holy communion.

There were some who thought then she looked as if she were fitted rather for another world than this, and that she would be there before many years should pass. A sad foreboding, but prompted more by love than fear!

And even then a watchful eye might have

detected signs of early and premature decay. The flush of her cheek was too bright, and her eye was lighted with more lustre than a quiet spirit like hers should inspire; yet to those who could not think of her but with the love that we bestow on an infant, these were the evidences of her health and hope. Alas! for these hopes, that consumption almost always raises when he comes to do his murderous work! They are hopes that are kindled only to be extinguished.

I have read in books of the beauty of death; but it was never visible to me except when permitted, as I was, to see Ellen Norton die. Her sickness was long, but not painful. The destroyer was compelled to deal gently with her,—if there can be gentleness in wasting one's strength away, eating out the heart and stealing away the life-blood of one whom affection, and tears, and prayers, in vain attempt to shield from the ravages of disease. Yet so gradually did she wear away, and so soft were the footsteps of the messenger as he came to her chamber, that from day to day you would not observe the difference in her health, though she was steadily sinking to the tomb.

"I am dying," she said, one day, to her mother.

"Oh no, you are not, my dear child; I think you look better to-day than you did yesterday," replied her tender mother, as she moistened her lips and kissed them.

"I feel that I am dying," Ellen continued, with no emotion that one standing by could observe; "there is a sinking at my heart, and a faintness comes over me. But I do not fear. There is so much more of love to the Saviour in my soul now than I ever felt before, that I feel as if I would like to be with Him where He is, and see Him face to face."

"But you are leaving us; and we shall never see you again," sobbed the mother.

"Never! oh yes, you will; we shall meet soon, and then we shall never part—never—never."

At this point her good old pastor came in, a kind-hearted man, who had known and loved her from infancy, and had kissed her a thousand times in her childhood. Every day in his walks he had called in to see her since she had been confined to her room; and now, as he entered, he smiled pleasantly, and met a smile in return from the face that was as snow-white as the pillow on which Ellen's head was lying.

"And how is my daughter Ellen to-day?" he asked.

"Going, but happy," she said, and put out her thin white hand, which he held in his own, while the tears fell fast upon it.

"Going, Ellen; going where, my child?" he said, with a trembling voice.

"Going to Christ," she answered; "and I shall soon be with Him."

There was silence deep and tearful for some minutes; the good pastor knelt by the bed-side, and in earnest, strong petitions, poured out his desires that Ellen might yet live, if it were the Father's will; and when he added, "Nevertheless not our will, but Thine, O God, be done," a soft *Amen* was heard from the lips of the dying.

Her parents, and brothers, and sisters, and another who loved her more than any of them, were around her, and she took her leave of them more calmly than for an absence of a week, and begged them to think of her as always near, and to be happy in the thought that she was happy in the Saviour's presence and love.

That night, as the sun went down, she ceased to breathe. Her dying was only going to sleep as if for the night, with a morning near;—it is not far off, I trust, the morning of her awaking.

The churchyard in which we laid her was just in the rear of the old yellow church; a wide field, embracing some three or four acres of land, that had been used for two generations as a burial place. It was an amusement for the boys to hunt among tombstones for the earliest dates, and none were found more than fifty years back of the time in which we were living and dying. But some of the epitaphs were very curious, shewing that in former times they had notions of propriety quite as diverse from ours, as ours will appear to those who live fifty years hence.

I remember one that we used to be very fond of reading, on a stone in the centre of the grounds:—

"Here lyeth the bones of Jacob Middlefield, who dyed December 9, 1789, in the 20 yere of his age. He loved evry one, and evry body loved him, and God took him early. He was laid in the middle of this field to rest till the resurrection morn."

It was a sad day when we entered this sacred enclosure, to commit to its kindred dust the remains of Ellen Norton. The whole town had gathered, drawn by a common interest, to the house of mourning; and anxious to speak, by their presence and sympathy, their love of her who was to be buried. Eight young men bore the bier on which she was laid, and for a mile the long procession moved slowly and sadly to the grave.

And there she rests, sweetly and peacefully; the grass is green over her bosom, and the flowers that love planted have bloomed from year to year, though tears have watered them much and often.

It was in my mind to have drawn this sketch of the country congregation still further, and to have spoken of other scenes that are fresh in my heart; but the story of Ellen Norton has saddened me more than the reader, and I will rest here and resume the history hereafter.

FREDERICK PERTHES, THE TRUE MAN OF BUSINESS.

(Continued from page 387.)

THE war has ended; and his desolated home is restored, and his business is once more resumed. Not content with half-measures, he sees that the time is come for giving to the book-trade of Germany a fresh impulse; and right well does he fulfil his mission in the momentous era which, during the next twenty or thirty years, marks the German mind. Scarce a single peril besets the faith, at the hands of his erratic countrymen, which Perthes does not hasten at once to meet. "I have the gift," we find him writing, respecting one of his great publishing enterprises, "of uniting the dispersed, bringing the distant near together, and tuning any discord of the heart and mind amongst right-feeling men. This is the plough I have ploughed with all my life." And he does not miss his mark. The undertaking obtains the cordial adherence of the leading minds of the day. A new era dawns on the publishing business of continental Europe.

"It does a wrestling man good," says he, on one occasion, alluding to a picture of Claudius which he has been hanging up in his room, "to be surrounded constantly by tried wrestlers." Not memorials only of departed wrestlers, but living athletes in life's great struggle, does he always seek to gather round him. "Remember," is one of his maxims, "you are not alone in the world." And worthily does he fulfil the maxim in his own daily life. Not selfishly jealous of rival competitors, but aiming only to multiply the channels of blessing, he initiates into his own great thoughts one and another and another, in whom his eagle eye discerns a capacity to rise to greatness. "The majority of men are commonplace," he writes, "and carry on their calling in a commonplace way, whether it be spiritual or worldly, mercantile or military."

If all Christians were like Perthes, the name of Christ would be less often blasphemed in the counting-house and in the busy mart. "We have now, dear brother," are his words to one of those men who have owed to him so much, "worked together for a quarter of a century, carrying on one and the same concern in troublous times. Not once have we taken different views as to 'meum and tuum': not for one moment during all those years have we ever felt it possible to waver in our mutual confidence. Let us thank God that at the hour of parting that confidence is as firm and pure as it has been during our long-associated life."

Bacon remarks somewhere, that "he who plots to be the only figure among ciphers, is the decay of a whole age." It is not among ciphers that Frederick Perthes takes so marked a place. The leading minds of the age

owe to him a directing energy. "I do not think," (we find him writing to the great Neander, for example, regarding the method adopted by some Germans to confront the infidel Strauss,)—"I do not think that much would be gained by discovering scientifically the weak points of Strauss, Vatke, and the like. When it is merely science against science, I tremble for theology. The matter on hand is, not the solution of a scientific problem, but the salvation of souls. Whoever would make the saving truths of revelation his own, or would lead others to them, must start from facts coming within his own immediate knowledge. The depravity of all mankind; sin; our double nature (after conversion); wrestling, weakness, and death in every individual; and the ardent longing of the whole man for deliverance from such evils;—these are facts, and they form a basis for faith in the salvation revealed by Scripture. To every one in whose soul God has established such a basis of faith, the life of Jesus and of the apostles becomes the keystone of the world's history, even scientifically regarded; and it was this evolution of sacred history from facts within our immediate ken which I meant, when expressing my joy that, in addition to your critical history, you contemplated also a positive treatment of primitive Christianity."

Perthes is not the man to suffer this flood of destructive error to go forth over the land unchecked. "A miscellaneous rabble," he writes, "are now rifling Strauss' works, with a view to their popular interpretation and universal diffusion. A sharp eye should be kept on them, as they evidently have high intellect at command. Whoever, like me, has seen parties rise and fall during half a century, is not startled at the up-blazing of a meteor. Straussism, however, may become a power for ten years; and, just because in ten years the devil can destroy many souls, it is not to be overlooked." These words reveal the secret of his many trade-undertakings;—he is not a mere panderer to the taste even of the really religious, hoping thereby to make money;—he lives for a nobler end,—his mission is to circulate truth, and worthily does he fulfil it.

"We are now beginning a common enterprise," he writes to a professor at Heidelberg in 1825, on commencing a religious periodical, "by which we desire to forward the cause of truth and God's glory. I say a common enterprise, because I will employ in it my time, my energies, and my substance, in order to procure for worthy men an opportunity of influencing the age. I do not expect any return, the difficulties with which such a periodical would have to contend being very great."

It is Perthes who at this period induces Neander to commence his immortal "History of the Christian Church." "Your challenge,

writes Neander to him, "will not have been in vain." And after receiving a visit from him at Gotha, at which it is decided that he shall undertake the great work, Perthes writes:—"God give Neander health and strength to finish it! Perhaps there is no one who, at this present time, can do so much as he for Christianity." If Perthes had never done any other service than this, he had not lived in vain.

As a publisher and a bookseller, Perthes has risen into the very foremost place in Germany. "I behold with surprise," writes a learned countryman to him in 1835, "your professional activity. By the publication of such solid works, and by the carrying out of so many bold undertakings, you are raising a memorial to your name which will not soon pass away." And another writes:—"Perthes always knows what he wants; he understands people's tastes; and whatever he does, he does with his whole might: in that lies the secret of his success."

So trusted is he, and so necessary to literature has he become, that not fewer than two thousand proposals from authors were found among his papers at his death. And never does he issue a single work from his press without a fixed belief that he is thereby seeking God's glory.

An interesting incident occurs one year at the Leipzig book-fair, which illustrates his decisive energy, and also his moral weight. A German bookseller has published an immoral book; the trade are assembled, to the number of two hundred, and amongst them the publisher of the obnoxious book. After the other business has been transacted, Perthes rises. "The honour of our national book-trade," says he, "is sullied by such a production; the publisher of such a work is a most dangerous character; and every one of our shops is degraded by the mere suspicion of circulating it. I demand that it be condemned in the name of the German book-trade, and that all copies of it on which we can lay our hands be publicly torn." The assembly is silent: a pause ensues: smitten with a sense of their responsibility, they assent as one man; and, the next day, all the copies which can be procured are formally and solemnly destroyed. A prosecution follows; but the publisher is condemned, and Perthes is honourably acquitted.

But notwithstanding this rude contact with life's daily struggles, the fine edge of his holy bearing is not blunted. "If I have gladly and actively used my physical energies," he writes, "that is no contradiction to my Christianity; but if I have failed to sanctify them, and employ them as in God's sight, then I have been untrue to my convictions." Perthes is a true man to the end. "I can be pious in spirit," he says, "and humble before God and Jesus Christ, and at the same time be free and cheerful in life." And on another

occasion:—"Pray and work is the great maxim for young and old. In the conflict with my spiritual foes, the best method I find to be an unvarying habit of devoting daily a certain portion of time to communion with God. Moments of glowing aspiration, and occasional attempts to command religious emotions will not do."

His solacing joy at this time is characteristic of the man. "Look," he writes, "for comfort to the Epistle to the Romans: in it is the whole truth of God, in as far as we need to know it here on earth. 'Fight the good fight to the end'—this is Paul's teaching to us." And again:—"I have often, very often, read the Epistle to the Romans; it is the portion of Scripture which has most impressed me, has given me the most light, and most established my faith."

As he advances in years, a simplicity more and more childlike gathers on him. "My Christianity," says he, "becomes each year more simple. That not to love God is sin, and that to love Him constitutes deliverance from sin—this, as infinite truth, as the solution of every problem, has been transmitted from the Bible to my spiritual life. Scientific inquiries, and absorption of the soul in religious emotion, are of themselves little worth. I learn more and more to discern the Divine wisdom, which set limits to revelation: all that we need for our happiness is given to us; and were the curtain lifted further from holy mysteries, men's utter bewilderment would be hopeless."

Nature and its scenes of grandeur or of loveliness have not lost their attraction. "You see," he writes, from a rustic retreat to which he has betaken himself for the summer with his family, "I have fled to the mountains, to drive away the consequences of influenza. My hearing is still much affected, and I have difficulty in making out the human babble; but I hope to be able to hear the vulture scream and the trout splash. If anything can restore my health, it will be life in the woods. You know this place, so I need not speak of its charms. Everything is in our favour,—the sky blue, the woods dark, the meadows green." In that lovely spot he spends his remaining summers—the cottage filled with a succession of guests—including such men as Tholuck, Olshausen, and De Wette—who repair to its sunny converse as to some sweet oasis. A visitor, indeed, without a sense of natural beauty, rather has his pity than his sympathy; for such a defect he regards as little better than if his friend had been born without arms and legs, or deaf and dumb. But Freidrichroda and its aged host are enshrined in every memory, as each new guest departs. To the simple country-people of the valley the old man is a perfect mystery. "He neither burns charcoal," they will say, "nor prepares tar; why should he persist in threading these long and toilsome paths of

ours, which we must daily traverse for our day's work!" It is an eye and a heart for Nature which take him there. "O Nature!" is his holy breathing on such scenes—

"O Nature! whose elysian scenes disclose
His bright perfections, at whose word they rose!
Do thou expand
Thy genuine charms,—
That I may catch a fire but rarely known,
May feel a heart enrich'd by what it pays,
That builds its glory on its Maker's praise."

Perthes has fought manfully life's great battle. "How strange it seems to me," we find him writing, "to look back upon my past life! Half a century ago, I was an orphan—cast in extreme poverty into the world's whirlpool, without information, without help, without support, a forsaken apprentice in a cold garret, having to limp about for weeks on frozen feet because no one attended to me but my poor and still dear Frederika. All this lies like a dream behind me, now that I am at my journey's end: my life has not been an easy, nay, often a painful one. To God be the praise that it ends well!"

He is now entering his closing year. "I believe," he writes to Chevalier Bunsen, "that my end is not very far distant. My soul yearns for more certain nourishment." And to another:—"I know that the prayer, 'God be merciful to me a sinner,' will be accepted of God." In January, a serious illness suddenly reduces his strength; and though he rallies for a little, his old energy is finally gone. Yet his brave spirit is not weakened.

The Marquis of Argyll, the night preceding his martyrdom, said to those about him, with a calm intrepid voice,—“I could die like a Roman, but I prefer to die like a Christian.” Not in the stern stoicism of a seared conscience, but in the strong faith and hope of one consciously reconciled, Perthes advances towards the "Celestial City." "God," he is heard whispering in hours of extreme pain, "for His Son's sake, is very gracious to me, a poor sinner." And, at intervals of ease, he will write to friends little notes, expressive of his calm confidence. "In hope and faith," he writes, for example, one day, to Neander, "I am joyfully passing over into the land where truth will be made clear, and love pure." And, another day, to Dörner:—"The consciousness of life being quite over, is to me a very peculiar, and by no means depressing feeling; rather, on the contrary, exhilarating. I am full of thankfulness to God."

In these hours, his one resting-place is the Word. "Hold simply and firmly," he will say, "to that which our Lord has told us: read again and again the fourteenth, fifteenth, sixteenth, and seventeenth chapters of John; he who has these has all he needs, alike for life and for death." His two closing months are a kind of heaven begun; and the theme which chiefly animates him is, the Divine glory burning so brightly in these divine chapters.

When Herbert was dying, and a friend was reminding him of his many acts of well-doing, the holy man answered:—"They be good works, if they be sprinkled with the blood of Christ, and not otherwise." Perthes is dying in the same meek lowliness of heart. "Herder on his deathbed," he says, one evening, "sought only an Idea; Goethe exclaimed—'Light, light!' It would have been better," adds Perthes, "had they cried out for love and humility." And, another day, after a severe conflict, he says—"Thanks be to God, my faith is firm, and holds in death as in life: for His dear Son's sake, God is merciful to me a sinner." And as his spirit is just winging its upward flight, weeping friends can distinguish only these words,—“My Redeemer—Lord—forgiveness.” A.S.

FAR BETTER.

Oh beautiful abode of earth,
Fall when thou wilt!
Thy gold is gilt,
And clouds of anguish veil thy mirth;
Who loves not heaven, may bestow
His love on earthly pomp and show.
But I alone desire with Thee,
Jesus, all preciousness! to be.

One who is weary with his load,
Faint with the sun,
Would fain have done,
And craves long shadows on the road;
That after so much labour past
He may sleep sweet and sound at last.
But all my longing is with Thee,
Jesus, my only rest, to be!

Another doth pursue his trade
By wave and cliff,
Where his frail skiff
Is tempest-toss'd, and he afraid.
But I will faith-wings spread, and fly
Up, past the star-hills of the sky!
For, Jesus, Thou alone shalt be
The end of pilgrimage to me.

Come, death! sleep's only brother thou!
Come, take the helm,
And through thy realm
To the sure harbour guide my prow.
He may repel thee who doth fear:
But I rejoice to see thee near;
For thou alone canst usher me,
Where I shall with my Jesus be!

—J. Franck.

SONG OF A FAMILY.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN BY REV.
C. T. BROOKS.

Oh make our house Thy sanctuary!
Come in to us a friendly guest,
And in our circle ever tarry;
Then shall we be for ever blest,
And Thou, a house-mate, shall these walls
Transfigure into royal halls.

Joy dwells, O Lord, where'er Thou stayest;
There blooms a heavenly blessedness;
In silk Thy poorest Thou arrayest,
Though men see but a ragged dress.
The purest high delight is there,
And even in want is wealth to spare.

Thou every morning us awakest,
And graciously to prayer dost call.
The household cares Thou undertakest;
Thou knowest what is best in all.
And care, though 'twere a leaden load,
Is but a feather's weight with God.

One tender bond all hearts embraces,
A heavenly bond Thy hand hath wove;
The rooms are turn'd to temple-spaces,
Illumed with God's peace and love.
Grace is the sunshine of our home,
And there God's angels go and come.

PASTOR HARMS OF HERMANSBURG;

OR, WHAT ONE MAN CAN DO WHEN IN
EARNEST.

IN the Luneburger Heide, an extensive tract of flat, barren, heath-covered land, inhabited by a frugal, industrious, and economical people, who support themselves chiefly cultivating flax and trade with wood, is a place remarkable for its neatness and cleanliness. Already, at a distance, you see the *ple church spire*, its red roof peeping through the dark wood.

was conducted to the village, which is five miles from the railway station, by a saint woman; from whom I obtained very little information, amounting only to this,—that spinning and packing wood were her chief occupations—that the winter was most tiresome, and the winter evenings tedious beyond measure—that neither she, nor the people in the village, ever thought of reading—but that the people in Hermansburg, the village we were going to, were great readers—that this was all owing to the Herr Pastor, who was a wonderful man, and had changed everything, not only in Hermansburg, but all around.

was greatly struck by the neat and substantial houses of Hermansburg. A quietness and dignity characterised the place and the people. Their simple, orderly dress; their gentle, quiet behaviour; the tone of voice in which they wished you good evening; the thoughtful, calm expression of their faces,—this, trifling as it seems, had something in it symbolical of an inward peace and collectiveness, of a strength and purity of character. Early in the morning I heard singing of hymns; and when I walked at mid-day, as I heard the church-bell strike, the peasants stopped from their work, all were quiet, and at their heads, and engaged in prayer. It was the prayer-bell, which reminds the people, on and evening, of their heavenly Father; it invites them to pause from their earthly work, and collect their thoughts before God.

No beggars! not even a case of painful destitution; even those who fell into poverty through their own carelessness and sin, were not allowed to feel the consequences of their folly, but experienced richly the love and compassion of their Christian fellow-villagers, who, as their Master, delight in mercy. The people, who seemed to know each other intimately, not with the village-gossip intimacy which may be picturesque and poetical, but often worthless and heartless—but in the

fellowship of Christian thought and life, met together often for reading the Bible, singing, and prayer.

But their love and their thoughts are not limited to their own village and district. The hearts of these simple peasants and artisans, living in this secluded spot, are Christian hearts,—that is, hearts of world-wide interest and love. There stands a house in this village, in which young men are taught and prepared to go out to the heathen as missionaries and teachers—taught not only how to educate the heathen morally and spiritually, but the young men are instructed in agriculture, and taught different trades, so as to be able to teach the heathen to live an honest, Christian, industrious life. It was the people of the village who built this house, and who maintain it year by year. The farmers gave the ground—the masons and different tradesmen joined in building it—the peasants supply the institution with the necessaries of life—the farmers and artisans teach the young men agriculture and various trades. Think of that, reader!

These are very rude hasty sketches; but enough to shew that a wonderful life, abounding in the fruits of God's spirit—love, meekness, energy, peace, and joy—is animating these villagers. What has kindled this fire?—what has given to these simple people the intelligence and large-mindedness which they possess—the burning zeal for God's kingdom—their charity and diligence in good works? What has changed this village, formerly inhabited by as commonplace, dull, quarrelsome, worldly men, as most neighbouring villages are—men who vegetate, not live—into such a wonderful, lovely, enthusiastic, gentle brotherhood of Christ?

It was the blessing of God on the labours of one man, who preaches the gospel in word and life,—of a man who is a pastor in the true sense of the word, sent by Christ into the world, even as Christ was sent by God.

Before Pastor Harms was appointed pastor of Hermansburg, he had been labouring, with great blessing, among the poor neglected people of several large towns of Hanover. When he came to his native village, he immediately commenced to preach and visit the people faithfully. Gifted with great clearness and depth of mind—a wonderful power of adapting himself to the various capacities of the people—a deep sympathy with the wants, the difficulties, and needs of the lower classes and feeling intensely that he had a real message from the living God—he began to work among them. No man can hear Harms without feeling,—“This man loves me, and wishes me well, and this man has authority, and speaks in the name of God.” Harms preached to the people in all simplicity, directed them to read the Bible and pray in their families, instructed the young himself, and offered advice, correction, comfort, wherever he saw it

required. He appeared among them as one sent and invested with his office by God, to lead, direct, and comfort the people. He asserted that the Church was to be the education school of men from their very birth to death; but they must submit to her teaching and correction. If she is to receive the children as her children, parents must educate aright; if she is to bless, sanction, and elevate marriage, you must bring chaste bodies and minds to the altar; if she is to accompany the dying, you must belong to her, while you live, with soul and spirit. Harms thus, by reviving Church discipline, shewed the great blessing, importance, and comfort which lies in the divine institution of the Church; the people began to feel that a church is not merely a place for being "christened and married,"—but God's institution for teaching them, and enabling them to live a godly, heavenly life on this earth.

Soon the Spirit of God made the means of grace effectual to the renewal and revival of the people. New life, new joy came to many hearts. Then the question arose,—What can we peasants and artisans of Hermansburg do for the Lord Jesus? And the pastor gave them a simple and practical answer,—“As peasants and artisans, you can do much for Him. Of your substance and labour give to God. Build a house, and support it, and send out Christian peasants and artisans, who are also able to preach the gospel to poor heathens, that they also may come to know God.”

Thus arose the mission house. Neighbouring Christians afterwards took an interest in it, and now and then aid it with contributions; but its origin was as we described, and its main support is from the congregation. A brother of Pastor Harms, animated with the same spirit, devotes himself to the education of the pupils.

The young missionaries are to settle among the Gallas, on the east coast of Africa. But though the mission-house was built, and *eight* young missionaries were there taught for years, and sent out at last to Africa, the missionary enterprise was not yet complete. Pastor Harms, afraid lest intercourse with godless Europeans might in future do harm to the new converts, formed the idea of building a ship to convey the missionaries, and to provide the settlement with such articles as would become necessary with the advance of civilisation. The work, begun in faith, without any means, succeeded beyond expectation. *A vessel was built; it cost 14,000 dollars (£2000), and was launched at Harburg, in the presence of a great concourse of people. Pastor Harms, accompanied by 400 of his parishioners, was present on the occasion. On the 20th October, the Queen Candace sailed for the Cape, carrying eight missionaries, and eight emigrants, as settlers and fellow-workers.—Edinburgh Christian Magazine.*

THE MOUNTAIN AND THE CLOSET.

HE left the crowded shore, the thronged highway, and, crossing the turfy fields, Christ came to the edges of the mountains. His pulse throbbed, and His breath quickened, as He clomb, as ours does when we climb. The sparrow, not knowing its Creator and Protector, flew away from His coming. His form cast its shadow, as He passed, over bush, and flower, and grass, and they knew not that their Maker overshadowed them. Sounds grew fainter behind Him. Those who had followed Him, one by one, dropped off, and the last eye that looked after Him had lost His form amid the wavering leaves, and was withdrawn. He was in the mountain, and alone. The day was passing. The last red light followed Him, and stained the air of the forest with ruddy hues. At length the sun went down, and it was twilight in the mountains, though bright yet in the open field. But when it was twilight in the field, it was already dark in the mountain. The stars were coming forward and filling the heavens.

No longer drawn outward by the wants of the crowd, what were the thoughts of such a soul? And what were the prayers? Even if Christ were but a man, such an errand, and of such a man, would be sublime! But how foolish are all words which would approach the grandeur of Christ's solitude upon the mountain, if we regard Him as very God, though incarnated, communing with His co-equal Father?

What was the varied prayer? What tears were shed, what groans were breathed, what silent yearnings, what voiceless utterances of desire, no man may know. Walking to and fro, or sitting upon some fallen rock, or prostrate in overpowering emotion, the hours passed on until morning dawned. When He went down to His disciples, they neither inquired nor did He speak of His mountain watch.

If prayer be the communion of the soul with God, it is but a little part of it that can be uttered in words; and still less of it that will take form of words in the presence of others. Of outward wants, of outward things, of one's purely earthly estate, we can speak freely. But of the soul's inward life—of its struggles with itself, its hopes, yearnings, griefs, loves, joys, of its very personality—it is reserved, and to such a degree, that there can be no prayer expressive of the inward life, until we have entered into the closet, and shut to the door. Every Christian, whose life has developed itself into great experience of secret prayer, knows that the hidden things of the closet transcend all uttered prayer as much in depth, richness, and power, as they do in volume and space.

Sometimes we mourn the loss of old books in ancient libraries; we marvel what more the world would have had if the Alexandrian

library had not perished; we regret the decay of parchments, the rude waste of monks with their stupid palimpsests. We sorrow for the lost arts, and grieve that the fairest portions of Grecian art lie buried from research; that the Parthenon should come down within two hundred years of our time, with its wealth of magnificence, a voice in stone from the old world to the new, and yet perish almost before our eyes!

But when one reflects upon the secret history which has transpired in men's thoughts, and that the noblest natures have been they whose richest experiences could never have been drawn forth through the pen, or recorded in books—but have found utterance through prayer, and before the conscious glory of the Invisible Presence; I am persuaded that the silent literature of the closet is infinitely more wonderful, in every attribute of excellence, than all that has been sung in song, or recorded in literature, or lost in all the concussions of time. If rarest classical fragments, the perished histories and poets of every people could be revived, they would be as nothing in comparison with the effusions of the closet, could they be gathered and recorded.

The noblest natures, it is, that resort to this study. The rarest inspiration rests upon them. Flying between the heavens and the earth, with winged faith, they reach out into glories, which do not descend to the lower spheres of thought.

How many souls, so large and noble that they rose up in those days of persecution, and left home and love for the faith of Christ, and went to the wilderness and dwelt therein, gave forth in prayer their whole life! Doubtless their daily prayers were rich and deep in spiritual life. But there are peculiar days to all—days when we see all human life as in a picture, and all future life as in a vision; and when the reason, the imagination, the affections, and the experiences of life are so tempered together that we consciously live more in an hour than at other times in months. Every man has his mountains of transfiguration, and sees and talks with the revealed and radiant dead. In such experiences, what must have been the wonders of prayer, when the noblest natures—rich in all goodness, deeply cultured in knowledge, refined in all taste, and enriched in pure lives, but driven out among the wild shaking leaves of the wilderness for their faith's sake—poured out their whole soul before God; their conscious weakness and sinfulness, their yearnings and trials, their hopes and strivings, their sense of this life and their view of the other, their longing for God's Church on earth and their prospect of the glorified Church in heaven! What if some listener had made haste to put down the prayers of Luther, with all his strong crying and tears, if that had been possible! How many noble natures gave up to celibacy and

virginity the wondrous treasures of multitudinous affections! And when at periods of heart-swellings, in hours when the secret tide set in upon men from the eternal ocean, and carried them upon mighty longings and yearnings towards God, before whom they poured forth in mingled sobs and words those affections which were meant to be eased in the love-relations of life, but which, hindered and choked, found tumultuous vent in mighty prayer to God!

Consider what mothers' hearts have always been. How many thousand thousands of them have watched day and night over the cradle till the body failed, but the spirit waxed even keener; and, with what wondrous gushes of words, such as would disdain to be called eloquence, have they besought God, with every persuasion, for the life of the child! We judge these things by our own experience. All the words that were ever spoken, and all the thoughts that we have conceived, are unfit to bear up the skirt of those prayers, which burst, without words, right out of our hearts, for the life of dying children!

Consider what a heavenly wonder must be the Book of Prayer that lies before God! For groans are interpreted there. Mute joys gain tongue before God. Unutterable desires, that go silently up from the heart, burst forth into divine pleadings when, touched by the Spirit, their imprisoned nature comes forth! Could thoughts or aspirations be made visible, could they assume a form that befitted their nature, what an endless procession would be seen going towards the throne of God, day and night! Consider the wrestlings of all the wretched, the cry of orphans, the ceaseless pleadings of the bereaved, and of those fearing bereavement; the prayer of trust betrayed, of hope darkened, of home deserted, of joy quenched; the prayers of faithful men from dungeons and prison-houses; the prayers of slaves, who found man, law, and the Church twined around and set against them, and had no way left to look but upward towards God! The hearts of men by myriads have been pressed by the world as grapes are trodden in a wine-press, and have given forth a heavenly wine. Beds of long-lingering sickness have learned such thoughts of resignation, and such patient trust and joy, that the heavenly book is bright with the footprints of their prayers! The very silence of sickness is often more full of richest thoughts than all the books of earth have ever been!

"And when he had taken the book, the four beasts and the four and twenty elders fell down before the Lamb, having every one of them harps and golden vials full of odours, *which are the prayers of the saints.*" And the other magnificence of the scene one may read in the fifth chapter of that gorgeous book of divine pictures, the Revelation of St John! How remarkable would it seem, if it were revealed to us that there dwell in the air a race

of fine and fairy spirits, whose work it was to watch all flowers of the earth, and catch their perfumed breath and preserve it in golden vials for heavenly use! But how much more grand is the thought that, all over the earth, God's angels have caught the heart's breath, its prayers, and love, and that in heaven they are before God like precious odours poured from golden vases by saintly hands! Again, the Divine head is anointed with precious ointment, not now from the broken alabaster, a woman's gift, but by heavenly hands poured sweeter still from broken hearts on earth.

The influences which brood upon the soul in such a covert as the closet are not like the coarse stimulants of earthly thought. It is no fierce rivalry, no conflict for victory, no hope of praise or hunger of fame, that throw lurid light upon the mind. The soul rises to its highest nature, and meets the influence that rests upon it from above. What is the depth of calmness, what is the vision of faith, what is the rapture, the ecstasy of love, the closet knows more grandly than any other place of human experience! *

GOD'S "COME."

God is now doing a mighty work. Thousands have accepted the gospel invitation, and tasted that the "Lord is gracious," within the last few months. The angels in heaven have rejoiced. God is truly pouring out his "Spirit upon all flesh." The Church of God, the company of the redeemed, seems to have been rapidly augmented. God's Spirit is striving with man. His ministers beseech their hearers to be "reconciled to God." Oh, marvellous truth! Wondrous love! God is reconciled to man; for He "loved the world," and, because of His love, "sent his only-begotten Son." The unwillingness is on the side of man; therefore, St Paul says, "we pray you in Christ's stead: be ye reconciled to God." When our Lord was upon earth, His complaint was, "Ye will not come to me, that ye might have life."

Dear reader, if you have not yet turned to the Lord, remember this assurance, "If ye seek him, he will be found of you;" "Seek, and ye shall find." No doubt there are numbers at this moment who are anxious to turn to the Lord, and who have cried out (like Bunyan's Pilgrim), in the very agony of their soul, "What shall I do?" Their spirit is disquieted within them. All within is strife and turmoil, "for fleshly lusts war against the soul." They long for peace. Peace is the haven where they would be; peace, such as the world cannot bestow—which belongs to God, and to Him alone—that "peace which passeth all understanding." Their souls yearn to drink the waters of everlasting life. As a drowning man will even clutch at a straw, so

* From "Summer in the Soul." By Henry Ward Beecher.

will they lay hold on any new plans or suggestions, with the hope that they may wring from them that peace which their whole heart craves.

What does Jesus say to such an one, "*Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.*" Here is comfort. You are "heavy laden"—that is the only requirement. "*Come*" then to Jesus, and He has promised to "give you rest." His promise is sure; it cannot fail. You are not told to perform a certain number of works—to work your way to God; you are merely to accept His invitation, "*Come*;" "the Spirit and the bride say, *Come*. And let him that heareth say, *Come*;" and let him that is athirst *come*." "If any man thirst, let him *come* unto me, and drink;" "*Come*, for all things are now ready." These invitations are all for you. God loves you; He calls you; He bids you *come*. Accept His invitation *now*. "*Now* is the accepted time; behold, *now* is the day of salvation."

"Wait not for to-morrow's sun;"

your soul may be severed from your body before to-morrow's dawn. Why wait till to-morrow? you will have one day more to repent of, and one day less to repent in. You can never make yourself anything better than a sinner—God can make you a saint. If you halt, and hesitate to accept the invitation *now*, when will you go? when will you be in a more fit state? You are diseased with the leprosy of sin, seek then the "Great Physician;" you are weak, then seek shelter in the "Rock of our Salvation." Jesus is all you can require. Wait no longer to be tossed on the billows of an angry world; seek your Saviour while He will be sought of by you.

"While the lamp holds on to burn,
The greatest sinner may return."

Have you ever seen a little child leap from the table into the open arms of his parent; he leaps, and why? because the arms of his parent are open, and he has been bade so do. So the sinner should spring into the arms of his God; God's arms are now wide open, and He has bade you *come*.

O anxious inquirer, won't you *come*?

"He makes no hard condition,
'Tis only—Look and Live."

Go, throw yourself into His arms; tell Him you are anxious to accept His own invitation; say you have *come*; plead His promises; plead Christ's death and glorious resurrection, and you shall find "joy and peace in believing." You may have been prodigal, but you are a loved one still; seek Him, and He will bless you according to the "riches of his glory." "When our infant children are garnered in our bosoms, we do not bless them according to their capacity of asking, but according to the wealth of affection that is in our hearts for them; so does God, lifting us up, and looking in our faces, bless us, not so much by what we need to receive, as by what He hath

to give." God has written in His Word, for your comfort, "Him that cometh to me, I will in nowise cast out." Which will you choose? To hear Christ say, in a day of grace, Come to me; or, in a day of judgment, Depart. He now offers you a friendly hand; go, now, and grasp it.
H. A. N.

HOW TO BE LIKE ENOCH.

Do you seek Enoch's introduction to the living God? Go to Him, as Enoch went, believing that He is, and that He is accessible, (Heb. xi. 16,) and seek to get into the same just and realising knowledge of Him that Enoch got. He is revealed to you more amply, perhaps, than He was to Enoch. Believe. Believe that He is not afar off, but nigh. Believe that He is not hostile, but propitious. Believe that He is all that Jesus said—that He is all that Jesus was—and believing this, walk with Him. Admit Him into your home, that He may bless it. Admit Him into your happy moments, that He may enhance them; and into your house of anguish, that His presence may tranquillise and transform them. Let His recollected presence be the brightness of every landscape—the zest of every pleasure—the energy of every undertaking—the refuge from every danger—the solace in every sorrow—the asylum of your hidden life, and the constant Sabbath of your soul. Learn, with all reverence for His greatness, with equal reliance on His goodness—learn to make the Eye that never slumbers the companion of your nights and mornings; and the Ear that never wearies, make it the confidant of your weakness, your solitude, ecstasy, and woe. Learn to have not one life for God, and another for the world; but let your life be divinely devoted, and divinely quickened—let every footstep be a walk with God.—*Dr Hamilton.*

SUFFERINGS.

OH, how sweet are sufferings for Christ! God forgive them that raise an ill report on the sweet cross of Christ! Our weak and dim eyes look only to the black side of the cross; and this occasions our mistakes concerning it. They that can take it cheerfully on their backs, shall find it just such a burden as wings to a bird, or sails to a ship. Christ is strong, even when lying in the dust, in prison, and in banishment. Losses and disgraces are the wheels of Christ's triumphant chariot. In the sufferings of His saints, He intends His own glory and their good; this is the twofold mark He aims at, and He does not shoot at random, but always touches the point He purposeth to hit.—*Butherford.*

Sufferings are comfortable when they overtake us in the way of duty.—*Manton.*

There is as much difference between the sufferings of the saints and those of the ungodly, as there is between the cords with which an executioner pinions a condemned malefactor and the bandages, wherewith a tender surgeon binds his patient. The design of the one is to kill; of the other, to cure. Believers undergo many crosses, but no curses.
—*Arrowsmith.*

AMUSEMENTS.

If Christians join in what are called worldly amusements, I ask nothing about their creed. They shew their taste; that is enough. A mere creed, however correct, will save no man. The influence of the creed is the essential matter.

He who cultivates a sound spiritual taste cannot relish frivolity. Most of what is said about amusements is said to no purpose. Taste, not logic, rules the world. A new nature—a fine taste—a relish for, a delight in, the sublime and holy, the infinite and eternal;—plant this in the soul of man, and he looks upon the world's amusements as mere cobwebs.

I reject many things which I do not account sinful in the abstract. I look to influence and consequences. A thing may be lawful, and yet not be expedient.

If I am a Christian, I am a witness for Christ. I am in the world; but I am not of the world. I must not distress or perplex the good: I must not encourage or confirm the careless in their follies.

WORDS OF CHEER.

THROUGH all the long dark night of years
The people's cry ascendeth,
And earth is wet with blood and tears;
But our meek sufferance endeth.
The few shall not for ever sway,
The many melt in sorrow;
The powers of hell are strong to-day,
But Christ shall rise to-morrow.

Though hearts brood o'er the past, our eyes
With smiling futures glisten.
For lo! our day bursts up the skies;
Lean out your souls and listen!
The world rolls freedom's radiant way,
And ripens with her sorrow.
Keep heart! who bear the Cross to-day
Shall wear the Crown to-morrow!

God's ways seem dark, but soon or late
They touch the shining hills of day;
The evil cannot brook delay;
The good can well afford to wait.
Ye have the future grand and great,
The safe appeal of Truth to Time! —*W.*

The rose of sunset folds its glory up
To burst again from out the heart of Dawn;
And love is never lost, though hearts run waste;
And sorrow makes the chasten'd heart a sear;
The deepest dark reveals the starriest hope;
And Faith can trust her heaven behind the veil.
—*G. Masses.*

Each good thought or action moves
The dark world nearer to the sun. —*W.*

Page for the Young.

WHERE'S THE HARM?

"ONE more question, mother," said George, a week or more after his last Sabbath talk—"one more question about Sabbath-keeping. Pleasure-parties, walking, riding, or sailing, are, I know, a sinful breaking of the holy Sabbath. I think that is clear from God's Word. But may not a Christian take walks, and his heart be really benefited by it? There is Mr Thomas, the superintendent of our Sabbath-school, for instance; every body calls him a pattern man. What would be the harm of his going to Oakland, visiting the cascade, jumping into the little boat at the pass, and paddling over its quiet waters? Would not the works of God around him favour his meditations upon the Divine goodness and power? Where's the harm?"

"There is a Scripture principle," answered the boy's mother, "which enjoins us to 'abstain from all appearance of evil.' We must consider not merely what would be agreeable to us, but what will be the effect of our example upon others. The Apostle Paul said, 'If meat make my brother to offend, I will eat no flesh while the world standeth.' (1 Cor. 8, 13.) He would deny himself for the sake of others. Would Mr Thomas appear to others to be remembering the Sabbath-day to keep it holy, while doing what you mentioned? Is it best, *on the whole*, that riding, walking, or sailing should be among the occupations of holy time? If you are doubtful about your way of spending the Sabbath, ask yourself if God would be honoured, or the Sabbath sacredly kept, if *all* were to spend it so. Try to do that which, if *generally followed*, would promote the highest good; otherwise you may be doing that which, though safe for yourself, might, through the effect of your example on others, do the greatest injury. Keep always in mind, George, that you are responsible for the influence of your example on others."

"The long and the short of it is, I suppose, mother," said George, after thinking a while, "that I must put the same kind of bridle on me to keep the Sabbath as I used to keep me from whispering in school. What's right or wrong for one, is right or wrong for the whole. If it was right for me to whisper in school, it was right for all the boys. If all the boys did, where is law, order, or study? Gone to the winds. I saw that, in order to promote the good of the school, I could only do what all the other boys might do, and that was, *not to whisper*. That example could be *safely followed*. It was sometimes hard though, for speaking about my lessons would sometimes have helped me forward a good deal; but it would damage a general principle, and therefore ought *not to be done*."

"That's it, George; put the bridle on."

BED-TIME—A CHILD'S EVENING HYMN.

BY BERNARD BARTON.

BEFORE I close my eyes in sleep,
Lord, hear my evening prayer;
And deign a helpless child to keep
With Thy protecting care.

Though young in years, I have been taught
Thy name to love and fear;
Of Thee to think with solemn thought,
Thy goodness to revere.

That goodness gives each simple flower
Its scent and beauty too,
And feeds it in night's darkest hour
With heaven's refreshing dew.

Nor will Thy mercy less delight
The infant's God to be,
Who through the darkness of the night
For safety trusts to Thee.

The little birds that sing all day
In many a leafy wood,
By Thee are clothed in plumage gay,
By Thee supplied with food.

And when at night they cease to sing,
By Thee protected still,
Their young ones sleep beneath their wing,
Secure from every ill.

Thus may'st Thou guard with gracious arm
The couch whereon I lie,
And keep a child from every harm
By Thy all-watchful eye.

For night and day to Thee are one,
The helpless are Thy care;
And for the sake of Thy dear Son,
Thou hear'st an infant's prayer.

THE "GUEST'S" BIBLE QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNG.

SLEEP.

WHY did God cause a deep sleep to fall upon Adam?

Who had a wonderful vision as he slept with stones for his pillow?

Where is it said that "He that keepeth Israel shall neither slumber nor sleep?"

Who was touched by an angel as he slept under a juniper tree?

When did the Lord cause a deep sleep to fall on Saul and his attendants?

Who was awoken out of his sleep by the voice of the Lord?

What did the keeper of a prison see as he awoke out of his sleep?

Who took away a child as its mother slept? To whom did an angel appear as he slept between two soldiers?

Where is it said that a thousand years as in the eyes of the Lord as a sleep in the night?

Who says, "I will not give sleep to mine eyes, or slumber to mine eyelids, until I find out a place for the Lord?"

Who sank down with sleep under the preaching of the gospel?

What was the effect of this sleep?

When did Jesus find the disciples sleeping for sorrow?

On what several occasions does our blessed Saviour speak of death as sleep?

Where is it said that they which sleep in Jesus will God bring with Him?



A FAMILY MAGAZINE FOR SUNDAY READING.

REVISED BY THE REV. NORMAN McLEOD, D.D., GLASGOW.

WEEKLY NOS. ONE HALFPENNY.]

[MONTHLY PARTS, THREEPENCE.

PROVIDENCE IN CONVERSION.

BY AN OLD AUTHOR.

Now, there are divers things in those providences, which are versant about this work, and exceedingly sweet and taking; as, viz.,

The wonderful strangeness and unaccountableness of this work of Providence in casting us into the way, and ordering the occasions, yea, the minutest circumstances about this work. Thus you find in Acts viii. 26-30. The eunuch, at that very instant when he was reading the prophet Isaiah, hath an interpreter, one among a thousand, that joins his chariot just as his mind was, by a fit occasion, prepared to receive the first light of the knowledge of Christ.

So for the conversion of the Samaritans it is observed (John iv. 4) Christ must needs go that way, because it lay just in the road betwixt Judea and Galilee, and at the sixth hour, i. e., high noon, He rests Himself upon Jacob's well, still seeming to have no other design but His own refreshment, by sitting and drinking there; but oh, what a train of blessed providences follow this, which seemed but an accidental thing! First, the woman of Samaria, and then many more in that city, are brought to believe in Christ, as you find in ver. 29 and 41.

It is noted by Melchior Adams, in the life of Junius, how very an atheist he grew in his younger years; but, in order to his conversion to God, a wonderful preservation of his life, in a public tumult at Lyons, in France, must first make way, which forces from him the acknowledgment of a Deity: then his father sends for him home, and with much gentleness persuades him to read the Scriptures; he lights upon the 1st of John, and with it he sensibly feels a divine, supernatural majesty and power seizing his soul, which brought him over by a complete conversion to Jesus Christ. Thus, as the woman of Tekoa told David, "doth God devise means to bring back His banished."

Lavater tells us, that many Spanish soldiers, going into the wars of Germany, were there converted to Christ, by falling into the cities and towns where godly ministers and Christians were.

Mr Robert Bolton, though an excellent scholar, yet in his younger years was a very irreligious person, and a jeerer of holy men; but, being cast into the company of the godly Mr Peacock, was by him brought to repentance, and proved a famous instrument in the Church of Christ.

A scrap of paper accidentally coming to view hath been used as an occasion of conversion. This was the case of a minister of Wales, who had two livings, but took little care of either. He being at a fair, bought something at a pedlar's standing, and rent off a leaf of Mr Perkin's Catechism to wrap it in, and reading a line or two in it, God sent it home so as it did the work.

The marriage of a godly man into a carnal family hath been ordered by Providence for the conversion and salvation of many therein. Thus we read, in the life of that renowned English worthy, Mr John Bruen, that, in his second match, it was agreed that he should have one year's diet in his mother-in-law's house: during his abode there that year, (saith Mr Clark,) the Lord was pleased, by his means, graciously to work upon her soul, as also upon his wife's sister, and half-sister, their brothers, Mr William and Mr Thomas Fox, with one or two of the servants in that family.

The reading of a good book hath been the means of bringing others to Christ. And thus we find many of the German divines converted by reading Luther's books: yea, and what is more strange, Mr Sleiden, in his Commentary, tells us, that Vergerius, though he were present an eye and ear-witness to that doleful case of Spira, which one would think would move a stone, yet still continued

so firm to the Pope's interest, that when he fell into some suspicion among the cardinals, he resolved to purge himself by writing a book against the German apostates; but, whilst he read the Protestant books, out of no other design but to confute them, whilst he is weighing the arguments, is himself convinced, and brought to Christ. He, finding himself thus overcome by the truth, imparts his conviction to his brother, a zealous Papist also; this brother deplores the misery of his case, and seeks to reclaim him; but Vergerius, entreating him to weigh well the Protestant arguments, also yields; and so both immediately betook themselves to preach justification by the free grace of God through the blood of Christ.

Yea, not only the reading of a book, or hearing of a minister, but (which is most remarkable) the very mistake or forgetfulness of a minister hath been improved by Providence for this end and purpose. Augustine, once preaching to his congregation, forgot the argument which he first proposed, and fell upon the errors of the Manichees, beside his first intention; by which discourse, he converted one Firmus, his auditor, who fell down at his feet weeping, and confessing he had lived a Manichee many years. Another I knew, who, going to preach, took up another Bible than that he designed, in which, not only missing his notes, but the chapter also in which his text lay, was put to some loss thereby; but, after a short pause, he resolved to speak to any other scripture that might be presented to him, and, accordingly, read the text, "The Lord is not slack concerning his promise" (2 Pet. iii. 9); and though he had nothing prepared, yet the Lord helped him to speak both methodically and pertinently from it; by which discourse a gracious change was wrought upon one in the congregation, who hath since given good evidence of a sound conversion, and acknowledged this sermon to be the first and only means thereof.

The accompanying of others, in a neighbourly, civil visit, hath been overruled to the same end. Thus many of the Jews accompanied Mary into Bethany, designing only to manifest their civil respect; but there they met Christ, saw the things which He did, and believed on Him. (John xi. 45.)

Mr Firmin, in his "Real Christian," tells us of one who had lived many years in a town where Christ had been as clearly and as long preached as in any town in England. This man, when he was about seventy-six years of age, went to visit a sick neighbour. "A Christian friend of mine," saith the author, "came to see him also; and finding this old man there, whom he judged to be one that lived upon his own stock, civility, good works, &c., he purposely fell into that discourse, to shew how many persons lived upon their duties, but never came to Christ. The old man, sitting by the bed-side, heard him, and

God was pleased to convince him, that he was such a person, who had lived upon himself, without Christ, to that day; and would say afterwards, 'Had I died before threescore and sixteen, I had perished, for I knew not Christ.'"

The committing of a godly man to prison hath been the method of Providence to save the soul of a poor keeper. So Paul (Acts xvi. 27) was made a prisoner, to make his keeper a spiritual freeman. The like success had Dr Barnes, in Queen Mary's days, who afterwards celebrated the Lord's Supper in prison with his converted keeper.

The scattering of ministers and Christians, by persecution, from cities and towns into the ignorant and barbarous parts of the country, hath been the way of Providence to find out and bring home some lost sheep to Jesus Christ. (Acts viii. 1-4.) The like signal event hath since followed upon the like scattering of godly ministers, whereof are many pregnant instances at this day.

A servant running away from his master, likely upon no other design but to live an idle life, yet falling into such places and companies as Providence ordered in a design to him unknown, hath thereby been brought to be a servant of Christ. This was the very case of Onesimus, who ran away from his master Philemon, to Rome, where, by a strange providence, possibly a mere curiosity to see the prisoners, he there falls into Paul's hands, who begat him to Christ in his bonds. (Philemon, ver. 10-16.)

The dropping of some grave and weighty word, accidentally, in the presence of vain carnal persons—the death of a husband, wife, or child—a fit of sickness—with a thousand other such-like occasions—have been thus improved by Providence to the conversion of souls.

And no less remarkable and wonderful are the designs of Providence, in ordering the removes, and governing the motions of ministers from place to place, in order to the conversion of souls. Thus, oftentimes, it carries them to places where they intended not to go; God having, unknown to them, some elect vessels there, who must be called by the gospel.

Thus Paul and Timothy, a sweet and lovely pair, when they were travelling through Phrygia and Galatia, were forbid to preach the Word in Asia, to which probably their minds inclined (Acts xvi. 6); and when they essayed to go into Bithynia, the Spirit suffered them not (verse 7): but a man of Macedonia—*i.e.*, an angel in the shape or habit of a man of that country—appeared to Paul in a vision, and prayed him, saying, "Come over into Macedonia, and help us" (verse 9); and there did God open the heart of Lydia.

I knew a pious minister, now with God, who, falling in his study upon a very rousing subject, intended for his own congregation, was strongly moved, when he had finished it, to go to a rude, vile, profane people, about

five miles off, and first preach it to them: after many wrestlings with himself, not being willing to quench any motion that might be supposed to come from the Spirit of God, he obeyed and went to this people, who had then no minister of their own, and few durst come among them; and there did the Lord, beyond all expectation, open a door, and several profane ones received Christ in that place, and engaged this minister to a weekly lecture among them, in which many souls were won to God.

The same holy man, at another time, being upon a journey, passed by a company of vain persons, who were wrestling upon a green near the road; and just as he came against the place, one of them had thrown his antagonist, and stood triumphing in his strength and activity. This good man rode up to them, and turning his speech to this person, told him, "Friend, I see you are a strong man, but yet let not the strong man glory in his strength: you must know that you are not to wrestle with flesh and blood, but with principalities and powers, and spiritual wickednesses: how sad will it be that Satan should at last trip up the heels of your hope, and give you an eternal overthrow!" And after about a quarter of an hour's serious discourse upon this subject he left them, and went on his journey; but this discourse made such an impression, that the person had no rest till he opened his trouble to a godly minister, who, wisely following the work upon his soul, saw at last the blessed issue thereof in the gracious change of the person, whereof he afterwards gave the minister a joyful account. Oh, how unsearchable are the methods of Providence in this matter!

PROTESTANTISM IN BOHEMIA.

BY HENRY M. FIELD.

THE saddest thing which I behold in the streets of Prague is, not the Austrian soldiers nor the downcast Jews, but the decline and almost utter extinction of Protestantism. No country in Europe acted a more conspicuous part in the early Reformation than Bohemia. Nearly five hundred years ago, the first dawn of that day which was to spread over half of Europe, touched almost at the same time the mountains of Bohemia and the white cliffs of England. These two countries were then closely connected by marriage of royal houses, and by the ties of learning and a common faith. In England, Wickliffe had begun to teach the pure faith of the gospel, and among those who read his writings and caught his spirit was the future apostle and martyr of Bohemia, John Huss. A hundred years before Luther stirred the heart of Germany, a voice like that of John the Baptist—the voice of one crying in the wilderness—was heard on the banks of the Moldau, preach-

ing repentance for the remission of sins. Before the monk of Wittenberg gave to the millions who speak the German tongue his translation of the Bible, the Bohemians had *seven* translations of their own! Here, then, in the far east of Europe, the Reformation had its first dawn, and, alas! its earliest night.

The Reformed doctrine, taking root in Bohemia, found their stronghold in the University of Prague. This was the first institution of the kind established in Germany. It was founded five hundred years ago, after the model of the University of Paris, and attained a rapid growth, attracting students not only from the east and north of Europe, but from the furthest west. Young men came here from England to obtain those advantages of learning which they could not find in their own country. When Oxford was yet an obscure college, Prague was in its glory. At one time it is said to have contained 40,000 students! When it was in its zenith, Huss was Rector of the University, and at the head of such an army, he wielded immense power.

But the great Reformer was sometimes a little violent. He endeavoured to give certain exclusive rights to the Bohemians, to the prejudice of other nations. And this measure, it is said, caused 25,000 students to secede in a single week! This great secession, however, was not a total loss to the cause of learning, for as they scattered themselves in other countries, they carried with them the germ of other institutions, and from the seed thus sown sprang the universities of Leipsic, Heidelberg, and Cracow.

While Huss lived, though the spirit of controversy ran high, it did not break out into open war. But his life was terminated by treachery. By a promise of a safe conduct from the Emperor Sigismund, he was lured to the Council of Constance, and there, on that fatal summer's day, July 6, 1415, this Bohemian apostle and reformer was burnt at the stake. The news soon flew to Prague, and excited the wildest grief and indignation. From that moment it was impossible to restrain the rage of his followers. They met in frequent conclave, brooding over the foul act of treachery and murder, and vowing vengeance against their persecutors. They mustered their strength, and appeared in the streets in armed array. They had a leader, who made them doubly formidable, in their blind Samson, Ziska. And as they assembled in the square in front of the Town Hall, their ranks glittering with pikes, they presented a fierce and threatening aspect. In truth, they had been goaded into a savage temper, which waited only an opportunity to break out into acts of violence. The occasion was not long wanting. In 1419, they were marching through the city, and passed under the windows of the Town Hall, when some rash hand threw a stone at them. This was the spark that produced the explosion. Enraged at the insult,

they burst into the council chamber, and seizing thirteen German councillors, they hurled them out of the window. They fell upon the pikes of the crowd beneath, and were instantly put to death. Thus the murder of Huss was answered by blood for blood, and this sudden massacre was but the prelude to a more terrible retribution.

The next year the war broke out in earnest. The storm-bell on the Town Hall tolled its alarm, and the Hussites, gathering by thousands, filled the square with a black, surging, excited multitude. The time had come for action. Involved in rebellion, the whole force of the empire would soon be upon them. But it would not do to await the attack in the city. Half a mile outside the walls rises a hill which overlooks the town. Here was the position for defence. To this eminence Ziska led out his pikemen, and here he was followed by crowds, not only of men, but of women and children, who all worked together upon the intrenchments. Soon the Hussite chief had a fortified camp, and an organised army, with which he bade defiance to the emperor, who came against him with one hundred and fifty thousand men; and at length, descending from his heights, he defeated him in a pitched battle.

How freshly did these memories of Prague revive, as I stood at the window of the palace of the Hradschin, and looked across the valley of the Moldau to the hill which still bears the name of the blind hero—the Ziskaberg! Though the cause which he fought for was at last borne down in the tide of war, still they keep his memory here, as one of the giants of their race. In the museum they keep with religious care a letter traced by that iron hand—which is the most precious relic they have, next to an autograph of Huss himself—and an old portrait preserves the stern features which glowed so fiercely in the front of battle.

After we had explored Prague pretty thoroughly, and had enough of churches and palaces, I asked our guide to take me to the place where John Huss lived. The house is no longer standing, but tradition preserves the spot in the Bethlehem Platz—an humble place which no pilgrims seek except those from foreign countries, yet which was more sacred to me than the silver shrine of John of Nepomuk.

The struggle of the Reformed faith with the old Church in Bohemia lasted for two stormy centuries. A hundred years after Luther, the battle was not yet ended. Then begins another great drama, with all Europe for its stage, and many nations for actors—the Thirty Years' War—a period full of exciting events, of battles and sieges; in which at times the whole sky of Germany seems to redden with the blaze of desolated fields and burning cities. The interest of this period gathers chiefly around the two great characters of the age—

Gustavus Adolphus, the Christian hero of the north, and the haughty and implacable Wallenstein, whom Schiller has chosen as a subject most fit both for history and for tragedy, and whose stern figure he has made to stand out conspicuous on the dark background of that bloody time. Wallenstein lived in Prague, and his palace is one of the sights shewn to all travellers. That sombre figure seemed to rise again as we trod those halls where he held his court with more than imperial splendour, and thought of his greatness and his fall, of his deep-laid conspiracies, masked by outward calmness, of his high-soaring ambition, and of his bloody end.

But the fate of Protestantism was decided long before the death of Wallenstein. In fact, its downfall dates almost from the beginning of the war. That broke out in 1618. Two years after, the hostile armies were brought face to face three miles from the walls of Prague. That day was fought the battle of the White Hill, and when the sun went down, Protestantism in Bohemia was overthrown. The Elector Frederick, who had been chosen king, was driven from his throne, and the ancient kingdom of Bohemia passed for ever under the dominion of the emperors of Austria. That fatal victory was followed by terrible scenes. A year after, when confidence was in some degree restored, and many had returned to their homes, suddenly the Protestant leaders were seized and brought before a military tribunal. Twenty-seven of the noblest and best, eight great officers and nobles, fourteen councillors, and a host of inferior persons, were brought to the scaffold. The heads and hands of those of noble birth were cut off and stuck up on the gate tower of the bridge. Thus the Reformation in Bohemia was drowned in blood.

But there was yet a vial of judgments to be poured out upon the kingdom of the oppressor. "In the hand of the Lord there is a cup, and the wine is red; the dregs thereof, the wicked shall wring them out and drink them." Though Protestantism never recovered from this fatal blow, yet the cup which the tyrant gave to others to drink, was again and again pressed to his own lips. The war was not ended with the success of a single battle. For more than a quarter of a century it raged in every part of Europe, and desolated his own dominions. Once Prague was captured by the Elector of Saxony. And again, at the very close of the war, in 1648, it was besieged and bombarded by the Swedes for fourteen weeks.

Nor was it merely Protestant blood which flowed on that public square in front of the City Hall. Here Wallenstein returned like a hunted lion, after the battle of Lutzen; in which, though his great rival and enemy, Gustavus Adolphus, was stretched upon a bloody bier, yet even in dying he had struck terror into the hearts of his foes, and the Im-

perial battalions had shrunk in dismay before his last charge. Enraged at his defeat, the iron-hearted Wallenstein caused the strictest inquiry to be made into the conduct of his officers, and eleven of noble birth, besides many of inferior rank, who had shewn cowardice, were executed without mercy. Does it not seem like a retribution of God that this inexorable leader at last perished by the hand of the assassin?

At present, Protestantism in Bohemia may be almost said to be exterminated. In the city of John Huss there are now but *two* Protestant churches, while there are fifty-five Catholic churches and chapels, eleven monasteries, four nunneries, and ten synagogues!

Yet behold the compensations of Providence! God holds the scales with an even hand, and the loss or the disaster incurred in one part of His great kingdom is sometimes repaired by a gain at the ends of the earth. The battle of the White Hill was fought in 1620—the very year in which the Pilgrims sailed for New England! It was fought on the 8th of November. The Pilgrims landed at Plymouth, December 22. Thus, at the very time that the pure faith was driven from its ancient seats in the Old World, God was preparing for it a broader empire on the shores of the New.

THE POOR WIDOW'S BOY.

A NUMBER of well-dressed happy-looking boys, just dismissed from school, were at play on the village green. Their joyous shouts caused other boys who did not belong to the school to join them, and they were readily allowed to take part in the sports. Pretty soon a little boy, about nine years of age, came slowly out of a neighbouring lane, and, taking his station by the fence near where the play was going on, watched the proceedings with very earnest attention. He was very pale and thin, his clothes were ragged but clean, his feet were without shoes, and his hat wanted a rim. Now and then a smile would pass over his face as he witnessed some feat of the boys; but for the most part it wore a melancholy expression. He did not ask to play, and no one took any notice of him.

In about twenty minutes David Halsey joined the group. He had remained, during that time, in the school-house, with the teacher, in order to receive some explanations in regard to his lesson. He always wished to understand things thoroughly. He had recited his lesson accurately, but there were some points connected with it which he did not perfectly comprehend. He stayed, therefore, after school, to ask some questions which the teacher was happy to answer.

David was very fond of play, as well as of study. When he played, he played with all

his might; and when he studied, it was after the same fashion. He had not been on the ground long, before he saw the lone boy by the fence, and he felt sorry for him. He went up to him and said, "Do you wish to play?" The boy nodded in reply.

"Boys," said David, "let this fellow play."

"No," said one; "he don't belong to the school."

"No matter," said David; "there are several here who don't belong to the school."

"He is too ragged," said another boy. The pale boy who had come forward a little when David began to speak in his behalf, turned back as he heard this speech, and resumed his station by the fence. He looked a little sadder than before.

David was sorry that the boys would not let him play, but he concluded there was no help for it. So he joined in the play which was going forward with his usual vigour, but not with his usual pleasure. He could not help thinking of the poor boy. Whenever he looked that way, he saw that he was watching him. He made another effort to get the boys to allow him to play; but the reply he received from the most influential one of the group was, "Oh, don't make such a bother about a ragged boy."

It was now proposed by one of the boys that they should go to a neighbouring hill. This proposition was agreed to by acclamation, and all the boys except David set off on a run. David stayed behind and talked with the poor boy.

"Where do you live?" said David.

"Down there," said the boy, pointing towards a lane, where there were several small houses.

"How long have you lived in the place?"

"About two years."

"I don't remember that I have ever seen you before."

"I was always at work in the factory till I got sick, and was obliged to stop."

"Where did you live before you came here? Tell me something about it."

"We used to live in Lakeville. Father had a snug little farm there, and we used to live so nice and happy. But father was taken sick and died, and then they came and took away the farm."

"Was he in debt for it?"

"No, he had just finished paying for it; and then a man came and said the title wasn't good, and after mother had paid the lawyers a good deal, they told her she must give up the farm: so we had to move out of the house: we had to sell most all the furniture to get money to live on. Then mother took in sewing, and sat up nights till she got so weak that the doctor said she must stop, or she would die, and leave her children without anybody to see to them. She came here, that sister and I might work in the factory."

"How old is your sister?"

"She is a year older than I am. About a month ago I was taken sick, and had to stop working; I am better now; I am going into the factory again next week."

"You don't look well enough to go to work."

"I feel better than I did; I feel pretty well, only I am not as strong as I used to be, and I have a bad pain in my side most of the time. I don't tell of that, though; for mother would not let me go to work if I did."

"I think you are rather foolish for wishing to go to work, when you are not well enough to go."

"You wouldn't think so if you knew how little mother has to eat, and how thin sister is growing."

"Hasn't your mother enough to eat?"

The boy shook his head, while the tear stood in his eye.

"Are you hungry now?"

"Not very."

"Not very! you ought not to be hungry at all, because you are willing to work. Come, go home with me."

"I had rather not."

"I'll get mother to give you something to take to your mother."

This argument could not be resisted. He followed David home. David made a statement of the facts he had learned, and Mrs Halsey, after making a few inquiries of the boy, and addressing some kind words to him, put up quite a large basket-full of things which she thought would be useful to the afflicted family. She told David to go with him and assist him in carrying it. David was well pleased to go, for he was quite interested in his new acquaintance, and, moreover, he knew something of the pleasure attending the performance of benevolent deeds.

"Our house is not much like yours," said the boy, as he turned to go into a very small house. Everything was neat within it, though the furniture was very scanty. A Bible and a hymn-book lay on the table. A sickly-looking woman sat mending clothes. As the basket was brought in and opened, she blushed, and said, "My son, I hope you have not been begging."

"No, ma'am, he has not," said David; "I got talking with him, and found out you had been sick, and I made him go home with me; and mother begs you will accept of these things."

"I cannot refuse what Providence has so clearly sent; and I have no disposition to do so. I did not see where help was coming from: for I had concluded that Mary must stop work to-night; she is killing herself, poor girl. She can now stop for a time, and we shall not suffer."

"Father says the Lord always helps those who trust in him," said David.

"I am glad you have rebuked me for my want of faith," said the woman.

"I didn't mean to rebuke you, ma'am."

"I know you did not."

"Mother will come and see you, I think; and turning to the boy, "you come and see me, and I will play with you." David then withdrew, because he thought they might be very hungry, and would not like to eat before him.

"Mother," said he, when he went home, "hope you will send me to that place again, for I think Mrs Barclay will prove to be a good customer."

"What do you mean?" said Mrs Halsey.

"You know Christ says, 'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me.'"—*N. Y. Observer.*

PRAYER IN SICKNESS.

(From the German of Richter.)

God! whom I as Love have known,
Thou hast sickness laid on me,
And these pains are sent of Thee,
Under which I burn and moan;
Let them burn away the sin
That too oft hath check'd the love
Wherewith Thou my heart wouldst move
When Thy Spirit works within!

In my weakness be Thou strong,
Be Thou sweet when I am sad;
Let me still in Thee be glad,
Though my pains be keen and long.
All that wears my body now,
All that wasteth me away,
Pressing on me night and day,
Love ordains, for Love art Thou!

Suffering is the work now sent;
Nothing can I do but lie
Suffering as the hours go by;
All my powers to this are bent.
Suffering is my gain: I bow
To my heavenly Father's will,
And receive it hush'd and still;
Suffering is my worship now.

God! I take it from Thy hand
As a sign of love; I know
Thou wouldst perfect me through woe,
Till I pure before Thee stand.
All refreshment, all the food
Given me for the body's need
Comes from Thee, who lovest indeed;
Comes from Thee, for Thou art good.

Let my soul beneath her load
Faint not, through th' o'erwearied flesh;
Let her hourly drink afresh
Love and peace from Thee, my God.
Let the body's pain and smart
Hinder not her flight to Thee,
Nor the calm Thou givest to me;
Keep *Thou* up the sinking heart!

Grant me never to complain,
Make me to Thy will resign'd
With a quiet, humble mind,
Cheerful on my bed of pain.
In the flesh who suffer thus,
Shall be purified from sin,
And the soul renew'd within;
Therefore pain is sent on us.

I commend to Thee my life,
And my body to the cross;
Never let me think it loss
That I thus am freed from strife;
Wholly Thine, my faith is sure,
Whether life or death be mine;
I am safe if I am Thine,
For 'tis Love that makes me pure.

THE LAST DAYS OF BUNYAN.

At the little upper window of that lowly age in Bedford, is to be seen, of an even faint light, casting athwart the curtain a deep shadow, as of a man in deep thought. It is Bunyan, with his Bible, and glowing heart, and his magic pen, "sestering" himself to his "beloved work of ing forth the glories of Immanuel." Night after night his studies are protracted far into morning; for he does not serve the Lord that which costs him nothing. Within sixteen years which elapse betwixt his ration and his death, that midnight lamp witnesses the production of not fewer than fifty-five separate works. During the day hours are occupied with his beloved flock, with his evangelistic wanderings. His iron frame is not what it has been. Twelve years in the "den" have left their traces in a tread less elastic, and in a brow more furrowed, though not less serene. And abundant labours since have not arrested the course of the furrow's deepening line. It is the seed-corn of a great to-morrow which handles, and he may not trifle with his end. And one trial visits him, which goes deeper to his soul than all the rest. It is that "morbid blind one," smitten by the icy finger of death. It is said of the Swiss, by one of his poets,

"That loud torrents and the whirlwind's roar
But blind him to his native mountains more."

Of this afflicted child, because of the very goodness of her lot, her father's heart has been with a most peculiar love. She is sick; and this other self, as she lies there so still, seems to prostrate him at her side. After day, night after night, the harrowed father watches. But she is gone! And oh, what a blank! "In all these dead," says he, "we ourselves die. A part of our life, of our heart, is buried in each of these bodies." The stroke Bunyan never recovers. He seems as if already he were more than half dead. His spirit, too, is trembling for the ark of God. The apostate James has been imbrued in his hands in the blood of God's holiest angels. Argyle has fallen on the scaffold, thanking God that He has supported him so wonderfully. And Rumbold has fallen at his own "blessing God's holy name" that He "given him grace to adhere to His cause on an evil day," and declaring that, "if every member of his head were a man, he would in that peril venture them all." "Deliverance," he had, according to the almost prophetic words of Argyle, pronounced in his closing hours, "is to come in very suddenly;" but the darkness is as yet dark overhead, unrelieved by the silver lining.

In the town of Reading there resides a family bitterly opposed to the work of God. The eldest son has been at Cambridge, and, hearing of the great preacher, has gone one night to listen. Arrested by the word, he has returned to his home "a new man." The father, greatly offended, has determined to disinherit him. Day by day the estrangement grows more painful. At length the thought occurs: "Will not my spiritual father come and mediate? And his prayers, will not they avail?"

Bunyan sets out for Reading, and, having earned the blessing of the peacemaker, he reaches London on his way home. A drenching rain upon the road has brought fits of shivering, and he is taken seriously ill.

From the first a presentiment seizes him that he is nearing the "black river." Calling for pen, ink, and paper, he addresses to his flock a few sentences of parting tenderness. "Thus have I written to you," says he, "before I die, to provoke you to faith and holiness, and to love one another when I am deceased and shall be in paradise, as through grace I comfortably believe."

Already the air of Beulah surrounds him with fragrant breezes. "In heaven," says he to one kind friend who has come to visit him, "we shall find blessings in their purity, without any ingredient to imbitter, with everything to sweeten it. And to another: "Oh, who is able to conceive the inexpressible, inconceivable joys that are there! None but they who have tasted them." And another day thus: "How will the heavens echo for joy when the bride, the Lamb's wife, shall come to dwell with her husband for ever!"

Fever comes on: and in a few more days the "earthly house," enfeebled by so many labours, shall be "dissolved." But his earnest spirit "feels the bottom, and it is good." And so, with

"A heart at leisure from itself,"

he calmly utters, as from the river's furthest bank, sundry parting counsels.

"If you would be better satisfied," says he, "what the beatific vision means, my request is that you would live holily, and go and see."

"Christ," says he, on another occasion, "is the chiefest desire of all nations, the joy of angels, the delight of the Father; what solace, then, must the soul be filled with that hath the possession of Him to all eternity!"

And again: "Before you enter into prayer, ask thy soul these questions: 'To what end, O my soul, art thou retired into this place? Art thou come to converse with the Lord in prayer? Is thy business slight? Is it not concerning the welfare of the soul?'"

In these last hours, this closet-fellowship again and again he urges. "Pray often," he says one morning with great earnestness, "pray often, for prayer is a shield to the soul,

a sacrifice to God, and a scourge to Satan." And an hour or two later: "The spirit of prayer is more precious than thousands of gold and silver." And again thus: "In thy closet consider that thou art but dust and ashes, and He, the great God, Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who 'clothes Himself with light as with a garment;' that thou art but a crawling worm, and He the omnipotent Creator." And still again: "When thou prayest, rather let thy heart be without words, than thy words without heart. And remember," he adds emphatically, "either prayer will make thee cease from sin, or sin will certainly entice thee to cease from prayer."

The agony grows more alarming; and once and again, in the intervals of its feverish paroxysms, his eye is lifted upward, and the whisper is breathed: "Oh to depart and to be with Christ! far, far better!" A few more hours and the longing is granted; he "leaves behind him in the river" his "mortal garment;" and, from the humble dwelling in Snowhill, his great spirit is wafted upwards to "the city beyond the clouds."

It is on the last day of August 1688, and in the sixtieth year of his age.

Reader, look in for a moment after him into that glory whither he is gone! See! the city shines like the sun; its streets are paved with gold; and in them walk many men with crowns on their heads, palms in their hands, and golden harps to praise withal. And yonder he is! the wayworn tinker, not wayworn now! The bells of the city ring again—he is "with the Lord" for ever!

"Servant of God, well done!
Rest from thy loved employ!
The battle's fought, the victory won,
Enter thy Master's joy!"

—*Bailie's Life Studies.*

THE DRESSMAKER AND THE ACTRESS.

BY REV. JAMES SMITH OF CHELTENHAM.

THAT God is the hearer and the answerer of prayer, is very generally admitted; but it is one thing to acknowledge this truth in the general, and another to prove it in our own personal experience. I have just received, in a letter from New York, a very striking case of the power of prayer, and of the way in which God at times proves the consistency of His poor children. It was related at the Fulton Street prayer-meeting, and thus communicated by a godly man who was present. He says, "I went down to the Fulton Street noon-day prayer-meeting yesterday—such seasons of blessedness are not often mine to enjoy—but I was more than repaid for going there: a very remarkable example of simple faith and fidelity, in the person of a poor dressmaker, was related, and you can easily believe that there was not a dry eye in the place. It seems she had been a long time out of em-

ployment, and being brought down to her last shifts, she betook herself to prayer, asking that He who condescended to care for her soul would now in her extremity care for her poor body, and send her some employment before the day was out. About ten o'clock in the morning her prayer was answered, but in such a way as only brought her perplexity and trial. An actress, about to fill a new and closely approaching engagement, bringing with her the materials for her new costumes, entered her apartments, and soliciting her attention, began to give instructions as to the making up, &c. The dressmaker, being exceedingly conscientious as to the purposes for which they would be used, was undecided in her reply. Finally, she told the actress that if she would wait a few minutes, to enable her to consult her Father, she would give her a positive answer. And then and there, in her presence, she bowed her knees, and in audible words addressed the throne of grace. In a few moments the astonished actress was struck with conviction and cried out 'lost! lost!' She flung herself on her knees beside the other in perfect agony of mind. The result was, the order was countermanded, her resolution fixed, never more to appear on the stage, and the engagement consequently broken. In three weeks more her soul was free, her spirit was rejoicing in God her Saviour, and her name was enrolled among the followers of Jesus. It was also stated that legitimate employment offered itself before the day was out."

What a striking instance of the power of prayer! What an illustration of the Lord's Word, "Them that honour me, I will honour."

Reader, do you pray? Do you obtain answers to prayer? Have you a tender conscience, as this poor dressmaker had, who feared to offend God, who habitually consulted the Lord, and who was not ashamed to ask for His direction and guidance before one who came to employ her? Her extremity was God's opportunity. He tried her by poverty, He then put her principles to the test by the offer of questionable employment, and finding her faithful He honoured her in the conversion of the actress, and then gave her such employment as she needed and could approve.

Let the poor apply to the God of providence in their poverty. Let us all get and keep a tender conscience. Let us never be afraid to do the thing that is right, under any circumstances. Let us consult God in all doubtful cases, reading His Word, and applying at His throne. Let us never be ashamed to pray because our fellow-creatures are present. Nor let us fancy that God cannot or will not use us in the conversion of souls because we are poor, illiterate, or hidden from public view. If my reader is not a Christian, I must say, that what the actress felt you must feel. You must feel that you are lost, or you will never

seek a Saviour. In every case where the Spirit of God works in the soul, He convinces of sin, warns of danger, awakens concern for salvation, brings upon the knees before God, and leads to the Lord Jesus Christ for life and peace. Have you been so convinced? Have you been alarmed at your dangerous state as a sinner? Has your whole soul been filled with desires for salvation? Have you been brought upon your knees before God in private, to confess your sins, and cry for mercy? Have you fled to the Lord Jesus Christ for life and salvation? If you have, you will be saved; but if you have not, we beseech you to think of your dangerous state, and before you do any other thing, go, fall upon your knees, and cry to God for mercy. There is salvation in the Lord Jesus for such as you. His precious blood will cleanse you from all sin. His Holy Spirit will sanctify your depraved nature, and fit you for heaven. In one word, seek to obtain the salvation that is in Christ, and you will be happy now and happy for evermore. God will be your Father; the Lord Jesus will be your Friend; the Holy Spirit will be your Comforter; and heaven will be your final home.

"THEY HAD A MIND TO WORK."

A GREAT object was to be accomplished. The walls of Jerusalem had been broken down, and were in heaps. The city lay waste, the gates had been burned with fire, and desolation had laid its seal upon her palaces, her sacred places, and her forsaken streets. The chosen city was in ruin. Her children had been taken captive, and were exiles in a land of strangers, of idolatry, and of bondage. Alas for Jerusalem! Oh! daughters of the sacred city, take your harps, and sit down by the waters of Babylon, and weep over the desolation of your beloved Zion!

But some of the servants of God were stirred with zeal to see the walls rebuilt, and the beauty of Jerusalem restored, and the glory of the temple once more revealed, and they returned to their places, and called upon the people to set themselves about this great work. The appeal of these leaders was heard. They assembled with their weapons and tools, one half working, and the other half watching for defence; while they that were on the wall worked with one hand, and they that bare burdens worked with one hand, holding a weapon in the other. With one consent they united in the labour of restoring Jerusalem to her former beauty.

"The people had a mind to work." The zeal and enthusiasm was not confined to a few priests or rulers. The hope of seeing the beloved Zion shine again in its glory was not confined to a few leaders, but it animated every heart. The people were united in the effort. It was a great work. Union, strength,

mutual encouragement, and relief, were required to carry it forward and complete it. Every man was needed at his post of duty, to perform his allotted task. There was something for all to do. They were equal to the demand made upon them. They were all at work, and they strengthened their hands for its accomplishment.

It was a great work. They were building the walls of their beloved city—they were once more endeavouring to restore the beauty of Zion. The hands of the idolater and world-worshipper had destroyed it; the feet of the alien had trodden it down. Its loveliness had long lain in desolation, and the songs that had been sung there were heard in mournful cadences along the banks of the far-off rivers, where the captive daughters wept when they who had laid the holy places waste called on them for songs. But now Zion was to rise again from the dust. It was a good work, and worthy of all their zeal.

There was an emergency. The time and the labour, as well as the object, admitted of no delay. Great effort, industry, and promptitude, were required to ensure its completion. The difficulty of the work itself was great, but there were many extraordinary obstacles. They had strong prejudices to contend against. They were surrounded and watched by wily and dangerous enemies, who would resist their work by all the means in their power. They were compelled, therefore, to work under arms, in a state of preparation for instant defence, in case of attack. Not only their Zion, but their own persons were in danger. They were compelled to keep watch over their own lives, and allow no sudden surprise of the enemy to find them unprepared.

They wore an appointed armour. They used the weapons which were the best calculated for service in the hour of peril. They were ready to fall into line, and rally at the sound of alarm, and give battle with tried armour, whenever the hour should come. These weapons were a reliance to them. Not only the command of God, and the honour of His name, but the purpose in which they were engaged, made them strong; and, relying upon these, they could trust their weapons in the day of battle.

So should it be now with every church and every Christian. "The people had a mind to work," and the people should now be of the same mind. We have a beloved Zion to beautify and adorn. We are surrounded with spiritual enemies. We must work, and yet bear our arms in our hands; to be ready, clothed with the whole armour of God, to resist the attacks of every foe, and to continue at the post of duty till Zion shall put on her strength, and conflict shall cease in victory.

ZEAL AND KNOWLEDGE.—Young zeal, and old knowledge, make that Christian both happy and useful in whom they meet.—*Russell.*

OFFICES OF THE HOLY SPIRIT.

It is the office of the Holy Ghost to assure us of our adoption as sons, to create within us a sense of the paternal love of God towards us, and to give us an earnest of our everlasting inheritance. As, therefore, we are born again of the Spirit, and receive from Him our regeneration, so we are also assured by the same Spirit of our adoption, and because, being sons, we are also heirs, heirs with God, and joint-heirs with Christ by the same Spirit, we have the pledge, or rather the earnest of our inheritance.—*Bishop Pearson.*

The witness of the Spirit is a thing that we cannot express; a certain inexpressible assurance that we are the children of God: a certain secret manifestation that God hath received us, and put away our sins. No one knows it but they that have it. I confess it is a wondrous thing, and if there were not some Christians that did feel it and know it, you might believe there was no such a thing; but it is certain there is a generation of men that know what the seal of the Lord is.—*Preston.*

The testimony of the Spirit is immediate, by His secret influence upon the heart, quieting and calming all distrust and diffidence concerning its condition, by His own immediate power. Fear is banished by a soft whisper from the Spirit of God in the heart; and this in such a way that, though the spirit of man is calmed by it, yet it cannot tell how it comes to pass.—*Simon Ford.*

AN ALLEGORY.

LONG ago there lived a priest who was often heard in the evenings to complain of great weariness and pain. His bishop once asked him the cause of his complaints. "Alas!" answered he, "I have every day so much to do. I have two falcons to tame, two hares to keep from running away, two hawks to manage, a serpent to confine, a lion to chain, and a sick man to tend and wait upon." "Why," this is only folly," said the bishop; "no man has all these things to do at once." "Yet, indeed," he answered, "it is with me as I have said. The two falcons are my eyes, which I must diligently guard, lest anything should please them which may be hurtful to my salvation; the two hares are my feet, which I must hold back, lest they should run after evil objects, and walk in the ways of sin; the two hawks are my hands, which I must train and keep to work, in order that I may be able to provide for myself and for my brethren who are in need; the serpent is my tongue, which I must always keep in with a bridle, lest it should speak anything unseemly; the lion is my heart, with which I have to maintain a continual fight, in order that pride and vanity may not fill it, but that the grace of

God may dwell and work there; the sick man is my own body, which is now hot, now cold, hungry, thirsty, feeble, sick—in short, ever needing my watchfulness and care. All this daily wears out my strength." The bishop listened with wonder, and then said, "Dear brother, if all men laboured and struggled after this manner, the times would be better, and more according to the will of God."

THE BELIEVER LOOKING TO CHRIST.

"WHOM have I in heaven but thee? and there is none upon earth that I desire beside thee." (Ps. lxxiii. 25.) We have here the believer looking up to heaven, looking abroad on the earth, looking unto himself and into his own heart, and finding nothing—nothing he can delight in, and nothing he can trust to, but One, his God and Saviour: God as He has revealed himself in the person of His well-beloved Son. And then we have the believer, with this blessed object in view, turning eyes backward, and retracing his course—Christ in his heart and in his thoughts, Christ in the world, and Christ even in heaven—even in the possession of ten thousand times more than heart can conceive—still Christ, his portion, his all, and all he desires for ever.—*Rev. T. G. Ragland to the Rev. H. Venn.*

ENCOURAGEMENT.

O BELIEVER, hidden in the cleft Rock, abide in Him. As the sky darkens around you, hide deeper in Him. It is only for a short time; one dark, dark cloud, and eternal sunshine beyond—one wild wave of vengeance, and an unbounded ocean of glory.—*McCheyne.*

A man's house should be on the hill-top of cheerfulness and serenity, so high that no shadows rest upon it, and where the morning comes so early, and the evening tarries so late, and the day has twice as many golden hours as those of other men. He is to be pitied whose house is in some valley of grief between the hills, with the longest night and the shortest day. Home should be the centre of joy, equatorial and tropical.

Death is only death as viewed from the earthly side; as viewed from the heavenly side, it is birth.

The trouble you dread may never come; and if it does, its character may be so changed by the time it reaches you, that you may not dread it; or you may be raised above it; so that it may pass away without much affecting you.

Small troubles are frequently the greatest trials, because we endeavour to bear them alone.

Pages for the Young.

PITY CONQUERING FEAR.

BY MRS J. D. C.

A MOST unlovely trait in the young and happy that sarcasm which aims its cruel shafts at the aged and the poor, the imbecile and the deformed. Yet often is this weapon placed in the little hand, even in the nursery, and perforce sharpened and poisoned by a mother's aid.

How many a naturally tender-hearted child, having been repeatedly threatened with a visit from a crazy man, or with being given away to an old lame beggar, has its pity toward the fortunate turned into hate!

Of all the scenes of childhood, none shines more brightly, as the distance widens, than as the one of which we are about to write. It lay in a far-off village. The old church with its broad dimensions stood on the little triangular green, and its lofty spire seemed, to our trained eye, to reach almost to the moon, which shed its pale, solemn light on the countless panes. Directly opposite was the cottage sonage, surrounded by a white fence, and hidden by tangled masses of honeysuckle and wild-brier. The large garden was separated from the road by a common stone wall.

Three sisters and a gentle little friend, Mary—were at our wonted play one Saturday afternoon upon a rock near the house, our favorite resort. How like a picture in fairy-land does that old, moss-grown rock even now appear! The sun was shedding its wondrous light on the church windows, which reflected its glory on tree, stream, and meadow.

An old man, with a heavy oaken staff, came wily up the road, and halting before us, leaned wearily upon the stone wall. The wind stirred the white locks over his high, pale brow, and his bright, restless eye darted from object to another with a wildness which alarmed us, we knew not why.

"It is Jim Brown," quietly said our little friend. "Poor old man! he is crazy."

We had never seen a deranged person before; the fame of this old man's ferocious attacks on certain boys had reached our ears, and we were terror-stricken. With white lips, we proposed a retreat to "mother's room," a place sacred, to childhood's trusting heart, seems beyond the reach of danger. But little Mary objected, saying—

"It is cruel to be afraid and run away, when I am talking to us."

And she replied to all his vague questions with as much calmness in her blue eye as if there were no such word as *fear*.

"If you pity such people," she continued, "you will never need to fear them. This old man is poor because some one cheated him out of his property. Then his wife and his

children died; and after a long time of trouble and sickness, he became crazy, and now wanders about from town to town perfectly harmless."

"Oh," we replied, "he throws stones at the boys, does he not?"

"He is always kind to *good children*," responded Mary, "and sometimes gives them the wild-flowers and the grapes which he gathers in his walks. But if boys throw stones at him, or steal away his hat and cane, he turns upon them. See—I'm not afraid."

And descending from the rock, she went to the wall and gave him a large pear which she had just picked. He took it in one hand, and laying the other on her sunny head, the poor old wanderer said, in a tremulous voice,—

"God bless you, my good little child!—may you never live to be old and homeless!"

As Mary regained her seat beside us, the old man called out to know if this was the minister's garden. On being told that it was, he laid his folded arms on the wall, and leaning over, sang in a wild tone the following lines of that beautiful hymn:—

"The Lord into His garden cometh,
The spices yield a rich perfume,
The lilies grow and thrive."

And then taking up his rude staff, he walked on, the echo of his singing coming back to us as he rose above the distant hill.

That little incident was never erased from our minds; the memory of those simple teachings presenting thoughts of pity and love for such unfortunates, long after many a wiser one had been received into the heart. The spectacle of a demented fellow-creature, to this day, awakens the tenderest compassion in our breasts. But had little Mary shrunk in fear from that poor man—had she repeated the stories of his furious passion and his wild mirth—a corresponding impression would have been left indelibly upon our excited imaginations.

As for Mary, our gentle, fearless little teacher, the blessing of the stricken fell upon her bright head; nor was it long in coming. Soon we played upon the rock alone. She was gone to the home of love. She can never now be old nor homeless.

Oh for more such gentle teachings, that childhood might be saved from the anguish of fear, and the unfortunate from ridicule and scorn!

DO YOU WANT A BOY, SIR?

"Do you want a boy, sir?" said George, a little urchin, scarcely eight years old, to a spruce-looking clerk in a large shop.

"Want a boy? Why, who wants to be hired?" asked the clerk, looking with a puzzled glance at the little applicant.

"I do, sir," replied George.

"Look here, gentlemen," cried the young man, speaking to his fellow-clerks; "here is a regular Goliath seeking work. Wants to be a porter, I suppose. Look at him. Isn't he a strapper?"

The clerks gathered in great glee about poor George, who stood full of earnest purpose before them, and was therefore unconscious of any reason why he should be made an object of sport.

"What can you do?" asked one.

"You can post books, of course?" said another.

"Carry a bale of goods on your shoulders, eh?" cried a third.

"Hush, young gentlemen," said the elderly book-keeper at the desk, after viewing George through his spectacles. "Hush! don't make sport of the child. Let me talk to him." Then speaking to George in kindly tones, he said, "You are too young to be hired, my child. Who sent you here?"

"I came myself, sir. My father and mother are gone to heaven. My aunt is poor, and I want to earn something to help her. I am very strong, sir, and will work very hard. Won't you please to hire me?"

This simple story, told in a way that shewed how earnest the boy was, not only checked the sport of the spruce clerks, but brought tears to their eyes. They looked on the delicate child before them with pity and respect, and one of them placing a shilling on the desk, asked the rest to follow his example. They did so. He then took the money, and offered it to George, saying—

"You are too small to be of any use here, my good boy. But take this money, and when you have grown a bit, perhaps we may find something for you to do."

George looked at the money, without offering to touch it.

"Why don't you take the money?" asked the clerk.

"If you please, sir, I am not a beggar boy," said George; "I only want to earn something to help to pay my aunt for keeping me."

"You are a noble little fellow," said the senior clerk. "We give you the money not because we think you a beggar, but because we like your spirit. Such a boy as you will never be a beggar. Take the money, my boy, and may God give you and your aunt better days."

George now took the money, put it carefully into his pocket, and left the shop. His aunt, needy as she was, could not help laughing when he told her this story, and the chiding she gave him for going in search of work without her counsel was not very severe, you may feel assured.

I like George's spirit in this affair. It was noble, brave, and self-reliant beyond his years. *It was the spirit that makes poor boys grow*

into useful and successful men. It made George do this, for in after-years that little boy became a noted artist, whose praise was spoken by many tongues. All children should cherish a desire to do all they can for themselves, and to support themselves by their own labour as early as possible. Those who lean on father and mother for everything will find it hard work to get along alone by and by, as they may have to do when their parents die; while those who early learn to rely upon themselves will have little difficulty in earning their own living. Learn, therefore, my children, to help yourselves—always minding to do so under the advice and with the consent of your parents or guardians.—*Sunday-School Advocate.*

THE "GUEST'S" BIBLE QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNG.

WHERE is a pen first mentioned in the Bible?

Who wished that "his enemy had written a book?"

Where are pen and ink spoken of?

Whose sin is said to be written with a pen of iron?

Where do we read of "a book of remembrance?"

Whose names are recorded there?

In what book of the Bible does the name of God nowhere occur?

What lessons concerning God's providence does it plainly teach?

What do the "heavens declare?"

Of what is the "merchandise better than silver?"

For what were the Bereans commended?

By what is all "Scripture given?"

For what is it profitable?

Who read a prophecy concerning Christ, while riding in his chariot?

What are said of those who add to or take from the words of a certain prophecy?

What is the closing invitation of the Bible?

Have you accepted it?

ANSWERS TO "BIBLE QUESTIONS" FOR THE YOUNG.

No. 31.—Gen. xiv. 14.—Gen. xxx. 28.—Gen. xxiv. 24.—2 Kings v. 13.—2 Kings xi. 27.—2 Chron. ix. 7.—Matt. xxvi. 51.—Luke vii. 2.—John ii. 5.—Luke xv. 25, 26.—Philemon.—2 Sam. xii. 18.—Dan. xii. 26.—Dan. xii. 26.—Phil. ii. 7.—Eph. vi. 5, 6.

No. 34.—Gen. ii. 21.—Gen. xxviii. 11.—Psalm cxxi. 4.—1 Kings xix. 5.—1 Sam. xxvi. 12.—1 Sam. iii. 4.—Acts xvi. 27.—1 Kings iii. 20.—Acts xii. 6.—Psalm xc. 45.—Psalm cxxxiii. 4.—Acts xx. 9.—Acts xx. 9.—Luke xxii. 45.—John xi. 11; Mark v. 39.—1 Thess. iv. 4.



A FAMILY MAGAZINE FOR SUNDAY READING.

REVISED BY THE REV. NORMAN M'LEOD, D.D., GLASGOW.

WEEKLY NOS. ONE HALFPENNY.]

[MONTHLY PARTS, THREPPENCE.

TEARS AND SHEAVES.

THERE are great promises connected with personal effort to win souls to Christ. First of all, for its combination of place and grace, is that precious passage in the Psalms, "He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bearing his sheaves with him." How full of sweet encouragement is this! Whole sheaves of souls shall the man bring with him, to present before the Saviour in glory, whose life has been a faithful sowing of this precious seed. Sheaves and tears! This kind of spiritual husbandry is exceeding profitable; there is no kind of labour on earth that yields so rich a return. Nor is it subject to any of the uncertainties of an ordinary harvest. The season itself may be unfavourable or unfruitful; there may be severe frosts or parching droughts; there may be high winds and desolating tempests; yet the final profitable result is not to be doubted.

He shall *doubtless* come again with rejoicing. There is no *perhaps* about the matter; he shall *doubtless* come. And he shall come with *rejoicing*. He *would* come with rejoicing, even if no sheaves were gathered; for all labour done for Christ is infinitely precious, and shall have a rejoicing reward. And so said the prophet Isaiah, when sadly he was bemoaning that he had laboured in vain, and spent his strength for nought; he said suddenly, by the impulse of the Divine Spirit, "Though Israel be not gathered, yet shall I be glorious in the eyes of the Lord, and my God shall be my strength." And to this answers the apostle, "We are unto God a sweet savour of Christ," whether the sheaves be gathered or not. He shall be glorified, and we shall rejoice. Yea, there is joy in this very business of weeping and sowing; there is great joy; and when a Christian returns from it, though he bring not a single ear of corn, nor a single grain of wheat with him,

and much less a cart pressed down with sheaves, yet in his own spirit he shall rejoice. If the seed sown does not bring forth fruit in others, yet doubtless it shall be in his own soul; it shall cause him to rejoice in the peaceable fruits of righteousness; it shall be in him joy unspeakable and full of glory.

This is fruit for Christ, and a ground of joy and glory in the Christian, though never a seed that he has sown should sprout or take root, or come up into a harvest in the souls where he has sown it. This is fruit for Christ, the very labour he has entered on, and a blessed exercise to his own spiritual being; the animation and the blessedness of which shall cause him to rejoice with new life in his own soul, and to bless God that he was ever led to undertake such labours. It is such labours that keep the soul alive, that keep the fountain of love and joy unchecked and open, fresh and sparkling in the soul. Such labours are necessary to preserve the spiritual being from stagnation, from palsy, from death. Therefore, this personal effort for Christ would make the soul of the Christian rejoice, though he should see in other souls no result whatever from his labours.

But the promise not only has a *doubtless* and a *rejoicing* in it, but the mention of *sheaves*, a bringing of sheaves. It cannot fail; such labours shall not be undertaken in vain. There shall be fruit in the souls of others; souls shall be brought to Christ; and he that enters on these faithful labours, and perseveres in them, shall *doubtless* be the honoured instrument in bringing *many* souls to Christ. He shall bring his sheaves, whole sheaves. As in the time of harvest, men, women, and children follow the carts, laughing, and shouting, and singing, so there shall be singing in his soul when the harvest is gathered in. Then, he that reapeth and he that soweth shall rejoice together. "Here, Lord, am I, and the children whom Thou hast

given me! Lord, Thy pound hath gained ten pounds! Lord, I sowed but ears of wheat, and here are sheaves of glory!" It was Paul that planted, and Apollos that watered, but God only that gave, or could give, the increase.

As to the matter of promise and encouragement, then, there is plenty of it. But it is worthy of special remark that it is made only to labours conducted in a certain way; a certain *kind* of sowing is requisite, as well as the right kind of seed. The seed, it is very clear, must be the Word of God; thence alone springs up the harvest of holiness, salvation, and eternal blessedness. The seed is the Word, the field is the world, and they that sow are Christians, at least if they sow aright. But a man may sow other things besides the Word; and if he does, then the sheaves will not follow. Just as a man may build, even on the foundation of Christ, wood, hay, and stubble, or gold, silver, and precious stones; but when the day of trial comes, all this stubble-work will be burned, and if he himself is saved, yet it shall be so as by fire. Just so, a man may sow other seed besides the Word of God,—he may sow seed that shall produce cockles and darnel, instead of sheaves of wheat; but this stubble shall be burned, and well for the sower if he escape burning with it. Let him see that he takes good seed; that by and by, if he see the tares, he may be able to say, "Lord, did not I sow good seed in thy field? From whence then hath it tares? Ah! an enemy hath done this!" Well then, see that *you* do not do it. See that you sow *good* seed, and let the enemy have all the sowing of the tares to himself; and he shall reap the consequences.

Besides this, take care that you not only sow good seed, but that you sow that seed aright. You have different soils to encounter. When God's preparatory providence, like an inundation of the Nile, has been softening the souls of men, and preparing their hearts for the seed, you may sow broadcast, and it will take root; you have just to scatter your seed, and it is done. The sun will ripen it, for the ground is soft, and rich, and moist.

But where the soil is hard, it will never do for you to throw your seed in a careless manner, and then hasten on. You must stop to see that it is in the earth; you must sow it at a proper depth, taking time, if need be, to open the furrow and put in the seed, and carefully cover it over; otherwise, the moment you turn to go, the fowls of the air come and devour it. Some Christians sow the Word, if at all, very superficially. They sow it merely in the dust of the streets, as it were, and do not put it into the soil; and so the wind blows it away. We love to see a Christian sowing *heartily*, thoroughly, patiently, thinking not so much of the extent of ground he goes over, as of the thoroughness of *his* work. We love to see him put the

seed deep, and see that it has a resting-place, so that when he turns to go, he may say to himself, "There! that is safe; neither the fowls can get it, nor the wind take it, nor the devil find it." The Lord, if He please, can bless that Word, and make it grow; for it is neither on stony places, nor by the wayside, but in the earth of the man's heart. There is great blessedness in sowing seed in this manner. Harlan Page, if we mistake not, was such a sower of seed.

But there is a more important point still. The sowing must be done with *weeping*: "He that goeth forth and *weepeth*, bearing precious seed." Ah, this is a great point indeed—a great matter. This is where we are all deficient. The want of this weeping is the reason for so little reaping, the reason why there seems to be so much sowing without any sheaves. Almost all the failures of a harvest are owing to this; not owing so much to bad seed, or stony ground, or the fowls of the air, or the devil himself, as this want of weeping on the part of the sower. Satan does not need to weep when he sows *his* seed; for there will be tears enough when it grows, and tears on account of its growing—yes, there will be weeping, and wailing, and gnashing of teeth. But Satan's seed will spring and grow *without* weeping; it will grow, too, in *any* soil, in hard hearts, in stony places, in ground all covered with weeds, in the midst of nettles and poisons—nay, if he sow it in the midst of corn and wheat, it will grow. No weeping is needed to make it sprout.

But the *good* seed needs *weeping*. Satan's weeping comes *after* his sowing; but the Christian's weeping must go *before* his, and must go *with* his good seed into the furrows. If every seed he sows, a tear is dropped with it, that seed will grow. Yes, if he is so full of weeping as he goes, that his tears almost blind him, so that he can scarcely see where he sows, so much the better; his seed will take root and spring forth, and bear fruit, some thirty-fold, some sixty, some an hundred. There will be great sheaves from such weeping and sowing, sowing and weeping.

"I saw in seed-time," says quaint old Thomas Fuller, "a husbandman at plough in a very rainy day. Asking him the reason why he would not rather leave off than labour in such foul weather, his answer was returned me in their country rhyme—

"Sow beans in the mud,
And they'll come up like a wood."

This reminded him of David's expression, "They that sow in tears shall reap in joy;" and also of the sheaves and the weeping, whereon it is a good comment. But it is more important that it be a rainy time in the heart of the sower than in the soil where the sower is dropping his seed, though this too is often the cause of a great harvest. But God has promised the *early* and the *latter*

rain, if His children will, on their part, go forth weeping, bearing precious seed. Where there is weeping in the sower, God will rain upon the fields.

This weeping spirit is in the sight of God of great price. He tells the house of Jacob, when He is going greatly to bless them, that they shall come with weeping, and with supplications will He lead them. "The children of Israel shall come, they and the children of Judah together, going and weeping; they shall go, and seek the Lord their God." "He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him." Let the Christians in our churches set themselves to this blessed personal labour.

Let the connexion between weeping and praying be remembered. Weeping leads the heart to prayer; for what a man feels interested enough in to weep concerning it, he feels interest enough to pray concerning it. Besides, this weeping spirit is the fruit of praying, of praying much and with great importunity. He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, is a man of prayer. Of Jacob's prevalence it is said, he "*wept* and made supplication." There never was, nor can be, this weeping in such a cause without prayer; and fervent prayer at any time is very apt to be attended with weeping. So much the better if it is. "It may be," said David, "that God will look upon my tears." And God said to Hezekiah, "I have heard thy prayer, I have seen thy tears." Above all, comes up the great example of our Lord, whose "prayers and supplications" were with "strong crying and tears." C.

DO NOT BE HURRIED.

BY REV. DR MALAN, GENEVA.

AFTER my dinner, in one of those pretty villages which embellish the mountains of Switzerland, I was slowly rambling along the cottages, now and then stopping to a basket-maker, and looking at his dexterity, or to females twisting the white straws of a hat, and addressing, occasionally, some words of affection and piety, when I passed by the workshop of a smith, who just was forging a piece of iron.

The workman, of a young and attractive appearance, bowed to me; and I felt desirous to ask from him that he would before me solder some steel with iron, and make of it a tool, which I should take with me, and use afterwards, as a remembrance of his kindness.

Immediately, and with some cordial smiling, the young man picked some iron out of a bundle, and choosing also a small bolt of German steel, he prepared them at his forge; and when he saw their welding heat, he united them in one and the same stick; and, after two or three heats more, he finished,

tempered, and softened the tool, which he presented to me, saying, "You see, sir, that in this work the chiefest thing is not to be hurried."

I had, indeed, paid a great attention to all his successive proceedings, and I had constantly remarked both his diligence and his patience. He recalled therefore to my mind what says the Apostle Paul to his son Timothy, "Consider the husbandman;" and especially these words of St James, "Be patient; as the husbandman, who waiteth until he receive the early and latter rain" (2 Tim. i. 6; James v. 7); and wishing, if God would grant it, to be useful to my kind teacher, and, if I may say so, to solder more and more his soul with the gospel of grace, I told him, "So does, indeed, our God work in us. He never is in a hurry, though wonderfully diligent; and, making use of patience with us, He repeats the heatings—for our hearts are very hard and reluctant—and at length He finishes the tool. Do you understand that simile?"

Smith, smiling.—Oh yes, sir! You speak of the patience of God toward us. . . . But, allow me to say, that sometimes His work is very, very slow. At least, I feel it for myself.

Traveller.—Shall I say to you the cause of it?

Smith.—Pray, sir, will it be really profitable to me?

Traveller.—The reason of that slackness is not in God's lenitude, but it is entirely in your natural impatience. Do not be hurried in your religion, and be sure that you will see that God is an active operator. It is our own ignorance and feebleness which makes us impatient; then, that impatience, unbelievers; and then, through that unbelief, opposed to God's work in us.

The smith was standing before his anvil, with a mall in his hand; but he laid the hammer on the anvil, looking to me in silence, and with all the attitude of a deep attention.

"Look," said I, "to the ways of your performance of this instrument—how you have first chosen and disposed the two metals; then, how you have heated them, first gently, then more highly, then more and more, but always by degrees, till you have seen them both in the proper condition.

"Look, also, at your manner of treating them with your hammer; and how you have beaten them at once in the convenient place, and quickly, though with moderation—so much as to have positively forged them only, after their being soldered and melted together. Had you been at first in a hurry, you would have either burned, or rather parched the steel, or too much lessened, and, as it were, meagred the iron, and your work would have been altogether lost.

"And suppose, now, that the two metals, or one of them only, being sensible, would have said to you, 'Make haste, master! Let two or three touches be sufficient. Why so

many goings to the fire? Why your cautions? Why your waitings? Haste! Hurry, if you please! Do you think that you, a master of forge, and knowing as you do how to deal with steel and iron, would have listened to such entreaties, and agreed, for their satisfaction, to alter your successive and prudent proceedings?"

The smith was caught by my questions; and when, from a simile, I passed to the declarations of the Scripture, and especially when I quoted and explained those words of Isaiah, "God doth instruct the plowman to discretion; for he is wonderful in counsel, and excellent in working" (xxviii. 23-29), the workman was really moved, and said, "How beautiful is that! How marvellous is the Lord's work! Who does enough think and consider of it?"

"You understand, therefore," said I, "that in the same way, if these metals had resisted to your hand, they would have, by their very resistance, hindered their formation. So, my friend, it is most likely your want of docility to God's work in your soul, and really your natural, if not self-conceited impatience, which is the only and true cause of that slackness which you may sometimes reproach to God's dealings. Begin, therefore, by believing submissively that God, who has revealed to your soul His eternal love in Jesus, is, in mean time, the all-wise Manager of your sanctification; and so grant Him to know how to lead you here by gentle attractions; there, by more impressive efficacies of His Spirit; or now, by the fire of a furnace, as speaks St Peter, when he mentions the trial or essay of our faith; or, at other times, by the tempered blows of a light hammer—I mean by corrective circumstances, and always (mind really this!), yea, always in His merciful plan of preparing your soul for heaven—and when you have humbly agreed with God's wisdom and charity, that you will wait for His own season, you will cease altogether from being impatient and in your own hurry; and, as says the Lord Jesus, 'You will bring forth your fruit with patience.'" (Luke viii. 15.) The smith bowed to me with respectful thanks; and to-day, when I use *his* tool, I remember, for myself before God, that "I must not be hurried."

THE BIBLE ON PHYSICAL SCIENCE.

THE first fact that arrests attention is the remarkable reticency of the Bible on the whole subject of physical science—its dignified reserve and taciturnity—its forbearance to philosophise—its profound, and, as we may say, most impressive silence, on all the questions and theories of natural science.

The wonder is not that the sacred writers have given us nothing as to the true theory of the universe; for that they could not

know without a special revelation, and it was no part of Divine inspiration to reveal it; but the surpassing wonder is, that they should have abstained from giving us anything that is false—abstained from giving any theory at all.

For whilst they were writing the Bible, the world was full of all sorts of systems and philosophies—full of magicians, and astrologers, and theorists about the heavens and the earth—full of cosmogonists, and fabled oracles, and pretended divinities, peopling all the woods, and fields, and waters. And yet, the sacred writers have steered their way through all these wonders of the times, and have not, in a single line, committed themselves to one of the multiplied absurdities that crowd all their contemporaneous writings. Amidst all these sophists and idolaters they stood, and wrote their sublime history, in such a way, that the pure current of their narrative rolled on, from beginning to end, uncontaminated by any of the systems of four thousand years.

"The Hebrew language," as used in the Old Testament, says Herder, "contains more than two hundred and fifty distinct botanical terms." And yet the Bible does not teach any system of Botany. It gives us no system of Astronomy, and yet it is constantly speaking of the heavenly bodies, from the sun shining in his strength, and rejoicing as a strong man to run a race, to the faintest star that peepeth through the eyelids of the evening twilight. It treats not of Animal Physiology, and yet it describes the varied parts and functions of our "fearfully and wonderfully made" animal frame, from the "blood which is the life thereof," to the very hairs of our heads. It has nothing to do with Geology as a science, and yet it tells of uplifted floods, and heaving mountains, and rending rocks, and submerged continents, and is ever speaking of the hills and waters in their endless phenomena. It contains no system of Zoology, and yet it describes all kinds of breathing things, from the leviathan of the seas to the lion of the forest; and from the lion down to the moth upon our garments. It makes no pretensions to a system of Natural History, and yet it contains accurate accounts, so far as they go, both of the flora and the fauna of all the ancient countries bordering the Mediterranean, from the cedar of Lebanon to the hyssop on the wall, and from the ostrich of the desert to the sparrow that falleth to the ground.

It gives us no explanation, no theory, no system, and scarcely any classification. While, however, it gives us little classification on any subject, it gives us facts on almost all—facts and phenomena, true to life and nature, because attested by the senses of eye and ear witnesses, and then recorded by the pen of inspiration. It transmits its record of facts, leaving us to dispose of them as we may.

in the light of advancing knowledge; just as the medical philosopher disposes of the facts which were observed and recorded by Hippocrates, in Greece, some two thousand years ago.

Says an eminent British naturalist: "The intention of Scripture is not scientific description; yet, where we can now ascertain the true meaning of the text, the imagery drawn from Natural History is always forcible, correct, and effective, even where it treats the subject under the conditions of the contemporary popular belief." And one of the ablest American authorities, Lieutenant Maury, is reported to have remarked recently in a public lecture, that "in his investigations of science, he had always found that whenever he could meet with anything in the Bible on the subject, it afforded him a firm platform."

Now, few persons are aware of the frequency and fulness with which the Bible has spoken on many of the visible phenomena of the natural world. For instance, unusual as such words would seem to be, and remote from its common topics, it has mentioned "snow" and "frost," in more than thirty passages, and the "stars" in more than forty. But whenever it has spoken, whether little or much, its statements are remarkable alike for their accuracy as to facts, and their freedom from anything like theorising.

You know how full the Bible is of references and allusions to the healing art—how it describes diseases and the remedies for disease. Yet has it uttered no oracle, committed itself to no dogma, as to any system or science of medicine. And here we may be allowed to mention a singular and curious fact which has not often been noticed. It is this: although the Bible speaks of so many diseases, and remedies for disease—so many outward applications for the body in disease, such as the washings and sprinklings for the leprosy, the balm of Gilead, the plaster of figs in Hezekiah's case, the oil and wine of the good Samaritan, the water and clay of our Saviour's miraculous cures, and even the leaves of the tree for the healing of the nations, still there is not one recorded case of a remedy for disease, taken internally, in all the book. No, not a single instance of any medicine being administered, that had to be swallowed. Strange as it may appear, to us who are accustomed to live on medicine, from Genesis to Revelation, there is not one, unless that be an exception, in which the apostle prescribes to Timothy a "little wine for his stomach's sake and his often infirmities."

But to pass on; these illustrations are sufficient to shew with what fulness and minuteness the Bible has spoken of the facts of nature, without broaching any theory of nature

In view, then, of this fulness on all the visible phenomena of nature, how do you account for this profound silence—this apparently guarded reticency of the Bible as to any theory or explanation of nature? How is it that speaking so fully and dwelling so long in the midst of all the wonders of which our modern science treats, the Bible has never trespassed on one foot of the ground which modern science has claimed as her own?

To us there is but one solution. It is because there was a superhuman, a Divine intelligence, ever present to superintend and to guide the pen of the sacred writers, as active and as potent in preserving them from what was false in science, as in giving them what was true in religion. So that the very silence of the Bible on all questions of physical science may be regarded as one of its internal evidences—as an unanswerable argument for its Divine inspiration. And on this point we may adopt the striking remarks of Trench in reference to another subject:—"Nor is it only what Scripture says, but its very silence which is instructive for us. It was said by one wise man of another, that more might be learned from his questions, than from another man's answers. With yet higher truth might it be said, that the silence of Scripture is oftentimes more instructive than the speech of other books; so that it has been likened to a dial, in which the shadow, as well as the light, informs us."

"THE LORD THINKETH FOR ME"

Few men have known how to make nature minister to faith and thanksgiving and joy better than Luther. Once on a journey, says Michelet, while he was passing a fine, rich grain-field, he broke out into a kind of rapturous thanksgiving to God, saying, "Oh, how good art Thou to us, unthankful and evil!" &c. When seated at his table one day, he noticed the keen and eager looks with which his children were eyeing a dish of sliced and sweetened peaches on the table, (a thing to make a boy's mouth water, or a man's either,) and said—"See, now, I pray you, the assurance of hope set forth in the longing looks of those dear children."

Seeing one of his boys ordering about a powerful dog, and handling him as dogs will let nobody but boys handle them, Luther said—"That boy shews forth the law of God in his words and actions. God gave to man dominion over the creatures, and see him exercise it over an animal ten times as strong as himself. And how patiently the dog bears his little orders and buffetings!"

But the most beautiful incident of the kind related of this great-minded and simple-hearted man, (at least so it seems to us,) is the following:—Looking out of his window, one

summer evening, he saw on a tree at hand, a little bird, making his brief and easy dispositions for a night's rest. "Look," said he, "how that little fellow preaches faith to us all! He takes hold of his twig, tucks his head under his wing, and goes to sleep, leaving God to think for him!"

It was indeed a beautiful, most beautiful thought. And how happy beyond all riches and greatness is the mind which receives such impressions from nature, which can see and hear the great God in so little a thing as a bird going to roost on the twig of a tree! How wonderful and blessed that talisman which can thus turn the material into the spiritual, the earthly into heavenly, the little into the great, the sublime, the divine! "I have meat to eat," said the Saviour, "which ye know not of." And he who has this "mind that was in Christ," can say, "I have teachers, preachers, counsellors, books, companions, which ye know not of." To such a mind the world is a great library, every leaf of which is fraught with delight and wisdom—a boundless vista of pictures, every glance at which reveals some matchless touch of the Divine Artist—of Him who paints as man never painted. We have vainly sought through the bewildering alcoves of the Bodleian, and the priceless art-treasures of the Louvre, for such thoughts and emotions as have come to us unbidden in a simple forest walk, a little coasting voyage of an afternoon among the sporades of Long Island Sound, or a look at the heavens.

It was a beautiful thought of Luther's. But it was not original with him. Some three thousand years before his time, a suffering soul had found comfort in the thought, "The Lord thinketh for me." "I am poor and needy, but the Lord thinketh for me,"—(Ps. xl. 17)—"thinketh *upon* me," as our translators render it; but let any one look at the Hebrew preposition and compare its sense in Ps. civ. 1, li. 10, xcvi. 6, and Isa. vi. 7, and he will see that in those as well as in other instances, it means "for," and "in behalf of." The word translated "thinketh" signifies also to contrive, devise, plan, invent, to weave a curious texture, to compose a song or strain of music. The Lord contrives, ponders, plants for me. The infinite mind, the almighty hand, is at work "for me." The condescending goodness of God, the security of the believer, the certainty that "all things shall work together for good," that through life's dark ward of "many sorrows," Divine skill will draw such bright threads of love and wisdom as to make the whole pattern at last an object for angels to gaze at, "an eternal excellency," a display for ever "of the manifold wisdom of God,"—all this is included and assured in that, "The Lord thinketh for me." All tormenting care, all doubt of a happy issue, vanish when faith can say, "The Lord thinketh for me!"—*Independent.*

WORK AWAY!

Work away!
For the Master's eye is on us,
Never off us, still upon us,
Night and day!
Work away!
Keep the busy fingers plying;
Keep the ceaseless shuttles flying;
See that never thread lie wrong;
Let not clash or clatter round us,
Sound of whirling wheels, confound us;
Steady hand! let woof be strong
And firm, that has to last so long!
Work away!

Keep upon the anvil ringing
Stroke of hammer; on the gloom
Set 'twixt cradle and 'twixt tomb
Shower of fiery sparkles flinging;
Keep the mighty furnace glowing;
Keep the red ore hissing, flowing
Swift within the ready mould;
See that each one than the old
Still be fitter, still be fairer
For the servant's use, and rarer
For the Master to behold:
Work away!

Work away!
For the Leader's eye is on us,
Never off us, still upon us,
Night and day!
Wide the trunkless prairies round us,
Dark and unsunn'd woods surround us,
Steep and savage mountains bound us;
Far away
Smile the soft savannahs green,
Rivers sweep and roll between:
Work away!

Bring your axes, woodmen true;
Smite the forest till the blue
Of Heaven's sunny eye looks through
Every wide and tangled glade;
Jungle swamp and thicket shade
Give to day!

O'er the torrents fling your bridges,
Pioneers! Upon the ridges
Widen, smoothe the rocky stair—
They that follow, far behind,
Coming after us, will find
Surer, easier, footing there;
Heart to heart, and hand with hand,
From the dawn to dusk of day,
Work away!

Scouts upon the mountain's peak—
Ye that see the Promised Land,
Hearten us! for ye can speak
Of the country ye have scann'd,
Far away!

Work away!
For the Father's eye is on us,
Never off us, still upon us,
Night and day!

WORK AND PRAY!
Pray! and Work will be completer;
Work! and Prayer will be the sweeter;
Love! and Prayer and Work the fleetest
Will ascend upon their way!
Fear not lest the busy finger
Weave a net the soul to stay;
Give her wings—she will not linger;
Soaring to the source of day;
Cleaving clouds that still divide us
From the azure depths of rest,
She will come again! beside us,
With the sunshine on her breast,
Sit, and sing to us, while quickest
On their task the fingers move,
While the outward din wars thickest,
Songs that she hath learn'd above.

Live in Future as in Present;
Work for both while yet the day
Is our own! for Lord and Peasant,
Long and bright as summer's day,
Cometh, yet more sure, more pleasant,
Cometh soon our Holiday;
Work away!

—Household Words.

THE EVANGELISTS OF LAST CENTURY.

WILLIAM GRIMSHAW.

respects the most apostolic of this WILLIAM GRIMSHAW.* Like many of his contemporaries, he struggled through years of perplexity into that region of light and peace where he spent the sequel of his ministry. His parish, and the centre of his ceaseless itinerances, was near Bradford, in Yorkshire—a region, with a people as wild and ignorant as the gorse on their hungry moor at the time that the love of Christ possessed his soul, Mr Grimshaw gave voice all the energies of his ardent and powerful frame. His health was spirit resolute, his understanding clear and practical; and having but one aim, he continually pursued it, alike in the face of fatigue and fear. With a slice of bread and an onion for his day's provision, he trudged over the moors from dawn to dusk in search of sheep in the wilderness after a night's rest in a hay-loft above the work. In one of his weekly journeys, he would think it no hardship to preach for thirty times. When he over-angered on the solitary road, if riding, he would dismount and talk to him, and rivet his attention by a pathetic exhortation with a prayer; and into whatsoever company he came, with all the simplicity of a child and the mild intrepidity of a good man, he addressed himself to his Master's work. It was he who silenced the infidel with the frank rejoinder, "the fault is not in your Lordship's head as in his heart;" and many of his emphatic words were people's ears till they sought relief from him, and confessing all their sin, his career began, so sottish were they, that it was hardly possible to draw them to worship; but Mr Grimshaw's persistence and decision dragged them in. He sang a psalm before sermon was singing, and sallied forth into the street and the market to look out for loiterers, and would lead them into the church; and one Sabbath a stranger riding through Haworth, with some men bolting out at the back and scrambling over the garden-wall to get in, imagined that the house was on fire, and cried, "The Parson is coming," exciting a panic. By dint of pains and conquered this heathenish parish; and was the power which attended his ministry, that, in later life, instead of hunting the streets for his hearers, when he preached in his church for a short service at summer mornings, it would be filled with men and working people ready to do their daily toil. And so strong

was the attraction to his earnest sermons, that besides constant hearers who came from ten or twelve miles all around, the parsonage was often filled with Christian worthies who came on Saturday nights from distant towns. And when they crowded him out of his house into his barn, and out of the church into the church-yard, he was all in his glory, and got up on Monday morning early to brush the shoes of the far-come travellers. He was a gallant evangelist of the Baptist's school. Like the son of the desert, he was a man of a hardy build, and like him of an humble spirit, and like John, his joy was fulfilled when his Master increased. At last, in the midst of his brave and abundant exploits, a putrid fever, which, like Howard, he caught when engaged in a labour of love, came to summon him home. And when he was dead his parishioners came, and—fit funeral for a Christian hero—bore him away to the tomb amidst the voice of psalms.

HENRY VENN.

But perhaps among all these holy men, the completest and most gracious character was HENRY VENN* of Huddersfield. Certainly we have learned to contemplate him with that patriarchal halo which surrounded and sanctified his peaceful old age—and we have listened to him only in his affectionate and fatherly correspondence; but, so far as we can gather, his piety was of that winsome type, which, if it be not easy to record, it were blessed to resemble. Simeon of Cambridge loved him dearly, and tried to write his life; but in the attempt to put it upon paper it all appeared to vanish. This fact is a good biography. No man can paint the summer. Venn's was a genial piety, full of fragrant warmth and ripening wisdom, but it was free from singularity. And his preaching was just this piety in the pulpit—thoughtful, benignant, and simple, the love of God that was shed abroad in his heart often appearing to shine from his person. But there were no dazzling passages, no startling nor amusing sallies. A rugged mountain, a cypress glen, a riven cedar, will make a landscape, but it is not easy to make a picture of a field of wheat. Mr Venn had a rich and spontaneous mind, and from its affluent soil the crop came easily away, and ripened uniformly, and except that it yielded the bread of thousands, there is little more to tell. The popularity and power of his ministry are still among the traditions of the West Riding—how the Socinian Club sent its cleverest member to caricature the preacher, but amidst the reverential throng, and under the solemn sermon, awed into the feeling, "Surely God is in this place," he remained to confess his error and to recant his creed—how the "droves" of people came from the adjacent villages, and how neighbours would go home for miles together so subdued that they could not

* Born 1708. Died 1763.

* Born 1724. Died 1797.

speak a word. He published one book, "The Complete Duty of Man." It is excellent; but like Wilberforce's "View," and other treatises of that period, it has fulfilled its function—the world needs something fresh, something older or something newer, something which our immediate predecessors have not commonplacéd. Still, it is an excellent treatise, a clear and engaging summary of practical divinity, and it did much good when new.

WILLIAM ROMAINE*

Began his course as Gresham Professor of Astronomy, and editor of the four folios of Calasio's Hebrew Concordance. But after he caught the evangelic fire he burned and shone for nearly fifty years—so far as the Establishment is concerned—the light of London. It needed all his strength of character to hold his ground and conquer opposition. He was appointed Assistant Morning Lecturer at St George's, Hanover Square; but his fervent preaching brought a mob of people to that fashionable place of worship, and on the charge of having vulgarised the congregation and overcrowded the church, the rector removed him. He was popularly elected to the Evening Lectureship of St Dunstan's; but the rector there took possession of the pulpit in the time of prayer, so as to exclude the fanatic. Lord Mansfield decided that after seven in the evening Mr Romaine was entitled to the use of the church; so, till the clock struck seven, the church-wardens kept the door firm shut, and by drenching them in rain and freezing them in frost, hoped to weary out the crowd. Failing in this, they refused to light the church, and Mr Romaine often preached to his vast auditory with no light except the solitary candle which he held in his hand. But, "like another Coles, he was resolved to keep the pass, and if the bridge fell to leap into the Tiber." Though for years his stipend was only £18, he wore home-spun cloth, and lived so plainly, that they could not starve him out. And though they repeatedly dragged him to the courts of law, they could not force him out. And though they sought occasion against him in regard to the canons, they could not get the bishop to turn him out. He held his post till, with much ado, he gained the pulpit of Blackfriars, and preached with unquenched fire till past fourscore, the Life, the Walk, the Triumph of Faith. For a great while he was one of the sights of London, and people who came from Ireland and elsewhere to see Garrick act, went to hear Romaine discourse; and many blessed the day which first drew their thoughtless steps to St Dunstan's or St Ann's. And in his more tranquil evening there was a cluster of pious citizens about Ludgate Hill and St Paul's Churchyard who exceedingly revered the abrupt old man. Of all the churches in the capital, as in the days of Gouge, a hundred

years before, his was the one towards which most home-feeling flowed. It shed a Sabbath air through its environs, and the dingy lanes around it seemed to brighten in its religion of life and hope. Full of sober hearers and joyful worshippers, it was a source of substantial service to the neighbourhood in times of need; and whilst the warm focus to which provincial piety and travelled worth most readily repaired, it was the spot endeared to many a thankful memory as the Peniel where first they beheld that great sight, CHRIST CRUCIFIED.

Time would fail to tell of Scott the commentator, of Andrew Fuller, of Charles Simeon, of Richard Cecil, of John Newton, of John Berridge, and other preachers and authors who are claimed by the present century, although so much of their work was done among our predecessors. Meanwhile, we trust that even this hasty retrospect may bring some readers to a better acquaintance with those men of faith and fervour who broke the death-slumbers of a former generation, and to whom, under God, we are indebted for the evangelistic institutions and benevolent undertakings by which the present age is distinguished.

THE FAMILY CLOCK.

Yes—it is the same—the old clock—the family clock—that measured off the hours of my childhood—that uttered its stern call to study, to school, to work—that struck its merry peal when the task was accomplished, and smiled cheerily as the whole bevy of boys and girls that had sprung up around my father's hearth-stone, bounded forth to sport and frolic—the clock, whose evening chimes gathered parents and children to the altar of cheerful, holy sacrifice. Ah! yes—the whole scene is before me. My father—(no other was ever more revered and beloved)—as the priest of his household, seems invested with a sanctity, not unlike that with which our childish imaginations clothed Abraham, and Isaac, and Moses. Even my mother, as she takes her accustomed seat, regards him with a look that seems almost reverential. No other sound than his voice, save the ceaseless "tick—tick—tick"—of the familiar clock, is heard while the holy page is read, and mingled supplications and thanksgivings ascend to be offered "with the prayers of all saints upon the golden altar which is before the throne." The impressive words of parental admonition and counsel linger on our ears, as the "good night" is spoken, and our last conscious thoughts, as slumber steals over us, are of God, who so loved us as to give His Son to die for us, and the infinite danger of slighting the great salvation thus provided.

But the clock ticked away the years, and each brought its changes to our happy circle.

* Born 1714. Died 1795.

hubby, rosy-cheeked little boys, playing shyly in frocks and pinafores, grow to stalwarts. They "put away childish things," one after another, they go forth to engage for themselves in the great battle of life. The hallowed influences of that home surround them, and its teachings are never forgotten. They understand the responsibility resting upon every man to glorify God day, in every business transaction, as well as in Sabbath worship. The influence exerts savours of that fireside instruction, and as they become the centres of new scenes, the scenes in which they mingled at the parental roof are repeated there. In one family altar there are erected four, which ascend, each morning and evening, and the pure offering. In others, the sisters, who shared their sports, wives and mothers, are daily imparting new lessons their mother taught them, the children who shall yet "rise up and call them blessed."

Meanwhile, the ticking of the clock is heard distinctly in the old home. It looks like a scene, changed indeed. Two easy chairs, the same as of old, stand just as they have stood so many years. They occupy them are the same, but there is less activity and more of repose in the atmosphere and countenance of each. They tell of days long gone by, when the voices of laughing boys and singing girls made cheerful music in their now quiet halls. They recall pleasant incidents in the childish life, and smile at many a well-remembered misadventure. They recount the deeds of youthful love, and the conscientious regard for truth and honesty that then filled their hearts with hope and joy, and which have ripened into rich fruition. They review early years of their love and wedded life, thank God for all the happiness they enjoyed, and that their children live to their honour—that one daughter remains faithful to their comfort, and that, with rare exception, all their children have settled near the paternal mansion.

As the clock ticks on, and it brings a day when one of those chairs is vacant. It was at first, for her who had occupied it, to relinquish the place which, for fifty years, she had held, at the head of her family. She knows how the heart of her husband trusted her, and how he would miss her society after accustomed attentions, and she had feared that her life and health might be sacrificed while he should need her love. But the stroke of God is upon her. The limbs, which have been so active in their errands of duty, are paralysed; the hands, always busy, rest from their labours; hardest of all, the altering tongue can with difficulty express the thoughts and feelings which occupy and interest her. But she does not murmur. The cheerful, playful humour, which

had always given to her society a peculiar charm for her children, does not forsake her now. It often breaks through all the restraints of the sick-room, and calls smiles to the sympathising faces bending over her when her sufferings would otherwise break up the fountain of tears. But no natural cheerfulness could triumph over the many months of weariness and pain allotted to her. The God in whom she had placed the hope of her youth draws near, puts underneath her His everlasting arms, and gives her support in all her trials with the assurance of their glorious termination. Her husband still finds much pleasure in her society, and his ministrations to her are very tender. Early and late he is at her bedside—but, the old clock is measuring off his last days. Unseen, there steals over the threshold a messenger, who has not entered that door before for more than forty years—a messenger "who never returns alone." And the summons is for him. He receives it calmly, and prepares to obey the call. Once more the finger of the old clock points to the hour of prayer, and, languid and trembling as he is, he cannot lie down without committing himself and his family to the care of Israel's Shepherd. He lingers with even more than his accustomed tenderness at the side of his wife. No word is spoken, as they throw their arms around each other in close embrace, and exchanged the prolonged kiss. But they *look* unutterable things. Each *feels* that it is the last farewell, till they greet each other in their Father's house above. Another night—she is a widow, and their children fatherless.

Now, she feels that the strongest tie to earth is broken, and she would gladly be "absent from the body and present with the Lord." But the clock must tick on another whole year before her mortality shall be swallowed up of life. Many a lesson of faith, and hope, and patience, is learned at her bedside during those last months. A beautiful example of filial devotion, too, is exhibited, as her children gather there, and by their increased attention strive to fill the last void in her heart. Morning by morning, her many sons are seen bending over to receive her kiss and benediction, before they seek their places of business. The youngest can less frequently be there, but there is a glad light in the eyes of the aged mother, whenever she can fold him in her arms, and her faith grows stronger as the voice of "her Benjamin" repeats the gracious promises in her ear, and offers fervent supplications, that God will verify them all to her.

And the clock ticks on—hour by hour—day by day—till all are numbered—till the last pang is suffered—the long struggle over. She lies beside the companion of her pilgrimage,—the old home is forsaken, and the dwelling no longer knows parents or children. But the memories lingering around the old

clock are too pleasant and too sacred for it to be allowed to pass into the hands of strangers. Now it stands where the eyes of one of the sons rest upon it, as the light of each new day dawns, and its "tick, tick, tick," is the last sound in his ears when the light has faded into darkness, and he is reminded that he is one post nearer the end of his journey.

Yes—it is the same old clock, associated with all the days of the past, its fingers steadily pointing *forward*, while it is counting off the days of the children, as it has counted the days of the parents. But, when its voice shall be silent, we will believe that the happy group of the early home will all be gathered in the better and the heavenly.

T.

HATE NOT.

BY AUGUSTA MOORE.

HATE not. It is not worth while. Your life is not long enough to make it pay to cherish ill-will or hard thoughts towards any one. What if that man has cheated you, or that woman has played you false? What if this friend has forsaken you in your time of need, or that one, having won your utmost confidence, your warmest love, has concluded that he prefers to consider and treat you as a stranger? Let it all pass. What difference will it make to you in a few years, when you go hence to the "undiscovered country?" All who ill treat you now will be more sorry for it then than you, even in your deepest disappointment and grief, can be.

Do not commit the folly of hating or feeling revengeful towards the frail beings for whom, if you are a true child of God, your soul is yet to yearn in agonising pity, or to burn with quenchless love.

A little while and all misunderstandings, differences, and heart-burnings are to be over for ever; and how you will then regret that ever you had an unkind thought of any human being!

When one, who is your enemy—or *worse*, your ungenerous and untractable friend—refuses to favour you, or makes a thrust at your interest or your feelings, if you feel the motions of that revengeful tiger that has his lair in every heart, if he lift himself up, and shake his fierce head, and say, "Beware, I have it in my power to bring you forcibly to terms, or at least sorely to punish you," *hold that tiger down*. He is a child of the devil, and his business is to tease you, and to drive you, to rend and destroy. Listen not to him, but look upon the one he asks for his victim, and say—"He is but dust and ashes as I am. His heart has its own burdens and sorrows, though his eyes now have that hard and steely light, and though their glances are cold as ice when they turn on me, yet they have wept *tears of anguish*, and they will weep again be-

fore they close for ever. He will have enough to bear, let not *me* torment him. When we stand in judgment before God, if his doom is to go into banishment, how thankful shall I be that I forgave the wrong he did me, or that I did not add a feather to the trouble of his life! and if he and I are welcomed to the Holy City, surely, *then*, I shall rejoice that I avenged not myself against him. It may be hard now to love when I am not loved—it may be a struggle freely to forgive—but it is *not* worth while to do aught else; for the dying should never contend with the dying, nor be anything but patient and pitiful with each other. And, verily, we are all worms together, and soon we shall be hidden together in the earth."

A few more smiles, a few more tears, some pleasure, much pain, a little longer hurrying and worrying through the world, some hasty greetings, and abrupt farewells, and *our* play will be played out, and the injurer and the injured will be laid away, and, ere long, forgotten. *Is it worth while to hate each other?*

THE RISING TIDE.

WHEN the tide is out, you have noticed, as you ramble among the rocks, little pools with little fishes in them. To the shrimp in such a pool his foot depth of salt water is all the ocean for the time being. He has no dealings with his neighbour shrimp in the adjacent pool, though it may be only a few inches of sand that divide them. But when the rising ocean begins to leap over the margin of the lurking-place, one pool joins another, their various tenants meet, and by-and-by, in place of their little patch of standing water they have the ocean's boundless fields to roam in. When the tide is out—when religion is low—the faithful are to be found insulated, here a few and there a few, in the little standing pools that stud the beach, having no dealings with their neighbours of the adjoining pools, calling them Samaritans, and fancying that their own little communion includes all that are precious in God's sight. They forget for a time that there is a vast and expansive ocean rising—every ripple brings it nearer—a mighty communion—even the communion of saints—which is to engulf all minor considerations, and to enable the fishes of all pools—the Christians, the Christ-lovers of all denominations—to come together. When, like a flood, the Spirit flows into the churches, church will join to church, and saint will join to saint, and all will rejoice to find, that if their little pools have perished, it is not by the scorching summer's drouth, nor the casting in of earthly rubbish, but by the influx of that boundless sea whose glad waters touch eternity, and in whose ample depths the saints in heaven as well as the saints of earth have room enough to range.

our churches are the standing pools along beach, with just enough of their peculiar rent to keep the few inmates living during the ebb-tide period of the Church's history.

they form a very little fellowship—the best is but little, yet is there steadily flowing in a tide of universal life and love, which laps in over the margin of the little pool, stir its inhabitants with an unwonted ecstasy, and then let them loose in the large life of the Spirit's own communion. Happy rest! furthest down upon the strand! rest the rising ocean's edge! Happy rest! whose sectarianism shall first be swept away in this inundation of love and whose communion shall first break forth that purest and holiest, and yet most comprehensive of all communions—the communion of the Holy Ghost! Would to God our church were mine!—*Rev. James Hamilton, D.D.*

SOON—AND FOR EVER.

Soon—and for ever!
Such promise our trust,
Though ashes to ashes,
And dust unto dust.
Soon—and for ever
Our union shall be
Made perfect, our glorious
Redeemer, in Thee.
When the sins and the sorrows
Of time shall be o'er;
Its pangs and its partings
Remembered no more;
When life cannot fail,
And when death cannot sever,
Christians with Christ shall be
Soon—and for ever!

Soon—and for ever
The breaking of day
Shall drive all the night-clouds
Of sorrow away.
Soon—and for ever
We'll see as we're seen,
And learn the deep meaning
Of things that have been.
When fightings without us
And fears from within,
Shall weary no more
In the warfare of sin;
When tears, and when fears,
And when death shall be—never,
Christians with Christ shall be
Soon—and for ever!

—J. Monseil.

TEMPTATION.

THAT temptation that at first is but a little d as big as a man's hand, may quickly spread the whole heaven. Our engaging in is the motion of a stone down hill—strengthens itself by going,” and the more it runs, the more violent. Beware of smallest beginnings of temptation. No man will neglect or slight the smallest spark of fire, especially if he see it among barrels of gunpowder. You carry gunpowder—oh take heed of sparks.—*Flavel*

Pages for the Young.

I'M SURE TO BE DISAPPOINTED.

“Oh, good, good! Oh, delightful, delightful! Papa and mamma are coming home in the *Pacific*! Oh, how happy, how happy I am!” shouted little Bessie, as she jumped up and down, and ran up stairs and down stairs, telling the joyful news to one and another, till every one in the house was acquainted with it. It seemed as if she could not wait the week that was expected to elapse before the arrival of the *Pacific*, so anxious was she to greet the dear parents from whom she had been separated.

By the next steamer, “three days later,” came a letter which caused great grief to little Bessie, and her lamentations were as loud and long as her expressions of pleasure had been.

“Oh, dear, it is too bad! They could not get berths on the *Pacific*, and they must wait for the next steamer. Oh, what a disappointment! Everything always happens just so to me; just as I am hoping very much for something, I am sure to be disappointed!” and Bessie covered her face with her hands, and the tears streamed through her little fingers.

“Bessie, my daughter,” said her good grandmother, “God orders all things, and all that He does is right.”

Bessie murmured something behind the little hands which covered her face, that sounded very like, “Well, I think He might let my papa and mamma come in the *Pacific*, when I want to see them so much.”

The steamer in which her parents sailed was wafted pleasantly and safely over the sea, and in due time little Bessie was clasped in the arms of her fond parents—but nothing was heard of the *Pacific*. “No tidings of the *Pacific*!” headed one column of the papers for days and weeks, and then no more was said about it, and people gave up thinking about it—all but those whose homes and hearts are desolate, and to whose hearts the very name of the *Pacific* will ever send a pang.

When little Bessie heard that the noble steamer was given up as lost, she said, “Mamma, I think God was very good not to let you sail in the *Pacific*.”

“Oh, you now think He was good, do you?” answered her mother; “but I heard of a little girl who did not think God was very good, when she first heard that her parents were not coming in that vessel.”

“Yes, that was I, mamma; but I did not know then that the *Pacific* would be lost.”

“And would not God have been so good if we had sailed in the *Pacific*, and been lost? Listen, Bessie. God has a great plan by which He governs this world of ours. He formed it before this earth was made; and this plan

does not change; and we His creatures are always working out this plan, though we seem to be doing just what we like. It was part of His plan that we should not come in the *Pacific*, and therefore we found it impossible to get berths; and it was also part of His plan that others should sail in her, and, so far as we know, be lost; and though we cannot see the reasons, it is all right.

"Sometimes He disappoints us, and does not let us see the reasons why He does it. Sometimes, as in our case, we see how much better it was for us to be disappointed. One blessed assurance we have, my daughter, that 'all things work together for good to those who love Him.' Oh, how happy should we be if we could learn in all things to trust Him, knowing that all He does is right, whether our eyes see it or not, or whether or not our wishes are granted."

Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust Him for His grace;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

CHARLES AND JACK.

A LITTLE BOY, whose papa and mamma were very rich, thought it beneath him to speak to a poor boy with patched clothes, who every day passed his father's gate with papers to sell, for this was the way in which he supported himself and sick mother.

Charles (for that was the rich boy's name) had more than once insulted poor Jack by setting his dog on him, or speaking in a loud tone to his companions about the "little ragamuffin," as he contemptuously styled him. Jack took no notice of all this abuse, for his kind mother had taught him to return good for evil, and to love his enemies, because his Saviour commanded him.

Charles was very fond of fishing; he would frequently take his hook and line, and go with some of his companions to a lake about a mile distant. On one occasion of this kind, he was seated on the end of a decayed log which projected some distance into the water. A fish played around his hook; he was so intent on catching it that he forgot everything else. Giving the line a sudden jerk, the log tilted, and he was thrown into the deep water. He did not know how to swim, so he struggled about, calling to his companions for aid; but they were all afraid to venture their lives for another. Jack, who was also fishing at a little distance off, hearing the screams of the frightened boys, hastened to know the cause. When he saw Charles struggling and sinking, without once thinking of the evil treatment he had received from him, he plunged into the water and saved his life.

Before Charles had recovered from his wetting, Jack ran off home, not even waiting to receive thanks. The next day Charles sent for him to come to him, as he was quite sick, and therefore not able to go out.

When Jack entered his room, the unhappy boy hung his head; then taking the proffered hand of the poor boy, confessed all his past wickedness, asking the forgiveness of him he had once despised.

Never, since then, has Charles spoken in contempt of those whom God has not favoured with riches.

He and Jack are the best of friends; for, says he, "I owe my life to him, how can I be otherwise than grateful?"

Little readers, I hope you may all possess Jack's forgiving spirit. Remember what the Bible says, "If thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink."

THE ROBIN REDBREASTS.

A FABLE.

Two Robin Redbreasts built their nests
Within a hollow tree;
The hen sat quietly at home,
The male sang merrily:
And all the little Robins said,
"Wee, wee, wee, wee, wee, wee."

One day—the sun was warm and bright,
And shining in the sky—
Cock Robin said, "My little dears,
'Tis time you learn to fly;"
And all the little young ones said,
"I'll try, I'll try, I'll try."

I know a child, and who she is
I'll tell you by and by,
When mamma says, "Do this," or "that,"
She says, "What for?" and "Why?"
She'd be a better child, by far,
If she would say, "I'll try."

THE "GUEST'S" BIBLE QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNG.

WHERE do we first read of thorns and thistles?

For what purpose did a man of small stature once climb a sycamore tree?

Who tarried under a pomegranate tree?

Who compares himself to a vine?

Whom does he call the branches?

Who is likened to a tree planted by the waters?

Who is like a heath in the desert?

Who rested under a vine that came up in a night?

Under what tree did a person once sit to judge Israel?

Under what tree was one of the kings of Israel buried?

Who entertained his guests under a tree?

What kind of a tree once withered away at the word of Christ?

Who heard a sound in the tops of the mulberry trees?

Of what tree are the leaves for the healing of the nations?

How many kinds of fruit does it yield?

Do you hope to see and taste of it?



A FAMILY MAGAZINE FOR SUNDAY READING.

REVISED BY THE REV. NORMAN McLEOD, D.D., GLASGOW.

WEEKLY NOS. ONE HALFPENNY.]

[MONTHLY PARTS, THREEPENCE

"ON DUTY."

THIS is a military phrase. A soldier on guard is a soldier *on duty*. The phrases are synonymous. And it is a post of great responsibility, requiring constant vigilance. From the moment he mounts guard till he is relieved, he is *on duty*. It is a duty which he owes to his country, to his commander, and to his companions in arms, to be constantly on the alert, so as instantly to sound the alarm should an enemy, however stealthy, approach. The nights may be long, the skies may be inclement, he may be worn down with fatigue and watching, but he may not retire from his post till relieved by the officer of the guard.

Every army has a commander-in-chief, whose orders must be implicitly obeyed. So in the militant state of the Church, Jesus Christ is the "Captain of Salvation;" and all His true followers are soldiers, chosen by Him, enlisted under His banner, and subject to His orders. Like the soldiers in an army for defence or conquest, they are *on duty*; with this difference, that they can never be *off* without disloyalty to their King. The enlisted soldiers of an earthly prince are not expected to be engaged in actual service every day, or every week of the year. There are times when they are permitted to lay aside their arms, and rest from their toils. Sometimes they go into winter-quarters, and have very little to do for months together. Much less are they required to be always on guard, even during the most active campaign. It is enough that they are always ready for duty when called to guard the camp, or march against the foe.

But the soldiers, the followers of our great Captain, are required to be always *on duty*. There are no inglorious winter-quarters, no armistices, no months or weeks of dreary inaction for them. They are expected and commanded to be *on duty* every day, summer and winter, in cold and heat. A Christian

can never be off guard for a day, without imminent exposure to the open or covert attacks of his wily spiritual enemies. There is no safety but in constant vigilance, trusting in Christ for strength to resist, and power to conquer.

And then, every follower of Christ is bound to be always *on duty* for the good of others as well as for his own safety. The Captain of Salvation wants no drones in the ranks of His followers. He assigns to every one just as many duties as he can perform—enough to fill up all the time—leaving none to be wasted in sloth or other selfish indulgences.

Are you a minister of the gospel? You are *on duty* to guard the fold, to feed Christ's sheep, to feed His lambs, to preach the truth, the whole truth, to watch for souls as one who must give account, to be instant in season and out of season, to "endure hardness as a good soldier," to be faithful unto death, that you may secure a crown of life. Toilsome and exhausting as it is to be always *on duty*, you must cheerfully work on from month to month and year to year, as God shall give you strength, and wait for the rest till our glorious Leader gives you a final discharge.

Are you a magistrate? You are "God's minister for good" to the people. Your office is no sinecure. You may not content yourself with the enjoyment of its honours and emoluments. You are *on duty*. You are clothed with civil authority, not for your own private advantage, but for the good of the state. You are responsible to God, to your country, to the community whether large or small within the sphere of your delegated authority, for the prompt and faithful discharge of the duties enjoined in your commission. You are the appointed guardian of the rights of the poor and the oppressed. You are so to administer the law, as to be "a terror to evil-doers, and a praise to them that do well." You may never shirk off responsibility. If you sought

and accepted office for selfish ends rather than the public good, and with a view to the glory of God, you did wrong. And if, having obtained the office, you consult your own ease rather than the public weal, He whose "minister" you are will condemn you as a slothful servant, in the great day of final reckoning.

Are you a parent? You are *on duty* from the moment you become one. It is as if God had addressed you by an audible voice from heaven, "Take this child and nurse it for Me." He holds you responsible for all the tender ministrations which its helplessness requires; for its support, for its education, and, in one sense, for its everlasting well-being. You are required to "bring up your children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord." And the promise is, "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it." To this end you must always be *on duty*. If you let down your watch; if you neglect to give them "line upon line, precept upon precept, here a little and there a little;" if you do not carry them daily in your arms to the throne of grace, you take yourselves *off* from duty. You do this just as often as you neglect to use any of the means which God has appointed for governing and bringing up families. How many parents are utterly at fault in these regards! how few do their whole duty!

Are you a teacher in a public seminary or a private school? Like the soldier at his allotted post, you are *on duty*; and a very important post of influence and responsibility it is. By this I do not merely mean that you are bound to be punctual at the ringing of the bell, or to the hour-hand of your watch; but you are to prepare yourselves for giving instructions, and to do your pupils all the good in your power, for time and for eternity. There is such a thing as trying to get along easy—as thinking more of the wages than of the improvement of the scholars. In one sense, the teacher is *on duty*, but in the more important sense he is not. He is not *doing* his duty. He is a mere "hireling;" just as a soldier on guard may remain at his post all night, and yet be very drowsy and remiss in the discharge of his duty. What higher charge could you have than that of a number of youth or children committed to your care and instruction, to educate them for the duties and accountabilities of life, and for the life that is to come? Your school or classroom may be likened to a lapidary's shop. You have materials, or rather substances infinitely more valuable than precious stones, to fashion and polish, and your steady aim should be to do it "for the Master's use and service." Can you think of a more responsible employment?

Thus I might go on to shew, that God requires persons of every rank, class, and condition of life, to be always *on duty*—always

at the posts which He has assigned them—always doing something in the service of God and their generation. This is no world for inglorious repose, but for action, for doing good, for working "while the day lasts." There will be time enough for rest when we obtain our final discharge. For *rest*, did I say? Who wishes to go to heaven that he may have nothing to do there? Who believes that the redeemed in glory are less active than the most earnest of them were here? Oh, how delightful it will be to be always *on duty* in that better world, when we shall have got finally rid of "this body of sin and death!" H.

BIBLICAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

BY W. M. THOMSON, D.D.

HID TREASURE.

THERE are frequent allusions to hid treasure in the Bible. Even in Job, the oldest book in the world, we read that the bitter in soul dig for death more earnestly than for hid treasures.* There is not another comparison within the whole compass of human actions so vivid as this. I have heard of diggers actually fainting when they have come upon even a single coin. They become positively frantic, dig all night with desperate earnestness, and continue to work till utterly exhausted. There are, at this hour, hundreds of persons thus engaged all over the country. Not a few spend their last farthing in these ruinous efforts. I heard a respectable man in Sidon declare that if he had been one of these fortunate diggers in this garden, he would have killed all the rest, and fled with the treasure out of the country. These operations are carried on with the utmost secrecy, accompanied with charms and incantations against the jan and other spirits which are said to keep guard over hid treasures. The belief in the existence of these guards, and of their dangerous character, is just as prevalent now as in the time of the Thousand Nights. Intelligent and respectable people have assured me that they have come upon slabs of stone, closing up doors to secret chambers, which no power on earth could remove, because the proper password or charm is lost. Others soberly assert that they have been driven away by terrible jan, who threatened them with instant death if they attempted to force the doors. They evidently believe what they say, and I suspect that their fears are not always imaginary. Persons are watching their midnight labour, and when any thing is found they suddenly shew themselves, dressed as ghouls or jan, and thus frighten them out of the pit, and out of their wits as well. The wild excitement, the gloomy darkness, and the firm faith in the existence of these creatures, render the workmen wholly incapable

* Job. iii. 21.

of detecting the artifice. The Arabs universally believe that the Western nations, particularly the Greeks and the Mugharaby, possess certain *daleel*, or guides, by which they discover these treasures; and many of these vagabond Greeks cheat the ignorant and the credulous out of large sums by contracting to lead them to the proper spot to dig; and it is remarkable that they rarely point out a place entirely destitute of concealed chambers and other curious indications. These, I suppose, are detected by some peculiarity in the sounds when the surface is struck or stamped upon above them. At any rate, they are sufficiently successful to keep up their credit, although I never knew an instance where anything of value was obtained from the places indicated by these *daleels*. On the contrary, these deposits are always found by accident; and this is the more remarkable when it is remembered that multitudes are either secretly or openly searching for them all over the land. We shall be annoyed in all our rambles over ruins by the suspicion, almost universal among the people, that we are "seeking for hid treasures." Hence they will watch us, follow us, and, whenever a private opportunity offers, will endeavour to enter into partnership with us in the search.

Solomon has drawn a proverb from this practice—"If thou seekest her" (understanding) "as silver, and searchest for her as for hid treasure; then shalt thou understand the fear of the Lord, and find the knowledge of God."* Alas! how few manifest any of this earnestness in seeking for wisdom!

Our blessed Lord also finds one of His Divine parables on this same custom—"The kingdom of heaven is like unto treasure hid in a field; the which when a man hath found, he hideth, and for joy thereof goeth and selleth all that he hath, and buyeth that field."† Many such transactions are still negotiated in secret. It is extremely difficult, and even dangerous, to remove treasure thus discovered in another person's field; but having purchased it you can wait in safety, work in secret, and the coveted treasure is yours.

It is not difficult to account for this hid treasure. This country has always been subject to revolutions, invasions, and calamities of various kinds, and hence a feeling of insecurity hovers over the land like a dismal spectre. The government robs, and so do the nobility and the clergy; Arabs rush in from the desert, and plunder; warriors and conquerors from every part of the world sweep over the land, carrying everything away that falls into their hands. Then there are, and always have been, intestine commotions and wars, such as laid Lebanon in ruins in 1841, and again in 1845. At such times multitudes bury their gold and jewels, and in many cases

the owners are killed, and no one knows where the treasure was concealed. Then, again, this country has ever been subject to earthquakes, which bury everything beneath her ruined cities. On the first day of 1837, Safed was thus dashed to the ground in a moment, house upon house down the steep mountain side, and many entire families were cut off. Some were known to have had money, and it was a shocking spectacle to see hardened wretches prowling about under the ruins, amid putrefying carcasses, in search of these treasures. The whole population from the surrounding villages, undeterred by the awful judgment which had laid their own buildings in heaps, and buried many of their families alive, rushed into Safed to dig out the entombed riches of the Jews; nor was the search in vain. The same shocking spectacle is witnessed in times of plague or cholera. People hide their money to keep it from those miscreants who take advantage of the general consternation to break into houses, and rob. We need not be surprised, therefore, to find that this country abounds, and ever has abounded, in hid treasure. No custom can be found among any people so firmly rooted as this, of searching for hid treasure, without some real foundation for it. Lay this aside as a rule, which may be safely applied on all occasions and to all questions.

ADVICE TO FEMALE SERVANTS.

BY MRS J. BAKEWELL.

If, in the order of Providence, it should be your duty to seek a home in the house of a stranger, be very cautious in your choice of a situation. Endeavour, first, to secure one in a family that resides sufficiently near to the place of worship you have been accustomed to attend, so that your teachers and pastor may not entirely lose the oversight of you. If this be not practicable, try to obtain one near another place belonging to the same religious denomination as that with which you have been connected. Again, stipulate that you shall be permitted to attend public worship at least once on the Sabbath, stating that you shall be willing to make such extra exertions on the Saturday as will enable you to enjoy that privilege without seriously inconveniencing your employers. No Christian and well-ordered family will object to such an arrangement as this, if they have reason to believe that the applicant is sincere in her wish to spend the Sabbath in a proper manner.

In order to accomplish these objects, you must be prepared to make some sacrifices. It may be that two places are mentioned to you, one of which is, on many accounts, more eligible than the other. In *one* you may have

* Prov. ii. 4, 5.

† Matt. xiii. 44.

a fellow-servant, and on that account the situation may be considered more *respectable*; or the washing may be put out, and you may therefore conclude that it will be easier; or the wages may be higher, and you think it will be more profitable; but in that family there is no altar for the daily worship of God, and the servants are allowed to go out only every other Sabbath. In the *other*, you may be the only domestic kept, or you may have to take the whole of the work, or the wages may be lower than you hoped to obtain; but in that household God is daily worshipped, and the Sabbath is sacredly holy. Under such circumstances, which situation ought you to choose? Remember the solemn admonition, "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world, and lose his own soul? Or what shall he give in exchange for his soul?"

A few weeks since, I called on a pious woman who had lately been left a widow with a large family. After conversing some time, I inquired about her eldest daughter, and asked if she were in place now? "Not exactly, ma'am," was the reply; "she is stopping with a lady whose servant is gone home ill. If she do not recover, Elizabeth will take her place; and if she do, the lady will look out for a situation for her." "I can tell you of a good one," observed I, and named the neighbourhood in which my friend lived. "A lady from that neighbourhood called a few days since," replied the mother; "but when my daughter said she should like to attend her own place of worship once every Sabbath, the lady only laughed at her, and said the thing was out of all reason. And so Elizabeth declined the offer, though the wages were very tempting; they were much higher than where she is gone to." I told the good woman that if her daughter did not stay where she was, she must come to me for my friend's address; but she did not need it, and is now comfortably settled in a family who like her the better for wishing to "keep holy the Sabbath-day." This young person did not forget the exhortation of our Saviour, in His sermon on the mount, "Seek ye *first* the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you." Let me advise you to follow her example.

Another instance of a contrary kind, I may mention as a warning. A young woman who had been for some years a zealous and active member of a Christian church, and who had been allowed, when living with a religious family, to attend public worship at least once each Sabbath, was so inconsistent as to take a situation in a decidedly worldly family. Here she never heard the Bible read nor a prayer offered from week to week; at first this was a painful trial to her, but she soon became indifferent to it. She had been promised a "Sunday out," and she thought it *would be very pleasant to take tea with a*

friend, and then go to chapel in the evening. But she found that, work as hard as she could all Sunday morning, it was very late before she could get out in the afternoon; so that, by the time she had taken tea, it was quite service-time. Still she went, though late, for a few weeks; but as winter advanced, she felt so tired with her work and her walk, that she preferred sitting and talking with her friend at the fireside, to waiting with the worshippers of God at the appointed place. When I saw her first, she had not been in any place of worship during several months! When I talked to her seriously on the subject, she said that she felt quite indifferent about religion now, and had no comfort or pleasure either in reading the Scriptures or in private prayer. By repeated conversations, she was brought not only to confess but to feel that she had acted a very wicked part, in thus forsaking and in effect denying Him who had bought her with His precious blood. We very soon found her another situation, where she had again an opportunity of observing the Sabbath; but it is much to be feared that she has never regained the ground she lost whilst she so entirely neglected all religious ordinances. In this instance, as in many others, one false step led to others; and, but for the watchful care of a kind Providence, there is no knowing how low she might have fallen. This is a solemn warning to those who may be inclined to look upon religious privileges as a secondary consideration in the choice of a situation.

As far as possible, you should keep the same object in view if you be going to learn a business. It is very difficult for dress-makers to avoid working very late during particular seasons of the year; but a woman who values her own soul, and who feels that she is responsible for the spiritual welfare of those she employs, will never send home work on a Sabbath morning. If the work must be sent off on Saturday night, it stands to reason that there can be nothing gained by keeping the young people employed after eleven o'clock; so that, though they may retire to rest over-fatigued with an unreasonable long day's work, the Sabbath at least is a day of rest.

It is, therefore, your duty, as you have been taught in a Sabbath-school, to make particular inquiries, when seeking a situation, as to whether work is ever sent home on the Sabbath morning; if it be, you ought to decline making an engagement. You may be assured that *you* will not be required to take it home; you may even be promised that *you* shall not be required to work after twelve on Saturday night; still you will be treading on forbidden ground by uniting yourself so closely with voluntary Sabbath-breakers. You may find it difficult to meet with a conscientious employer in the particular business you wish to learn; you may have to pay a

larger premium, or give your work for a longer time, or even to engage with a less fashionable house; but the path of duty is the path of safety, and they who walk in it will be preserved from the destroyer.

It stands to reason that if *all* young people refused to work on the Sabbath, employers would be obliged to refuse to send home their work on that day, and thus a stop would soon be put to this flagrant violation of the Lord's-day. It would be a happy thing for work-people generally if all families, ay, even all religious professors, would refuse to take in work after six o'clock on Saturday evening.

I was once present when the sister of a pious clergyman asked her dressmaker when her dress would be sent home. "On Saturday," was the reply. "If it cannot be ready to send before six in the evening," quietly observed the lady, "please not to send it till Monday, as my brother does not like anything to be sent in on Saturday night: it interferes with our preparation for the Sabbath," added she, turning towards me; "and it keeps work-people employed too late for either their temporal or spiritual welfare." Should you, my young friends, ever be placed at the head of a family, remember this incident, and "go and do likewise."

By learning your business with a person who obeys the fourth commandment, you may hope to escape one of the great evils connected with sempstresses—the introduction of improper books to be read aloud by one, in order to keep the rest more closely at work. That this is customary in some places, I was told by a young person, who said that, during her apprenticeship, she heard nearly all the novels of the circulating library read aloud. You may also hope, in a well-regulated establishment, that a proper restraint will be put upon the conversation of the young people; so that, if frivolity cannot be excluded, scandal and indelicacy of speech may not be tolerated.

I once asked a worthy and pious man what had become of his daughter, as I had not seen her lately. With a smile of self-complacency he replied that she had gone to learn dress-making with Miss M—— of N——. I looked grave, I suppose, for he added, "You need not be uneasy about her, ma'am; she is in good hands, I assure you; Miss M—— is so particular with her apprentices, and takes such pains to improve their minds and teach them good behaviour, that it is thought as good as sending a girl to a boarding-school to send her there. And," added the pious father, "she takes such care of them on the Sabbath; she takes them with her to chapel, and sometimes to the Sabbath-school; and when they are at home, she supplies them with suitable books and magazines." That lady afterwards married a minister of the gospel, and adorned her new sphere with as much grace as she had done the one which

she had left. Again, my readers, apply the moral to yourselves. If you should ever be at the head of such an establishment, endeavour faithfully to perform your duty as a Christian to those who are placed under your care.

But you must not only strive to avoid evil and to get good in your new situation, but you must endeavour to benefit others, and to shew how much you have gained of what is most valuable by being educated in a Sunday-school. If you be in domestic service, shew the superiority of your early training by your prompt and cheerful performances of the duties which devolve upon you. Be respectful in your deportment and mode of speaking to those whom Providence has placed over you; if they be members of the same church as yourself, don't forget that the distinctions of rank are not necessarily destroyed between you and your employers.

On the contrary, be doubly watchful over your conduct, so that religion may not be evil spoken of on your account. Shew that you really value family worship by so planning your work as to be at liberty at the appointed time; and shew your estimate of Sabbath privileges by being so diligent during the week, as to enable you to go to worship with as little inconvenience to the family as possible.

If you be learning a business, you cannot choose your companions at work, but you may avoid intimately associating with them during your hours of leisure, or on the Sabbath, should you find that their habits and principles are the opposite of those inculcated by a Christian teacher. While with them in the work-room, you may shew your regard for Christian consistency by firmly and kindly discountenancing all improper conversation, and by evincing a willingness to render them all the assistance in your power. An amiable and obliging disposition, and a cheerful temper, will, in time, secure you not only the respect but the good-will of your companions, and will induce them to listen, with civility at least, when you introduce useful subjects of conversation. You need not expect to escape some degree of ridicule, if you oppose the worldly views of those with whom you associate; and in some instances, perhaps, you may have to suffer persecution; but you have learned, in the words of Him who spake as never man spake, that "blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake; for theirs is the kingdom of heaven. Blessed are ye when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely, for my name's sake. Rejoice, and be exceeding glad, for great is your reward in heaven; for so persecuted they the prophets which were before you."

Observe, the Saviour says you will be "blessed" when persons speak evil of you "falsely;" not if you, by the indulgence of a

captious temper, or a morose spirit, make religion disagreeable in their eyes. It is your duty to shew to all you come into company with, that *your* religion is not mere profession—that it does not consist in grave looks, Scripture quotations, and a stern condemnation of all who differ from you. Let them see, on the contrary, that it makes you humble, meek, forgiving, and courteous; not willing to displease others, or needlessly or hastily to take offence. Often repeat to yourself those admirable lines of Watts:—

"I would not willingly offend,
Nor be easily offended;
What is wrong I'd strive to mend,
And endure what can't be mended."

In short, conduct yourself in such a manner, that if your employer should want another apprentice, she may kindly inquire of you, whether you know of another girl who has been taught at the same Sunday-school as yourself, who wants a situation; as she would be glad to engage one who has, like you, been blessed with a pious and judicious teacher.

THE GOSPEL IN CITIES.

Now, as at all past periods, the great battle of Christianity and of the Church is in the large towns. Those central seats of human activity and life are the fulcrum by which she would move the world. The leaven that would leaven the whole lump must be planted in the very centre of the mass. Wherever man is, there Christianity, the religion of man, follows, and the cities are pre-eminently the haunts and the rallying points of man. They constitute the very backbone and spinal cord of the social system of the world, through which, therefore, every intellectual and moral influence that is to tell on the happiness and welfare of the race must circulate. Here, then, in this thronging, teeming place of concourse, the heavenly Wisdom ever lifts her voice. Incarnate Love still beholds the city, and weeps over it; and the same instinct, caught from His inspiration, which led the steps of the missionary apostle straight to the Antiochs, the Corinthians, and the Romes of the old world, still directs the eye of the Christian philanthropists to the Londons, the Manchesters, and the Glasgows of the new. The course of ages has only tended to enhance the importance of this principle. If the city has always been the master position in the battle-field of the faith, it is pre-eminently so now.

The present is emphatically the age of large towns. The inherent tendency of human beings, which has manifested itself more or less from the days of Nimrod downwards, to congregate themselves in social communities of greater or less extent for purposes of defence or trade, has acquired of late, under the fostering influence of our giant industry,

a vast increase in power and intensity. The centripetal force of the human race grows apace. Population, everywhere expanding, tends more and more towards the great knots and centres of our manufacturing and commercial activity. Those mighty workshops of the world, like so many loadstones, draw human beings towards themselves, as the magnet attracts the grains of iron dust. Thus hamlets grow into towns, towns into cities, cities into vast metropolitan masses. Communities which, in the early periods of the world would have slowly risen to greatness in the course of centuries, start up into giant stature and imperial splendour in the course of a generation.

We see this especially in those colonial settlements and infant States where everything seems to advance with the buoyant energy of youth, combined with the brawny strength of mature age—as in the New Yorks, the Chicagos, and the San Franciscos of the New World, and the Sydneys and Melbournes of the Old. The progress in older countries, where neither the attraction of a virgin soil nor golden mines draws the tide of emigration, is, of course, more gradual; but even here we have instances of rapid growth, which, were they not thus cast into the shade, would seem miraculous.

Thus, since the close of last century, Glasgow, then a moderately sized town of 66,000 souls, has multiplied itself five times; Manchester, which, in 1780, contained a population of 50,000, and which is described in a gazetteer of that date now before us, as without doubt "the largest village or market-town in England," has expanded into an enormous hive of human beings, eight times its then dimensions. To take the instance of a smaller community; the town of Dundee was pointed out to a friend of our own, near the close of last century, by a venerable clergyman from the opposite shore of Fife, as a "great community" of 20,000 souls. Our friend still lives to see it number nearer 100,000.

So much for the mere numbers of our great city masses. But we must remember that, with the increase in numerical strength, the intensity of social life, and all the moral forces of good and evil grow in like proportion. The great stream of human interests, feelings, passions, flows with a deeper, stronger, fiercer current. The wheels of human life move more impetuously. Every additional thousand of the population, like each fresh plate in the galvanic pile, increases the force of the electric current. Opportunities and temptations, impulses to good and seductions to evil; avenues of usefulness, and by-ways and pitfalls of ruin; incitements to noble deeds and fierce stimulants to vice and crime; associations for holy effort, and organised systems of corruption, grow and multiply in every proportion to the expansion of the

population itself; and thus a great city becomes, day by day, to our rising youth, a grander arena of honourable effort, or a more perilous battle-ground of temptation. Surely, if anywhere on earth the Church of God has a work to do in purifying the fountains of the world's life, and battling against the sins and sorrows of men, it is emphatically here.—*North British Review.*

GOD'S SUPPORT AND GUIDANCE.

From the German.

**Forsake me not, my God,
Thou God of my salvation!
Give me Thy light, to be
My sure illumination.
My soul to folly turns,
Seeking she knows not what;
Oh, lead her to Thyself—
My God, forsake me not!**

**Forsake me not, my God!
Take not Thy Spirit from me;
And suffer not the might
Of sin to overcome me.
A father pitieth
The children he begot;
My Father, pity me;
My God, forsake me not!**

**Forsake me not, my God!
Thou God of life and power
Enliven, strengthen me,
In every evil hour;
And when the sinful fire
Within my heart is hot,
Be Thou not far from me;
My God, forsake me not!**

**Forsake me not, my God!
Uphold me in my going;
That evermore I may
Please Thee in all well-doing;
And that Thy will, O Lord,
May never be forgot
In all my works and ways—
My God, forsake me not!**

**Forsake me not, my God!
I would be Thine for ever;
Confirm me mightily
In every right endeavour.
And when my hour is come,
Cleansed from all stain and spot
Of sin, receive my soul;
My God, forsake me not!**

A PROFITABLE HOUR.

Two friends, whose homes were in the city, were spending the month of August in the country. They did not go to the fashionable watering-places, but to a retired village among the hills where the Church retained a large portion of its primitive simplicity. One afternoon, a walk through the grove that covered the hill which lay west of the village brought them to a small house, near which a refreshing spring of water gushed forth from beneath a huge rock, in whose shadow they sat down to enjoy the stillness and beauty of the scene. An aged woman came to the spring for water. She courteously bade them good-day, and taking from a crevice of the rock a cup, asked them if they would drink of the waters of the spring.

They thankfully partook of the cooling beverage.

"This fountain is a great treasure to you," said one of the friends.

"It is; I seldom forget to thank God for it every time I come for water," said the old lady.

"The sight of it is adapted to bring to mind a still more precious fountain."

"It often does, I am thankful to say. I seldom stoop to dip its waters, that I do not think of the fountain of life which flows for the healing of the nations. I hope I am speaking to one who has drank at that fountain."

"We both are members of the visible Church, and, we hope, are members of the Church of the First-born."

"You are strangers, but if you belong to Christ, you are friends. There is a shower coming up behind the hills; if you choose to find shelter under my roof, you will be welcome."

"Thank you; if the shower should come here, we will avail ourselves of your kind permission."

The cloud rose rapidly, and the two friends entered the humble dwelling of the lone widow. The rain soon fell in torrents, and the sound of heavy thunder added solemnity to the scene. A vivid flash followed by a loud report caused one of the gentlemen to start from his seat, and to exhibit other signs of alarm. "The bolt must have struck very near us," said he.

The widow looked through the window and remarked, "It struck the large chestnut-tree near the spring."

Both gentlemen rose and looked on the ruin that the bolt had wrought. A large bough which formed nearly half of the top of the tree had been torn off, and lay on the ground. "What a mercy," said one, "that we were not there! But for your kind invitation," turning to the widow, "we might have repaired to that tree for shelter."

"The steps of the good man are ordered by the Lord," said she; "if you are the Lord's, He has spared you to work in His vineyard; if you are not, He has spared you to repent."

"In either case we are bound to render Him thanksgiving."

"That is true, but you are not under greater obligation to be thankful than I am. It was just as easy for Him to direct His lightnings against the house as against the tree."

"You do not seem to be alarmed by its vicinity."

"Why should I fear? The lightning can go only where it is sent. I once heard a person give as a reason why she was not afraid in a thunder-storm, that a strong arm protected her. I told her that I had rather keep in mind the idea that the lightning was in the hands of a Friend."

"Are you never alarmed?"

"Yes, when I suddenly awake from a careless, stupid frame, and find how near I came of falling into grievous sins, or when I see the tempter spreading his net, then I am alarmed, and feel that I must have a protector."

"I meant to ask whether you never feel fear in circumstances similar to the present?"

"I used to have fears on a great many accounts, but the Lord has delivered me from most of my fears. I heard a little child once say, 'I am never afraid when I am with my father.' I thought there is no reason why I should be afraid when I am with my Father. If God is my Father, and I live, and move, and have my being in Him, then I am always with Him. Besides, everything belongs to Him, and is under His control. Why, then, should I fear?"

"You have no cause to fear, certainly, especially as the promise is that all things shall work together for good to those who love God. But we are often timid and distrustful when we have no reason to be."

"And you may add, when we have no right to be. I once said to a person who was in great fear on account of the prevalence of the typhus fever, 'You have no right to be afraid; you do wrong.' She seemed surprised that I should say so, but was finally convinced that she dishonoured God by her fears, that her fears were in a great measure owing to her want of faith. I won't say that in all cases it is wholly owing to a want of faith, for our bodies are weak, and we cannot always keep them in subjection."

"No doubt; and yet in this case, as well as in all other cases, we should join prayer with effort."

"But it is written, faith is the gift of God: that which is a gift should be asked for."

"All the Christian graces are in one sense the gift of God, but they are all to be cultivated by exercise. We are to pray for the increase of our faith, and at the same time are to strive to exercise faith more perfectly."

"What do you understand faith to be?"

"Believing what God has said, and acting as though we believe it."

The shower was now over, and the friends prepared to leave the cottage.

"You will pray with me before you go?" said the widow. The request was readily complied with. After a season of prayer and an affectionate adieu, the friends returned to their lodgings, conversing on the way respecting the things of the kingdom, and confessing they had received more benefit from the conversation of the lone widow, who had been taught of God, than they had sometimes received from the most elaborate discourses of those who have been taught in the schools.

PAUL ON THE VOYAGE TO ROME.

THE great goal of the apostle's life is now to be reached. The name of Rome must have been familiar to him from his youth. Images of its military and architectural grandeur must have often floated before him; the City of the Seven Hills must have stood out to him as the centre of the world's pomp and power. Wherever he had been, at home in Tarsus, in Judea, in the Levant, in Asia Minor, and in Europe, Roman authority and law prevailed. Roman roads had been often trodden by him, and he had seen the eagles of Rome under every sky. He longed to visit the great metropolis, and he had already written a large and argumentative letter to the Church there. He did not reach it so soon as he had anticipated, or by such a journey as he might originally contemplate. But God had promised it, and the Divine promise was in God's own way fulfilled. In self-defence he had appealed to Cæsar, and he must sail for Italy to prosecute his appeal.

The time of departure at length came, and Paul and certain other prisoners—of a different class—were placed under the care of Julius, "a centurion of Augustus' band;" perhaps a captain in the imperial life-guards returning to Italy. The ship in which they embarked at Cesarea belonged to Adramyttium, and was apparently on its homeward voyage, "meaning to sail by the coasts of Asia," the usual route for vessels engaged in this traffic. Several of the apostle's friends were with him—Luke the narrator, and Aristarchus the Macedonian, whom he afterwards names his "fellow-labourer" and "fellow-prisoner." On touching at Sidon the next day, the centurion, who, from the report of Festus, must have been aware of the frivolous charges preferred against him, "courteously entreated Paul," and allowed him to go on shore to see his friends and refresh himself—the reference in the last word being to corporeal frailty, perhaps increased by sea-sickness. Leaving Sidon, they sailed under Cyprus, that is, under the lee of Cyprus, or to the east of it, the direct course being to the south of it; for so the contrary winds compelled them, and they might take advantage of a strong current which, running with great strength to the westward, would enable them to make way against the gale. They thus "sailed over the sea of Cilicia and Pamphylia," and "came to Myra, a city of Lycia." At Myra vessels were changed, and the prisoners were put into a "ship of Alexandria sailing into Italy"—probably a corn-ship, and, like others of the class, a regular trader, of large size and with a well-appointed crew. On loosing from Myra, the wind was adverse. Small progress was made, and after "many days" they had with difficulty come opposite to Cnidus, a distance of not more than one hundred and thirty miles.

The prevailing wind in those regions, and at that season of the year—the close of summer—is still the north-west wind, against which the ship could scarcely work up. In consequence of this they ran under the lee of Crete, or to the east of it, so as to be sheltered by it. Having with difficulty rounded the point of Salmone, “hardly passing it,” they coasted the south side of the island, and, unable to pass Cape Matala, where the shore suddenly trends to the north, they put in to the Fair Havens, not far from Lasea—a town, the ruins of which were for the first time identified in 1856 by Mr Tennent, a merchant of Glasgow, and the friends who were cruising with him in his yacht.

The season was, however, far advanced—“the fast was now already past”—it was the end of September or beginning of October, and therefore perilous to undertake a long voyage. Navigation was not actually interrupted till about six weeks later, but sailing “was now dangerous.” Warning comes from an unexpected quarter. It is not the centurion in anxiety for his charge, the captain afraid of his ship, nor the owner apprehensive about his cargo. It is not the crew who refuse to put to sea, nor the passengers who protest on account of the roughness of the weather. It is one of the prisoners who takes it upon him to warn them, and to foretell disaster—damage to the cargo and ship, and the jeopardy of their own lives. The apostle was no coward himself, and he knew that he should reach Rome. But he had regard to those who were with him. He knew the dangers of the season, and may have had a supernatural intimation. He felt that no one should tempt Providence, and he was willing to remain, though assured of a Divine safeguard. Nor was he without previous experience—“Thrice I suffered shipwreck, a night and a day have I been in the deep.” This is the first time he speaks, and his words are unheeded; but in a brief time he commanded attention, and the safety of the passengers was owing to his courage and presence of mind. On deck, though in bonds, he grows in importance among soldiers and seamen who knew nothing of his history, and cared as little for it; nay, rises ultimately into supreme command, captain and centurion being for a season superseded by the insignificant Jewish prisoner. Thus, mind and character will assert themselves in every situation, and shine through every disguise. These forces of soul defy repression and burst into ascendancy—guiding with facility, and governing with universal compliance. The centurion, however, would not listen to Paul, but rather “believed the master and owner of the ship,” both of whom were anxious to get to the end of the journey. They had lain long wind-bound at Fair Havens, but it was not a good winter station, and the greater part joined in opinion with the captain and supercargo, hoping to get to Phœnice, about forty miles west,

and a more commodious roadstead to winter in, as from its position it was secured from the prevailing storms. They seem now to have given up all hope of reaching Rome before next spring; but on a favourable change of breeze, when the “south wind blew softly,” they made for Phœnice, which lay to the north-west, and, hugging the shore, “sailed close by Crete.” But they were soon overtaken by a hurricane, blowing down from the highlands of the coast, and called Euroclydon—perhaps more correctly Euroaquilo—or a north-east wind. The adjective rendered tempestuous is in the original “typhonic,” or like a typhoon, the tempest which is accompanied by whirlwinds driving the clouds in circling conflict, and raising the sea in columns of spray. The ship was caught in the squall, and “could not bear up into it,” literally, look it in the eye, and was therefore forced to scud before it. “Running under” the islet of Clauda, they “had much work to come by the boat;” that is, taking advantage of the smooth water under the lee of the island, with difficulty they hoisted on board the boat which was usually towed behind the ship, shewing that they were preparing to resist the storm. Then they used “helps,” “undergirding the ship;” a common precaution in those times, passing a stout cable several times round the hull, so as to tighten the planks which might be strained by the heavy seas. Being driven still to the south-west, and being naturally afraid of falling “into the quicksands,” or the shoals of the Syrtis on the northern shore of Africa, they *strake sail*—rather, lowered the mainyard and its sail—and “so were driven,” keeping the ship’s head off shore, and her right side to the wind. The tempest did not abate, and the next day they “lightened” her—threw out a portion of the cargo. But the danger still increasing, “we cast out with our own hands the tackling of the ship”—all portions of the heavy gear or rigging; others, according to this reading, beside the crew being employed in the work, or the apostle himself and Luke putting a hand to the labour. In a short time such a vessel must have foundered and gone down—a common fate with ancient ships. The sky had closed dark and angry around them, and “neither sun nor stars in many days appeared,” while the gale increased in fury, and they abandoned hope; for the ship was leaking, and they could not tell where they were, on what coast they might be driven, or how long the opening timbers would resist the violence of the waves. The darkness of night was above them, with a raging sea around them, and the labouring bark, though strapped and eased of its heavier freight and furniture, was drifting helplessly before the wind.

In this crisis of dismay and danger, the voice which had warned them at Fair Havens was heard again. And the apostle now spoke from Divine authority. We know not what

were the feelings of the passengers, or how they expressed them, though we can well imagine the confusion and fear among two hundred and seventy-six persons during a tempest of such force and duration. Perhaps, as in Jonah's voyage, they cried every man to his god, and bethought themselves of Paul's early counsel. As "the sea wrought and was tempestuous," the master might exhaust his skill, and the centurion betake himself to Neptune, but Paul resorted to secret prayer to Him who "commandeth and raiseth the stormy wind which lifted up the waves." They would not listen to his advice, and the hurricane had enveloped them; but still he prayed for them, and he received all their lives as a gift in answer to his intercession. So richly fraught with comfort, he stood forth to cheer and animate them, for they were exhausted with toil, terror, and fasting. He reminds them first of his previous warning, which they had slighted—not to upbraid them, indeed, nor even to elicit the conclusion that he was a true prophet, but to shew them that he had spoken not from opinion, but from certain knowledge, and that, therefore, what he was now to say demanded credence—"And now I exhort you to be of good cheer: for there shall be no loss of any man's life among you, but of the ship. For there stood by me this night the angel of God, whose I am, and whom I serve, saying, Fear not, Paul; thou must be brought before Cæsar: and, lo, God hath given thee all them that sail with thee. Wherefore, sirs, be of good cheer; for I believe God, that it shall be even as it was told me. Howbeit we must be cast upon a certain island."

To be continued.

PURITY OF CHARACTER.

OVER the beauty of the plum and the apricot, there grows a bloom and beauty more exquisite than the fruit itself—a soft, delicate plush that overspreads its blushing cheek. Now, if you stroke your hand over that, and it is once gone, it is gone for ever, for it never grows but once. Take the flower that hangs in the morning, impearled with dew, arrayed as no queenly woman ever was arrayed with jewels. Once shake it, so that the beads roll off, and you may sprinkle water over it as carefully as you please, yet it can never be made again what it was when the dew fell silently upon it from heaven! On a frosty morning, you may see the panes of glass covered with landscapes—mountains, lakes, trees, blended in a beautiful, fantastic picture. Now, lay your hand upon the glass, and by the scratch of your finger, or by the warmth of your palm, all the delicate tracery will be obliterated. So there is in youth a beauty and purity of character, which, when once touched and defiled, can never be restored; a fringe

more delicate than frost-work, and which, when torn and broken, will never be re-embroidered. A man who has spotted and soiled his moral garments in youth, though he may seek to make them white again, can never wholly do it, even were he to wash them with his tears. When a young man leaves his father's house, with the blessing of his mother's tears still wet upon his forehead, if he once loses that early purity of character, it is a loss that he can never make whole again. Such is the consequence of crime. Its effect cannot be eradicated; it can only be forgiven. It is a stain of blood that we can never make white, and which can be washed away only in the blood of Christ, that cleanseth from all sin!"—*Beecher's Summer in the Soul.*

HOW TO BEAR LITTLE TROUBLES.

THERE is a kind of narrowness into which, in our everyday experiences, we are apt to fall, and against which we should most carefully guard. When a man who is in perfect health has a wound inflicted upon him—a wound in his foot, a cut on his finger, a pain in his hand—he is almost always sure to feel, even though it be only a small member that suffers, and the suffering itself be unworthy of the name, that the perfect soundness of all the rest of his body counts as nothing; and a little annoyance is magnified into a universal pain. Only a single point may be hurt, and yet he feels himself clothed with uneasiness, or with a garment of torture. So, God may send ten thousand mercies upon us, but if there happen to be only one discomfort among them, one little worry, or fret, or bicker, all the mercies and all the comforts are forgotten, and count as nothing! One little trouble is enough to set them all aside! There may be an innumerable train of mercies, which, if they were stopped one by one, and questioned, would seem like angels bearing God's gifts in their hands! But we forget them all, in the remembrance of the most trivial inconvenience! A man may go about all the day long—discontented, fretting, out of humour—who at evening, on asking himself the question, "What has ailed me to-day?" may be filled with shame because unable to tell! The annoyance is so small and slight that he cannot recognise it! yet its power over him is almost incredible. He is equally ashamed with the cause and the result.

We may fall into such a state merely through indifference, and remain there simply because we have fallen into it, and make no effort to get out. When a man starts wrong early in the morning, unless he is careful to set himself right before he has gone far, he will hardly be able to straiten out his crookedness until noon or afternoon—if haply then; for a man is like a large ship; he cannot turn

round in a small space, and must make his sweep in a large curve. If we wake up with a heavenly mind, we are apt to carry it with us through the day; but if we wake up with a fretful, peevish, discontented disposition, we are apt to carry that all the day, and all the next day too! I have comforted myself, and risen out of this state of mind, by saying to myself, "Well, you are in trouble; something has come upon you which is painful; but will you let it clasp its arms around you, and shut you in its embrace from the sight and touch of all the many other things that are accounted joys? Will you suffer yourself to be harnessed and driven by it? It is well to remember that there is a way of overcoming present troubles by a recognition of present or promised mercies. The Apostle Paul knew this, and so exhorted us to "look unto Jesus, who, for the joy that was set before Him, endured the cross, despising the shame." All that Christ had to bear He bore patiently—He carried His sorrow about with Him as a very little thing. Why? Because of the "joy that was set before Him!" Oh, let us apply the exhortation faithfully to ourselves; and when we are worried, and tempted to give way to vexation, let us seek a sweet relief in the thought of the blessedness that is set before us to be an inheritance for ever!—*Beecher's Summer in the Soul.*

HARD-HEARTED.

THE stones rent and clave in sunder at the cruel death of Jesus; but the hearts of the Jews, more stony than stones, are no whit moved. They rend not their garments, much less their hearts; whereas the earth rent the stones her bones, and the rocks her ribs. The flints are softer than they; the flints break—they harden. They still belch their malicious blasphemies—the rocks relent; the stones are become men, and the men stones. Oh, the senselessness of a hard heart! rocks will sooner break than that can be mollified. Even the hardest creatures are flexible to some agents—flints to the rain, iron to the fire, stones to the hammer; but this heart yields to nothing, neither the showers of mercy, nor the hammer of reproof, nor the fire of judgments, but, like the filthy, are still the harder for beating.—*Thomas Adams, 1629.*

THE UNREGENERATE.

WHAT wise man would bring fishes out of the water to feed in his meadows, or send his oxen to feed in the sea? As little are the unregenerate meet for heaven, or heaven meet for them.—*Boston.*

An unregenerate man is equally dead to God whether he be buried in a sink of vice, or under a fair monument of natural virtue.—*Dohnau.*

Pages for the Young.

THE LENT HALF-CROWN.

"WHAT are you crying for?" said Arthur to a little ragged boy that he overtook on his way home from the village school. There was something in the kind of crying that led Arthur to think there was some serious cause for it.

"I am hungry," said the boy, "and can get nothing to eat."

"He don't go to our school, or he would have said, Get *anything* to eat." But Arthur did not stop to criticise his language.

"Why don't your mother give you something to eat?"

"She hasn't anything for herself, and she is sick, and can't get up."

"Where is your father?"

"I haven't any—he was drowned at sea."

"Where do you live?"

"Down there," pointing to a miserable hut in a distant lane.

"Come with me, and I'll get you something."—Arthur turned back, and the boy followed him. He had a few half-pence in his pocket—just enough, as it proved, to buy a loaf of bread. He gave it to the boy, and told him he would go home with him. The boy took the loaf, and though he did not break it, he looked so wishfully, that Arthur took his knife and cut off a piece, and gave it to him to eat; he ate it in a manner that shewed that he had not deceived Arthur when he told him he was hungry. The tears came into Arthur's eyes as he saw him swallow the dry bread with such eagerness. He remembered with some self-reproach that he had sometimes complained when he had nothing but bread and butter for tea. On their way to the boy's home, Arthur learned that the family had removed to the place about a week before; that his mother was taken sick the day after they came, and was unable to leave her bed; that there were two children younger than himself; that their last food was eaten the day before; that his mother had sent him out to beg for the first time in his life; that the first man he asked told him that beggars would be put in jail, so he was afraid to ask anybody else, but was returning home when Arthur overtook him, and asked him what he was crying for.

Arthur went in and saw a good-looking woman on the bed, with two small children crying by her side. As he opened the door, he heard the eldest say, "Do, mamma, give me something to eat."—They stopped crying when Arthur and the boy came in. The boy ran to the bed and gave his mother the loaf, and pointing to Arthur, said,

"He bought it for me."

"Thank you," said the woman; "may God bless you, and give you the bread of eternal life!"

The oldest girl jumped up and down in her joy, and the youngest tried to seize the loaf. Seeing that the widow's hands were weak, Arthur took the loaf and cut off a piece for the youngest first, and then for the girl and the boy. He gave the loaf to the widow. She ate a small piece, and then closed her eyes, and seemed to be in silent prayer.

"She must be one of the Lord's poor," thought Arthur. "I'll go and get something for you as quick as I can," said Arthur, and he departed.

He went to Mrs Berton's, who lived near, and told her the story; and she immediately sent some milk and bread, and tea and sugar and butter, and sent word that she would come herself as soon as she could get the baby to sleep.

Arthur had a half-crown at home which he wished to give the poor woman. His father gave it to him for watching sheep, and told him that he must not spend it; but put it out at interest, or trade with it so as to make something by it. He knew his father would not let him give it away; for he was not a true Christian, and thought of little else than of making and saving money. Arthur's mother died when he was an infant, but with her last breath she gave him to God.

When Arthur was five years old, he was sent to school to a pious teacher who cared for his soul, and knowing that he had no teacher at home, she took unusual pains to instruct him in the principles of religious truth. The Holy Spirit blessed her efforts, and before he was eight years of age, there was reason to hope that he had been born again inwardly.

Arthur was now in his tenth year. He considered how he should help the poor widow, and at length hit upon the plan which proved successful.

His father was very desirous that he should begin to act for himself in business matters, such as making bargains. He did not wish him to ask his advice in so doing, but to go by his own judgment. After the business was done he would shew whether it was wise or not; but never censured him, lest he should discourage him from acting on his own responsibility.

In view of these facts, Arthur formed his plan.

"Father, may I lend my half-crown?"

"To some spendthrift boy?"

"I won't lend it without good security."

The father was pleased that his son had the idea of good security in his head; he would not inquire what it was for—he wished Arthur to decide for himself. He told him to lend it, but be careful not to lose it.

"I'll be sure about that," said Arthur.

Arthur took his half-crown, and ran to the poor widow, and gave it to her, and came away before she had time to thank him.

At night his father asked him if he had put out his money.

"Yes, sir," said Arthur.

"Whom did you lend it to?"

"I gave it to a poor, starving widow in Mr Harvey's house."

There was a frown gathering on his father's brow as he said, "Do you call that lending? Did you not ask my permission to lend it? Have I a son that will deceive me?"

"No, sir," said Arthur; "I did lend it." He opened his Bible that he had ready, with his finger on the place, "*He that hath pity upon the poor lendeth unto the Lord.*" I lent it to the Lord, and I call that written promise good security."

"Lent it to the Lord! Will He ever pay you?"

"Yes, father, He will—it says that He will pay again."

"I thought you had more sense," said his father; but this was not said in an angry tone. The truth was, the old man was pleased with the ingenuity, as he called it, of his boy. He did not wish to discourage that. So he took out his purse, and handed Arthur half-a-crown. "Here; the Lord will never pay you:—I must, or you will never see your money again."

"Thank you, sir," said Arthur. "In my way of thinking," said he to himself, "the Lord has paid me—much sooner than I expected, too; I hardly expected He would pay me in money. The hearts of all men are in His hand, and the gold and silver are His; He has disposed my father to pay it to me. I'll lend it again."

Arthur kept the habit of lending his spare money to the Lord all his days, and he was always satisfied that he was paid fourfold, and often several times over.

LITTLE CHILDREN, PRAY.

Little children, when the evening
Falleth with its quiet shade,
Over tree-top, sky, and steeple;
Ere your little heads are laid
On your pillow for repose,
'Neath the Father's mighty care,
Bow the heart and bend the knee,
Low to Him in fervent prayer.
Pray, little children, pray.

Little children, when the morning
Poureth o'er the eastern hills
Its bright flood of blessed sunshine,
Making glad the field and rills;
Ere you leave your quiet chambers,
Pause, and kneel, and humbly pray
To the God that has preserved you
To behold another day.

Pray, little children, pray.

Little children, when His summons
Calls you from these scenes away,
Ask Him to receive your spirits;
Pray, dear little children, pray.
Pray that, through the great Redeemer,
You may rise to life and light,
And glad hallelujahs singing,
Dwell for ever in His sight.

Pray, little children, pray.



A FAMILY MAGAZINE FOR SUNDAY READING.

REVISED BY THE REV. NORMAN M'LEOD, D.D., GLASGOW.

WEEKLY NOS. ONE HALFPENNY.]

[MONTHLY PARTS, THREEPENCE.

WORDS TO LABOURERS.

BY THE REV. E. F. BAYNON.

SOME of us, perhaps, who may be said to be "clothed in purple and fine linen, and fare sumptuously every day," are not sufficiently mindful of the daily toil, exertion, and difficulties, which the workman undergoes in endeavouring to do his part towards providing us with food and raiment, or of the spirit-wearying trials and denials which form the life of the agricultural labourer, or of the long-continued attention necessary before a man can arrive at that practical skill in his work, like unto that which has been manifested this day. We do not sufficiently realise the thought, that, to the humblest giver of the humblest labour, under the Great and Universal Giver of all good, we owe a large debt of gratitude; and the meaner and more irksome the labour, the greater our debt, and the fuller should be our sympathy towards one who does his part in the universal giving of all nature, and ministers, though at his own discomfort, to our happiness and well-being. We thank you, then, my friends, for your exertions—the toiler is indeed worthy of our best thanks.

But now let me give you a few words of encouragement. I have heard the remark made, that the life of a labouring man is a dead level from the cradle to the grave, and that he possesses no lever by which he might raise himself to a higher position. I wish to tell you something more cheerful—something of a less gloomy character. There are, I am thankful to say, many instances on record, where men of your class and position in life have risen to stations of eminence and wealth, and these instances are worthy of mention.

The late Sir Robert Peel (whose father was himself an instance of a man who, by his industry, integrity, and skill, had raised himself to a high position in society) stated in the House of Commons, that he knew ten men who were receiving twenty-five or thirty shil-

lings as a week's wages, when he was a boy, who were worth, at the time when he was speaking, from £50,000 to £100,000 each. On this occasion he also dwelt upon the importance to working-men of a small saving. "It may be," he observes, "the foundation to them of future independence; it may enable the father of a family, imitating the honourable example of the hon. member for Salford [the late Mr Brotherton, then in the House of Commons], to gather that family round him and say, 'From these small gains I will lay the foundation of a fortune, such as hundreds in Lancashire have acquired by their own industry and integrity.'" The great Rothschild began by buying prints at Manchester, and ended by becoming the principal money power of Europe.

But you may say to me, "True, but these examples are comparatively useless, and do not meet our case; we do not live in a manufacturing, but in an agricultural district, and do not earn twenty-five or thirty shillings a week." Granted, but I will tell you of men in your own position and walk of life, who have raised themselves in a similar manner. On a former occasion I alluded to the late Alderman Kelly, who, when a boy, fed sheep on the Surrey Hills, and afterwards, by his honesty, industry, intelligence, and skill, became the Lord Mayor of London, and had the honour of receiving at the ancient gates of the city, over which he presided, our present gracious sovereign Queen Victoria, on her accession to the throne. Dr Lushington, at an agricultural meeting in Kent, not long since, mentioned the circumstance of a gentleman, who once fed sheep upon the downs of Lancashire, being appointed a magistrate by the Duke of Portland, the Lord-Lieutenant, and who shortly after received the thanks of the magistracy of the whole county, for his intelligence and zeal. The late George Stephenson, the

eminent engineer, was born in the humblest rank of life, and at eight years of age was cowboy to a farmer, at the wages of twopence a-day, and gradually raised himself, by his own persevering endeavours, to one of the highest niches in the temple of Fame. Sir Joseph Paxton, of Crystal Palace celebrity, commenced life as a gardener; and the best mathematician at King's College, Aberdeen, at this time, is a man who part of the year works in agriculture, and during the other part studies in college. And instances must occur to you, as they do to me, of men whom you have known, who were once day labourers like yourselves, but who, by God's blessing on honest industry, have been enabled in the middle of life to farm or trade on their own account. To talent, combined with character, the path of honour is open to all, from the humblest post of trust to the woollack and the mitre.

"It is not simply true of these men that, by a course of industry and honour, they raise themselves to positions of eminence. In the process of self-elevation, or as a consequence of it, they become instruments of raising others likewise—their families, their relations, their friends, their dependents, &c.—forming, as it were, so many centres of social development and progress."*

Seek, then, to inscribe your name in that golden record of self-made men, a place in which none of us can inherit, but all may aspire to attain. I do not, indeed, suppose that you will all become lord mayors, magistrates, or mathematicians, or rise to fill the highest offices in church and state—and if you do, you will not be freed from work, for you will have brain work, than which none is more arduous—but you may all achieve excellence and honour in your own position, by integrity and skill. Yes, my friends, there is a greatness and a dignity in any useful employment, but it is a greatness within you, and not without you. True wealth does not consist in riches, or power, or rank, or in the three united. As the poet sings—

"The rank is but the guinea's stamp—
The man's the gold for a' that."

But he is not worthy of the name, who does not use and improve the abilities which Providence has given him; and the man who does use them, who does rightly employ the highest of the gifts of God to man, may look forward to attain, in some degree, both a material and moral greatness. The steps up Fortune's ladder to success in life are not so numerous or so difficult as to forbid a trial of them. Many have trodden them with advantage to themselves and benefit to society, and reached a happy termination to their labours and their toils, and you, *you* may do the same. First of all, you must have self-reliance, and if there be one wordly lesson more than another which you could learn to your advan-

tage, it is that of dependence upon your own powers, under Providence, to achieve your own advancement. Be bold, but cautious; resolute, but apprehensive. The next step is industry—"the diligent hand maketh rich," but "sloth is the key of poverty." "There is no art or science," says a celebrated author,* "that is too difficult for industry to attain to; it is the philosopher's stone that turns all metals, and even stones, into gold, and suffers no want to break into dwellings." Want may look in, but dare not enter. When a thing is to be done, do it immediately; a repeated exercise of the will in this way will ere long form the habit of industry.

Then comes perseverance—you must persevere in the path which you have chosen, and not be discouraged by trials. "No pains, no gains." It is only the man who first consults wisely, then resolves firmly, and then executes his purpose with determined perseverance, that can hope to advance to eminence in any line. A man who wants resolution to try again and again, can never hope to succeed, "but the world is his who has patience." Partial successes only, amidst frequent disappointments, must be looked for in our passage through a fallen world. Next, you must have thrift—be careful how you spend and how you pay. "One hundred hours of vexation," says the Italian proverb, "will not pay a farthing of debt." Remember the old maxims, "Waste not, want not;"—

"If youth did know what age did crave,
Many a penny it would save;"

"A penny saved is a penny gained." Be mindful of the words of the late Sir Robert Peel, that, "a small saving may be the foundation of future independence." John Wesley, in his sermon on the use of money, says, "Make all you can—save all you can—give all you can."

You must also have temperance—intemperance, like improvidence, is one of the evil eyes which look upon the labour of this country, and is not only the father of that cruel wolf which seeks admittance to the poor man's hearth, viz., want, but is the destroyer of a man's own self-respect, comfort, and respectability.

Bear in mind, too, that all habits of life which are not in conformity with the laws of health, are sins against God and yourselves, departures from the law of Him who planted within you the first law of life—self-preservation.

You must likewise possess integrity of heart, both towards God and man. Love the truth; be king of your word; think, speak, and act truth. Be just and true in all your dealings, and commend yourselves by probity of conduct alike to all around you, as to Him "who seeth not as man seeth." Honesty eventually will ever be found to be the best policy. "The unrighteous penny," says the German

* *Life of Kelly.*

* *Clarendon.*

proverb, "corrupts the righteous pound." "The blessing of the Lord maketh rich, and addeth no sorrow with it;" and that blessing can be only looked for when we walk in the path of God's commandments.

The last step of the ladder which, by the Divine blessing, you may hope to attain, is independence. In one sense, indeed, it is true that you are all dependent—*dependent* upon the great Creator, for the mercies, and bounties, and blessings, which come to you from hour to hour—*dependent* upon your fellow-creatures for the supply of your wants, and the many comforts of your lives; but it is equally true, that a happy competency is most desirable, when sought for on Christian principles—a competency which, while it renders you not dependent as a burden upon others, may enable you, like the good Alderman whose name I have before mentioned, to have to give him that needeth, and thus to "lend unto the Lord."

But a word of caution. Let the desire for self-advancement be accompanied by a spirit of cheerful contentment in the state of life in which God has placed you, and of ready submission to the will of Him who ordereth all things both in heaven and earth.

Scripture teaches us the lesson, that as we brought nothing into this world, and can certainly carry nothing out, having food and raiment we should be therewith content; it tells us that godliness with contentment is great gain. A firm conviction that the Lord will provide, maintained with the unwearied diligence and industry which God commands, is one of the secrets of true contentment.

While striving for an earthly prize, never forget that there is a better, even a spiritual prize, which claims your chief regard, and to obtain which you must ask the help of Him who alone hath it to bestow, and who will assuredly give it to all who truly seek it through the merits and mediation of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

Thus, while I would seek to direct your steps up Fortune's ladder to success in life, I would also tell you of a higher and holier ladder—a ladder with steps of Christian graces, by which you may attain the possession of eternal gains—a treasure in the heavens which faileth not, where no thief approacheth, nor moth corrupteth. I would remind you that to be diligent in worldly business, or on earthly farms, it is not necessary to be careless of heavenly work—of spiritual husbandry. No one need lose his soul, because he takes care of his body; no one need forfeit heaven, because he tries to live comfortably and respectably on earth. The Christian servant seeks to consecrate the whole action of his life to the honour and glory of his Creator, Redeemer, and Sanctifier; and beginning and ending each returning day in prayer to the Eternal, desires, whilst actively engaged in the employment of an

earthly master, to live as under the all-seeing eye, in the holy fear and happy service of his Great Master who is in heaven, and whatsoever he does, to do all to the glory of God.

"Carry holy principles with you in the world, and the world will become hallowed by their presence. A Christian spirit will christianise everything it touches. Religion in the soul will make all the work and toil of life, its gains and losses, friendships, rivalries, and competitions, its manifold incidents and events, the means of religious advancement.

"We need not bid, for cloister'd cell,
Our neighbour and our work farewell;
The trivial round, the common task,
May furnish all we ought to ask—
Room to deny ourselves a road,
To bring us daily nearer God."

"Live for Christ in the world, and you carry out with you, into eternity, all of the results of the world's business that are worth the keeping."*

The very calling of one engaged in husbandry will remind him of many spiritual truths. He can think of the Great Husbandman, of the Good Shepherd, and of the lost sheep, of the sower and his seed, of the labourers in the vineyard, of the talents, of the tares, of the seed growing secretly, of the mustard seed, of the rich man whose ground brought forth plentifully, of the salt which had lost its savour, of the good servants watching for their master's coming, and of the final harvest.

Success in life at best is transient—the heavenly crown endures for ever. Seek, then, those spiritual riches which were purchased for you at a costlier price than that of silver and gold, and which are the only true wealth, and can alone be carried beyond the grave. Choose that good part which can never be taken away from you. Covet earnestly those best, those spiritual gifts, which, beyond value as a present blessing, will not only remain when time shall cease, and when earth with all its wealth and power, its pleasures and its honours, shall be no more, but will continue to enrich and satisfy the soul throughout the endless ages of eternity.

A DISTRICT VISITOR'S NOTE-BOOK.

I WAS very new to my work when I entered upon it, and had but an indefinite idea of the duties which, as a district visitor, I should be called upon to fulfil. I had been told that my first care must be, if possible, to do good to the souls of the poor with whom I was about to become acquainted, and then I was to try to help them in temporal things by various means which had been pointed out to me. I was to put them in the way of obtaining Bibles where they were needed; to promote the sending of their children to Sabbath and other schools; to read to the sick; to sympathise and

* Caird's "Religion in Common Life."

advise with them under circumstances of sorrow or difficulty which they might in time confide to me; and, in cases of necessity, I was empowered to administer pecuniary aid according to my judgment and discretion. This did not seem very arduous: yet when I set out one morning, accompanied by a friend, to make my first calls, I felt that I had undertaken a task of great responsibility, for which I needed both wisdom "from above," and that Divine assistance which God has promised to the humblest effort made in His cause, and for His sake. But I went forth hopefully, and with good courage, for I believed that I was going in obedience to the call of duty; and it is wonderful what strength this conviction gives, when we are also enabled to realise the assurance that our Master and Saviour is with us, approving and blessing even the kind word, or the "cup of cold water," which is offered for the love of Him.

I felt this assurance the more strongly on this occasion, because it had been to me for some time past a subject of earnest prayer that I might be permitted to join with the people of Christ in some "labour of love"—that my "one talent," if I possessed one, might find employment which should be, in its humble degree, for the service of God and the benefit of others. So that when, without my seeking, I was appointed a district visitor in my own immediate neighbourhood, I saw in the circumstance an answer to my prayers, and prepared for my new duties with the sure belief, that when our heavenly Father calls us to any work He gives grace for its performance, if we ask for His help in our Saviour's name. My young friend and companion shared with me in this encouraging certainty. She had not long since recovered from a dangerous illness, which had brought her near to the gates of death; and having herself received the most merciful support and consolation in her sickness from "the God of all comfort," her warm feelings of gratitude and love had awakened an earnest desire to seek out the poor and afflicted, that she might comfort those who were in any trouble by the comfort wherewith she herself had been comforted of God. (2 Cor. i. 4.) Therefore we each set out on this, to us, important morning, conscious of our own weakness and inability, yet cheering ourselves and encouraging each other with the assurance, that the promised grace was "sufficient" for us, and for every duty which lay before us.

Perhaps a brief record of some of these visits may not be uninteresting to young readers who have hitherto had but little opportunity of becoming acquainted with the poor, while to me it has been occasionally a pleasant occupation to write down the little incidents which I have met with, the domestic histories which I have learned, and especially the proofs of God's providence and mercy which it has often been my happiness to see.

I cannot say that my note-book has been the chronicle of many striking events; but the very simplicity of everyday characters and occurrences may bring them home to the experience of others, and impart to them a value which the marvellous or the improbable could not possess. My aim has been to give a faithful transcript of what I have seen and heard; and my highest hope is now to strengthen in some disciple of Christ the wish and purpose of serving Him, by shewing that objects of interest, and opportunities of usefulness, may be found at our very door. It does not need great talents or abilities; it does not need riches or an influential position in society—

"The trivial round, the common task,
Would furnish all we ought to ask."

Only let us use all the means in our power for doing good; and then, even if we are not permitted to see any great result, we shall have peace of conscience, and the blessing which rested upon that loving servant of old when she had "done what she could."

We knocked at the first door with some little trepidation, knowing that the people within were ignorant of our errand, and uncertain whether our visit would be regarded as welcome or intrusive. But before we had time for misgivings the latch was lifted, and we were invited to come in by a little girl of eight years old, in whom my companion immediately recognised one of her Sabbath scholars. This was as favourable an introduction as we could desire. An elderly woman came bustling in with a face full of household cares; and while she dusted the chairs on which we were to sit (which, by the way, I have since observed, is a sure sign of welcome amongst the poor), she began to pour out her thanks to Jenny's teacher, and to say how well she was getting on at the Sabbath-school. A few words from us explained the object of our calling, and drew from her another flood of thanks; and then, without further prelude, she began to put us into possession of her family affairs. Her name was Spring, she said; her husband, Robert Spring, had been well-known as a carpenter in the town for twenty years. They had found it hard work to provide for a family of seven children; but now the boys and girls were growing up, and all but Jenny earning something for themselves. There was, indeed, about the house the look of people well to do in the world; and there was that in the busy face of Mrs Spring which told us of a Martha who had been "careful and troubled about many things;" while during our conversation, and our efforts to direct her thoughts to Christ and His salvation, not a single word fell from her lips to shew that the one great concern had any interest for her. We left her, feeling that, though in outward things the district visitor was little needed there, yet we should scarcely enter a house where the message of our Master ought to be more faithfully de-

livered, nor where all thought of another world was more entirely set aside.

We were admitted to the next house by a pale, sickly-looking woman, in a dirty widow's cap, and having an infant of a few weeks old, half-dressed and crying, in her arms. It was her lodger's child, she said, as she shewed us into a close, dingy room, overcrowded with dusty, broken furniture, a round table standing by the smouldering fire, with the fragments of an untidy breakfast not yet removed from it. Her lodger went out to work, she told us, and so she took charge of the baby; for since her husband's death, three years ago, she had been sadly distressed, and was glad to earn a trifle in any honest way. And then as she became assured of our sympathy, she spoke of his lingering illness, which had consumed all their little savings, and of the grief that it had been to her to see him sinking day after day. But this was a past affliction, and she spoke of it without tears. She had a nearer trouble—one that was never absent from her mind. We asked her if she had children, and she told us that her son, her only son, had left England for Australia soon after his father's death, and not a line had reached her since he sailed, to tell her what her heart seemed almost breaking to know. Large quiet tears fell down her sunken face while she spoke of him, and she listened eagerly to the few words of comfort which we ventured to offer. Letters were often delayed, and sometimes lost, on that long voyage; or he might be in some distant part of the country, and unable to send. She had heard all this before, yet it cheered her to hear it again; and when we further spoke of Him who afflicts in mercy, and can bring a blessing out of trial, she listened as if it were no unwelcome theme. We wrote down the name of Widow Greenway in our list, not without a hope that by God's goodness our visits might be hereafter some comfort and help to her.

We soon found, as we proceeded, that whatever might be the other requisites for a district visitor, the disposition to feel for the afflictions of others was an indispensable qualification. In nearly every household there was some sorrow or anxiety which a kind word seldom failed to draw forth. Our third call was at a cottage inhabited by an aged couple, where the wife was suffering—it seemed to us with too much reason—from the dread of approaching blindness. She sat by her fireside at some homely needlework; and it was painful to see how the eye appeared to weary, and the practised hand to fail in its accustomed task for want of the guiding sight. Then we visited a young mother watching hopelessly over her sick child, the fourth that she had seen slowly fade like a blighted flower. In the next house, after ascending a steep decayed staircase, which almost threatened to give way beneath our feet, we found an old man sitting, forlorn and neglected, on a broken

chair, the only article of furniture in the room, his sole companion a child of three years old, and himself lame, deaf, with apparently as little light or peace within as he had comfort without. And in the next dwelling that we entered—not without reluctance and much entreaty, for the grief seemed too sacred for a stranger's sympathy—we were met by a wife who came from the bedside of her dying husband, and to whom the sweet Scripture words of comfort seemed so welcome and familiar that we could not help hoping we might hereafter find in her a Christian friend.

A few more calls completed my first day's experience as a district visitor. I found that there was abundance of work to be done, requiring perseverance and self-denial, and, above all, a love for souls like His who "went about doing good." But a hopeful and happy office it seemed, now that we knew something of the inmates of those lowly dwellings, to carry to them glad tidings of consolation both for this life and the life beyond; and as my companion and I returned to our homes, thankful, I trust, for our own blessings, we desired more fervently, and more earnestly resolved, by God's grace helping us, to do all that in us lay for those under our care, whom we should henceforth know "in trouble, sorrow, need, sickness, or any other adversity."
—*Tract Magazine.*

THE PRAYERFULNESS OF THE PRIMITIVE CHRISTIANS.

BY LYMAN COLEMAN, D.D.

"BEHOLD, he prayeth!" was the simple exclamation that announced the conversion of the great apostle of the Gentiles; and the same is the most comprehensive characteristic of the primitive Christian. The men of that age were pre-eminently men of prayer. They prayed always with all prayer and supplication. Three times—at nine, at twelve, and three—they prayed. This hour for their stated devotions returned according to the Jewish custom, though they acknowledged no prescribed hour of prayer, but taught that men ought to pray at all times, and in every place. Especially, they began and ended the day with prayer. "Early in the morning, as we arise from our beds," says Cyprian, "will we by our prayers give thanks for the resurrection of Christ, praying that, as the day has returned to enlighten the earth, so Christ would return to shine into our hearts by His grace."

At their meals they religiously sought the blessing of God, and gave thanks at the close of them for the blessings received. At the table they frequently enlivened the repast with sacred songs, or pertinent passages of Scripture. "The refreshment and sustenance of the spirit," says Tertullian, "must precede that of the body—the heavenly before the earthly."

The primitive Christians were also accustomed to begin and end their customary occupations with prayer, silent or audible. The various agricultural pursuits, sowing, reaping, harvesting, were begun and ended with prayer: so, on laying the foundation of a house, or beginning to occupy it; on going on a journey, or even to a bath; on forming a new relation, or parting with a friend, or addressing to him a letter, they indulged in prayer. They prayed indeed always, by prayer and supplication making known their requests to God, with thanksgiving for every blessing of His hand; and on important occasions of general interest, such as the preservation of some valuable life, or deliverance from persecution, public prayers and thanksgiving were offered by the assembled church.

Prayer was to these Christians a quickening spirit from above, ever drawing forth the soul in heavenly aspirations after God. "The whole life," says Origen, "should be sustained by continued prayer unto God; so that each particular prayer should be only a certain portion of one only prayer which pervades a Christian's life." To the same effect is the language of Clement of Alexandria and of Tertullian—"Though men may appoint specific seasons for prayer, the advanced Christian, all his life long, strives by prayer to bind himself to God." "We weary heaven with the importunity of our prayers, and reach the ear of God." Such habitual intercourse with heaven shed a sanctifying influence over their whole life, and fed, like a perpetual spring, the streams of Christian piety and activity for which they were so remarkable. Prayer was to them a spiritual sacrifice from the altar of the heart, which, like the fire on the Jewish altar, kindled from on high, was to be kept burning there. Thus they prayed without ceasing. Clement of Alexandria beautifully expresses this ideal of a devout Christian—"He prays in every place, but not openly, to be seen of men. He prays in every situation—in his walks for recreation, in his intercourse with others, in silence, in reading, in all rational pursuits; and, though he is only thinking upon God in the little chamber of the soul, and calling upon his Father with silent aspirations, God is near him and with him while he is yet speaking."

JESUS.

ST BERNARD'S HYMN.

JESUS! the very thought of Thee
With gladness fills my breast;
But dearer far Thy face to see,
And in Thy presence rest.

Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame,
Nor can the memory find
A sweeter sound than Thy blest name,
O Saviour of mankind!

O Hope of every contrite heart!
O joy of all the meek!

To those who fall, how kind Thou art,
How good to those who seek!

And those who find Thee, find a bliss
Nor tongue, nor pen can show;
The love of Jesus—what it is,
None but His loved ones know.

Jesus, our only joy be Thou,
As Thou our prize wilt be!
Jesus, be Thou our glory now,
And through eternity!

PAUL ON THE VOYAGE TO ROME.

(Continued from page 442.)

It was now the fourteenth night since they had left Fair Havens in Crete, and they were still tossed about in the Adriatic—"They mount up to the heaven, they go down again to the depths; their soul is melted because of trouble. They reel to and fro, and stagger like a drunken man, and are at their wit's end." Unable to ascertain their position, "about midnight the shipmen deemed that they drew near to some country"—literally, that some country drew near to them—common but graphic nautical language, in which land rises or sinks, comes near or disappears. The *shipmen*—seamen—came to this conclusion, as they could from many signs unperceived by soldiers, prisoners, and passengers, such as the noise of breakers rising above the sound of the storm. Fearful of the close proximity of the shore, "they sounded, and found its depth twenty fathoms;" and in a short time, heaving the lead again, "they found it fifteen fathoms." This rapid shallowing alarmed them, and they feared to be dashed on the rocks over which the waves were breaking. To stay the progress of the ship, and keep her if possible in her present position, they cast four anchors out of the stern—not an unusual fashion in ancient navigation. On that coast the land is too low to be seen, though the breakers might be both audible and visible; and soundings of similar depth are yet found by mariners in the same locality. The alarmed inmates of the ship, groaning "in the sides" or crowded upon deck, now anxiously waited for the day. They might go down at their anchors, unable to ride out the gale if it increased; and they could not tell the nature of the coast till morning broke. Their purpose now was to strand the ship, and she was anchored so that her head was to the land, but they could not tell whether there might be a beach which should afford them the opportunity. In this moment of awful suspense, when wreck was certain, and the object was to be prepared for it, the sailors lost heart, and would have deserted the vessel. They pretended that it was necessary to lower the boat, which some days before they had taken in with difficulty, for the ostensible purpose of carrying out anchors from the prow to steady the pitching vessel. This manoeuvre shews how critical they reckoned their situation—when, in such a night of gloom and

tempest, they would take to the boat which could scarcely be expected to live in such a sea. Their purpose, as they had the working of the ship, could not be easily detected by the landmen, whom they would have so selfishly abandoned.

But there was one on board who had the gift of discerning spirits. He divined the treachery, and for the third time spoke. His stern words were — “Unless these abide in the ship, ye cannot be saved.” He had already assured them of safety; but that safety so absolutely promised depended upon means. They were to run the ship ashore as soon as it was day; and the operation could not be done except by the practised seamen, who alone could handle the vessel so as that she might be carried to the most promising part of the beach, and as high on the beach as possible. Neither the soldiers nor the landmen on board could be depended on for this difficult task. The soldiers at once, on hearing Paul speak in such a tone, cut the ropes by which the sailors were lowering the boat, and it fell into the sea, and was either capsized or drifted away. From this period till day began to appear, the apostle was exhorting them all to take food. The crisis was at hand, and it would need all their strength and presence of mind to take advantage of it. The last desperate effort to save their lives by swimming or floating on broken spars was to be made, and it must not be made by them in a dull and exhausted state. The apostle had special care of them, for their lives were given him; and he who could discourse as he had done before Felix, Festus, and Agrippa, can descend to speak of common duty, and inculcate obedience to physical law. His topic had been usually the salvation of the soul, but now it is the preservation of life; it had been generally the deliverance of their spirits from hell, but now it is the rescue of their persons from a watery grave. The great and the little, the mighty and the minute, the spiritual and the temporal, dietetic necessity and evangelical enterprise, were equally within his grasp. Raising his voice above the storm, he said to his fellow-voyagers, and it was his fourth utterance—“The fourteenth day ye this day complete without food, expecting (the storm to abate), and having taken nothing. Wherefore I exhort you to partake of food, for this is for your safety, for of none of you shall there fall a hair from the head. And when he had thus spoken, he took bread, and gave thanks to God in presence of them all; and when he had broken it, he began to eat. Then were they all of good cheer, and they also took some meat. And we were in all in the ship two hundred threescore and sixteen souls.” The apostle now stands out the commander of the ship, the guiding spirit in the emergency—her officers and crew are passive and helpless. For a fortnight they had had no regular meals—the usual result of a hurri-

cane; and day after day they had been looking for it to moderate. But as the moment of danger and deliverance was at hand, they were to strengthen themselves by food, and rest assured of ultimate safety. Displaying his lofty presence of mind, he set the example, gave thanks—for this brief service was not to be forgotten—and began to eat. His words cheered them all, and there were many of them—for the store ships were large and roomy, and the trade between Egypt and Rome was great and constant.

That they might run the ship as high upon the beach as possible, they lightened her again, and cast out the wheat into the sea—the remainder of her cargo. As day broke, they could not tell where they were; but they discovered a bay, not rocky and bold, but having a *shore*—sandy beach—and on it they resolved to run the ship. For this purpose, and to lose no time, they cut away the anchors and left them in the sea; at the same time, as ancient ships were steered by two large paddles or oars, one on each quarter, which in this case had been lashed away while the ship lay at anchor by the stern, they loosed these “rudder-bands,” when she got under way; and that she might be steered to the likeliest spot, they also hoisted the foresail, and “made toward the shore.” “Falling into a place where two seas met,” or a narrow channel between two portions of the sea—between the island of Salmonetta and the larger island of Malta—they succeeded in stranding the ship; and the sharp prow being forced into the tenacious clay and mud of the beach, “stuck fast and remained immovable;” but the stern was broken by the billows which so violently struck it and washed over it. The anxiety and consternation at the first shock must have been great, as each looked to the readiest means of safety. The sternness of Roman discipline next shewed itself amidst the confusion, and the soldiers proposed “to kill the prisoners, lest any should swim out and escape.” Had not Paul been among them, a military execution might have ensued; but the centurion was willing to save him, and the other prisoners were saved along with him; for, as he had said already, God had given him the lives of all on board. In fact, Paul was invulnerable, and the military counsel was folly. The sailors, in selfish panic, would leave the ship, but they cannot; the soldiers would slay the prisoners ere they secured their own safety, but they dare not shed a drop of blood. The centurion then gave orders that all should make for the shore; that those “which could swim should cast themselves first into the sea;” and that the rest should float themselves through the surf on boards—deck planks, or any suitable portion of the wreck. His commands were obeyed, and the divine pledge was fulfilled—“and so it came to pass, that they escaped all safe to land.”—*Rev. Dr Eadie.*

PAUL FORGETFUL.

WHAT, the apostle? Yes, even he. People generally suppose he had a well-disciplined mind, and a first-rate memory. And as they think forgetfulness is not very honourable, they are slow to think such a saint could have been an offender in this way.

Well, we should not have ventured to state this of him, if he had not confessed it himself. And we cannot think he would be any more ready to bear false witness against himself than against other people.

And what did Paul forget? He states what. But before we go into that matter, let us take a glimpse or two of bad memories among the disciples in our day. Very striking examples can be found without great painstaking. One forgets "the hole of the pit from which he was digged." Another forgets to put incense on the family altar. Another forgets to pay his debts. Another to "enter into the secret place of the Most High." Another forgets the keeping of his heart. And another the keeping of his lips. Another the keeping of his promise. Another the duty and privilege of social worship with his brethren.

So there are bad memories among the disciples. Some forget one thing and some another. And we could bring up cases not a few, where pretty nearly the whole circle of self-denying Christian duties are forgotten. It was thought when such disciples began the Christian life, that conscience would exert a happy influence on the memory, in reference to all sorts of religious obligations. And it would have done so, only it was itself quite shorn of its power after the pilgrim began to be weary in his pilgrimage, and was palsied by frequent resistance.

We turn now to the forgetful apostle. We are thankful that we do not find him in the ranks above named. His forgetfulness is in singular contrast with theirs. The fact with him was this: He took such views of the glory and beauty of Christ, and the boundless fulness of good in Him, that it shrivelled down to nothing all his past attainments in grace, and all his former enjoyment of his Saviour, and made him forget all that he had known or enjoyed, in the intense desire and ardour of his soul to know and enjoy more. "Forgetting"—yes, that was the fact—"the things that were behind"—the progress made; as the racer, near the goal, forgets the distance passed over in his eager hope of success.

Paul, forgetful of duty, of promises, of the wants and woes of men, and the claims of God? Not he. He forgot what it would be no harm to forget; but rather a help. The racer querying how much ground he had run over, might be diverted from the intense ardour of mind needful to pass successfully onward. So Paul. He could not stop to see how much he had gained. He forgot it all.

"I can't stop," I seem to hear him say, "to count the leagues gone over in my pilgrimage, I have not reached the infinite prize. There it shines in overwhelming splendour before me, and onward I must hasten to secure it. I'll count up the milestones I have passed when I have finished my journey. There will be time enough then. But there is none now."

This was the forgetfulness of the apostle—blame him for such a slip of memory? See if you can strike him with such an arrow.

Disciple, are you ever forgetful after the same sort? And why not? Have you made such noble progress in the knowledge and enjoyment of Christ, that you think you had better not forget it, but ought to sit down and pause a while in your race, and count up the items, and be comforted by them? Have you made higher attainments than Paul? Did Paul come to a stand now and then, saying, "Let me see how far on I have gone—how much I have accomplished, and refresh myself a little over the prayers I have made?"

This was the very thing he forgot to do. Can you do better than forget in the same way?—Recorder.

GOD IN EVERYTHING.

BY CHRISTIAN SCRIVER.

THE WATCHMAKER.

A FRIEND having remarked that he was often at a loss to discover any traces of the Divine government and providence in the affairs of the world, Gotthold said to him, Come, let us go to a watchmaker's. See, he has been making a valuable watch of a number of wheels, springs, pins, &c., exactly measured, jointed, and fitted to each other. There lie the parts, all different in shape, size, and construction, and all having a certain order and place to which they belong. Do you think that you could put them together, and arrange them into one? I very much doubt your ability. Make the attempt; expend upon it as much time and trouble as you please, the only result will be to convince you of the impossibility of constructing a whole from parts so dissimilar. Call an artist, however, to the task, and you will soon see what skill can do. *It is the same here. God has ordered all things in measure, and number, and weight.* He has adapted cause to cause, allotted to all His creatures their definite action, and, finally, appended the weight of His omnipotence and wisdom to the whole fabric. Keep this in view when you wish to know what hour has struck. My God! I thank Thee that Thy watchful eye is over all things, and that Thou governest them with mercy and wisdom. I thank Thee that the world goes not as man wills, but as Thou the Lord wilt. *In whom can I trust better than in Thee?* How strangely soever, then, the

world's affairs may sometimes seem to proceed, *I will be dumb, and not open my mouth, because Thou doest it!*

THE STAFF FOR A STEED.

Gotthold seeing a boy capering about with great glee and spirit upon a stick, and flourishing a little switch, said to himself, Alas! how happy an age is that of simple childhood! Can we, considering how much all temporal happiness depends upon the imagination, suppose that the knight who prances along upon his proud and mettled charger is really happier than this child? Nay, does he not often carry such a weight of sins and cares, and troubles and debts, that it is a miracle the steed can bear both the rider and his burden. The child, however, capers and frolics about in his innocence, with no anxiety save where to feed his horse, and no debts but those of obedience and gratitude to his parents. We laugh at the little fellow for trotting and cantering along upon his own feet as if they were a borrowed steed. But proper reflection would shew us that our own glory and pleasure are quite as ludicrous, especially in the eyes of one who, having grown old under diverse crosses and afflictions, has learned to despise the vanities of the world, and seek the glory that remaineth. Many a man, when he recollects the sports of his childhood, can scarcely refrain from laughing. But hereafter, when he looks back from the life to come upon the folly of the world, he will find it difficult to determine whether it was in youth or in old age that he was the greatest child. Lord Jesus, I here call to mind Thy words, *Verily, except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven.* (Matt. xviii. 3.) Grant me grace to be simple and humble, sincere and kind, forgiving, chaste, and innocent as a child. It is better to be saved in child-like folly than condemned in foolish wisdom.

THE DEER.

Gotthold one day saw a number of deer which a prince had ordered to be caught and enclosed in wooden cages, as a present, to be sent to a brother monarch across the seas. It was remarkable that, however wild and shy these animals had formerly been, they now fearlessly ate barley, hay, cabbage, and everything of a similar sort, from the hand. Gotthold observing this, said to himself, O my God, how blessed is the yoke of the Cross, and how useful in making us good and meek! When man is exempt from affliction, when he is enjoying pleasure, health, and friends, then he stalks through the world like the wild stag through the forest, feeling no want, and caring as little for Thee as the stag does for me. The stag, when at large, flies from the sight of a human being, and will take nothing, be it ever so good and precious, from his hand. In the season of prosperity, we do the same; when Thy voice calleth, Where art

thou, my children? we hide ourselves. (Gen. iii. 9.) When Thou wouldst entice us, we flee away. When Thou offerest Thy grace in the Word, we have no taste for it. Our soul loatheth Thy light bread, (Num. xxi. 5,) and we avoid Thee as an enemy. But as the huntsman waylays the stag in its security, and prostrates it with an unsuspected bullet; so never is our soul in greater danger than when we deem ourselves exposed to none. Thanks be to Thee, my God, that we are not left exposed to peril like this! Thou lettest loose upon us the persecutor and the slanderer. Thou entanglest and takest us captive in the meshes of all sorts of trouble. Thou enclovest us within the bars of poverty, sickness, and affliction, both of mind and body. Then do we begin to think of Thee, become humble and devout, acknowledge Thee as our God and Father, and eagerly accept the consolations presented by Thy gracious hand.

TREATMENT OF THE HOLY SPIRIT.

GOD will require men to account for the way in which they have treated the Holy Spirit.

The Spirit frequently knocks at the door of men's hearts, and would fain lead them to Christ and to life. Sometimes the impression is so gentle that it is not distinguishable from the operations of conscience: at other times it is so powerful as to leave no doubt as to the source.

Especially is this the case in seasons of special outpouring of the Spirit—when God in the exercise of His holy and sovereign will, arrests numerous souls in their course of sin, and turns them to Himself.

Of all the gifts which God bestows upon man, none is so precious as the gift of the Holy Spirit; since without it, it is impossible to take the first right step towards eternal life. Men will be called to a solemn account for the manner in which they treat this gift. What answers will be given by those to whom the Spirit was given, but who failed to secure pardon and life eternal?

One will be constrained to answer, "I was ashamed to have it known that I was anxious about my soul; ashamed to have it known that God was urging me to come home to Him. So I concealed my convictions, and refused to confess that a solemn influence was resting upon my mind, when Christian friends sought to converse with me and lead me in the way of life. I felt envious when I saw men confessing their anxiety for their souls, and becoming converted. I felt that if I were sure of being converted I would come out openly; but to confess my anxiety, and yet fail to become a Christian, was what I feared. My companions would laugh at me, for trying in

vain to become religious. Thus I grieved the Spirit."

Another may be constrained to confess that the whispers of the Spirit to his soul were very unwelcome. They filled him with gloom and foreboding. He disliked to think of his sins. In order to escape from his painful thoughts and fears, he rushed into scenes of amusement and of sin. He joined in the song of revelry, and drained the wine-cup, that he might escape from the consciousness of sin and ruin; that he might escape from the monitor who shewed him his ruin that he might lead him to salvation. Thus he drove away the Spirit from his soul.

Another may be constrained to confess that he parted with the heavenly visitant rather than part with a favourite sin. He desired salvation. He was not ashamed to confess that he desired salvation. He was not ashamed to be seen weeping for his sins. He endeavoured to obey the law of God in many things. But there was one sin, long cherished in secret, to which he was bound by the iron chain of habit. Whenever he was tempted to commit that sin, he yielded. That sin he would not give up. It was adherence to that sin that caused the Spirit to take His departure for ever.

Another will confess that he grieved the Spirit by resisting His efforts to lead him to Christ. He saw his need of pardon. He saw that he must go to Christ; but he wished to prepare himself to go. He wished to overcome his sins, and get deeper feelings in his heart. The Spirit would have led him, just as he was; but he insisted that he needed preparation, and the Spirit left him; then all desire for going to Christ left him.

God requireth that which is past, and in regard to nothing will He inquire more strictly than in regard to the manner in which men treat His Holy Spirit. GRIEVE NOT THE SPIRIT.

USES OF AFFLICTION.

"God had one Son on earth without sin, but never one without affliction."—*Augustine.*

"Afflictions are the theology of Christians."—*Luther.*

"Without adversity grace withers."—*Mason.*

"God may cast down, but He will never cast off true believers."—*Case.*

"Sanctified afflictions are spiritual promotions."—*Dodd.*

"Time is short; and if your cross is heavy, you have not far to carry it."—*Anon.*

"Afflictions are blessings to us, when we can bless God for afflictions."—*Dyer.*

"*Christian, hath not God taught thee, by*

His Word and Spirit, how to read the short-hand of His providence? Dost thou not know that the saints' afflictions stand for blessings?"—*Gurnall.*

"No righteous man would, in his right mind, be willing to make an exchange of his smartest afflictions for a wicked man's prosperity, with all the circumstances attending it. It cannot therefore be bad with the righteous in the worst condition."—*Charnock.*

"This winter-weather shall be useful to destroy and rot those rank weeds, which the summer of prosperity bred."—*Flavel.*

"The school of the cross is the school of light."—*Anon.*

"God's people have often been carried to heaven in the fiery chariot of affliction."—*Mrs Savage.*

"Winter leads the sap down into the roots, while summer calls it up into the branches, and displays it in the blossoms and fruit."—*Jay.*

"The tree of the cross being cast into the waters of affliction, has rendered them wholesome and medicinal."—*Owen.*

"Our departed Christian friends cannot descend to share with us in our sorrows; but by holy contemplation we may daily ascend, and partake with them in their joys."—*Howe.*

"In times of affliction we commonly meet with the sweetest experiences of the love of God."—*Bunyan.*

"As no temporal blessing is good enough to be a sign of eternal election; so no temporal affliction is bad enough to be an evidence of reprobation."—*Arrowsmith.*

"What unthankfulness is it to forget our consolations, and to look only upon matter of grievance; to think so much upon two or three crosses as to forget an hundred blessings!"—*Sibbs.*

"Every man has a heaven and a hell. Earth is the sinner's heaven; his hell is to come. The godly have their hell upon earth, when they are vexed with temptations and afflictions by Satan and his accomplices; their heaven is above in endless happiness. If it be ill with me on earth, it is well that my torment is so short and easy; I cannot be so unreasonable as to expect two heavens."—*Bishop Hall.*

CHRISTIAN ENERGY.

"GIRD up the loins of your mind." If there were but a step between us and the end of our pilgrimage, we might go with loose and flowing garments; but it is a long way. Perhaps not long in *time*, for God only knows how rapidly grace may bring us along through its last stages, but long in *distance*. What Christian does not feel that, adjusting his measurement by the attainments he has still to make to reach perfect sanctification, he is yet far, very far, from heaven! How many

Ebenezers, that pilgrims now safely at home have set up on the King's highway, must he pass before he gets on to where they are now! There are many, many steps to take in our advance in holiness before we shall lay down the staff at the door-step of our Father's house.

Therefore, "gird up;" prepare for a journey, and go forth in good earnest. You can do nothing without your girdle. It must be buckled on you well, or you are no pilgrim. You must be recognised by it, as well as braced up for the fatigues of travel.

It is ornamental. It is God's own truth; so Paul tells us in his Epistle to the Ephesians, where he is equipping the Christian soldier. It is curiously wrought, like the girdle of the ephod that Aaron wore. It is woven of gold, and silver, and fine-twined linen of costliest dye; it is studded over with gems of purest tint, and the most resplendent. There you may see the promises shining out from the darker background of warning and threatening; and as jewels nobly set, stand forth the title of love Jehovah gives himself, and the words of endearment with which He addresses His people. How well it sets off the white robe of Jesus' righteousness, in which every saint is arrayed! It binds it close to Him; it makes it inseparably His; no power in earth or hell can tear it off. The TRUTH of the strength of Israel makes it His—for ever His.

It is *strong*. Everything that adds to its beauty conduces also to its strength. Every fibre is proved. It has stood the sturdy pull of mighty heroes, who have drawn it tightly about them, as they have gone forth to do battle for God.

We all need it as much as they. And it must be put on, too, if we are to walk off vigorously, making good speed, and fainting not by the way. Let the tension of its every thread be felt, and as we march along, we shall renew our strength, treading the verge of Jordan with a firmer, bolder step than when, feeling first the drawing of Jesus' love, we ran after Him.

Truth, then, to drop the figure, is that which inspires the Christian with courage, and endows him with energy. The more firmly faith grasps it, the more power there is in all his actions. Zeal that is not according to knowledge may blaze up now, and so attract more attention, but it will soon die out for want of fuel. Truth alone—a *progressive* knowledge of truth alone—can give directness, force, and constancy to our efforts, whether for our own advance in holiness, or the up-building of Christ's kingdom around us. The individual believer and the Church are strong only when they are begirt with the power of God and the wisdom of God embodied in the truth as it is in Jesus. Forgetting this, we let our beautiful garments trail in the dust, and keep on our way, if at all, with but a weary, faltering pace.

Pages for the Young.

TRUE COURAGE.

A COMPANY of boys in — one day after school, were engaged in snow-balling. William had made a good hard snow-ball. In throwing it, he "put in *too much powder*," as the boys say—he threw it *too hard*—and it went further than he intended, right through a parlour window!

All the boys shouted,
"There, you'll catch it now. Run, Bill, run!"

They then took to their heels.

But the brave William straightened up and looked sober, as he said,

"I shall *not run*."

He then started directly for the house where the window had been broken. He rang at the door, acknowledged what he had done, and expressed his regret. He then gave his name, and the name of his father, and his father's place of business, and said the injury should be repaired.

Was not that noble? That was *true courage*. It is *cowardice* that would lead a boy, when he has done an injury like that, to sneak away and run to conceal it. How noble and brave it is to see a boy confess a fault, and not be afraid to face the consequences! Such a confession, though it costs a great deal of courage, is usually the quickest and surest way of repairing any wrong, and it brings also peace of mind.

Boys, remember that true courage is, *not to be afraid to do what is right, and to be afraid to do what is wrong*. It often takes more courage to do *right* than it does to do *wrong*. And to be *afraid to do wrong*, in the face of ridicule, is sometimes the highest type of courage. Did it not require more courage for William to go and confess what he had done, at the risk, too, of the ridicule of his associates, than it would have done to sneak away, as the other boys advised him, and conceal the matter? Washington never did a *braver* thing than when he confessed to his father that it was his hatchet that cut his favourite fruit-tree.

Give us William, whenever any real bravery is called for, rather than *all* those boys together, who cried out,

"Run, Bill, run."

He'll *face* the danger, while they will *sneak*.

DON'T THROW STONES.

"Don't throw stones, boy; you may hurt some one."

"I don't throw them at anybody. What hurt does it do for me to throw stones at the fence?"

"You do not know, my young friend, who may be behind the fence, out of your sight; and the stone you throw for sport, may glance

and put out somebody's eyes, or break his head."

"I shall throw stones as much as I please. It's none of your business."

"I am very sorry to see you persist in doing a mischievous thing, and add bad manners to a bad habit. I have just seen accounts of two sad accidents from throwing stones, which ought to be a warning to boys against indulging such an evil and pernicious habit. A young man was riding on horseback, when a stone thrown by a little boy hit the horse and frightened him, so that he started and threw the young man violently on the ground, injuring him very seriously. The horse, however, did not stop to see what he had done, but ran on through the street, and struck a woman, knocking her senseless upon the curbstone. She was seriously injured in the head, and so bruised that it is doubtful whether she will recover. It seemed a very small thing for the little boy to throw a stone; but the consequences were dreadful. If the woman should die, do you suppose that boy will ever forgive himself for throwing the stone?"

"But the other story is still more sad. A son of Captain Edwards was returning home from school. Just as he was entering his father's gate, he heard a sound in the street, and turning his head, was struck by a stone thrown by another little boy, which hit him in the eye, and instantly destroyed his sight. Now, that poor boy must go all his days with a disfigured face and a blind eye, just because the other little mischievous fellow would amuse himself by throwing stones. These two cases met my eye the same day, in the newspapers, which shews that such things occur very often. And probably if in the last case the stone had hit the boy on his temple, it would have killed him. Don't THROW STONES."

"I DIDN'T TAKE ANY."

A little boy was about to take some sugar from the bowl, thinking no one would know it; but his father entered the room, and discovered him in the act. "I didn't take any," said he, as he dropped the spoon and turned away.

But didn't he break the eighth commandment—"Thou shalt not steal?" He intended to take some, and would have taken it, if he had not been seen. He was a thief in *heart*—the place where all sin begins. God hates bad intentions, and bad actions too.

Besides, he thought no one saw him, or would ever know it. Another mistake, and sin too—for did not God see him, and know all about his intentions, and what he actually did? Yes; and when he was discovered he looked as if he was ashamed, shewing that he knew he had done wrong; yet he wanted to make out that he had not, and thus he acted a falsehood. How grievously did this little boy deceive himself, and sin in it! He stole,

and lied about it. No sin stands alone, but always has company. Oh remember, that when you intend to sin, you really sin, whether you act in it or not—and that God is everywhere, seeing and knowing the thoughts, as well as the words and actions! "Thou God seest me."

The next time you go into a room where a portrait hangs, watch the eyes of it, and see if they don't follow you wherever you are in the room, looking full upon you. So God's eyes follow us, wherever we are, whether in darkness or light.

THE "GUEST'S" BIBLE QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNG.

HORSES AND CHARIOTS.

Who was cruelly compelled to leave his home as a slave, yet returned to meet his friends in his own chariot?

Where do we see the infinite power of God as compared with six hundred chosen chariots, horsemen, and captains?

What exceedingly beautiful song was sung immediately after this wonderful manifestation of power?

To whom did a prophet refer when he told the children of Israel that he should take their sons and appoint them for his chariots and for his horsemen, and to run before his chariots?

From where do we learn that horses were particularly abundant in Egypt?

Who had forty thousand stalls of horses for his chariots, and twelve thousand horsemen?

Where is it said that the chariots of God are twenty thousand?

Who was translated to heaven in a chariot and horses of fire?

What wicked king was wounded and died in his chariot?

In what pool was the blood washed from his chariot?

Whose blood was sprinkled on the horses of a king as he rode into Jezreel?

Who saw the mountain full of horses and chariots of fire?

By what king who had nine hundred chariots of iron was Israel oppressed twenty years?

Who was led through the city riding on the king's horse?

Where does God give a most glorious description of the horse?

Whose mother watched for him, saying, Why is his chariot so long in coming, why tarry the wheels of his chariot?

To whose chariot did the Spirit direct an evangelist?

On what did our meek and lowly Saviour ride in triumph into Jerusalem.

Where is He described as coming again, riding on a white horse, clothed in a vesture dipped in blood, and many crowns on His head?



A FAMILY MAGAZINE FOR SUNDAY READING.

REVISED BY THE REV. NORMAN M'LEOD, D.D., GLASGOW.

WEEKLY NOS. ONE HALFPENNY.]

[MONTHLY PARTS, THREEPENCE.

THE HUNGER OF THE SOUL;

OR, THE GREAT LESSON TAUGHT BY THE STORY OF THE PRODIGAL.

BY HORACE BUSHNELL.

THIS gentleman's son, that was and is now a swine-herd, brings his meditation to a most natural and fit conclusion. His low occupation, and the husks on which he has been feeding to save his life, recall his father's house, and the hired servants there that have bread enough and to spare, and, no longer able to contain himself, he cries, in bitter desolation, "I perish with hunger." And so, in this story of the prodigal, Christ teaches all men their hunger, by means of that on which they feed; and the necessary baseness of their sin, by the lowliness of the objects to which they descend for their life.

The swine, according to Jewish opinion, is an unclean animal, not to be eaten as food, and therefore is not raised, except by those idolaters and men of no religion, who live as outcasts in their country. Hence it is looked upon as the lowest and most abject of all occupations to be a swine-herd. He is the disgust of all men, an unclean character, who is, among other men, what the swine is among other animals. He may not enter the temple, or even come near it.

By the husks on which the prodigal is said, in his hunger, to have fed himself, we are not to understand exactly what is meant by the English word *husks*, but a certain fruit, the fruit of the carob tree, which grows in pods, and has a mealy and sweet taste. It is described by Galen as a "woody kind of food, creating bile, and hard of digestion;" useful, as acorns are with us, in the feeding of swine, and sometimes eaten by the poorer sort of men, to escape starvation. Still it can work no injury, since this kind of fruit is unknown to us, to retain the word *husks*; a word that comes nearer producing the true impression of the parable, which is the principal thing, than any other which might be substituted.

The important thing to be noted is the prodigal's hunger. About this central point, or fact, all the other incidents of the parable are gathered. And by this wretched figure of destitution, the Saviour of the world represents man under sin; he is one who forsakes the life of duty and religion, to go after earthly things. He is, therefore, reduced to the lowest condition of want, or spiritual hunger. His food is not the proper food of a man, but of a swine rather. A high-born creature, as being in God's image, he descends to occupations that are unclean, and feeds his starving nature on that which belongs only to a reprobate, or unclean class of animals. In this lot of deep debasement and bitter privation, there is no language in which he may so naturally vent his misery as when he cries, "I perish with hunger."

The great principle that underlies the whole subject and all the facts pertaining to it, is, that *the soul is a creature that wants food, in order to its satisfaction, as truly as the body*. No principle is more certain, and yet there is none so generally overlooked, or hidden from the sight of men.

Of course it is not meant, when the soul is said to be a creature wanting food, that it receives by a literal mastication, and has a palate to be gratified in what it receives. I only mean to universalise the great truth that pertains to all vital creatures and organs; viz., that they differ from all dead substances, stones for example, in the fact that they subsist in a healthy state of vital energy and development, by receiving, appropriating, or feeding upon something out of themselves. Every tree and plant is, in this view, a feeding creature, and grows by that which feeds it; that, viz., which it derives from the air and clouds, from the soil and the changing influ-

ence of day and night. In this larger sense, every organ of the body is a receptive and feeding organ. Sometimes it is fed by other organs, which prepare and furnish to it the food that is needful for its growth and subsistence. In this manner even the bones are feeding creatures. So the senses are fed by the elements appropriate—the ear by sounds, the eye by the light. And so true is this, that an eye shut up in total darkness, and probably an ear cut off from all sound, will finally die, or become an exterminated sense; even as that whole tribe of fishes, discovered in the cave, are found to have no eyes. Now what I mean to say is, that all these vital creatures, vegetable and animal, are only so many types of the soul, which is the highest, purest form of vital being we know; and that, as they all subsist by feeding on something not in themselves, and die for hunger without that food, just so the soul is a creature wanting food, and fevering itself in bitter hunger when that food is denied.

Hence it is that, in that most unnatural of all modes of punishment, regarded unaccountably with so great favour by many—the punishment, I mean, of absolute solitary confinement—a very large proportion of the prisoners become idiotic. Cut off from all the living sights and sounds, the faces of friends, the voices of social interchange, and the works and interests of life; shut away thus from all that enters into feeling, or quickens intelligence, or exercises judgment, or nerves the will to action, the soul has no longer anything to feed upon, and dies into blank idiocy.

Neither let this want of food in souls be regarded as a merely philosophic truth, or discovery. It is a truth so natural to the feeling of mankind, that it breaks into language every hour, and appears and reappears in the Scripture in so many forms that I cannot stay to enumerate half of them. Job brings it forward, by a direct and simple comparison, when he says,—“For the ear trieth words, as the mouth tasteth meat,”—where he means by the ear, you perceive, not the outward but the inward ear of the understanding. So the Psalmist says,—“My soul shall be satisfied, as with marrow and fatness.” And so also the prophet, beholding his apostate countrymen dying for hunger and thirst in their sins, calls to them, saying,—“Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters; and he that hath no money, come ye buy and eat. Wherefore do you spend money for that which is not bread, and your labour for that which satisfieth not? Hearken diligently unto me, and eat ye that which is good, and let your soul delight itself in fatness.” In the same way an apostle speaks of them that have tasted the good word of God, and the powers of the world to come; and another, of them that have tasted that the Lord is gracious, and therefore desire the sincere milk of the Word, that they may grow thereby.

True, these are all figures of speech, transferred from the feeding of the body to that of the soul. But they are transferred because they have a fitness to be transferred. The analogy of the soul is so close to that of the body that it speaks of its hunger, its food, its fulness, and growth, and fatness, under the images it derives from the body.

Hence our blessed Lord appears to have always the feeling that He has come down into a realm of hungry, famishing souls. You see this in the parable of the prodigal son, and that of the feast or supper. Hence also that very remarkable discourse in the 6th chapter of John, where He declares Himself as the living bread that came down from heaven—that a man may eat thereof and not die. “Whoso eateth my flesh and drinketh my blood, hath eternal life.” “My flesh is meat indeed, and my blood is drink indeed.” “He that eateth my flesh and drinketh my blood, dwelleth in me and I in him.” “As the living Father hath sent me, and I live by the Father, so he that eateth me, even he shall live by me.”

Many, I believe, are not able to read this language without a kind of revolted feeling. What can it mean that they are to live by eating Christ? There is no difficulty, I answer, in the language, save in getting at the rational and true sense of the figure employed, and when this is done, it becomes language strikingly significant. Suppose it were said that a tree can live, only as it eats the air and the light—the meaning, of course, would not be that it takes these elements by mastication, but that it has such a nature that it takes them into itself and gets a nutriment of growth out of them, and that without them so appropriated it would die. So when Christ says,—I will manifest myself unto him,—We will come and make our abode with him,—He means that He will be so received and appropriated by the soul as to be its light, the breathing of its life, that which feeds it internally. He assumes, in all that He says, that as the tree has a nature requiring to be fed by air and light, so the soul has a nature inherently related to God, the Infinite Spirit. Hence the deep hunger of the world in sin, because the sin is its attempt to live without God and apart from God.

Accordingly it is the grand endeavour of the gospel to communicate God to men. They have undertaken to live without Him, and do not see that they are starving in the bitterness of their experiment. It is not as with bodily hunger, where they have a sure instinct compelling them to seek their food, but they go after the husks, and would fain be filled with these, not even so much as conceiving what is their real want, or how it comes. For it is a remarkable fact, that few men, living in the flesh, have any conception that God is the necessary supply and nutriment of their spiritual nature, without which they famish and die. It has an extravagant sound when

they hear it. They do not believe it. How can it be that they have any such high relation to the Eternal God, or He to them? It is as if the tree were to say,—What can I, a mere trunk of wood, all dark and solid within, standing fast in my rod of ground,—what can I have to do with the free moving air, and the boundless sea of light that fills the world? And yet it is a nature made to feed on these, taking them into its body to supply, and vitalise, and colour every fibre of its substance. Just so is it that every finite spirit is inherently related to the Infinite, in Him to live, and move, and have its being. It wants the knowledge of God, the society of God, the approbation of God, the internal manifestation of God, a consciousness lighted up by His presence, to receive of His fulness, to be strong in His might, to rest in His love, and be centred everlastingly in His glory. Apart from Him, it is an incomplete creature, a poor blank fragment of existence, hungry, dry, and cold. And still, alas! it cannot think so. Therefore Christ comes into the world to incarnate the Divine nature, otherwise unrecognised before it; and so to reveal God to its knowledge, enter Him into its faith and feeling, make Him its living bread, the food of its eternity. Therefore, of His fulness we are called to feed, receiving of Him freely grace for grace. When He is received, He restores the consciousness of God, fills the soul with divine light, and sets it in that connexion with God which is life—eternal life.

Holding this view of the inherent relation between created souls and God as their nourishing principle, we pass to a consideration of the necessary hunger of a state of sin, and the tokens by which it is indicated. A hungry herd of animals, waiting for the time of their feeding, do not shew their hunger more convincingly, by their impatient cries and eager looks and motions, than the human race do theirs, in the works, and ways, and tempers of their selfish life.

I can only point you to a few of these demonstrations. And a very impressive and remarkable one you have in this, viz., the common endeavour to make the body receive double, so as to satisfy both itself and the soul too with its pleasures. The effort is, how continually to stimulate the body by delicacies, and condiments, and sparkling bowls, and licentious pleasures of all kinds, and so to make the body do double service. Hence, too, the drunkenness and high feasting, and other vices of excess. The animals have no such vices, because they have no hunger save simply that of the body; but man has a hunger also of the mind or soul, when separated from God by his sin, and therefore he must somehow try to pacify that. And he does it by a work of double feeding put upon the body. We call it sensuality. But the body asks not for it. The body is satisfied by simply that which allows it to grow and main-

tain its vigour. It is the unsatisfied, hungry mind that flies to the body for some stimulus of sensation, compelling it to devour so many more of the husks, or carobs, as will feed the hungry prodigal within. Thus it is that so many dissipated youths are seen plunging into pleasures of excess,—midnight feastings and surfeitings, debaucheries of lust and impiety; it is because they are hungry, because their soul, separated from God and the true bread of life in Him, aches for the hunger it suffers. And so it is the world over; men are hungry everywhere, and they compel the body to make a swine's heaven for the godlike soul.

Again, we see the hunger of sin by the immense number of drudges there are in the world. It makes little difference, generally, whether men are poor or rich. Some terrible hunger is upon them, and it drives them madly forward through burdens, and sacrifices, and toils that would be rank oppression put upon a slave. It is not simply that they are industrious—industry is a virtue—but they are drudges, instigated by such a passion of want that they are wholly unable to moderate their plans by any terms of reason.

You see, too, what indicates the uneasiness of this hunger in the constant shifting of their plans and arrangements. Even the more constant, stable characters, such as hold most firmly to their pursuits, are yet seen to be uneasy in them; comforting their uneasiness by one change or another—a new kind of crop, a new partner, a new stand, a wheeling about of counters, or a change of shelves, or a different way of transportation, or another place of banking,—nothing is ever quite right, because they are too uneasy in their hunger to be quiet long in anything.

Others shew their hunger by their closeness; the very look of their face is hungry, the gripe of their hand is hungry, the answer of their charity is the answer of hunger, the prices they pay for service are the grudging allowance of a heart that is pinched by its own stringent destitution.

Observe again the quarrels of debt and credit, the false weights, the fraudulent charges, the habitual lies of false recommendation, the arts, stratagems, oppressions of trade—how hungry do they look!—

Notice again how men contrive, in one way or another, to get, if possible, some food of content for the soul that has a finer and more fit quality than the swine's food with which they so often overtask the body—honour, power, admiration, flattery, society, literary accomplishments. Works of genius are stimulated, how often, by a kind of superlative hunger. And the same is true even of the virtues that connect a repute of moderation, such as temperance, frugality, plainness, stoical superiority to suffering; a kind of subtle hunger for some consciousness of good is the secret root on which they grow.

(To be continued.)

AN ARROW FROM THE BOW.

IN the village of Bergheim, in Germany, lived a peasant named Jacob, with his wife and one little boy. This child had the blessing of a pious grandfather, who, from his very earliest years, had made him an object of earnest prayer. When he was brought as an infant to church to be baptized, his grandfather chose for him the name of John, saying, "May he be *beloved* of God in time, and throughout eternity." Although this good old man lived six miles from Bergheim, he often visited the little boy; and often would he lay his hand upon his head, and say, "The Lord bless thee, my child; the Lord bless thee, and keep thee as the apple of His eye." And, as we shall presently see, his prayers were not left unanswered by that tender Saviour who has said, "Suffer the little children to come unto me."

On the day on which his grandfather celebrated his sixtieth birthday, Jacob and Anna drove over, with their little boy, to see him; and John was delighted at the idea of spending the whole day with his grandfather. Jacob could not stay long, but returned home, promising to come again in the evening. However, when evening came, just as he was harnessing the white horse, a terrible peal of thunder was heard, and such a storm came on that he decided it would be better to leave his wife and child to spend the night at their grandfather's. Accordingly Anna had to stay, though she would have preferred going home, for she always felt rather ill at ease in the good grandfather's presence. Little John, on the contrary, was so delighted, he would not leave the side of the old man. When evening came, the whole household were assembled together. John's grandfather opened the large Bible, read a portion of it aloud, and then offered up an earnest and childlike prayer, out of the fulness of his heart, alluding with particular emotion to his birthday. Every one then retired to rest, after a kind "Good night." The following morning Anna set off, to walk back with her child. It was a lovely summer's day, and the walk, in the cool of the morning, through the birch woods and past several little waterfalls, was most inviting. John was very fond of flowers, and seldom passed them by; to-day, however, he walked through the gaily-coloured meadows, behind his mother, as seriously and quietly as though not a single flower were to be seen. Neither did Anna feel much inclined to talk: her mind was uneasy, she did not know why. All on a sudden the child stood still, looked up in her face inquiringly, and said, "Mother, why does not father do as grandfather does?" His mother was somewhat confused: "Go and look for flowers," she said, and continued to walk on.

So they went on silently; but the child did

not care about the flowers. Presently they came to the top of a hill, from which was a beautiful view of the distant mountains. Anna sat down to rest for a little while, and John beside her. "Mother," he then began again, for the second time, "why does not father do as grandfather does?" Anna felt impatient. "Well," she answered, rather sharply, "and what does grandfather do?" "He takes the great Bible," said John, "and he reads and prays." His mother coloured. "You must ask your father about it," said she.

When they reached home, Jacob was not there. He was gone out to reap in a field some way off, and would not be back till evening. This the mother knew, and she thought she would persuade the child to go to bed early, hoping that by the morning he would have forgotten his question. But she was mistaken. As she was going to undress him, he began,—"No, mother; just let me wait till father comes home." So, at eight o'clock, his father returned. John ran up to him directly, and asked quickly, "Father, why don't you do as grandfather does?" His father looked hard at him; the question came unexpectedly. "What are you doing up here, John?" said he; "go to bed; it's late."

John was silent, but went sorrowfully to bed. He got up the next morning still more sorrowful; he seemed quite another child from what he generally was. He sat silently and sadly at the breakfast-table, with folded hands and his head down, without touching his milk. "What is the matter, John? why don't you eat?" asked his mother.

John was silent.

After a little while, she asked again, "What is it, then, child?" He looked up at his mother for a moment with an expression of sorrow, and let his head sink again. His father and mother had finished, and were just going to clear away the breakfast, when his mother asked a third time, "Child, tell me what is the matter?"

Then the little boy answered, "I want so much to pray, mother; and if no one will pray with me, then I must pray alone."

This was too much for Anna. Tears filled her eyes. She hastened into the next room to tell her husband what the child had said. He had heard, however, what had passed, for the door was left open; and his conscience was touched. "John is right," said he, "and we are wrong." Then they fell on their knees together—it was the first time in their lives; and they prayed a prayer, with few words but with many tears. It was the publican's prayer—"God be merciful to us, sinners!" And He who has promised that "if two of you shall agree on earth as touching anything that they shall ask, it shall be done for them of my Father which is in heaven," was in the midst of them. He heard their petition, and He helped them.

The happy day had arrived when the little boy would no longer have to pray alone, or the grandfather have to grieve. Father and mother now began to bend their knees together before the Lord, and to beseech His mercy and forgiveness—to ask for a new heart, and for grace to dedicate themselves and their children entirely to Him.—*From the German.*

THOUGHTS FOR THE AFFLICTED.

BY REV. N. McLEOD, D.D.

(1.) WHEN some great affliction threatens to overwhelm you, be not too much discouraged though you are unable to say, "I am prepared for it." Be persuaded only that if you trust Him, God *will prepare you* for whatever He sends, in His own way and in the needful time.

(2.) It is a hard struggle to say from the heart, "Thy will be done!" not because it *must* be done whether we choose it or not, but because we really *choose* that God's will more than ours should be done in everything. For it is not the will of an Almighty King merely, who does what He pleases, but the will of a *Father*, who never pleases to do anything which is not perfectly glorious in wisdom, righteousness, and love, and which will not, when we know Him perfectly, be *seen* to have been so to us in our darkest as well as in our sunniest days.

(3.) What a blessed freedom have the children of God, when they are permitted to open all their hearts to God, and to plead with Him as children, even for the removal of a cup which yet may not be removed! David was told by the prophet Nathan that his child must die—yet he pled with God to spare it; and was not God pleased with such a mark of confidence from the heart of a loving father on earth to a more loving Father in heaven? And was it not the same spirit of love, pleading as it were against hope for the removal of a sorrow, yet with an abiding faith in the love which might not perhaps remove it, when our Lord said, "If it be possible, let this cup pass from me; but not my will, but Thine, be done!"

(4.) How strengthening it is in affliction to realise the fact that, however deep we may descend in sorrow, Jesus went deeper still—that we can never be in any state with which He has not sympathy as "a man of sorrows, and as one acquainted with grief," and who has "learned obedience by the things which He suffered!"

(5.) Every child of God may in a true sense offer up that prayer which Jesus uttered ere He entered on the night of His last suffering. "Father, glorify Thy Son, that Thy Son may glorify Thee!" For, just as the reality of our sonship and filial confidence towards God are

made manifest in trial, will God, as a Father, be glorified in and by us.

(6.) There are many plausible but false refuges, to which the sufferer is apt to fly in the time of affliction, instead of meeting God and seeking to realise His gracious purpose, that we should find our life in Himself, and Himself only. We may, for example, fall back with real thankfulness on *what He leaves us*, and say, "Thank God for such and such mercies that are still ours. It might have been so much worse with us!" But may we not be cherishing as worldly and as ungodly a spirit with what is left as with what was taken away? May we not be as covetous with the few pounds left as with the many lost?—as idolatrous with the few friends remaining as with the many removed? The obedient loyal heart is not gained, if the rebel is only driven back to occupy, with an unchanged spirit, a smaller portion of territory. Nor is mere *endurance* or *submission* what God is seeking. "We must submit," "We must be patient," are sayings which do not express that which God wishes to find in us; for He is not educating us as stoics to submit merely to pain, and has no pleasure in patience or endurance as *ends*, or for their own sake. These are profitable only as conditions of our receiving true good, which is a *knowledge of God*. The calm submission of a North American Indian to torture without a sign of impatience has no likeness to the meek submission of a child of God to the Father of his spirit. Nor, again, is the *mere hope of having our losses made up in eternity*, the chief ground of comfort and strength which becomes a Christian mourner to entertain. Let him beware, lest in "longing to meet his friends in heaven," he may be worshipping still the same idols, and still refusing to give his heart to God. The only sure deliverance from sorrow, and the only way to have every "loss made up," is "to *know God*, and Jesus Christ whom He hath sent."

(7.) Philippians iv. 6—"Be careful for nothing,"—that is, be not over-anxious about *any thing*, as if you were alone and solitary, with no one caring for you or carrying your burden. "But in *every thing* let your requests be made known to God by prayer and supplication." This is the blessed evidence that affliction is sanctified, and the only means of obtaining comfort and deliverance. And "*every thing*" which concerns you may be unburdened to your God, who numbers the hairs of your head. It is added, "*with thanksgiving*." And what will tend more to strengthen our faith in the love of God—in His interest in us—in the certainty that all good will be ours—and in our own unworthiness—than by recalling and thanking Him for what He has done to us and for us in the past and promised for the future? And if we do this, *what then?* "The peace of God"—that peace which the God of peace imparts

and sustains—that peace which dwelt in the heart of His own Son in the midst of sorrow —“will keep our minds and hearts through Christ Jesus!”

(8.) “When Jesus heard that Lazarus was sick, He abode two days in the same place.” (John xi. 6.) Why? Because He had the interests of many to carry on His heart. He had, for example, to consider how He would do the most good, not only to Martha, Mary, and Lazarus, but to His disciples (v. 15)—to the poor unbelieving Jews (v. 42)—and to the whole world, that in all “God might be glorified thereby” (v. 4.) But the afflicted sisters were thinking only of themselves and their own sorrow, and thought Jesus had forgotten both! (v. 21 and 32.) Let us learn to trust Him even though He delays coming to our relief when we in our impatience and ignorance think He ought to come. Our darkest hour, like theirs, may be nearest dawn. Sooner or later we shall see and know, as they did, that all has been done lovingly and thoughtfully for our highest good, for the good of all, and for the glory of God. “O ye of little faith, wherefore did ye doubt!”

THE LORD'S PRAYER IN THE OLD TESTAMENT.

Our Father who art in heaven :

Isa. lxiii. 16: “Doubtless thou art our Father.”

Isa. lxiv. 8: “But now, O Lord, thou art our Father.”

Ecc. v. 2: “For God is in heaven.”

Hallowed be thy name :

Ps. xlviii. 10: “According to thy name, O God, so is thy praise unto the ends of the earth.”

Ps. ciii. 2: “Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits.”

Thy kingdom come :

Ps. xxii. 28: “For the kingdom is the Lord's, and he is the governor among the nations.”

Dan. ii. 44: “And in the days of these things shall the God of heaven set up a kingdom which shall never be destroyed.”

Thy will be done on earth as it is done in heaven :

Ps. xl. 8: “I delight to do thy will, O my God.”

Ps. cxliii. 10: “Teach me to do thy will.”

Ps. lxxii. 19: “And blessed be his glorious name for ever; and let the whole earth be filled with his glory.”

Ps. lxxiii. 25: “Whom have I in heaven but thee? and there is none upon earth that I desire besides thee.”

Ps. ciii. 20: “Bless the Lord, ye his angels, that excel in strength, that do his commandments, hearkening unto the voice of his word.”

Give us this day our daily bread :

Prov. xxx. 8: “Feed me with food convenient for me.”

Ps. xxviii. 9: “Save thy people, and bless thine inheritance: feed them also, and lift them up for ever.”

Ps. cxxxvi. 25: “Who giveth food to all flesh.”

And forgive us our debts :

Exod. xxxiv. 9: “Pardon our iniquity and our sin.”

Num. xiv. 19: “Pardon, I beseech thee, the iniquity of this people.”

Ps. li. 9: “Hide thy face from my sins, and blot out all mine iniquities.”

As we forgive our debtors :

Gen. l. 15, 17, 19, 20: “And when Joseph's brethren saw that their father was dead, they said Joseph will peradventure hate us, and will certainly requite us all the evil which we did unto him. And Joseph said unto them, Fear not: for am I in the place of God?” Verse 21: “Now therefore fear ye not: I will nourish you, and your little ones.”

Lev. xix. 18: “Thou shalt not avenge, nor bear any grudge against the children of thy people, but thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself: I am the Lord.”

1 Sam. xxvi. 9, 11, 21, 24.

And lead us not into temptation :

Gen. xxi. 1: “And it came to pass, after these things, that God did tempt Abraham.”

2 Sam. xxiv. 1: “And again the anger of the Lord was kindled against Israel, and he moved David against them to say, Go, number Israel and Judah.”

But deliver us from evil :

Ps. l. 15: “And call upon me in the day of trouble: I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me.”

Dan. iii. 17: “Our God whom we serve is able to deliver us from the burning fiery furnace.”

For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever and ever. Amen :

1 Chron. xxix. 11: “Thine, O Lord, is the greatness, and the power, and the glory, and the victory, and the majesty; for all that is in the heaven and in the earth is thine; thine is the kingdom, O Lord, and thou art exalted as head above all.”

HYMN TO THE HOLY SPIRIT.

PRaise be Thine, Most Holy Spirit;
Honour to Thy Holy Name!
May we love it, may we fear it!
Set in everlasting fame.
Honour, honour, praise, and glory,
Comforter, Inspirer, Friend;
Till these troubles, transitory,
End in glory without end.

By Thy hand, in secret working,
Like a midnight of soft rain,
Seeds that lay in silence lurking,
Spring up green and grow again.
Roots, which in their dusty bosoms,
Hid an age of golden days,
Stirring with a cloud of blossoms,
Clothe their barrenness for Thy praise.

We should sleep; but Thou awakest:
Sometimes like a morning sun,
On the dazed soul Thou breakest,
Heaven at once on earth begun.
Sometimes like a star appearing,
Seen and lost as earth-winds blow;
Wishing, hoping, thinking, fearing,
Thou hast saved us ere we know.

Thou dost set the mute world speaking,
To the sinner in his sin;
Thou to spirits humbly seeking,
Answerest by a voice within.
Happier souls—like fruit-trees budding,
Order'd branches o'er the wall—
Find in Thee the solace needing,
Shower, or sunshine, Thou art all.

As an island in a river,
Vex'd with endless rave and roar,
Keeps an inner silence ever
On its consecrated shore:
Flower'd with flowers, and green with grasses,
So the poor through Thee abide;
Every outer care that passes,
Deepening more the peace inside.

When our heart is faint, Thou warmest,
Justifiest our delight;
Thou our ignorance informest,
And our wisdom shapest right;
In the hour of doubt and strife,
Thou beginnest, and Thou endest,
All that Christians count of life!

Gracious Spirit, Spirit Holy!
Take our spirits unto Thee;
Fain we would be happy, lowly;
Make us as we fain would be!
If we praise, or if we sue,
'Tis Thine own kind Spirit moves us,
For 'tis Thine to will and do.

—Thomas Burridge.

THE JEWS IN JERUSALEM.

BY MR S. B. JOHNSON.

THERE are no people more worthy of our attention and regard than the people of Israel, God's own chosen race. And those inhabiting Jerusalem claim not only our serious consideration, but most heartfelt pity. Their condition is a sad and wonderful verification of the sure word of prophecy, which long ago doomed them to their present state of degradation and woe. They are now beginning to come to Jerusalem in great numbers; and are supported while there mainly by contributions from abroad, amounting to the miserable pittance of a few paras a day for each person. Yet they are quite happy and contented, so long as they enjoy the privilege of

treading the land of their forefathers, and living on the sacred soil of their beloved Mount Zion. The heart of the lover of Israel is often made to bleed when witnessing instances of the tyranny exercised over them by their despotic lords, the Turks; such as a poor old Jew being pelted with stones by the little Turkish boys in the street. The little scamps are greatly amused with the sport; and, instead of meeting with a severe rebuke, they are rewarded with encouragement from their seniors; at whose instigation, indeed, the sport is generally commenced.

No Jew is allowed to enter the Church of the Holy Sepulchre; and, indeed, should one be seen even passing through the court, he is instantly attacked by an infuriated mob of Christians, who if they allow him to escape with his life, he has great occasion to thank them, as they are fully empowered to kill him by express firman of the Sultan. He is set free only on condition of submission to the practice his soul abhors—of kissing a crucifix of the despised Nazarene, or an image of the Virgin Mary. One privilege, however, is granted the poor Jew of Jerusalem, upon which he places inestimable value: that of performing his devotions close by the remains of the magnificent walls that once surrounded the Temple. For this favour, they at one time paid an enormous price to the Turks, who own not only this spot, but nearly all of the Holy City. And there they resort at all times, but particularly on Friday, to weep and lament that their Temple is no more.

Here, too, assemble multitudes of the matrons and maids of Israel, to pour forth their bitter lamentations and scalding tears through the crevices of that portion of the wall nearest the side of their beloved but unapproachable Temple; "deeply wailing that the daughter of Zion is left as a cottage in a vineyard, as a lodge in a garden of cucumbers; as a besieged city." But so down-trodden, impotent, and helpless are they, that it is no uncommon thing for "certain lewd fellows of the baser sort," of Turkish, Arab, and Christian pedigree, so to annoy them, that they are glad to ensconce themselves in their crowded and comfortless tenements on Mount Zion.

Fervent and many are the kisses they imprint upon these hallowed stones; and sad and plaintive are the touching words of the Karaite Jews:—

Cantor. On account of the palace which is laid waste,
People. We sit down alone and weep.
Cantor. On account of the Temple which is destroyed,
People. We sit down alone and weep.
Cantor. On account of the walls which are pulled down,
People. We sit down alone and weep.
Cantor. On account of our majesty which is gone,
People. We sit down alone and weep.
Cantor. On account of our great men who have been cast down,
People. We sit down alone and weep.
Cantor. On account of the precious stones which are burned,
People. We sit down alone and weep.

Cantor. On account of the priests who have stumbled,
People. We sit down alone and weep.
Cantor. On account of our kings who have despised Him,
People. We sit down alone and weep.

SECOND CHANT.

Cantor. We beseech Thee, have mercy upon Zion.
People. Gather the children of Jerusalem.
Cantor. Make haste, the Redeemer of Zion,
People. Speak to the heart of Jerusalem.
Cantor. May beauty and majesty surround Zion,
People. And turn with Thy mercy to Jerusalem.
Cantor. Remember the shame of Zion.
People. Make new again the ruins of Jerusalem.
Cantor. May the royal government shine again over Zion.
People. Comfort those who mourn at Jerusalem.
Cantor. May joy and gladness be found upon Zion.
People. A branch shall spring forth at Jerusalem.

The Tomb of Rachel is another spot held by them in great veneration; and I envy neither the head nor the heart of the stranger who can pass from Jerusalem to Bethlehem without deviating a few hundred yards from the stony path to muse awhile, and perhaps drop a tear at the tomb of the ill-fated but "beautiful and well-favoured" Rachel. The pillar set upon her grave, thirty-five long centuries and a generation ago, has long since crumbled into dust, or, more probably, been chipped into fragmentary amulets; but the venerated spot is still marked, and no doubt correctly indicated by a picturesque mausoleum, containing two rooms, the innermost of which is the consecrated sanctum where her idolised remains lie interred beneath a rude oblong tomb of plastered stones, four or five feet in height; Ephrath, or Ephratah, being but a mile or two distant; for "she was buried in the way to Ephrath, which is Bethlehem;" "and there was but a little way to go to Ephrath." Ramah, in the Hebrew, means an eminence, and it was doubtless on the top of the intervening hill in the coasts of Bethlehem, and not at Ram-ley, near Joppa, as Charlotte Elizabeth imagines (in that admirable production of her pen, "Judah's Lion"), that a "voice was heard"—lamentations and bitter weeping—"Rachel weeping for her children, refusing to be comforted because they were not."

How touchingly is the traveller reminded of that soul-rending cry, in passing this cherished monument of the mother of millions of the noblest race on earth—where, beneath its dome and around its walls, he hears the plaintive wailings of the daughters of this revered "mother in Israel!" But they weep not for the hecatombs of innocent infants sacrificed in the vain attempt of Herod the Great (monster of cruelty!) to destroy the infant Messiah; for that event they profess to disbelieve. They are weeping for their own state of hopeless degradation, and the misery that has come upon them. Well did our adorable Redeemer say to certain devoted females, who had ministered to Him of their substance, and, faithful to the bitter end, sorrowfully followed Him to Golgotha, "Weep not for me, but weep for

yourselves and your children." Oh, the untold miseries that have come upon the degraded daughter of Zion! Fountainless indeed must be the eye that can witness the harrowing anguish of mind and contortion of body manifested around this tomb, and shed no tear. Harder than the nether mill-stone, and "deaf to pity's soul-subduing cry," that bosom that can remain unmoved amid such a scene of wailing, lamentation, and despair.

Travellers have full liberty to visit the synagogues, and seldom fail to avail themselves of the privilege. But oh, how painful to witness the clamour, confusion, and utter want of solemnity with which their worship is conducted!

The women are not allowed to participate in the service, or even to sit in the body of the synagogue, but are allotted a place in the gallery, which is partitioned off by lattice work. Part of the service consists in a proclamation by a crier, who loudly proclaims the merits of the law, and offers the privilege of carrying it from the ark to the reader's stand to the highest bidder; and sometimes a large sum is given for the honour, though usually the privilege is sold for about one dollar. During the whole of their service, whether chanting or reading from the law, they continually sway their bodies to and fro. This practice they satisfactorily account for by citing one of the Psalms, where David says, "All my bones shall praise Thee!"

Oh! that these walls may soon echo the glad sound of praises to Christ their true Messiah, whom they still continue to reject, to their temporal woe as well as eternal condemnation; for to this rejection may be ascribed all the evils and misery to which they are subject. How fervently should we pray that their hardness of heart may be taken away from them! for then, and not until then, are we to realise the promise that, "the fulness of the Gentiles being come in, the blindness that has happened to them in part shall be removed, and they shall be grafted into their own olive-tree."

The Feasts of Tabernacles, Purim, and Passover are still strictly observed. During the Feast of Tabernacles, the Jewish quarter presents a very pretty and rural sight. As in olden days, booths of brush and shrubbery are erected in the courts and gardens, or on the roof of every house, and form pleasant retreats for the family. The afternoon of each day finds every household gathered in their cool and refreshing shade—some, with Talmud in hand, stand with their faces toward the Temple and chant, while those preferring a less rigid observance indulge in fruits, sharbet, and pipes.

The Passover is sadly changed. Instead of killing a lamb and observing the solemn ritual of the Bible, every family slaughters a chicken, which is eaten with salt, vinegar, and herbs.

Still more absurd, and at the same time painful and disgusting, is their manner of celebrating the Feast of Purim, when every Jew, both young and old, male and female, is required to become so intoxicated as to be unable to distinguish between cursing Haman and blessing Mordecai. How deplorable is such a departure from the law of Moses! which indeed is now almost entirely discarded by them.

And this is the sad but true story of the fallen state of the house of Israel! Nor is their temporal welfare better than their spiritual. Greater wretchedness and poverty than that in which they are sunk could not be conceived. Their quarter is the most filthy, miserable part of the city. The hardest heart is moved to pity on visiting their dark, closely-packed hovels; for although their numbers are so great, their quarter occupies but a small portion of the city.

There are a few Karaite Jews among them, who reject the Talmud; consequently the persecution they receive at the hands of their Talmudical brethren is very great. By way of ineffaceably impressing this deadly hate on the hearts of their children, they are early taught that should they ever see a Christian and a Karaite Jew in the act of drowning, they must overlook the Karaite and save the Christian—hateful as he is!

Should a Jew at the head of a family become a Christian, his wife, children, and property are taken from him, and he is in various ways bitterly persecuted, thus greatly enhancing the difficulties in the way of converting them to Christianity.

What an awful lesson of unbelief and hardness of heart do we behold in this people, cast out, as it were, from the common rights and sympathies of all, and alienated from the inheritance of their fathers! And how earnest should be our endeavours to convert them, seeing that such glorious promises are predicated upon their salvation! For when the "Redeemer shall come out of Zion, and turn away ungodliness from Jacob, all Israel shall be saved, and the Gentile year of jubilee shall also arrive. For if the fall of them be the riches of the world, and the diminishing of them the riches of the Gentiles, how much more their fulness! And if the casting away of them be the reconciling of the world, what shall the receiving of them be but life from the dead!"

SMOOTH STONES FROM ANCIENT BROOKS.

THE little word "father," (said Luther), lisped forth in prayer by a child of God, exceeds the eloquence of Demosthenes, Cicero, and all the other famed orators of the world.

Sin is bad in the eye, worse in the tongue, worse still in the heart, but worst of all in the life.

It was a good saying of one to a great lord, upon his shewing his stately house, and pleasant gardens, "Sir, you had need make sure of heaven, or else, when you die, you will be a very great loser."

Ah, believer, it is only heaven that is above all winds, storms, and tempests; God did not cast man out of Paradise that he might be able to find himself another paradise in this world. The world and you must part, or Christ and you will never meet. "Ye cannot serve God and mammon."

"Speak, that I may see thee," said Socrates to a fair boy. We know metals by their tinkling, and men by their talking.

"Add to your faith virtue" (2 Peter i. 5). The Greek word that is here rendered *add*, has a great emphasis in it; it is taken from dancing round. "Link them," says the apostle, "hand in hand." As in dancing, virgins take hand, so we must pin hand to hand in these holy measures, and lead up the dance of graces.

Weak saints are as much united to Christ, as much justified by Christ, as much reconciled by Christ, and as much pardoned by Christ, as the strongest saints. He that looked upon the brazen serpent, though with weak sight, was healed as thoroughly as he that looked upon it with a stronger sight.

Were riches ever true to them that trusted them? As the bird hops from twig to twig, so do riches hop from man to man.

As there is no blood that saves souls like the blood of Christ, so there is no blood that sinks souls like the blood of Christ. A drop of this blood upon a man's head at last, will make him miserable for ever; but a drop of it upon a man's heart at last, will make him happy for ever.

David's heart was more often out of tune than his harp. He begins many of his psalms sighing, and ends them singing; and others he begins in joy and ends in sorrow. "So that one would think," says Peter Moulin, "that those psalms had been composed by two men of a contrary humour."

THE IMMORTALITY OF MAN.

BEHOLD! we stand alone in creation; earth, sea, and sky can shew nothing so awful as we are. The rooted hills shall flee before the fiery glance of the Almighty Judge; the mountains shall become dust, the ocean a vapour; the very stars of heaven shall fade and fall as the fig-tree casts her untimely fruit; yea, "heaven and earth shall pass away;" but the humblest, poorest, lowliest among us is bound for undying life. Amid all the terrors of dissolving nature, the band of immortals shall stand before their Judge. He has made you to be sharers of His own eternity; the most incomprehensible of His attributes is permitted, in its measure, to be yours. Alone in a world of weak and fading forms—with all

perishable, even to the inmost folds of the fleshly garment that invests you—with the very beauty of nature dependent on its revolutions—its order, the order of successive evanescence, its constancy, the constancy of change,—amid all this mournful scenery of death, you alone are deathless. In the lapse of millions of ages hence, for aught we can tell, it may be the purpose of God that all this outward visible universe shall gradually give place to some new creation; that other planets shall circle other suns; that unheard-of forms of animated existence shall crowd all the chambers of the sensitive universe with forms of life unlike all that we can dream; that in slow progression the immense cycle of our present system of nature shall at length expire:—but even then no decay shall dare to touch the universe of souls. Even then there shall be memories in heaven that shall speak of their little speck of earthly existence as a well-remembered history; yea, that shall anticipate millions of such cycles as this, as not consuming even the first glorious minute of the everlasting day! For these things ye are born; unto this heritage are ye redeemed. Live, then, as citizens of the immortal empire. Let the impress of the eternal country be on your foreheads. Let the angels see that you know yourselves their fellows. Speak, think, and act, as becometh your high ancestry; for your Father is in heaven, and the first-born of your brethren is on the throne of God. Oh! as you read and hear of these things, strain your eyes beyond the walls of this dim prison, and catch the unearthly light of that spiritual world where the perfected just are awaiting your arrival.—*Prof. W. A. Butler.*

THE FULNESS OF CHRIST.

THE happiness we derive from creatures is like a beggar's garment—it is made up of pieces and patches, and is worth very little after all. But the blessedness we derive from the Saviour is single and complete. In Him all fulness dwells. He is coeval with every period. He is answerable to every condition. He is a physician to heal, a counsellor to plead, a king to govern, a friend to sympathise, a father to provide. He is a foundation to sustain, a root to enliven, a fountain to refresh. He is the shadow from the heat, the bread of life, the morning star, the sun of righteousness; all, and in all. No creature can be a substitute for Him; but He can supply the place of every creature. He is all my salvation, and all my desire; my hope, my peace, my life, my glory, and joy.

"Whom have I in heaven but Thee? and there is none upon earth that I desire besides Thee." "My flesh and my heart faileth, but Thou art the strength of my heart, and my portion for ever." I cannot be exposed, I cannot be friendless, I cannot be poor, I cannot be fearful, with Thee.—*Rev. Wm. Jay.*

TRUE PLEASURES.

THE world make a great mistake in imagining that religion would debar them from enjoyment. It only debars from pleasures that corrupt; while it opens, in the stead of these, others that are far higher and more satisfying—pleasures that bring with them no satiety, and leave behind no sting. Read, in illustration of this, the following:—"Young people must have their amusements," said a young lady of nineteen, whom I met in one of my parochial visits. Her parents were members of the church, and very quiet, respectable people. Her father, a man of few words, was industrious and honest, but concerned himself very little about the spiritual welfare of his children. In maintenance of family worship he was irregular. Her mother talked a great deal about religion, but seldom in such a way as to interest others. This daughter was immoderately devoted to dress, and to frivolous pleasures. Her mother would often say to her, "I wish, Amelia, that you could think and feel as I do about these things; but you will never do so till you bethink yourself." "Mother," Amelia would reply, "I do not wish you to worry about me, or to pray for any change that will spoil my pleasures. Young people, you know, must have their amusements."

At the time of my call, circumstances favoured conversation upon religious subjects, and, having gained Amelia's attention, I urged upon her the importance of her immediate consecration to Christ. She admitted the truth of all I said, but evaded the force of every appeal, by referring to the fact that she was young, and declared that she could not, at present, give up the pleasures which were to her so interesting. The postulate upon which she fell back was, "Young people, you know, must have their amusements." The interview was closed with some plain and earnest remarks upon the claims of the Saviour, and the danger of delay.

By the grace of God an impression was made that resulted in her conversion. The work of the Spirit was deep in her heart, and she soon sought the counsel and prayers of her pastor. A clearer case of conviction of sin I have never witnessed. Her ultimate reception of Christ was cordial and complete.

Some four months afterwards, as she requested admission into the church, I examined her closely as to the characteristics of her experience, and was gratified by the evidences of a thorough change. She was manifestly "in Christ, a new creature." "Well, Amelia," I said, "what do you now think about amusements as necessary to young people?" She felt the point of the inquiry, but was not disconcerted, and replied, "I still think that they are necessary to the young; but the difficulty is, we make a wrong choice; those in which I once indulged were only the

refuges of an unhappy mind. I enjoyed them, because, for the time, they made me forget myself, my mortality, and my destiny. Your preaching made me miserable; and I tried by such expedients to quiet an uneasy conscience. I now see how trifling and wicked they were. Christ has given me employments that make me happy. I find more pleasure than I can tell you, in teaching eight poor children whom I have gathered into a Sabbath class. I find pleasure in the distribution of tracts, and conversation with the ignorant and poor. I find pleasure in our meetings for social devotion. I find pleasure in the study of the Scriptures, and in communion with God at the mercy-seat. These are now my happiness. They are necessary to me. All others are insipid and odious. Oh, that all our young people knew the pleasures of experimental and practical religion!"—*Watchman and Reflector*.

A CHRISTIAN WORKMAN.

ON more than one occasion the Apostle Paul had to work with his hands to earn his daily bread. Though the care of all the churches was upon him, though the enmity of the prejudiced, and the persecution of those who had the power, tried to bear him down, he was yet, amid it all, a man of handicraft and hard labour; he could sit down with Aquila in his workshop, and there engage in manual labour for his livelihood, with all the zeal of his noble and indomitable nature. He, at least, was not one of those who think that idleness and indolence can dignify man's position. He was not one of those who would deem themselves degraded by being useful. He knew that man is born under a decree to work; he therefore wrought. And just as this man of God, when it was his duty, put forth all the powers of his intellect and soul in reasoning before Festus, or Felix, or King Agrippa, did he put forth the powers of his body in making tents in the workshop of his friend at Corinth. Enough for Paul if he was where the Lord wished him to be, or engaged in what the Lord gave him to do; and, without one feeling either of degradation or of discontent, he bore the toils of the body as well as exerted the activities of the mind; he both taught and practised the lesson: "If any man will not work, neither shall he eat." He felt that every man must be a worker either with mind or body, or both. The last was his alternative; and we know that, in some cases, the night was added to the day ere he could complete his allotted task. Sinew, and muscle, and bone, in Paul's case, were dedicated to the service of God; as well as a mental power which could not be gained, except by the bigot's ever-ready argument—the dungeon, the chain, or death.—*Tweedie*.

Pages for the Young.

I HAVEN'T THE TIME.

"GEORGE," said his teacher one afternoon, "I wish you would arrange your drawing materials in a little better order."

"I was intending to do so, Mr Wilton," replied George, "but I haven't the time."

"Take time, then," returned Mr Wilton. "Order is the first law of heaven, and it should also be the first law of earth. When you commenced your drawing this afternoon, you had been one half-hour looking for your implements, and even then you were forced to borrow, not because you had none of your own, but because you could not find them. It is a lamentable fact that a bad practice indulged for a time becomes a bad habit, and, like an infectious disease, soon contaminates the other faculties."

George Atwell was a frank, good-tempered boy, studious and obedient in school, and, in truth, industrious, but his industry consisted in hurrying to overtake time already lost.

"I haven't the time," was his excuse for any neglect of duty; and so good was he in his disposition, that his fault was passed over by his widowed mother, who doted on her boy.

"George, will you fasten the hinge on the garden gate?" asked his mother, one morning.

"I haven't the time now, mother. I shall be late at school if I stop to do it, for I have had to hurry so about that wood I could not cut last night; but I will fix it after school."

"There, mother," said George, as he was about to retire, "I forgot all about that hinge, but, however, I hadn't the time to fix it to-night. Never mind, I'll do it in the morning."

George arose early, and on repairing to the garden a sad sight was presented. The cattle, finding the broken gate no obstruction, had entered the garden, trampled the beds, broken down or eaten the vegetables, while a score of pigs had finished the work of destruction so well begun.

George wept with sorrow and vexation, but soon consoled himself with the thought that it was not his fault, for he should certainly have mended the gate if he only had time.

"The better way," said his mother, "is to defer not till to-morrow what should be done to-day; and if you will only remember that there is a time for every thing, and will do every thing in its time, the difficulty will be avoided."

Firmly as George resolved to follow his mother's advice, it was but a few weeks before a valuable horse was drowned, because the busy boy had not time to cover the well in the field.

When he became a man, he lost his farm by not having time to inquire into the valid-

ity of the title. Then his house was burned, and, alas! it was not insured; the policy had expired a few days before, and he had not found time to have it renewed.

LETTER FROM MR COLERIDGE TO HIS GODCHILD.

MY DEAR GODCHILD,— . . . Years must pass before you will be able to read with an understanding heart what I now write. But I trust that the all-gracious God, the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Father of mercies, who, by His only-begotten Son, (all mercies in onesovereign mercy!) has redeemed you from the evil world, and willed you to be born out of darkness, but into light; out of death, but into life; out of sin, but into righteousness—even into “the Lord our righteousness;” I trust that He will graciously hear the prayers of your dear parents, and be with you as the Spirit of health and growth in body and in mind. My dear godchild, you received from Christ’s minister, at the baptismal font, as your Christian name, the name of a most dear friend of your father’s, and who was to me even as a son, the late Adam Steinmetz; whose fervent aspirations, and ever-paramount aim, even from early youth, was to be a Christian in thought, word, and deed; in will, mind, and affections. I, too, your godfather, have known what the enjoyments and advantages of this life are, and what the more refined pleasures which learning and intellectual power can bestow; and with all the experience that more than three-score years can give, I now, on the eve of my departure, declare to you, (and earnestly pray that you may hereafter live and act on the conviction,) that health is a great blessing; competence obtained by honourable industry a great blessing; and a great blessing it is to have kind, faithful, and loving friends and relations; *but that the greatest of all blessings, as it is the most ennobling of all privileges, is to be indeed a Christian.* But I have been likewise, through a large portion of my later life, a great sufferer, sorely afflicted with bodily pains, languor, and manifold infirmities; and, for the last three or four years, have, with a few and brief intervals, been confined to a sick-room, and, at this moment, in great weakness and heaviness, write from a sick-bed, hopeless of recovery, yet without prospect of a speedy removal. And I thus, on the brink of the grave, solemnly bear witness to you, that the Almighty Redeemer, most gracious in His promises to them that truly seek Him, is faithful to perform what He has promised; and has reserved, under all my pains and infirmities, the inward peace that passeth all understanding, with the supporting assurance of a reconciled God, who will not withdraw His Spirit from me in the conflict, and in His own time will deliver me from the evil one. O my dear godchild! eminently blessed are they who begin early

to seek, fear, and love their God, trusting wholly in the righteousness and mediation of their Lord, Redeemer, Saviour, and everlasting High Priest, Jesus Christ. Oh! preserve this as a legacy and bequest from your unseen godfather and friend,

S. T. COLERIDGE.

July 13, 1834.

JESUS AND THE LITTLE CHILD.

CHILD.

SAVIOUR, I am very weak,
Wilt Thou hear me when I speak?
May I come and tell Thee all,
Though I am so young and small?

SAVIOUR.

Fear not, my child, to come to me,
For I was once a child like thee;
And though I reign in glory now,
I still have love for babes below.

CHILD.

Lord, wilt Thou take my sinful heart,
And make it pure in every part?
Help me to grow a loving child,
Like Thee, obedient, meek, and mild!

SAVIOUR.

I died, my child, to set you free
From sin, and hell, and misery;
And none of all the childlike train
Shall ever seek my face in vain.

CHILD.

Dear Saviour! be my constant guide,
Nor let me wander from Thy side;
Oh, fit me for Thy throne on high,
And take me to Thee when I die!

THE “GUEST’S” BIBLE QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNG.

THE BIBLE.

WHOSE “sword” is the Word of God said to be?

Where is it called a lamp?

Who says that it is a hammer?

Who said, Search the Scriptures; and on what occasion?

Where is the Word of God spoken of as honey?

Who had known the Scriptures from a child?

What Psalm describes and praises the Word of God?

By how many different names is it called in that Psalm?

What Psalm is the utterance of a penitent heart?

What Psalms seem to be prophecies concerning Christ?

How many different writers are there of the New Testament?

How many letters did Paul write?

Where was the last book in the Bible written?

How did “holy men of old” write?

Through what does Christ pray that His people may be sanctified?

What does He say is truth?



A FAMILY MAGAZINE FOR SUNDAY READING.

REVISED BY THE REV. NORMAN M'LEOD, D.D., GLASGOW.

WEEKLY NOS. ONE HALFPENNY.]

[MONTHLY PARTS, THREEPENCE

"GLORIFYING GOD."*

WHEN the eyes of Bartimeus found their noblest joy, his tongue was put to its noblest use. It is the glory of the tongue that it can glorify God. Filled with irrepressible gladness, he broke forth in loud thanksgivings and praises. He began to sing in the ways of the Lord as soon as he entered them. He had reached the fourth and brightest link of that gracious succession revealed in Psalm l. 15; trouble leading to prayer, prayer issuing in deliverance, and deliverance in glorifying. As he looked around on the goodly frame of nature, and felt the streams of God's gracious benignity flowing into his consciousness, he was constrained to

Bear some humble part
In that immortal song"

which is sung in that world in which both creation and redemption are glorified; "Great and marvellous are Thy works, Lord God Almighty! Just and true are Thy ways, Thou King of saints! Who shall not fear Thee, O Lord, and glorify Thy name?"

Whoso offereth praise glorifieth me, says God. There were three ways in which Bartimeus glorified Him, and none can glorify Him in any other way:—in thought, word, and deed; by his heart's secret gladness and adoration, by his audible and public praise, and by his following Jesus in the way. The first was the fruit of the soul; the second, the fruit of the lips; the third, the fruit of the life. The first was visible to God alone, the second and third were manifest to men. The first was the hidden spring of both the others, for the thanksgiving of the soul is the soul of thanksgiving, and where it is wanting, the professions of the mouth and the works

* From "Blind Bartimeus and his Great Physician." This is a truly rich and powerful book. It bears throughout the stamp of a man possessed with the glorious truth of God, and delighting to pour it out of the fulness of his heart. This is the truth which is wanted, and which every honest heart in the land yearns for. The work requires no friendly helps or recommendations to circulate it.

of the life are dead and offensive;—the loathsome offering of hypocrisy. But if the lips and life have not their offerings also, the praise of the soul is without its needful outlets and evidences, and, like faith without works, is dead, being alone. If through sloth or cowardice in speaking and acting for God, a bushel is put over the light, it will not only be concealed, but smothered. The true light, the light of God's kindling, will, indeed, according to the proverb, burn through the bushel. If there is abundance in the heart, the mouth *will* speak. Art thou still dumb? Then thy heart's fancied abundance is emptiness. Religion not in the soul, is mockery. Religion in the soul only, is impossibility. We must first *be* light, ourselves lighted from the Sun of righteousness, and then our light must shine before men, that they may see our good works. So only can we lead others to glorify our Father who is in heaven, and thereby ourselves most effectually glorify Him.

Dr Doddridge once exerted himself to procure the pardon of a man condemned to die. When he succeeded and hastened to the cell with the glad news, and the prison door was flung open, the poor man cast himself to the earth, and clasping the feet of his deliverer, exclaimed, "Every drop of my blood thanks you, for you have saved them all!"

Such full-voiced expression of the heart's gratitude was heard from the men also whom Christ delivered from their plagues. The dumb began to sing, the lame to leap, and all to testify, in some open, lively way, how thankful they were for such mercies. Only once do we hear that mournful question and complaint, Were there not ten cleansed? but where are the nine? "There are not found that returned to give glory to God, save this stranger!"

The piety of the primitive Church was of the same cheerful, out-spoken type. And

when we go back to the more ancient ages, and climb the hill of Zion, what bursts of jubilant music greet us! What ringing of harps, what pealing of organs, with the voice of psalms, like the swell of the sea! Harken: "Come and hear, all ye that fear God, and I will declare what he hath done for my soul." "I will bless the Lord at all times; his praise shall continually be in my mouth." "O magnify the Lord with me, and let us exalt his name together!" "O sing unto the Lord a new song! Sing unto the Lord! Bless His name!" For "it is a good thing to give thanks unto the Lord, and to sing praises unto thy name, O most High! for it is pleasant, and praise is comely." "Let the children of Zion be joyful in their King!"

Alas, how many who profess to be Zion's children in our day, seem even ashamed of their King! They have no glad story to tell of His dealings with their souls, no harp to sweep in His praise, no apostrophes to heaven and earth, to field and flood and the saints of God, challenging them to mingle their voices in celebrating redeeming grace.

But why do I speak of harps and apostrophes? There are men and women who profess to have been healed by the Lord Jesus of their soul's deadly malady, and yet can hardly bring themselves to speak a word in His praise in any company. Is He evil spoken of? They will not defend Him. Is He well spoken of? They have no word to add. Is He not spoken of at all? He never will be, if they must begin. The beauty, excellency, and glory of His person, offices, and work; all His condescension, grace, and tenderness; all the events of His life, all the sufferings of His death; all His exaltation, reign, and second coming, seem not to be enough to loosen their tongues, or give them anything at all to say.

Nay, more: they see their blind neighbours groping their way down to endless night, but cannot go to them and recommend the heavenly Physician. If an earthly physician is needed, they are at once voluble and bold. But let the soul be in danger, and they are dumb.

Shall I go further? Yes, there are fathers and mothers who are ashamed to tell the story of their healing to their own poor, blind sons and daughters, who have inherited from them the dreadful woe. They pity them; they know they will perish if they come not to Christ; they will be glad if "the minister" will speak to them; but *they* cannot. They are ashamed to be heard by their own families speaking to Jesus. Even in the sanctuary of home they dare not call their offspring about them, and, kneeling before His feet, bless Him, in simplest words, for His mercy, and then cry, "Lord, look now upon these poor, blind children, and heal them!"

Can we wonder that God withholds the joy

of His salvation from such base cowardice? Oh, let us wonder that He withholds His wrath! Blessed Jesus, if Thou didst die for me, shall I not live for Thee? If Thou didst suffer for me, shall I not speak for Thee? If Thou wast not ashamed of my shame, shall I be ashamed of Thy glory? If my sins once laid on Thee made Thee dumb, like a sheep before her shearers, shall not Thy graces wrought in me open my lips that my mouth may shew forth Thy praise, and my tongue sing aloud of Thy righteousness?

"CRY ALOUD, AND SPARE NOT."

A CHAPTER FROM THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF WM. H. MILBURN, (THE BLIND PREACHER.)*

THE conference sat at Springfield, the capital of the State; and having passed my two years of probation, I received ordination at the hands of Bishop Morris as a deacon.

At that time we had under our care M'Kendree College, and it was considered desirable to erect a Female Seminary of high grade; but considerable sums of money were necessary for both. It was then customary for the West to call upon the East for material aid in all such enterprises. After the selection of a site for the future seat of learning, and making out an estimate of the sum that would be necessary to put it into operation—all this being kindly and gratuitously performed by a board of trustees—the next step was to select some man as an agent, who should be intrusted with full powers to lay the pressing claims of education in the West before the enlightened Christian communities of the older Eastern States; and by his eloquence or skill to raise and bring back all the money he could get. To persuade men to part with their gold for the benefit of some distant region, particularly when it is shrewdly suspected that the people in that region are, or ought to be, able to help themselves, I have found to my cost is a delicate and difficult operation. Moreover, if you would make your plea successful, you must be able to read the faces of men, and to explore their temperament and sensibilities through their eyes. I therefore think that a blunder was committed when I was appointed by the conference as an agent to travel in the Eastern States for the pecuniary advantage of its institutions. Nevertheless, this was my appointment for the ensuing year. An old and valued friend offered to accompany me as a travelling companion. We reached Cincinnati without adventure, and began our work in this new department. I found my ministerial brethren very willing that I should preach as often as I could; but I discovered that whilst my sermons were listened to by the people with patience, the appeals in behalf of my cause

* * Published by Messrs Low, Son, & Co., London.

were not responded to. There appeared to be a difference of opinion between us ; for their estimate of the importance of a Male and Female College in Illinois was not nearly as high as mine—at least, they seemed to conclude, that, if the two institutions were so indispensable, the people in Illinois might build them. I preached incessantly for three weeks, and found that I had my pains for my reward. My old friend and I were disposed to shake off the dust of the Queen City from our feet, and to take our journey to some more promising place, at least to some place where promises would be more productive. We started for Wheeling, and it was to the last degree important that something in the way of getting funds should be done there ; for my fare upon the steamboat took the last cent I had. Of course, the trustees of a college, in sending out an agent, would esteem it gross folly to furnish him with money—let him do as Cortes did, burn his ships ; that is, go without funds, and then he will have to raise them, and fight his way through from sheer desperation.

We left Cincinnati on the steamer *Hibernia* early on Friday morning, the captain promising to land us at Wheeling by Saturday night. The boat was very much crowded, and among the passengers was a considerable number of Congressmen, members of both houses, on their way to the capital to take their seats. As several of them were men known to fame, whose names I had been familiar with for years, I took great interest in observing them, and in listening to their conversation ; when, as is often their manner in such environment, they talked for the benefit of the company. I cannot say how much I was shocked nor how indignant I became at discovering that not a few of these representatives of the sovereign people of the United States swore outrageously, played cards day and night, and drank villanous whisky to excess. I expressed my surprise and chagrin to my friend ; but the only comfort that I received was, that this was the fashion in which many of our politicians acted.

The river was low—fogs came on. Sunday morning arrived, we were yet eighty miles below Wheeling, and there was no place where we could land to spend the Sabbath. At breakfast-time a committee of the passengers waited upon me to know if I would preach to them. Never did I say yes more gladly ; for never had I been so anxious to speak my mind. A congregation of nearly three hundred persons assembled at half-past ten o'clock, and I took my stand between the ladies' and gentlemen's cabins ; seated in the places of honour upon my right and left hand were most of my late objects of interest—the members of Congress. I had never before spoken under such circumstances, but, nevertheless, preached as well as I could,

which is not saying much. At the close of the discourse proper, however, I could not resist the impulse to speak a straightforward word to the men on my right and left ; turning to them, therefore, I said something to the following effect:—"I understand that you are members of the Congress of the United States, and as such you are, or should be, the representatives not only of the political opinions, but also of the intellectual, moral, and religious condition of the people of this country. As I had rarely seen men of your class, I felt on coming aboard this boat a natural interest to hear your conversation, and to observe your habits. If I am to judge the nation by you, I can come to no other conclusion than that it is composed of profane swearers, card-players, and drunkards. Suppose there should be an intelligent foreigner on this boat, travelling through the country with the intent of forming a well-considered and unbiased opinion as to the practical working of our free institutions—seeing you and learning your position, what would be his conclusion? Inevitably, that our experiment is a failure, and our country is hastening to destruction. Consider the influence of your example upon the young men of the nation—what a school of vice are you establishing! If you insist upon the right of ruining yourselves, do not, by your example, corrupt and debauch those who are the hope of the land. I must tell you that, as an American citizen, I feel disgraced by your behaviour ; as a preacher of the gospel, I am commissioned to tell you that, unless you renounce your evil courses, repent of your sins, and believe upon the Lord Jesus Christ with hearts unto righteousness, you will certainly be damned."

At the close of the services, I retired to my state-room to consider my impromptu address word by word, and whether, if I were called to a reckoning for it, I should be willing to abide by it and its consequences. Plain speaking and stern acting are common things among the men of the West and the South-west ; and whosoever starts to run a race of this kind, should be prepared to go unflinchingly to the goal. I came to the conclusion that nothing had been said of which I ought to be ashamed, and that I would stand by every word of it, let the issue be what it might. While cogitating, there was a tap at the door. A gentleman entered, who said, "I have been requested to wait upon you by the members of Congress on board, who have had a meeting since the close of the religious exercises. They desire me to present you with this purse of money" (handing me between fifty and a hundred dollars) "as a token of their appreciation of your sincerity and fearlessness in reproving them for their misconduct ; they have also desired me to ask if you will allow your name to be used at the coming election of chaplain

for Congress. If you will consent to this, they are ready to assure you an honourable election." Quite stunned with this double message, I asked time for quiet reflection and for consulting with my friend. He warmly urged my acceptance of the offer. As the boat neared Wheeling, my decision was asked. I assented to their proposal. They went forward to the capital; I tarried in Wheeling to preach. But the sermon on the boat was far more remunerative than all the labours at Cincinnati and Wheeling united. By the agency of my new friends, I was in due time elected. Their money paid my expenses to Washington, and so I entered upon my duties as chaplain to Congress.

THE HUNGER OF THE SOUL

Concluded from page 459.

THERE is no end to the diverse arts men practise to get some food for their soul; and to whatever course they turn themselves, you will see, as clearly as possible, that they are hungry. Nay, they say it themselves. What sad bewailings do you hear from them, calling the world ashes, wondering at the poverty of existence, fretting at the courses of Providence, and blaming their harshness, raging profanely against God's appointments, and venting their impatience with life in curses on its emptiness. All this, you understand, is the hunger they are in. Feeding on carobs only, as they do, what shall we expect but to see them feed impatiently?

This, also, you will notice as a striking evidence that, however well they succeed in the providing of earthly things, they are never satisfied. They say they are not—have it for a proverb that no man is or can be. How can they be satisfied with lands, or money, or honour, or any finite good, when their hunger is infinite, reaching after God and the fulness of His infinite life; God, who is the object of their intelligence, their love, their hope, their worship; the complement of their weakness, the crown of their glory, the sublimity of their rest for ever? Such kind of hunger manifestly could not be satisfied with any finite good, and therefore it never is. Look, also, at some of the more internal and experimental evidences supplied by consciousness.

Consider, for example, the vice of envy, and the general propenseness of men to be in it. There are very few persons, however generous in their dispositions, who are not sometimes bitten by this very subtle and bitter sin. And the root of this misery is hunger of soul. Envy is only a malignant, selfish hunger, casting its evil eye on the elevation or supposed happiness of others. The bitterness of it is not simply that it really wants what others have, but that the soul, gnawed by a deep spiritual hunger which it thinks not of, is so profoundly embittered that every kind of good

it looks upon rasps it with a feeling of torment, and rouses a degree of impatience and ill nature out of all terms of reason. It is the feeling of a prodigal, or spendthrift, who, after he has spent all, vents his ill nature on every body but himself, and hates the good possessed by others, because it is not his own. Oh, how many human souls are gnawed through and through all their lives long by this devilish hunger—envy.

Remorse differs from envy only in the fact that the soul here turns upon itself, just as they say it is the principal distress of extreme bodily hunger that the organs of digestion begin themselves to be gnawed and digested, in place of the food on which the digestive power is accustomed to spend its energy. Remorse, in the same way, is a moral hunger of the soul. It is the bitter wail of a famished immortality. It is your conscience lashing your perverse will; your defrauded, hungry love weeping its dry, pitchy tears on the desert your evil life has made for it. It is your whole spiritual nature famished by sin, muttering wrathfully, and growling like a caged lion at the bars which shut him up to himself. And as bodily hunger sometimes causes the starving man to see devils in his ravings, so this hunger of remorse fills the soul with angry demons and ministers of vengeance, waiting to execute judgment. Sleep vanishes not seldom, or comes only in dreams that scare the sleeper. The day lags heavily. The look is on the ground. The walk is apart and silent, and the man carries a load under which he stoops, a load of selfish regret and worldly sorrow, that worketh death.

Or, if we speak of care, the corroding, weary, ever-multiplying care, of which you are every day complaining—what again is this but your hunger? We like to speak, however, not of care, but in the plural, of cares; for these, we imagine, are outside of us, in things, not in ourselves. But these cares are all in ourselves, and of ourselves, and not in things at all—things are not cares; cares are only cravings of that immortal hunger which the swine's food of earthly things cannot satisfy. You say in them all, What shall I do, for I perish with hunger? You look up from the bitter husks or carobs, and say, I must have more and better; and these more and better things are your cares. The very word *care* meant, originally, *want*; and these cares are nothing but the wants of a hungry soul misnamed.

Sometimes, again, your feeling takes the turn of disgust. You are disgusted with yourself and life, and all the employments and objects of your pursuit, disgusted even with your pleasures. How insipid, and dry, and foolish they appear. An air of distaste settles on all objects. They are all husks, acorns, food for swine, and not for men. Just so it is in the starvation of the body. It creates a fever, and in that fever appetite dies. And this, accordingly, is the rankest proof of hunger in

the soul, that it has run itself down to the starvation point of universal disgust. Life is cheap. It seems a very dull and mean thing to live—as to live a prodigal and swineherd's life it certainly is. Sometimes, too, your disgust turns upon your own character and feeling; your ambition, your pride, your very thoughts, and you ache for the mortification that comes upon you. My ambition—how low it creeps. My pride—what have I or am I to be proud of? My very thoughts are all trailing in the dust, and the dust is dry,—O God, is it this to be a man?

I might speak also of your perpetual irritations, your fits of anger, your animosities, your jealousies, your gloomy hypochondriacal fears. These all at bottom are the disturbances of hunger in the soul. How certainly is the child irritable when it is hungry. Even the placidity of infancy vanishes when the body is ravening for food. So it is with man. He is irritable, flies into fits of passion, loses self-government, simply because the placid state of satisfaction is wanting in his higher nature. He is out of rest, because of his immortal hunger. Three-quarters of the ill nature of the world is caused by the fact, that the soul without God is empty, and so out of rest. We charge it, more often than justice requires, to some fault of temperament; but there is no temperament that would not be quieted and evened by the fulness of God.

Now, the Spirit of God will sometimes show you, in an unwonted manner, the secret of these troubles, for He is the interpreter of the soul's hunger. He comes to it, whispering inwardly the awful secret of its pains, "without God, and without hope in the world." He reminds the prodigal of his bad history. He bids the swineherd look up from his sensual objects and works, and remember his home and his Father; tells him of a great supper prepared, and that all things are now ready, and bids him come. Conscious of the deep poverty he is in, conscious of that immortal being whose deep wants have been so long denied, wants that can be satisfied only by the essential, eternal participation of the fulness of God, he hears a gentle voice of love saying, "I am the bread of life, I am the living bread that came down from heaven. If any man eat of this bread he shall live." Are there none of you to whom this voice is calling now?

I will not pursue these illustrations further. Would that all my hearers could but open their minds to the lesson they teach. I know almost no subject or truth that will explain so many things in the uneasy demonstrations of mankind; or that, to any thoughtful person living without God, will resolve so many mysteries concerning himself. Granting simply the fact that God is the want of the soul, or created intelligence, what can it be separated from God, but an element of uneasiness and bitter disturbance? If the soul, as a vital

and organic nature, requires this divine food or nutriment to sustain it, and in this highest, vastest want gets no supply, what else can you need to account for the unrest, and the otherwise inexplicable frustration of your experience? And yet how many of you, goaded by this torment all your lives, do not understand it? You go after this or that objective, circumstantial good, thrust on, as in some kind of madness, by the terrible impulsion of your hungry immortality; confessing all the time that you fail, even when in form you succeed, and showing by your demonstrations that your objects, whether gained or lost, have no relation to your want; but your understandings are holden from any true discovery of your sin. It is as if you were under some dispossession, even as the Saviour intimates in His parable. He looks upon the prodigal described as one that has lost his reckoning, or his reason, and when He discovers the secret of his misery, speaks of him as just then having come to himself. Could you come thus to yourselves, how quickly would you cease from your husks and return to your Father! How absurd the folly, then, of any attempt to satisfy or quiet your hunger by any inferior, merely external good!

Oh, ye prodigals, young and old, prodigals of all names and degrees; ye that have tasted the good word of God, and the powers of the world to come, and have fallen away! ye that have always lived in the minding of earthly things; how clear is it here that no swine's food, no husks of money, pleasure, show, ambition, can feed you; that you have a divine part which none or all of these dry carobs of sin can feed, which nothing can supply and satisfy but God himself?

And what should be a discovery more welcome than this? In what are you more ennobled than in the fact that you are related thus inherently to God? having a nature so high, wants so deep and vast, that only He can feed them, and not even He by any bestowment which does not include the bestowment of Himself. Would you willingly exterminate this want of your being, and so be rid eternally of this hunger? That would be to cease from being a man, and to become a worm, and even that worm, remembering what it was, would be a worm gnawing itself with eternal regrets. No, this torment that you feel is the torment of your greatness. It compliments you more, even by its cravings and its shameful humiliations, than all the most subtle flatteries and the highest applauses. Nay, there is nothing in which God himself exalts you more than by His own expostulation, when he says—"Wherefore do you spend your money for that which is not bread, and your labour for that which satisfieth not? hearken diligently unto me, and eat ye that which is good. Incline your ear, and come unto me; hear, and your soul shall live." Why should we humble ourselves to so many things that are ashes

and call them bread ; doubling our bodily pleasures in vices that take hold on hell ; chasing after gains with cancerous appetite ; torturing our invention to find some opiate of society, applause, or show, that will quiet and content our unrest. All in vain. Oh, ye starving minds, hearken for one hour to this, and turn yourselves to it as your misery points you—God, God, God alone is the true food. Ask it thus of God to give you the food that is convenient for you, and He gives you Himself. And that is bread, bread of life, bread of eternity. Take it for your true supply, and you hunger no more.

THE POOR ENRICHING THE RICH.

BY THE REV. W. C. BOARDMAN.

IN one of the populous and beautiful towns on the banks of "La Belle Rivière," there dwelt, and, for aught I know, dwells now a just judge, honourable in life as well as in title ; and also a poor lone African woman, long since gone to her crown and her throne in the kingdom above. She was queenly in the power and beauty of her spiritual progress, though poor as poverty could make her in this world's goods here upon earth, but she is now, doubtless, queenly in position and external adorning as well as in heart, transformed and transfigured in the presence of the glorious Saviour in heaven, whom she loved so dearly and trusted so fully upon earth.

The judge was rich, and highly esteemed. He dwelt in a mansion, not so fine as to repel, not so splendid as to make him the envy of the foolish, large enough to be the social centre of the town, and plain enough to make every one feel it a home, and his heart was in keeping with his house, large and open.

The poor African woman lived in a cabin on an alley, all alone, without chick or child, kith or kin.

Her own hands ministered amply to her own wants while she had health, and at home or abroad at work by the day, she often earned that which found its way to India, or Africa perhaps, in the spread of the gospel. Her home, though poor and small, was always neat and tidy. She belonged to the church of which the judge was an officer, and often sat down with him at the table of the Lord, in the house of the Lord, as she will again, O how joyously at the feast of the Bridegroom, in the palace of the King ; but it so happened that they had never had free conversation together about the things of the kingdom. He respected her. She venerated him. At last she received a severe injury, from which she never recovered, and for many weary months before her death was dependent and helpless, alone and bedrid.

During this time the judge's ample table

and abundant wardrobe had contributed its full share to the comforts of the poor woman. Never a day but she was remembered. But for a long time, for one reason and another, he put off from time to time a personal visit, which yet he fully purposed in his heart to make her. Until at last, one day, as he thought of the cheeriness of his own pleasant home, the thought of the contrast between this and the loneliness and desolation of the poor woman's cabin, came into his mind, and while it heightened his gratitude for the goodness of God to him, it filled him with sadness and sympathy for her.

"Who can tell but I may cheer her a little, and perhaps by a little timely sympathy save her from repining at her hard lot ? Possibly, too, I may be able to throw some light upon the rugged pathway along which she is going to the kingdom ?"

The judge loved to do good ; it was a great luxury to him. So, taking a well-filled basket, and making sure that purse as well as scrip was stored with convenient small change, he sallied forth to visit the poor woman.

As the door opened, he was struck with the air of neatness in the cabin. If she was bedrid, some kind hand had supplied the place of hers. Everything was in order, swept and garnished, neat as a pin. "Not so desolate after all," thought he.

But again, as the judge looked around, and contrasted the social joys of his own ample mansion, where the voice of children and of music, as well as the presence of books and friends made all cheerful and happy, with the cheerless solitude of the poor woman alone here from morning till night and from night till morning, only as one or another called, out of kindness, to keep her from suffering, his heart filled again with sadness and sympathy.

Seating himself on the stool at the side of the poor woman's cot, he began speaking to her in words of condolence :—

"It must be hard for you, Nancy, to be shut up here alone so many days and weeks ?"

"Oh, no, thank God, massa judge, the good Lord keeps me from feelin' bad. I 'se happy now as ever I was in all my days."

"But, Nancy, lying here from morning till night, and from night till morning all alone, and racked with pain, dependent upon others for everything, do you not get tired and down-hearted, and think your lot a hard one to bear ?"

"Well, I 'se 'pendent on others, dat's sure, 'deed I is, an' I was allers used to have something to give to de poor, an' to de missionary, too, an' to de minister, but den I 'se no poorer dan my good Lord was when he was here in de worl', and I 'se nebber suffer half so much yet as he suffer for me on de cross. I 'se berry happy when I tink of dese tings."

"But, Nancy, you are all alone here ?"

"Yes, massa, I 'se all alone, dat's true, but

den Jesus is here, too, all de time. I'm nebber alone, no how, and He's good company."

"But, Nancy, how do you feel when you think about death? What if you should die here all alone some night?"

"Oh, massa judge! I 'spect to. I 'spect nothing else but jes to go off all alone here some night as you say, or some day. But it's all one, night or day, to poor Nancy; and den, massa, I 'spec I'll not go all alone, arter all, for Jesus says, in de blessed Book, I'll come an' take you to myself, dat where I am, dare you may be also; an' I believe Him. I'se not afraid to die alone."

"But, Nancy, sometimes when I think of dying, I am filled with trouble. I think how bad I am, what a sinner, and how unfit for heaven, and I think now what if I should die suddenly, just as I am, what would become of me? Are you not afraid to die, and go into the presence of a holy God?"

"O no, massa, 'deed I'se not."

"Why not, Nancy?"

"Oh, massa, I was 'fraid, berry much. When I was fust injer, I see I mus' die, an' I thought how can such a sinner as I is ebber go into such a holy place as de new Jerusalem is? An' I was miseble, oh, I was miseble, deed, sure! But den, by an' by, after a while, I jis thought I mus' trus' myself to de blessed Jesus to make me ready for de kingdom jis as I did to forgib all my sins. An' so I foun' res' for my poor soul in Jesus, an' sen dat time I feel somehow, all better; I know now He will make me all ready, pure an' white, for de new Jerusalem above. An' now I love to think about de time when I shall come to 'pear befo' the Father's throne, wid Him in glory, all starry, spangly white."

For a moment the judge sat in silence, admiring the power of grace. Not yet himself deeply affected by the light reflected from this star in disguise. A little pressure more was required—another chafing question—to bring out the ray destined to pierce his own soul.

"Well, Nancy, one thing more let me ask you; do you never complain?"

"Complain! Oh, now, massa judge, complain, do you say, massa? Why, massa? Who should such a one as I is complain ob? The good Lor? He knows bes what's bes for poor Nancy! *His will be done!*"

Nancy said this in tones of the deepest sincerity. And a little more. There was just a shade of wonder at the question—as much as to say, "What! you an officer in the church, and a man of education, a judge, and yet think that a poor creature like me might complain of the dealings of a merciful God and Saviour like mine?"

The arrow took effect. The judge bowed his head in silence a moment, and then rose and bade Nancy good-by, without the word of consolation and prayer, which he fully purposed when he went into the cabin.

All the way home he kept saying to himself,

"Well, I never yet said '*His will be done*' in that way. I never felt it. Alone, poor, helpless, bedrid, dependent, miserable in body, and yet happy as an angel. Ah! there is a power there I never felt. But I must feel it, and, God helping me, I will. Not afraid to die. Trusting Jesus to purify her from all sin, and present her spotless before God. Waiting joyously his summons. Oh, blessed faith! I must know more of this, and I will."

Two weeks, night and day, the arrow rankled, rankled, rankled. His pain increased. Sleep forsook him, and his family became alarmed. He said nothing; but often groaned in spirit and sighed deeply. Sometimes the tears were seen to steal down his manly cheeks. All wondered, and all waited to hear what had come over the strong mind and manly heart of the judge.

At last, one day, while he was bowed before God, he felt in his heart, "*Thy will be done.*" The storm-tossed sea of his soul was suddenly calmed, and peace filled his heart—peace as a river. Now he, too, could trust Jesus to make for him his pathway on earth, and fit him for heaven, and take him to it whenever and from whatever place it might please Him.

It was the beginning of a new life for him, and, as it has proved, the beginning of blessed things for his own family and church and town, and for the cause of Christ generally. Consistent and steadfast before, he has been a burning and a shining light, letting his light shine far and near ever since.

He went in the fulness of wealth and education, and influence and honour, to the poor, lone, lorn African woman, to do her good, if he might, with either counsel or food, or clothing or money. This was the full purpose and prayer of his heart; and yet, while he gave nothing to her, he received from her what all his wealth could not purchase or all his wisdom devise.

She, poor body, had nothing to give, nor so much as even dreamed of giving aught to anybody. And yet, without a thought of it, she did give to the rich and honourable judge what was worth more to him than the wealth and honours of all the world.

And what does this illustrate to us? What but the power of spirituality? What but the power which poured upon the few illiterate fishermen of Galilee in the Pentecostal baptism, fitting them for the reformation of the world, almost in a single generation? What but the very power now needed to transform the world, and introduce the golden age of complete gospel triumph?

AN ANCIENT HYMN.

THE following is a portion of a hymn by an Abbot of Clugni, France, dating prior to the maturity of Romanism. It would almost

seem to have been the germ of "O Mother Dear, Jerusalem :"—

To thee, O dear, dear country,
Mine eyes their vigils keep;
For very love, beholding
Thy happy name, they weep;
The mention of thy glory
Is unction to the breast,
And medicine in sickness,
And love, and life, and rest.

O one, O only mansion,
O Paradise of joy!
Where tears are ever banished,
And joys have no alloy;
Beside thy living waters
All plants are, great and small—
The cedar of the forest,
The hyssop on the wall.

Thy ageless walls are loaded
With amethyst unpriced,
The saints built up its fabric,
And the corner-stone is Christ.

Thou hast no shore, fair ocean,
Thou hast no time, bright day;
Dear fountain of refreshment
To pilgrims far away;
Upon the Rock of Ages
They raise thy holy tower;
Thine is the victor's laurel,
And thine the golden dower.

They stand, those halls of Zion,
Conjubilant with song,
And bright with many an angel
And many a martyr throng;
The Prince is ever with them,
The light is aye serene,
The pastures of the blessed
Are decked in glorious sheen.

There is the throne of David,
And there, from toll released,
The shout of them that triumph,
The song of them that feast;
And they beneath their Leader,
Who conquer'd in the fight,
For ever and for ever,
Are clad in robes of white.

THE PRIMITIVE CHRISTIANS.

BY LYMAN COLEMAN.

THEIR MARRIAGE RELATIONS.

THE primitive Christians observed with great care the rule of the apostle forbidding unequal marriages with unbelievers. Tertullian declares such marriages to be an offence inconsistent with the Christian profession, the punishment of which should be excommunication. Cyprian, Augustine, Ambrose, and Jerome are almost equally severe against such marriages. They were also frequently the subject of censure by councils, under different penalties of suspension or excommunication.

But the marriage relation between believers was honoured as the means of mutual edification and happiness. "How intimate," exclaims Tertullian, "the union between believers! their hopes, their aspirations, their desires all the same. They are one in faith and in the service of their Lord, as they are also in flesh and in heart. In mutual concord they read the Scriptures, and fast and pray together, aiding, sustaining each other by mutual instruction and encourage-

ment. They go in company to the house of the Lord, they sit together at His table. In persecution and in want they bear their mutual burdens, and participate in each other's joys. They live together in mutual confidence and in the enjoyment of each other's society. In the freedom of mutual confidence they administer to the sick, relieve the needy, distribute their alms, and each freely engages in all his religious duties without concealment from the other. Unitedly they offer their prayers to God and sing His praise, knowing no rivalry but in these acts of devotion. In such scenes of domestic bliss, Christ rejoices and adds His peace. To two so united He grants His presence; and where He is, no evil can abide."

Such scenes of domestic enjoyment were the result only of Christian union and fellowship, unknown to pagan families; neither could such purity, peace, and joy be expected to result from the union of believers with unbelievers. "Who that is yet a pagan would accompany his wife from street to street in search of the brethren in the houses of strangers, and in the humblest abodes of the poor? Who, without jealousy, could allow her to frequent the Lord's Supper, a mystery to him unknown, and an object of suspicion? Who would allow her to enter secretly into the prison to kiss the martyr's chains? Or where would a brother from a foreign city, or a stranger, find entertainment? If anything is to be given in charity, the granary, store, and cellar of the house are closed." "What," he exclaims in the same connexion, "what shall her husband sing to her, or she to her husband? Would she wish to hear anything from the theatre or the tavern? What mention is there of God, what invocation of Christ? Where is the nourishment for faith by repeating portions of Scripture in conversation? Where the refreshment of the spirit; where the Divine blessing?"

DEVOTIONAL EXERCISES.

These early Christians were examples of devout piety in their families. There, at the domestic altar, they fed the sacred flame of devotion, which burned in their bosom with a triumphant, deathless flame. There they formed and maintained the spirit of a pure, deep, and earnest piety. Every master of a family fulfilled, within the walls of his own house, the office of private pastor, keeping up in it a regular course of reading, prayer, and private instruction to all the members of his household. Thus every private house was, in the words of Chrysostom, a church to itself.

The influence of pious mothers was also particularly remarkable over their children. Gregory of Nazianzen ascribed his conversion to the piety of his mother Nonna. His brother Caesarius, by the same means, was enabled to maintain an exemplary life of piety in the court of the emperor. Their sister

Gorgonia also religiously walked in the steps of her mother, and was instrumental in the conversion of her husband, and training her children and her nephews in the ways of piety. Theodoret ascribed his conversion, under God, to his pious mother; and Basil the Great, to his grandmother; Emmilia, to his sister Marcellina. Augustine and Chrysostom, also the greatest lights of the ancient Church, were indebted to their pious mothers for those instructions that brought them to the knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus.

The several members of a Christian family were accustomed to rise very early in the morning and address their thoughts to God by silent ejaculations, by calling to mind familiar passages of Scripture, and by secret prayer. Clement of Alexandria, A.D. 188, was accustomed, whenever he awoke, to call to mind the words of Christ, and often anticipated the dawning of the day in these devout exercises. "One must arise," says Basil the Great, "before the twilight of the morning to greet with prayer the coming day." "Let the sun at his rising find us with the Word of God in hand." "Let the day begin with prayer." "Soon as the day returns, and before leaving his chamber, the Christian should address his prayer to his Saviour, and, before resuming his daily labour, begin the work of righteousness." "Let the child be accustomed early in the morning to offer prayer and praise to God; and at evening again, when the day is past and gone, let him end his labour by bringing his evening offering to the Lord."

After their private devotions, the family met for united prayer, which was uniformly accompanied with the reading of the Scriptures. The recital of such doctrinal and practical sentiments as might best fortify them against the prevailing scandals and heresies of the times, constituted also, as it would seem, part of their devotional exercises. In the family, as in all their devotions, the primitive Christians delighted to sing their sacred songs.

At the table they reverently sought the blessing of God. Several of these examples of prayer before meals are given at length in the Fathers. Here also they rehearsed some portions of Scripture and sang praise to God,—a custom which Clement of Alexandria and Chrysostom earnestly recommend. The meal being ended, they concluded with prayer, giving thanks for the blessings received, and supplicating a continuance of the Divine mercy. "As the body requires daily sustenance," says Chrysostom, "so the soul needs to be refreshed with spiritual food, that it may be strengthened for its warfare against the flesh."

The day was closed by devotions, renewed in much the same manner as in the morning. Such was the pious care with which these Christians ordered their households in the fear of the Lord. Chrysostom made it the first duty of the master of the house "to seek

so to speak and so to act that the spiritual good of the whole household might be promoted; and of the mistress of the family, while she oversees her domestic affairs, especially to see that all act in the fear of God and with reference to the kingdom of heaven."

There is extant a representation of one of these sacred scenes of domestic worship in the families of the primitive Christians, a view of which may fitly conclude our remarks on this subject. It is a large sarcophagus, which Münter, with the approbation also of Dörner, refers to the middle of the second century, on which is exhibited the religious worship of a Christian family. On one side of this sarcophagus are three women standing around a younger female, who is playing on a lyre; on the right side stand four men with apparent rolls of music in hand, from which they are singing. This interesting monument indicates not only the existence at that early period of a collection of sacred music, but the use of that delightful portion of religious worship, sacred psalmody, in the devotions of the family.

WOMAN'S PLACE IN A REVIVAL

WE are apt to overlook some of the most powerful agencies in nature and in Christ's kingdom, just because they make no noise. So in the revival now taking place in Ireland, and throughout the kingdom generally, while young men, and experienced Christians, and devoted ministers, have been, by force of circumstances, thrust into the front ranks, as the captains, and generals of the host, the real effective power is in the body of the army, the undistinguished mass. Thanks to our gracious God, there has been very little necessity for leaders in this time of refreshing, because the praying strength of our churches has fallen into the ranks without much "respect of persons." One grand feature of the awakening is the pious devotion of Christian women. They throng the places of prayer. They weep, and sigh, and pray over the dead in sin, and bend and worship at the humbling cross. Pastors can testify, like the writer of this article, that their most efficient coadjutors have been the devout Marys, and Hannahs, the Lydias, and Dorcas of their flock. How often have they come, with woman's great loving heart all on fire with zeal for Christ and for precious souls, claiming a place for them in their minister's attentions. So far as the writer's experience goes, it proves that most of those who came to him seeking counsel, and of those to whom he went to tell of Jesus and salvation, were first brought to his notice by the quiet agency of devoted females, who besought him, with tears in their eyes, to seek their poor lost sheep. Then, too, the singular tact and delicacy of their sex has been beautifully sanctified for

the work of Christ among the impenitent and awakened. We cannot unveil the sacred privacy of these scenes. But we know enough to justify the declaration that woman's place and work in the revival has not been sufficiently recognised among our churches, and by the press. And yet it has been so graciously owned of God, that we may well set the trumpet to our lips and sound the summons to new battle for the cross and crown of Christ. Christian women, take courage. In your own noiseless and characteristic way, work on for souls. Let the past cheer you. Send up your prayers in fresh volumes to the throne of God. Bring your loved ones to Jesus. Set your minister and brethren in Christ at work, and help them as you only can. Much of the strength of Zion reposes in your warm hearts, and gathers around your hearthstones. Mothers and wives, daughters and sisters, in Christ's name, and for the sake of His kingdom, pray, labour, wait, hope, and, like the woman of Canaan, beg even for "the crumbs which fall from the Master's table," until His own heart shall break over your importunity, and His own loving voice shall grant your request. God has given you a suitable place of honour and of power in His Church. Occupy it, then, until the Master comes. "The kingdom of heaven is like unto leaven which a woman took and hid in three measures of meal until the whole was leavened." There is Divine wisdom in every word of that short parable; and a Christian woman will not be slow to learn from it something of what she may do, in her own unobtrusive sphere and way, for the kingdom that shall never end.

SPIRITUAL BALANCE-SHEET.

"For I reckon that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed in us."—Rom. viii. 18.

How frequently we dwell on present trials and sufferings, rather than on "the glory which shall be revealed in us;" we think more of the "light affliction which is but for a moment," than of the "eternal weight of glory" which is in reserve for us. Paul was a man who knew how to work experimentally on suffering and trial; perhaps no one ever endured so great a variety of suffering as he did, and no mortal ever had such manifestations of the Divine glory. I never think on the above text, but I imagine a sort of spiritual balance-sheet laid before the tried and afflicted Christian, drawn up by one who is fully competent, under Divine influence, to give such a detail of losses and gains, and of riches in actual reversion, as will not fail to cheer him amidst the trials and vicissitudes of which he is the subject, if he will but calmly, prayerfully, and in faith, consider this statement, relying on the faithfulness of that God who influenced the Apostle to draw it

up for the consolation of the children of God. Let us now take a glance at the balance-sheet, in the hope that we, also, may arrive at the same conclusion as did the Apostle Paul:—

Dr.

"THE SUFFERINGS OF THE PRESENT TIME."

In labours more abundant.
In stripes above measure.
In prisons more frequent.
In deaths oft.
Five times received I forty stripes, save one.
Thrice was I beaten with rods.
Once I was stoned.
Thrice I suffered shipwreck.
A night and day I have been in the deep.
In journeys often.
In perils of robbers.
In perils by my own countrymen.
In perils by the heathen.
In perils in the city.
In perils in the wilderness.
In perils in the sea.
In perils among false brethren.
In weariness and painfulness.
In watchfulness often.
In hunger and thirst.
In fastings often.
In cold and nakedness.
Besides those things which are without, that which cometh upon me daily, the care of all the churches.

Total,

"Light afflictions, but for a moment."

Cr.

"THE GLORY TO BE REVEALED IN US."

For we know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.
Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man, the things that God hath prepared for them that love him.
That he might make known the riches of his glory on the vessels of mercy which he hath before prepared unto glory.
Henceforth, there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day; and not to me only, but unto all them also that love his appearing.
When Christ who is our life shall appear, then shall ye also appear with him in glory.
And so shall we be ever with the Lord.

Total,

"An eternal weight of glory."

The Apostle Paul having carefully examined the foregoing account, deliberately makes the following declaration:—"I am persuaded that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord."—*The Christian Helper*.

FAMILIES NEED REVIVALS.

THE Church, unrevived, makes no progress towards securing the conversion of families not religious. Within and around the territorial limits of every church there are such families, composed of parents and children who are "aliens from the commonwealth of Israel, having no hope, and without God in the world." It is and should be the mission of every Christian Church to search out such

families in the spirit of unfeigned love, and bear to them the glorious gospel. We mean by this something quite beyond sending them a printed Bible, or an appropriate religious tract. We mean that you who know and love the gospel, and possess it in your souls as a living power, should carry its living power to those not religious families in your heart. This is easily done, provided your heart is really full of the gospel. When this is the case, the living power within you will be transmitted, as on electric wires, to the hearts with which you come in contact. The eye and the tear are gifted with a voice to the heart; your words will be wisely persuasive when love to the soul makes you eloquent. God is wont to befriend such missionaries. He knows how to give them, in such an hour, a word of wisdom and power which even their adversaries can neither gainsay nor resist.

How essential that such missionary work be done! For want of it, how many thousand families in our nation live on year after year, utterly unbled by the gospel! Scores of thousands rarely come to the assemblies of God's people to hear the gospel, few or none go to carry it to them. Hence they live substantially as if there were no gospel in the land—as if the religion of their birth and of their death enjoyed no light from heaven, revealing life and hope for lost man. We do not say of them that absolutely they have no gospel light; usually they have—enough to be to them a savour of death. They are not saved thereby.

In this point of view, then, revivals are needed. In seasons of revival, aggressions are made upon irreligion. Many a time have our own eyes rejoiced at the sight. Whole families, reached and transformed by the gospel's power, have henceforth made common cause with Christ and with his people. "There was great joy in that city."—*Evangelist.*

MEDITATIONS FOR THE CLERGY.

I do greatly fear and mistrust myself. Preserve me, Holy Jesus, from my own particular thoughts, from indolence, from worldliness, however secret, from love of self, from love of men's opinions, from pride, from love of advancement, from cowardice in rebuking sinners, or from harshness in rebuke. I know that I oftentimes yield to sloth; I am often indolent, a waster of time, an ill husbandman of time; I abide at home when I should be labouring among my people; I linger and hesitate to go forth, or I leave off too soon to do my work but partially, or I shrink from those who most need exhortation, from the most sinful and hardened of my people; I please myself with the conversation of the devout; I choose rather to sit with the righteous, than to go among sinners: I have often a distaste for my toils; I want heart for them and patience; I

often go to them unwillingly, and end gladly; or when I have done little, I think I have done enough. Indolence doth much possess me, and backwardness; I had rather read holy things than perform holy labours. I am often seeking excuses for easing my neck from the yoke.

And yet, whensoever I have devoted myself to my flock, and have spared not myself, I have returned home with a gift in my bosom, a treasure of inward satisfaction, with a light conscience, with a rejoicing spirit, with great peace. I have tasted the cup of peace for obedience to Thy will; I have knelt down and been glad; I have had exceeding great refreshment in my evening prayers. Thus hast Thou ever rewarded me instantly for my services; thus hast Thou encouraged me diligently to do Thy will.—*Bishop Armstrong's Pastor in his Closet.*

FRAGMENTS.

There is a noble guest within us. Oh, let all our business be to entertain him honourably, and to live in celestial love within, that will make all things without be very contemptible in our eyes! Good-night is all I add; for whatsoever hour it comes to your hand, I believe you are as sensible as I, that it is still night, but the comfort is, it draws nigh towards that bright morning that shall make amends. Your weary fellow-pilgrim.—*Leighton.*

Where the disease is strong the physic must be strong, or else the cure will never be wrought. God is a wise physician, and he would never give strong medicine if weaker could effect the cure. The more rusty the iron is, the oftener we put it into the fire to purify it; and the more crooked it is, the more blows and the harder blows we give to straighten it; therefore, Christian, if thou hast long been gathering rust, thou hast no cause to complain if God deal thus with thee.

Is this amusement sinful in itself?—Perhaps it is not: but many things may be morally wrong in practice which are not morally evil in their nature. But reasoning on the point is needless. You account yourself a true Christian: be true, as such, to the taste which Christianity produces, and not a word need be spoken in the way of argument about the trifles and vanities of the world.—*Jones.*

"If the Lord be God, follow Him; but if Baal, follow him." The world should see what master we serve. They are consistent in their cause and course: Christians ought to be so in theirs.

Page for the Young.

HE HAS HIDDEN IT FROM OUR SIGHT.

"I WISH I knew all that would happen to me," said little Mary, as she was walking out in the country with her mamma. "It would be so nice to know it all before it came."

"Not so nice as you suppose, Mary," replied her mamma; "On the contrary, I believe you would find it to be a great affliction. It has pleased our heavenly Father to keep us, for the most part, in ignorance of the future. In love and in wisdom He has hidden it from our sight. He has done all things well; and His almighty will should be our will."

Though little Mary was accustomed to believe every word which came from the lips of her mamma, yet in this instance it was not quite the case, for she could not help thinking that it would be a very nice thing to know what was to happen. Her mamma, who guessed very correctly what was passing in mind, went on with her for some time without speaking.

How very ignorant children are for the want of experience, and how very necessary it is that they should be guided by those who are older and wiser than themselves. Truly does God's holy Word say, "Foolishness is bound in the heart of a child." (Prov. xxii. 15.)

The sun shone and the wind blew as Mary and her mamma continued their walk. It was not long before they heard the song of the lark, and looking upwards, they saw her mounting the blue sky with fluttering wings, and warbling so loudly, that Mary said she thought the bird must be as happy as an angel.

"No doubt the bird is happy," said her mamma; "but the feathered race are exposed to many dangers. Suppose it could be made known to the lark that her nest was about to be robbed by some thoughtless schoolboy, and her young ones taken away? And suppose she could be told that before many days had passed, she herself would be caught, and caged, and never again be allowed to wing the air, do you not think it would stop her song?"

"Oh, yes, mamma, that it would."

"Well, then, if these sad events are to happen, Mary, is it not a good thing that the poor bird is in happy ignorance of what will befall her?"

"Yes; if I could, I would not tell the lark, on any account whatever."

Not much further had they walked when they saw in a pleasant field as many as a dozen lambs, running and racing up and down, half wild with joy. "How happy they are!" said little Mary.

"True," replied her mamma; "but their happiness would soon be at an end if they knew that in less than three months they would fall beneath the butcher's knife."

"You are right, mamma; poor things! they would give over their play in a moment, without another run. Oh, it is a good thing that they know nothing about it."

In the very next meadow there was a fine young colt, full of spirit, with a long mane and tail that streamed in the wind. As they drew near to the stile, the colt gave a snort, threw up his heels behind him, and then set off at full speed, as frolicsome as the lambs in the adjoining field.

"Would it be kind, Mary," said her mamma, "to let the frolicsome colt know that his master will soon send him to the horse-jockey, who will lash his sides with a whip, while he makes him run round and round him by the hour together; and that, when he is broken in, he will have to carry people on his back, and to work in harness all the days of his life?"

"It would be very unkind," said Mary, "for it would make him very unhappy. I am so glad that he knows nothing of the horse-jockey."

At the corner of the shady lane stood a little cottage, where lived a poor woman, whose only son some years before had gone to sea; he had just returned, and his mother was rejoicing.

The poor woman told Mary's mamma that nobody knew what her son had gone through. He had been wounded dangerously by a pirate, who had attacked the ship in which he was; he had been sick of the yellow fever; once he almost perished through famine, and twice he had suffered shipwreck. "What a mercy it is, ma'am," said she, "that we do not know what is to happen; God, in His wisdom and goodness, hides it from our sight. If I had known what my poor lad was suffering, I should have no peace day or night; but how can I bear to hear of it, for he is come home again safe and sound."

"I hope," said Mary's mamma, as she took her daughter affectionately by the hand, "that my dear little girl has this day been taught a lesson that she will not forget. The colt knows nothing of the jockey; the lamb knows nothing of the butcher's knife; the lark knows nothing of the cruel schoolboy; and therefore they are happy. God's goodness, in hiding the future from their sight, has saved them from much sorrow. It was the same with regard to the poor cottager, and doubtless it is also the same with ourselves. His time to make known His purposes is the best time. He knows that a knowledge of the future would render us unhappy, and in His goodness and mercy, therefore, He has hidden it from our sight."

Little Mary threw her arms round her mother's neck, telling her she would love her more than ever for the lesson she had taught her.



A FAMILY MAGAZINE FOR SUNDAY READING.

REVISED BY THE REV. NORMAN McLEOD, D.D., GLASGOW.

WEEKLY NOS. ONE HALFPENNY.]

[MONTHLY PARTS, THREEPENCE.

OUR DUTY IN RELATION TO THE SPIRIT.

BY THE REV. WILLIAM JAY.

"Quench not the Spirit."—1 THESS. v. 19.

THE works of nature and the works of grace spring from the same Author; and the former are designed to explain and exemplify the latter. We can scarcely perceive anything in the whole compass of creation, which will not easily supply us with an emblem, or a monitor, of some religious truth.

The Holy Ghost is held forth by various images. In our Lord's conversation with Nicodemus—by the operation of the wind; "The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh, or whither it goeth: so is every one that is born of the Spirit." In His address to the woman of Samaria—by the refreshments of water; "If thou knewest the gift of God, and who it is that saith to thee, Give me to drink; thou wouldest have asked of him, and he would have given thee living water. For this he spake of the Spirit, which they that believe on him should receive." In the words before us, the apostle derives the comparison from fire; "Quench not the Spirit."

All the properties and effects of fire are strictly applicable to the Spirit. Does fire penetrate and search?—how piercing and painful are some of His discoveries and influences! Does fire destroy?—He consumes our errors and our corruptions. Does fire refine?—He purifies and sanctifies. Does fire produce both light and heat?—He not only illuminates, but warms. Does fire conduce to our comfort?—He fills us with all joy and peace in believing.

It is hardly necessary to observe, that the Holy Ghost is not spoken of personally, but in reference to His agency and operations. Now, these are twofold: First, Extraordinary and miraculous—these were confined to the apostolical age. Secondly, Common and saving, and these will continue to be experienced to the end of the world. And be it remembered,

that while these are no less real in their existence than the former, they are far more glorious in their effects. Though they do not heal bodily diseases, they cure the disorders of the mind. Though they do not qualify us to discern spirits, they lead us to prove ourselves, and to examine whether we be in the faith. Though they do not furnish us with other tongues, they enable us to comply with the admonition: "Let no corrupt communication proceed out of your mouth, but that which is good to the use of edifying, that it may minister grace unto the hearers."

These influences of the Spirit are rendered necessary by our depravity and inability. Some of the wiser heathens confessed the need of Divine assistance to enable a man to commence and continue a virtuous course. But what unenlightened reason imperfectly discerned, the book of God has fully established. There we find all real religion traced up to a Divine agency; if there be a Christian grace to be exercised, it is called the fruit of the Spirit; if there be a Christian duty to be performed, it is to be done in the Holy Ghost. We are said to live in the Spirit, and to walk in the Spirit. And that the Spirit is still possessed for these all-important purposes appears undeniable, if we appeal to the testimony of the Scripture. Witness its decisions—"Ye are not in the flesh, but in the Spirit, if so be that the Spirit of God dwell in you. Now, if any man have not the Spirit of Christ, he is none of his." "Know ye not that ye are the temple of God, and that the Spirit of God dwelleth in you?" Witness its promises—"I will put my Spirit within you, and cause you to walk in my statutes." "If ye, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall your heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to them that ask him?" Witness its commands—"Be filled

with the Spirit." "Grieve not the Holy Spirit, whereby ye are sealed unto the day of redemption." "Quench not the Spirit." Let us examine this admonition.

Fire may be quenched many ways. The most direct way is by casting water upon it; and this I compare to actual wilful sin. By this Christians are sometimes seduced, and the consequences, with regard to religion, are mournful. An example is better than a description. Let us take David as an instance, and see the injurious effects of his fall. Read his penitential psalm. Some have told us that sin cannot hurt a believer. I am sure it hurt David. His fall produced several fractures, and occasioned him the most acute pain and anguish. This is what he means when he says, "Make me to hear joy and gladness; that the bones which thou hast broken may rejoice!" He is filled with awful apprehensions of being cast away—"Cast me not away from thy presence, and take not thy Holy Spirit from me." He is deprived of the joy of the Lord, which was once his strength—"Restore unto me the joy of thy salvation, and uphold me with thy free Spirit." He was struck dumb, and could not speak of God, or to God, or for God, as he once did—"Open thou my lips, and my mouth shall shew forth thy praise." Finally, he had made by his fall breaches and ravages in the Church—"Do good in thy good pleasure unto Zion: build thou the walls of Jerusalem." For in this case it may be truly said, that "one sinner destroyeth much good." The sins of a professor cause "the enemies of the Lord to blaspheme;" justify and confirm the wicked in their iniquity; and lead the world to suspect that religion is only the covering of hypocrisy. Nor do they only affect them that are without—they also prove a stumbling-block to the weak, and a distress to the strong; and discourage the heart, and weaken the hands of those who minister in holy things. Thus they check the cause of God in general, as well as injure the welfare of the individual.

Secondly, Fire may be quenched by spreading earth upon it. And observe to what we apply this. We do not here speak, as in the former article, of things grossly and unquestionably criminal, but we speak of minding earthly things; "of the cares of this world, and the deceitfulness of riches, which choke the word, so that it becometh unfruitful." We speak of an excess of business, which not only employs, but entangles a man in the affairs of this life. A man seldom, if ever, feels this in simply pursuing the path of duty; no—it results from false aims and wrong dispositions. The man will be rich; he deems a superior style of life necessary; he must gain a rapid independence in order to retire and live in a state of ease and idleness, which God never designed any man for. Hence he not only labours, but toils, grasps,

schemes, speculates. And what is the consequence? The powers of the soul are limited, and when full—whatever fills them—can hold no more. And as the water partakes of the quality of the soil over which it rolls, so our minds soon acquire a sameness with the object of our affection and pursuit. When the man immersed in secular concerns hears the word, his heart is going after his covetousness—he is still planning and getting. When he prays, a number of worldly thoughts rush in, and, by dividing his attention, damp his ardour. He cannot attend upon the Lord without distraction.

I speak of certain vanities and amusements in which, after all the wise and warm have urged, some professors, even of evangelical religion, occasionally indulge themselves. Such characters prove the embarrassment of their teachers, and erase the boundary line which should obviously separate the Church from the world, by their frequent passing from one into the other. And if they will not admit that these diversions are unlawful in themselves, will they—can they—deny that they have a tendency to destroy spirituality of frame, to impair a taste for devotion, to alienate from a life of communion with God, and of preparation for eternity?

Thirdly, Fire may be quenched by the separation of the parts. And this you will apply to our divisions.

With what earnestness does our apostle enforce connexion and co-operation among Christians! "Now, I beseech you, brethren, by the name of our Lord Jesus Christ, that ye all speak the same thing, and that there be no divisions among you; but that ye be perfectly joined together in the same mind, and in the same judgment;" "endeavouring to keep the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace. There is one body, and one Spirit, even as ye are, called in one hope of your calling; one Lord, one faith, one baptism, one God and Father of all, who is above all, and through all, and in you all." "If there be therefore any consolation in Christ, if any comfort of love, if any fellowship of the Spirit, if any bowels and mercies, fulfil ye my joy, that ye be like-minded, having the same love, being of one accord, of one mind." The enemy knows the importance of union and harmony; he therefore labours to separate; and unhappily he finds too much to favour his wishes in our ignorance, prejudices, bigotry, and infirmities. How comfortable and edifying is it, when believers meet together, not only in one place, but with one accord; when of one heart, and of one soul, they look upon each other with cheerfulness, and embrace each other in holy friendship! "Behold, how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity!" It is fragrant as the richest perfume; and refreshing and fertilising as the dew of heaven. It peculiarly attracts the Divine blessing. Hence,

says the Saviour—"If two of you shall agree on earth, as touching anything that they shall ask, it shall be done for them of my Father which is in heaven. For where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them." But how changed is the scene, where there are whisperings, swellings, antipathies, disorders, in a Christian church! Its beauty is defaced—its worship is perverted—its strength is impaired, and

"The Spirit, like a peaceful dove,
Flies from the realms of noise and strife."

Fourthly, Fire may be quenched by withholding fuel. A real Christian will soon feel the disadvantage of disregarding the means of grace. Were he, indeed, a mere professor of religion, he would be sensible of no such injury; he has no divine principle to watch over and to cherish. You may keep in a painted fire without fuel—but a real one cannot be maintained without it, unless by a miracle. But have we reason to expect such a miracle? Is the Divine assistance intended to soothe our sloth, or to encourage our exertion? Is it to be expected in a state of remissness and indifference, or in the use of means? "The hand of the diligent maketh rich." "For all these things will I be inquired of by the house of Israel to do it for them." "Blessed is the man that heareth me, watching daily at my gates, waiting at the posts of my doors." "They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run and not be weary; and they shall walk, and not faint." Thus directed and encouraged, believers repair to His Word, to His throne, to His house, and to His table, and are not disappointed. They find Him in His ordinances; and they know by blessed experience that He attends to their complaints, enlivens their devotion, helps their infirmities, and supplies all their need from His riches in glory by Christ Jesus. They who desire soul-prosperity; who would not only have life, but have it more abundantly, will be found most regular and serious, and diligent in the use of those means which God has appointed for this very purpose, and by which He increases their faith, confirms their hope, and makes all grace to abound towards them.

We cannot quench what we have not. The exhortation, therefore, supposes the possession of the Spirit, and therefore I have thus far considered it in reference to Christians. Yet the words may be taken in a more general way. There is a common work of the Spirit that accompanies the preaching of the word, the effect of which may be entirely lost. Thus we read that when Herod "heard John, he did many things, and heard him gladly." But he cherished a criminal passion, which destroyed all these fair beginnings. Felix heard Paul. It was his own desire. He wished to be gratified by a relation of the

peculiarities of a sect everywhere spoken against. But Paul, instead of indulging his curiosity, addressed his conscience. He "reasoned of righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come." "And Felix trembled." The judge on the bench trembled before the prisoner at the bar. It was not the apostle's eloquence alone that produced this effect. But instead of aiding this impression, the trembler dismisses the preacher—"Go thy way for this time; when I have a convenient season, I will call for thee." But this season never arrived. He afterwards saw the apostle, and conversed with him often, but he never experienced again the feelings he had subdued.

Let the hearers of the gospel remember this: Beware how you stifle your convictions, and do despite unto the Spirit of grace. "Seek ye the Lord while he may be found; call ye upon him while he is near." He has said, "My Spirit shall not always strive with man. Behold, now is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of salvation."

OPPORTUNITIES OF USEFULNESS.

I BRING forward two instances from humble life, for the instruction and encouragement of those in a similar situation. The first is Thomas Cranfield, of whom an interesting memoir has been published by the Religious Tract Society, under the title of "The Useful Christian." Thomas Cranfield was the son of a journeyman baker in Southwark, and as he grew up to youth, became a wicked, cruel, and brutish lad. He absconded from his master, enlisted into the army, and was at the siege of Gibraltar. He was a brave soldier, and reckless of danger, but a slave of sin and Satan. On his return to England, he was taken to hear Mr. Romaine preach at Blackfriars. His hard heart was broken down by the hammer of the Word, and his pious parents soon had the ineffable felicity to see their soldier-son enter, heart and soul, into the service of the Captain of our salvation. Having found joy and peace in believing, he became intensely anxious and active for the salvation of others. His first solicitude was for his wife, who soon became a fellow-heir with him of the grace of life. He then sought the conversion of her relatives, as his own were already Christians. The next objects of his pious zeal were the lodgers in the house where he resided, two of whom became, by their conversion, the fruits of his labours. Soon after he acted as clerk to an out-of-door preacher, who proclaimed the glad tidings of salvation to the multitude in Moorfields. Then he joined in setting up a prayer-meeting among the brickmakers at Kingsland. At length, panting for a regular means of doing good, rather than these casual efforts, he opened a Sabbath-school at Rotherhithe,

where he had witnessed some awful scenes of juvenile depravity. Finding at length some one to conduct this institution, he directed his views to Tottenham, and opened another there. Founding and conducting Sabbath-schools now became his vocation, to which he surrendered himself with all the ardour with which he had fought his country's battles on the heights of Gibraltar. School after school was opened by him in many of the darkest and rudest places in the neighbourhood of the metropolis, of which he was the teacher, the superintendent, and the purveyor, finding friends to assist with their money, and teachers by their labours. To the duties of a superintendent of Sabbath-schools, he added those of a visitor to the sick, till Thomas Cranfield became known as a friend of the young, the sick, and the poor, through whole neighbourhoods. What he wanted in order and method, he made up in zeal and perseverance. Individual, as well as general, in his attentions, he visited the children at their homes, and wrote letters enough to them to make a volume. He looked after them when they had left the school, followed them to their domiciles, or assembled them at a meeting of "old scholars." At one of these gatherings, amounting to about sixty, it was ascertained that fourteen of those present were members of churches, and that there was scarcely one who did not attend a place of worship. The lodging-houses, those dark domains of Satan, where filth, and ignorance, and vice seem all condensed together into their narrowest dimensions, did not escape his notice, or daunt his courage, and he rendered many of them accessible to the light of truth, and the glad tidings of salvation. Thus lived and laboured Thomas Cranfield. Time blunted not his religious sensibilities, and he bore fruit to old age—at fourscore, he was still lively in desire, though feeble in action, in the cause of his Master. Half a century he had laboured as a devoted Sabbath-school teacher, and tired not to the last. This once profligate youth, and brave but wicked soldier, when he died, was honoured with funeral obsequies which the hero under whom he served at Gibraltar might have coveted in vain to enjoy. Oh for more Thomas Cranfields!

Harlan Page is more than worthy to be associated with the last mentioned individual, for though not superior in piety or devotedness to Thomas Cranfield, he was before him both in talent and in usefulness. Harlan Page was a native of Connecticut, in the United States. His father was a house-joiner, to which trade he also was brought up. He was converted to God when about twenty-two years of age. "When I first obtained a hope," he said, on his dying bed, "I felt that I must labour for souls. I prayed year after year that God would make me the means of saving souls." His prayer was soon answered; for who ever presented such a prayer, and

followed it up with appropriate and diligent exertions, that had not his desire gratified? Three days after he publicly professed his faith in Christ, he began his useful career by addressing a letter to one who had been long resisting conviction and hardening his heart. Letter-writing now became his chosen means of doing good; and this instrumentality he scarcely ceased for a single day to employ. He addressed himself to relations and strangers—to friends and foes—to the rich and the poor—to saints and sinners—to persons in all states and stages of religious experience—and to the young and old—with a diligence that is surprising. No lover of wealth or literature was ever more assiduous in correspondence than was this pious carpenter. When lying on a sick-bed, he would employ himself in thinking in what new ways he could be useful; and when recovered, it was his first solicitude to put his plans and purposes into execution. His next means of saving souls was the printing and circulating of small cards, with a short and impressive address composed by himself, on some of the momentous truths of revelation. The distribution of tracts was added to the circulation of cards. His object then was to promote prayer-meetings, and revivals of religion among his fellow-members. On one occasion he had entered in his private memoranda short notices of seventy-nine individuals under concern, among whom he was ever active in promoting their spiritual welfare. His pen was as busy as his tongue, and he was always preparing addresses for publication in some of the religious periodicals; and which were full of point, pathos, and unction. "While working at three shillings a-day, here was a mechanic performing his daily task on hire, establishing and sustaining a religious meeting at the boarding-house, on Wednesday evenings; a meeting of the people of God for prayer on Sabbath mornings at sunrise; and though he went three miles to attend public worship, throwing his efforts into a Sabbath-school at five P.M.; devoting Sabbath evenings to meetings and family visitation; conversing with the sick, the careless, the anxious; distributing tracts; endeavouring to awaken an interest in the religious operations of the day; keeping a brief diary; abounding in prayer; and adopting, with others, an incipient measure for the formation of a church and the settlement of a pastor."

At length, Harlan Page was appointed agent of the General Depository of the American Tract Society, which opened to him a new sphere of activity and usefulness, and which he filled with his accustomed energy. He assembled, from time to time, all the tract distributors, companies of Sabbath-school teachers, and others, to instruct them as a kind of drill-sergeant in the army of the Captain of salvation, in their several duties. The great temperance movement received his

hearty co-operation. During all these labours for others, he was no less assiduous for his own family, and had the joy of seeing his children walking in the truth. It may be truly said he was animated by as much as is ever found in imperfect humanity, of the passion for saving souls; and for this he would have been willing to become a martyr.

Yea, in some sense he was a martyr, for his constant labours wore out a frame never robust; and after having saved by his varied instrumentality more souls than most of those who bear the ministerial office, he died, at the comparatively early age of forty-two; and has left an example of earnestness in doing good, which, were the Church of Christ disposed to imitate, our world would soon be rescued from the dominion of sin and Satan, and recovered to its rightful owner, the Lord Jesus Christ. Let us hear this dying saint say, "I know it is all of God's grace, and nothing that I have done; but I think that I have had evidence that more than one hundred souls have been converted to God through my own direct and personal instrumentality;" and having heard it, let us consider what one man in humble life, with by no means a strong bodily frame, but with a heart burning with an ardent desire to be useful to men's souls, can do, when he is given up to this blessed and sublime occupation. Suppose every Christian congregation were blessed with ten such individuals, yea five, yea one, what a shower of blessings might be expected to fall upon the neighbourhood in which they live!

Sarah Martin, of Great Yarmouth, was brought up to the business of a dressmaker, and followed this vocation in her native town. Her mind was brought under the saving influence of religion at the age of nineteen. Like most others, whose conversion to God is real, she no sooner experienced the blessedness of true religion, than she longed to diffuse it. The first impulse of her zeal was a strong desire to visit the workhouse, and read and pray with its inmates. God, who inspires such wishes, will always make way for their gratification; and it was her felicity not only to gain admission to the house, but to receive a hearty welcome, and a patient attention, from its inmates. In the same year, when passing the jail, she felt a strong inclination to be admitted within its gloomy walls and cells, to read the Scriptures to the prisoners. She kept her wish a secret, lest her friends should interfere, and hinder her in this work of mercy. God led her, and she consulted none but Him. Difficulties presented themselves, but they soon vanished before the power of faith, prayer, and perseverance. The governor, aware of her consistent piety and benevolent character, indulged her in her generous plan of benefitting his guilty charge. Her frequent visits soon became habitual ones. Finding, on one occasion,

a female convict who was about to be transported, making a bonnet on the Sabbath, she immediately obtained permission to set up regular Sabbath service, which till then had been neglected; and which from that time was conducted by herself.

To carry out her schemes for the improvement of the prisoners, she now sacrificed one day's profitable labour to give it to them. A pious lady, aware of this generous sacrifice, bought another day's labour of her for the jail, by allowing her what she usually received for her day's work. Books were wanting for the instruction of the women, and to obtain these she raised a quarterly subscription among a few friends. In connexion with these visits to the jail, she carried on, during an hour or two of the day, the instruction of a few boys and girls, and kept up also her unabated attention to the paupers in the workhouse. As the close sick-rooms of that asylum of poverty materially injured her health, she was compelled to relinquish this sphere of benevolence, and take up in lieu of it a workhouse school. At length, her whole time was redeemed from making ladies' dresses, and given to the blessed work of instructing and reforming the victims of sin and of justice; for, as may be supposed, her business would naturally and necessarily decline in consequence of her irregular attention to it. Her support failed with her business, except what she derived from the interest of between two and three hundred pounds. But with strong and unpretentious faith, she exclaimed, "The Lord will provide." And so He did. She had by this time become, quite unintentionally, a public character. The corporation knew, approved, and sanctioned her labours; and did more than this, for they voted her an allowance from the public funds. Her delicate and generous mind was wounded by the offer, and for awhile she pertinaciously refused it, till it was literally forced upon her, by her acceptance of it being made the condition of the continuance of her visits to the jail. This, of course, subdued all opposition. In this career she continued setting up one institution after another in the jail, for the benefit of its inmates; all tending to instruct their minds, to reform their morals, to promote their industry, to soften the rigour of their imprisonment, and to prepare them either for their return to society, or for their banishment into a land of exile. Nor did her solicitude leave them when they were discharged from prison, but followed them with its counsels and its vigilance into whatever situation she could trace them. It was her custom to compose addresses in the form of short sermons to be read to them at their Sabbath worship, and which did honour to her head and heart. A few of these are printed at the end of her memoirs. So efficient were her services in the jail, that most honourable mention of them was made in the

report given to Parliament by the Inspector of Prisons. Her influence, which consisted of the meekness of wisdom and the gentleness of love, was unbounded over her guilty and degraded pupils. Men, as well as women, hardened in crime, would, by their attention and kindness to her, yield the spectacle of the lion crouching at the feet of the lamb. In this way did this modest and unassuming young woman pursue her beneficial career, struggling all the while with a feeble frame, till, worn out with the efforts of her self-denying zeal, the operations of which were often carried on amidst vermin, filth, and vice, so abhorrent to her physical and moral sensibilities, she ceased from her labours and entered that world where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest. In prospect of her decease she composed a funeral sermon for herself, to be read to the prisoners after her death, and a touching and beautiful address it is.

The name of Sarah Martin will never cease to be mentioned with a tribute of esteem, as long as there are hearts to feel, or tongues to express, a high admiration for pure, disinterested, and self-denying benevolence.

Was not this earnestness?

Let these sketches of character be considered not merely as giving us information, but as furnishing examples—not merely to be admired, but imitated—not merely to lay down a rule, but to give an impulse. We see what others have done, and learn what we ought to do. We may not have ten talents, but we learn from them how to employ our five or one. Our opportunity may not be so extensive for doing good as theirs, but our desire may be as ardent. The grace that moved them can move us.

THE PRIMITIVE CHRISTIANS.

THEIR UNITY AND LOVE TOWARD ONE ANOTHER.

BY LYMAN COLEMAN.

NEVER has the great law of love, one towards another, which Christ gave as a "new commandment," the sum of His gospel to men, been more happily exemplified than in the earliest periods of the Church. This characteristic of Christians of that age was the first to engage the notice of their enemies. Once hateful and hating one another, such was now their affection towards each other that they compelled all men to acknowledge and admire, however they might hate the change. "By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one to another."

"We," says Justin Martyr, "who once loved above all things the gain of money and possessions, now bring all that we have into one common stock, and give a part to every one *that needs*. We, who hated and killed one

another, and permitted not those of another nation, on account of their different customs, to live with us under the same roof, now, since the appearing of Christ, live at the same table and pray for our enemies, and endeavour to persuade those who unjustly hate us that they, also living after the excellent institutions of Christ, may have good hope with us to obtain the same blessings with God, the Lord of all." To the same effect is also the testimony of Tertullian. After detailing instances of the charity and mutual affection of Christians, he says—"Even the working of a charity like this is by some made a cause of censure against us. 'See,' say they, 'how these Christians love one another, and how ready each one is to die for another!' We acknowledge ourselves to be even your brethren, having one nature as our common mother, although ye have forfeited your title to be considered human beings, because ye are bad brethren. With how much more reason, then, are ye both called and esteemed brethren, who have all recognised one Father, even God; who have all drunk of one spirit of holiness; who have all trembled with astonishment when born, as it were, from the same womb of ignorance into the same light of truth!"

Thus Christians recognised each other as truly brethren, and dwelt together in the delightful harmony of kindred in Christ. "Behold, how we love one another! but mutual hatred between us is impossible. We denominate each other as brethren, the offspring of one Father, partakers of the same faith, and fellow-heirs of the same hope." The writings of the early Christians are replete with the most endearing demonstrations of that ardent affection by which they were bound together in the bonds of the Spirit. Difference of opinion and of usage did not then divide them; nor had the touch of heresy—that torch of hell which since has so inflamed the angry passions of the Church—yet lighted its fires. Polycarp of Smyrna and Victor of Rome parted as brethren, each to adhere to his own faith, after labouring long and earnestly to convict the other of error. Justin Martyr says of the heretics of his age, "We are brethren still. Our prayer is to one God; our faith is in the same Saviour. We listen to the same gospel. We keep the same feast. We sing the same divine songs. We join in the same doxology; and unitedly respond Amen."

Towards their fallen brethren also, who in the fiery trials of their faith swerved from their own steadfastness, these Christians exercised peculiar tenderness and charity, seeking by every means to win them back to Christ, and to a firmer profession of their faith in Him. Many a fallen brother by such Christian kindness was recovered, and assisted through grace to witness a good profession. But when one persisted in hopeless

apostasy, he was finally rejected from the communion; not in bitterness, but in sorrow, and the Church bewailed him as dead, as one mourns for the loss of the dearest earthly friend.

THE DESCENT OF THE HOLY SPIRIT.

From the German of Schmolck.

Come, deck our feast to day
With flowers and wreaths of May,
And bring an offering pure and sweet;
The Spirit of all grace
Makes earth His dwelling-place,
Prepare your hearts your Lord to meet
Receive Him, and He shall outpour
Such light, all hearts with joy run o'er,
And sound of tears is heard no more.

Thou harbinger of peace,
Who makest sorrows cease,
Wisdom in word and deed is Thine;
Strong hand of God, Thy seal
The loved of Jesus feel;
Pure light, o'er all our pathway shine!
Give vigorous life and healthy powers,
Oh, let Thy sevenfold gifts be ours,
Refresh us with Thy gracious showers!

Oh, touch our tongues with flame,
When speaking Jean's name!
And lead us up the heavenward road.
Give us the power to pray,
Teach us what words to say,
Whene'er we come before our God.
O Highest Good, our spirits cheer.
When raging foes are strong and near,
Give us brave hearts undimmed by fear.

O golden rain from heaven!
Thy precious dew be given
Unto the churches' barren field!
And let Thy waters flow,
Where'er the sowers sow,
The seed of truth, that it may yield
A hundredfold its living fruit,
O'er all the land may take deep root,
And mighty branches heavenward shoot.

Thou fiery glow of Love!
Let us Thy ardours prove,
Consume our hearts with quenchless fire!
Come, O Thou trackless Wind!
Breathe gently o'er our mind!
Let not the flesh to rule aspire;
Help us our freeborn right to take,
The heavy yoke of sin to break,
And all her tempting paths forsake.

Be it Thine to stir our will;
Our good intents fulfil;
Be with us when we go and come;
Deep in our spirits dwell,
And make their inmost cell
Thy temple pure, Thy holy home!
Teach us to know our Lord, that we
May call His Father ours through Thee,
Thou pledge of glories yet to be!

Oh, make our crosses sweet,
And let Thy sunshine greet
Our straining eyes in clouded hours!
Wing Thou our upward flight
Toward yonder mountain bright,
Girded about with Zion's golden towers!
Forsake us not when our last foe
Puts forth his strength to lay us low,
Then, then our victory bestow!

Let us, while here we dwell,
This one thought ponder well,
That in God's likeness we are made.
As o'er a fruitful land
Rich harvests waving stand,
We, serving Him, bear fruits that never fade,
Till Thou in whom all comfort lies,
Lift us to fields above the skies,
And bid us bloom in Paradise!

SUPPRESS

THAT feeling of pride and self-complacency. "I gave so much to such an object. I made a powerful exhortation. What a prayer I made! I preached so eloquently as to astonish myself. I conversed with this sinner, and prayed with that one, and wrote a letter to another, and they have all been converted." How easy it is to magnify *I* until he gets the place of the Lord! If you wish to give glory to God, you will do well to keep self out of sight. Those are not really the most useful nor the most holy persons who are so in their own esteem. The Lord does not delight in those who seek to rob Him of His glory, nor dwell in the heart of the proud. "But to this man will I look, even to him that is poor and of a contrite spirit, and trembleth at my word." When you have come to consider yourself very necessary to the Lord's work, you, probably, will be laid aside.

Suppress that feeling of jealousy. You think yourself slighted. Others, you think, have more honour than you, when you are more deserving than they. Perhaps you think right—probably, however, your pride has over-estimated self, and underrated others. If it is true that you are not appreciated, and others are exalted to your prejudice, be not disturbed by it. It is a very small thing that you "should be judged of men's judgment." These little inequalities of the earth will soon be all made level. Whatever conduces to your humiliation cannot hurt us. The dangers of injury lie in the opposite direction. If you cherish jealousies and envyings, you can make yourself very uncomfortable, and do great injustice to others. If, through rich grace, you are enabled so to live as to *deserve* better than you receive at the hands of men, be thankful and satisfied.

Suppress that inclination to indolence or ease. It is unbecoming and unchristian. You have no time to waste—no talents which you have a right to hide in the earth. The glory of God, the salvation of men, and your own salvation, require of you to "live by the moment." Your whole life is made up of seconds. What right have you to waste one more than another, or a few and not the whole? "In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thine hand: for thou knowest not whether shall prosper, either this or that, or whether they both shall be alike good." You know not which moment's work may be most blessed.

Suppress that unbelief. You have no greater foe to your usefulness, nor to your spiritual prosperity, than that. It is Satan's sublimated poison. By indulging it you forswear your covenant vows, and reject the truth and grace of the Saviour. He requires you to pray—to admonish an erring brother—to warn and entreat a sinner—to labour for the suppression of iniquity and for the en-

largement of His kingdom. You say, "It will do no good; my influence is nothing." The Lord calls on you to rejoice in Him; but you go with your head bowed down, and in melancholy that is kindred to despair. You will not believe what the Lord hath said. Alas, how many wounds does the Saviour receive from the unbelief that is cherished by His professed friends! As if all His promises were nothing! As if He had no care over those who have made Him their trust! As if He could not give them strength to do His will! O Christian! when will you learn that what *you are* not that is good and desirable, *Christ is*? That what you *have* not, either of graces, or of talents and efficiency for His service, He is able to impart! Do not live as if you were friendless—an outcast. Do not perish with hunger, nor be clothed with rags, when in your Father's house there is bread enough and to spare, and when the spotless robes of a Saviour's righteousness are offered to you. Why will you thirst, and faint, and die, when a well of water "springing up into everlasting life" is right before you, and the Lord of life invites you to drink and thirst no more for ever? "Be no more faithless, but believing."

CHERISH

That thought of your unprofitableness in the service of your Lord. Do not dismiss the thought as soon as it enters your mind, because it makes you unhappy. It is best that we should be unhappy where we are wrong. If you will call to remembrance your neglects and omissions of duty, misimproved privileges and opportunities for usefulness, the waste of time, talents, and possessions; you may have what you need, and what is most sweet and salutary—the tear of repentance. Your heart may be refreshed by the Saviour's grace, and you may be strengthened to serve and honour Him as you have never yet done. You may, as yet, have done little in comparison with what you might have done for Christ's cause. Will you now "redeem the time?"

Cherish that thought of speaking a kind word to a fellow-man who is ready to perish. It is such a thought as the Spirit puts into the hearts of believers. If you let it pass away, thy fellow-sinner may go on unadmonished, and be lost for ever. Stop not to parley with indolence, or unbelief, or procrastination; but keep the thought in your mind until it matures into a purpose, and when the purpose is formed, go at once and execute it. Many *thoughts* of doing such good arise in the hearts of Christians; but, alas, how few of them are cherished until the good work is done! I fear that many are so well satisfied with themselves for having resolved to do good, or having thought of it, that they rest there, and in reality accomplish no more than if the suggestion for good had never entered

their minds. Were a thousandth part of the beneficence accomplished of which Christians think, and which (with the Divine blessing) they might accomplish, who can tell with what accelerated impulse the great work of the world's salvation would move forward?

Cherish the spirit of prayer. At times you have unusual freedom in prayer. Your heart is drawn out. You seem to be permitted to come very near to God. Your desires are warm, and they flow out in love and submission. Your faith is unusually strong, and you scarcely know how to cease from prayer. Well, you need not cease. The injunction is, "Pray without ceasing." You cannot be the whole time in the closet or prayer-room; but you can, while at your daily labour—while engaged in conversation, or in whatever duty engaged, be continually lifting up your heart to God. His ear will hear the desire, "unuttered or expressed." If you have lost the spirit of prayer, seek it immediately. If you have it, cherish it as far more precious than gold or precious stones.

Cherish a meek and humble frame of mind. None is more becoming—none so full of peace. You may easily lose it. A little pride, hasty and angry words, or an ambitious desire, may dispel that heavenly temper, and leave your soul in wretchedness. The indulgence of a little censoriousness, or an unforgiving spirit, will speedily empty your heart of meekness, humility, and peace.

Cherish love to the Saviour, and put confidence in Him. Cherish them by sitting at His feet to learn, and by diligence in doing His will. By constant looking to Him for strength, and for every grace. By committing your soul to His keeping from day to day.

Do not think that Christian graces can grow without cultivation. Neglect them, and the sun will scorch them—thorns will spring up and choke them, or the birds of the air will devour them. Cherish them; and when the showers of grace, and the light and heat of the Sun of righteousness descends, they will bring forth fruit to the Saviour's praise.
—*Evangelist.*

NOT ASHAMED OF MY HOPE.

EVERY Christian should investigate the grounds of his hope with much caution and prayer. The probability is, that there is a vast deal of delusion in religious experience. We are led to expect this, from God's testimony to the exceeding deceitfulness of the heart, and from the sleepless action upon the same of the old Protean deceiver—the devil. Passing by all radically defective schemes in religion, there are signs which lead us to fear that many of the hopes professedly based on Christ are fatally shortcoming. Some of the unfavourable signs are these—that there are so many who shew in their lives no marked

difference from the world; so many who seem to make it no part of their plan to do service for Christ; who shew no interest and no sympathy with the Master's presence and achievements—mere spectators, and hardly that; so many whose hope fails to make them honest and honourable—whose worldliness and selfishness are not in the least diminished by their religion; so many who run for a little while, and then are hindered—who seem to run well in some circumstances, but run not at all in other circumstances—passable Christians where Christian influences are all-surrounding, and powerfully corrective and restraining; but in remoter fields, and away from this predominant Christian sentiment, are anything but Christians;—facts; developments like these fill us with doubt and trembling; and bring out from the heart the desponding question,—When the Son of Man cometh, shall he find faith on the earth?

This fact may well come in to quicken self-inspection—that a hope not genuine, if admitted and kept, brings peculiar peril to the soul. If a person indulges the Christian hope, and is regarded as a Christian by others, takes his seat in the church and at the sacramental board,—all this without being a Christian, then is the probability vastly diminished, that he will ever be a converted person; simply because he now regards himself as a converted person; certainly, one of the rarest occurrences is the conversion of a church member. There may be an open apostasy where the hope is baseless; quite as likely not to be; but a tolerably reputable appearance kept up till at length it comes into a light which exposes all things; how sad the discovery that will then be made.

It might quicken vigilance to reflect upon the sadness of such a case, at such a time,—to find, at the last, that all our cherished hopes in this world, of acceptance before God, were vain and delusive. To have gone down to death, as matter of cool, though desperate calculation—to have braced up the mind to it; to have had some foretaste of that cup of bitter mingling; even that would have been dreadful indeed. But to go there by a sort of religious route, even hard by heaven's door—to be dreaming of the bliss, and talking of the kingdom, and anticipating the crown; in imagination, to be going up nearer and still nearer, now almost to the threshold—almost within the hearing of its songs, and the vision of its glories,—then to have the truth and the reality burst upon us, that we have no place there, and to sink from such a height to the shame and the woe of the pit;—whose soul does not shudder at the prospect, and turn aside and pray, "If my portion is to be hell, let me not increase the corrosion of its fire and its worm by indulging here the unfounded expectations of the hypocrite. Let me not be ashamed of my hope?"

We are aware that the cautionary strain is now not so much the order as once; it seems to be the way with some, to encourage everybody, that can, to hope somehow. But the cautionary and detecting process has this advantage, that if one's hope is not good, it may help him to find it out in season. If it is good, no human word, nor finite power, can ever take it away; but it will thrive the more under the closest severities of test and discipline. Blessed feature of it, that it is impregnable and eternal:—not eternal; but ere long to be lost in possession. The home it conducts to, eternal—even to a building not made with hands—to the inheritance incorruptible and unfading—a good no created thought can reach; a joy no language can utter; a glory to be revealed in the ages infinite. God underwrites the whole. Faith grasps it as near. Hope stands as the pledge and expectant of the amazing possession. It is real; it is even now. We are saved by hope. We have the whole redemption and glory in the Hope. Who will not give up all to possess it? Rather, make Christ his hope, that it may prove a hope which will not make ashamed.

"HE ABODE TWO DAYS."

BY MRS H. B. STOWE.

"Now Jesus loved Martha, and her sister, and Lazarus. When He had heard, therefore, that he was sick, He abode two days in the same place where He was."—John xi. 5, 6.

THIS language is remarkable. A message had been sent to Jesus which implied a most earnest form of prayer. The urgency of the danger was implied in the very fact, that a messenger was sent a long distance to convey the intelligence to the Master. So perfect was the confidence in His affection, in His willingness to help, that it was considered simply necessary to announce the fact, confident that the desired aid would follow immediately. We urge our requests on strangers; but to our intimate friends we simply say—"I am in want," and it is enough. There was great delicacy of faith in this form of message, as if it were wronging the Master's well-known love to say more.

Yet Jesus sent no answer. Hour after hour passed—the disease marched on—the sisters in vain watched and waited—there was a dead silence on the part of that Friend of whose love they had been so secure—to whom they had thought it only necessary to announce a want to insure its supply. The brother died.

But John, the confidential friend of Jesus, says, that it was because Jesus loved Mary, Martha, and Lazarus, that He abode two days in the place where He was—that He did not obey the first impulse of His affectionate nature, and give them immediate help.

To them this sorrow was at last turned into joy. They found that He had not forgotten

them when he seemed to have done so—that He had noticed the implied prayer, and prepared for it an answer.

Herein lies comfort for those who have presented before their Lord prayers which He as yet seems to disregard. If He abide two days still in the same place, and come not to our help, let us believe it is not because He loves us not, but because He loves us, and sees before Him the best hour and moment for granting our requests.

And if we have had dear ones for whose lives we have prayed, and who nevertheless have been torn away by death, let us see in this history the history of every such affliction. Our beloved must pass through the gates of death—it is as necessary as it was to Mary and Martha, that we should gain all that could be gained by the discipline of that sorrowful parting—but he shall rise again. The Christianity of our day thinks too little of the resurrection. Our friends shall be restored to us in bodily form and shape, perfect in an immortal youth and bloom never to die. The history of Lazarus is a representative history. It embodies for substance that of every bereaved friend of Jesus. Some beloved object draws near to death—Jesus knows it, and does not interpose to deliver—does not interpose because He loves. He does not prevent the dear one from passing the doors of death—He does not prevent the heart of the survivor from being wrung with the separation, but He will raise the lost again, and restore the broken bond.

Those groanings of spirit, those tears with which Jesus drew near to the grave, are declarations of the depth of the Divine sympathy with the suffering which the inevitable law of death occasions to the hapless children of men. In Nature we see only an inflexible order—a crushing regularity, a cold fatality. Here we see the mysterious Word, “by whom all things were made, and without whom was nothing made that is made,” groaning and weeping over the sorrows produced by those inflexible laws which He has Himself in wisdom ordained. Wonderful scene! He groans in spirit, He weeps; but still He is firm in upholding this system and these laws. He loves, but He does not interpose to save, as generation after generation pass through these heartrending sorrows. He abides still in His place. But there will come a time when it will be otherwise. This Almighty weeper shall wipe away all tears from all faces. “He shall swallow up death in victory.”

WHY DO YOU NOT GO TO THE PRAYER-MEETING?

TRADESMEN often say they have no time; they cannot leave their business: that is, they will not. I am aware that it is not, and could not, by any contrivance and forethought,

be always made convenient for tradesmen, especially shopkeepers, to be at the house of God on a week-day evening; but could it not be oftener done than it is? Would not a settled purpose, a good plan, and a little preparation, *generally* leave the way open for such persons to the sanctuary? Is it not enough time given to the world, to carry on its concerns till seven o'clock in the evening? If there be a party to be joined, or some public business to be attended to, cannot tradesmen find time for this? Oh, brethren, try, try! Be anxious to throw off the cares of the world time enough to be found in your place at the house of God, on the evening of the weekly service.

But *your residence is too far in the country to enable you to attend.* Then why go so far? Why sacrifice the pleasure and improvement to be gained in the sanctuary, for the enjoyment of rural scenes? The modern taste for a country residence is making sad work with piety. How many are there, who, on this account, can attend only *one* public service even on the Sabbath! And has it not proved a snare in other ways, leading to a neglect of their trade, and to expenses which their income was not adequate to meet? Your salvation, professing Christians—your salvation is, or should be, the great business with you; and everything else should be subordinate to it.

Some who will read this address are the MOTHERS of large families, and imagine they find in their domestic and maternal cares an insurmountable obstacle in the way of such services as I now recommend, and a sufficient excuse for neglecting them. I readily allow that in many cases this is admissible. Duties cannot be in opposition to each other. There is no religion in neglecting a dependent family, and allowing home to be a scene of confusion, even though it be to attend public worship; and if this *must* be the result, judgment and conscience being witnesses, your way is clear, and the place of your duty is home. But be quite sure that you could not by method, diligence, preparation, and judicious delegation, attend to every duty of home, and yet leave opportunity for one weekly visit to the sanctuary. I have known mother's and mistresses, who were patterns of devotedness to home duties, and at the same time were exemplary in their attendance at the house of God. The devoted mother wants an occasional relaxation from her assiduities; and what so refreshing as an hour spent in the house of God?

A more difficult case is that of the *WIFE whose husband is inimical to religion altogether*, and especially so to its week-day engagements. Constant attendance, in such circumstances, can hardly be expected; and many thus situated must forego the privilege, and seek to make up by renewed diligence in the use of the private means of grace, the loss

they are compelled to sustain of the public ones.

LABOURING MEN, I am aware, are under a strong temptation, after a day's hard toil, to imagine they are too tired for a sermon, and that they will be excused by God for going home to spend the evening in their own house, instead of His. In many, very many cases, this is not an excuse, but a sufficient reason for their neglect; their labour is so great and so exhausting, as to utterly incapacitate them for that mental application which is necessary for a profitable attendance upon the means of grace. In this case the gracious Redeemer Himself makes the same defence for them as He did for His slumbering disciples, and says the spirit is willing but the flesh is weak.

Suffer, then, dear brethren, the word of exhortation on this important subject; renounce all excuses; endeavour to be in a state of mind which shall not prompt you to seek after them. Be in earnest, far more in earnest, than are the generality of professors, about your soul's concerns. Give all diligence to make your calling and election sure. Hunger and thirst after righteousness. Live the life of faith. Set your affections not on things on the earth, but on things above, where Christ sitteth on the right hand of God. Be not satisfied with mere external religious decorum, and a consistency in which the world, or your fellow professors, can see no flaw. Let your conversation be in heaven; feel and act as the citizens of the celestial state. Walk with God; rejoice in hope of the glory to be revealed; and steadily look at eternity. In order to keep up such a state of mind, comply with the admonition of this address. Let it be matter of conscience, not of taste merely, to attend the week-day services. You need them; and they will help and bless you. Be regular in your attendance. Do not let it be a mere occasional thing to be there, when an admonition has been delivered on the Sabbath, calling upon you for the performance of this duty, or when something extraordinary is to be heard. This is the case with too many. We see them sometimes, but oftener miss them. *Be it with you AN ORDINANCE FIXED AS THE SABBATH*; keep the evening free from all occupation; make no other engagement. When invited to something else, say, "No, that evening is given to God." "The diligent soul," I repeat, "shall be made fat." *This is diligence. May it be yours.—James.*

LITTLE SINS.

LET us be on our guard against *little sins*; against what men call little sins, for there is nothing really little in the way of sin. Watch against anything that wounds the conscience, however slightly. Conscience is a sacred thing. Guard well your spiritual life. Watch against

the little sin that insensibly may wound and thus in the end destroy. You can easily kill a man by stabbing him with one blow to the heart. But may you not easily kill a man also by opening a little vein in his wrist? The blood may only flow drop by drop; but if you don't stop that wound you will bleed to death, and just as surely as if one plunged a dagger into your heart and sent you into eternity in a moment. Beware, then, of the little things that keep the wounds of the soul open; guard against little sins, which, if not guarded against, will as surely destroy the soul as one great sin.

John Newton says, Satan seldom comes to Christians with great temptations, or with temptations to commit a great sin. You bring a green log and a candle together, and they are very safe neighbours. But bring a few shavings and set them alight, and then bring a few small sticks and let them take fire, and the log be in the midst of them, and you will soon get rid of your log. And so it is with little sins. You will be startled with the idea of committing a great sin, and so the devil brings a little temptation, and leaves you to indulge yourself. "There is no great harm in this," "no great peril in that," and so by these little chips we are first easily lighted up, and at last the great green log is burned. "Watch and pray, that ye enter not into temptation."—*Rev. Newman Hall, LL.B.*

THE DAWN.

THESE years of life—what do they seem?

A little dream

Of pain and pleasure, blent together—
A time of sharply changing weather;
Where brilliant sunbeams gleam and die
On hoary storm-clouds sailing by—

Where falling tears

Are bright with hope and cold with fears.

The years, the clouds, have had their course.

Their mingled force

Has bow'd my heart and bent my head.
Sunshine and storm alike are fled;
And in their place a heavy gray
Dulls all the tinting of the day.

Shall growing light

Follow the gray? or deep'ning night?

What shall the future progress be,

Of life with me?

God knows: I rell on Him my care;

Night is not night if He be there.

When daylight is no longer mine,

And stars forbidden are to shine,

I'll turn my eyes

To where eternal day shall rise.

That coming light no mortal cloud

Can quite enshroud.

Through all our doubts—above the range

Of every fear, and every change—

My faith can see with weary eye,

The dawn of heaven on earth's dim sky;

And from afar

Shines on my soul the morning star.

—*Hymns for the Church Militant.*

MUTUAL love among Christians is a great friend to spiritual growth; it is in love that the body edifies itself, whereas a kingdom divided against itself cannot stand.

Page for the Young.

THREE HELPS.

"MOTHER, I shouldn't think God would punish children for doing wrong, when they can't help it," said Jamie, who sat looking out of the window a long time, thinking.

"Can't help it?" said his mother.

"No," said Jamie, "I don't think they can."

"Isn't it because they don't use God's helps to do right?" asked his mother.

"God's helps!" said Jamie. "What?"

"He has given them a guide-book, in the first place. It clearly tells the right way and the wrong way, and where they lead to—one to heaven, and the other to hell. If anybody consults that book, they can't mistake about the way," said his mother.

"Is it the *Bible*, you mean?" asked Jamie.

"Yes," she answered; "and lest we should get in the dark, or puzzled about the meaning of our guide-books, God has given another help, that is, His *Holy Spirit*, which, He says, 'will open the eyes of the blind,' and 'will guide you into *all* truth,'—not part way, and then leave you to get along as you can, but guide you into '*all* truth,' that you need make no mistake and have no excuse for doing wrong."

"But," said Jamie, "how can you get the Holy Spirit? I can read my Bible, because it's in my very hands."

"God will give you the Holy Spirit, if you ask Him for it," said his mother; "He says, 'Ask, and you shall receive.' The Bible also says the Holy Spirit 'helps our *infirmities*.'"

"I don't know what that means," said Jamie, quickly.

"When you see a person weakly, sickly, and not able to do what he wants to, we say, 'he is *infirm*,' he needs help. God sees how we stumble, and go back, and miss the right way—how weak we are; He therefore offers His Holy Spirit to make us strong."

"That is wonderful," said Jamie, "how God knows everything."

"Besides all this," said his mother, "He has put a little voice inside you, which, when you are inclined to go wrong, says, 'No, no, no!' and when you do right, says, 'Yes, yes, my dear child,' very sweetly indeed."

"A voice!" said Jamie—"that still small voice my teacher tells about, and says it is *conscience*!"

"Do you not think, Jamie," asked his mother, seriously, "that God has done His part to make little boys, and girls, too, do right—not only to know the right, but to do right also?"

"Mother," answered Jamie, after a few moments' thinking, "I think God *has*. It isn't God's fault, I'm sure. Then why *don't* they?"

"Because they don't *mind* God's helps," said his mother. "If they would study their guide-books, ask the Holy Spirit to enlighten

and help them, and hearken to that kind little voice inside, I am sure no child would go astray."

Tears came into the little boy's eyes, and drop after drop ran down his red cheeks. "Mother," said he, "we've got *no excuse* for being wicked. God is good, very good."

COUNSEL TO THE YOUNG.

NEVER be cast down by trifles. If a spider breaks his web twenty times, twenty times will he mend it. Make up your minds to do a thing, and you will do it. Fear not if trouble comes upon you; keep up your spirits, though the day may be a dark one—

Troubles never last for ever;
The darkest day will pass away.

If the sun is going down, look up to the stars; if the earth is dark, keep your eyes on heaven. With God's presence and God's promise, a man or child may be cheerful—

Never despair when fog's in the air,
A sunshiny morning will come without warning!

Mind what you run after! Never be content with a bubble that will burst; or fire-wood that will end in smoke and darkness; but that which you can keep, and which is worth keeping—

Something startling, that will stay
When gold and silver fly away.

Fight hard against a hasty temper. Anger will come, but resist it strongly. A spark may set a house on fire. A fit of passion may give you cause to mourn all the days of your life. Never revenge an injury—

He that revengeth knows no rest;
The meek possess a peaceful breast.

If you have an enemy, act kindly to him, and make him your friend. You may not win him over at once, but try again. Let one kindness be followed by another, till you have compassed your end. By little and by little great things are completed—

Water falling day by day,
Wears the hardest rock away.

And so repeated kindnesses will soften a heart of stone.

Whatever you do, do it willingly. A boy that is whipped at school never learns his lessons well. A man that is compelled to work cares not how badly it is performed. He who pulls off his coat cheerfully, strips up his clothes in earnest, and sings while he works, is the man for me—

A cheerful spirit gets on quick;
A grumbler in the mud will stick.

Evil thoughts are worse enemies than lions and tigers, for we can get out of the way of wild beasts; but bad thoughts win their day everywhere. Keep your heads and hearts full of good thoughts, that bad thoughts may not find room—

Be on your guard, and strive and pray,
To drive all evil thoughts away.



A FAMILY MAGAZINE FOR SUNDAY READING.

REVISED BY THE REV. NORMAN M'LEOD, D.D., GLASGOW.

WEEKLY NOS. ONE HALFPENNY.]

[MONTHLY PARTS, THREEPENCE

PARENTS.*

HAPPY as husband and wife may be in each other, there is something yet wanting to complete their happiness, and to fill out the circle of the heart's affections. The babe sleeping in its crib, or opening its large, round eyes in ceaseless wonder at this strange world; the little cherub tottering on unsteady feet, and moving a mother's heart to tear-dewed smiles by its earnest baby-talk; the fair-haired girl, mimicking a woman's ways; the adventurous boy, breathless from school or play to recount his exploits where every childish joy or sorrow has found a sympathetic ear—these are the objects which supply heart-yearnings, and with varying interest break up the decorous solitude of the dwelling where husband and wife abide alone. Who can describe the thrilling rapture of a mother, "remembering no more her anguish for joy that a man is born into the world," as she looks upon her first-born child; or the calm joy of a father, in whose heart is first waked up the sense of relationship to a reproduction of himself? A fountain is opened in the soul, which flows deeper and stronger with revolving years. A tree is planted in the heart, which grows broader and nobler as childhood ripens into youth and manhood. Few are the hearts which do not feel the mysterious spell, as a new-born child is folded on the breast, a gift from God. But how many realise the full solemnity of such an hour, and feel the weight of that responsibility which God is thus imposing? How many feel that they are clasping to their heart a young immortal, fitted for an eternity of joy or sorrow, and whose destiny is awfully involved in their own fulfilment of a parent's trust? How many in that moment dedicate their child to God, and earnestly implore the wisdom to discharge a duty so far beyond all human skill? How many,

through the varying cares and pleasures of a growing household, have one constant thought—these are God's children, to be trained for Him?

Alas! they are all too few; too few even among professed disciples of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. Where one is found thus solemnly concerned about the training of his children's souls for immortality and heaven, hundreds are seen, from whose parental conduct you would vainly ask if they know their children have a soul, and must be fitted for eternal life or death. First, there is that large class of parents who, although the professed servants of God, shew little or no solicitude for their children's conversion, but allow them to grow up ignorant of religious truth, neglectful of religious duty, and sometimes in unrestrained, unpunished wickedness. What estimate must we put on the reality of their own belief in the momentous truths by which they profess to be governed? Secondly; there is another class, of whom occasional specimens may be seen, who, while themselves wholly worldly and irreligious, are well pleased to see their children becoming Christians. They have conviction and conscience enough to feel the obligation and desirableness of religion, and can judge and choose aright for other people, but over their own affections the world and sin have too much power to be relinquished. Will they not be condemned out of their own mouth? Their choice for their children will establish in judgment both the reality of their convictions and the extent of their corruption. The third class is the largest of all—parents equally regardless of themselves and their offspring, who recklessly travel in the broad way which leadeth unto death, and without concern behold those who drew being from themselves sporting on the brink of perdition. In what noble contrast with them all stood the leader of Israel, when, before his assem-

* From a delightful little work, entitled, "God in the Dwelling," by the Rev. Dudley A. Tyng, just issued by Alexander Strahan & Co.

bled nation, he avowed his purpose for himself and children : "As for me and my house, we will serve the Lord."

The subject we are considering is Family Religion. **PARENTAL RESPONSIBILITY** is its corner-stone. God has laid an immeasurable responsibility on all parents for the devotion and training of their children to His own service. For the neglect of this duty no other usefulness can atone. A higher mission no one need desire.

I. We regard this duty, first, in the light of a Divine command. Throughout the sacred Scriptures it is repeatedly and earnestly enforced, both by precept and example. It was most clearly and emphatically pressed on the people of God from the very beginning. In the midst of the wonders done in Egypt, before Israel was yet brought out of bondage, the religious training of future generations was the declared reason of such repeated manifestations of Divine power. "And the Lord said unto Moses, Go in unto Pharaoh; for I have hardened his heart, and the hearts of his servants, that I might shew these my signs before him; and that thou mayest tell in the ears of thy son, and of thy son's son, what things I have wrought in Egypt, and my signs which I have done among them; that ye may know how that I am the Lord." In the book of Deuteronomy, immediately after the reiteration of the ten commandments, Moses adds a spiritual summary of the same: "Hear, O Israel! The Lord our God is one Lord; and thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thine heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy might." Then he continues, as if what he next requires were an indispensable manifestation of this required love: "And these words, which I command thee this day, shall be in thine heart: and thou shalt teach them diligently unto thy children, and thou shalt talk of them when thou sittest in thine house, and when thou walkest by the way, and when thou liest down, and when thou risest up." Diligent religious instruction of his children, and familiar conversation with them on the things of God, evening and morning, at home and abroad, are here the required duty of a parent. How many fathers and mothers, even of the Christian Church, have fulfilled this duty? Just before his death, also, Moses concluded all his anxious instructions of the people with a similar injunction: "And Moses made an end of speaking all these words to all Israel: and he said unto them, Set your hearts unto all the words which I testify among you this day, which ye shall command your children to observe to do, all the words of this law. For it is not a vain thing for you; because it is your life: and through this thing ye shall prolong your days in the land, whither ye go over Jordan to possess it." Solomon commands the same duty, accompanying the command with a promise founded no less in the laws of human

nature than in the word of God: "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it." When our Saviour was upon the earth, anxious parents brought their little ones to Him; and when officious disciples interfered, He "was much displeased, and said unto them, Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not." He rewarded their pious zeal by taking them up in His arms, putting His hands upon them, and blessing them. He imparted a symbolic significance to the action, and recorded His approval of all future endeavours spiritually to bring little children to Him, when He added, "for of such is the kingdom of God."

An action so significantly approved, a privilege so graciously bestowed, must needs carry with it the strongest obligations. To the example of his Master, Paul the apostle, by direction of the Holy Ghost, adds positive command: "Ye fathers, provoke not your children to wrath; but bring them up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord." To these unmistakable precepts may be added the record of two opposite examples, and their respective judgments by God. The fidelity of Abraham in the training of his household was made the subject of special divine commendation and reward. "And the Lord said, Shall I hide from Abraham that thing which I do; seeing that Abraham shall surely become a great and mighty nation, and all the nations of the earth shall be blessed in him? For I know him that he will command his household after him, and they shall keep the way of the Lord to do justice and judgment; that the Lord may bring upon Abraham that which He hath spoken of him. But the parental unfaithfulness of Eli brought evil on himself and the household he had failed to correct. "In that day I will perform against Eli all things which I have spoken concerning his house: when I begin I will also make an end. For I have told him that I will judge his house for ever for the iniquity which he knoweth; because his sons made themselves vile, and he restrained them not. And therefore I have sworn unto the house of Eli, that the iniquity of Eli's house shall not be purged with sacrifice nor offering for ever." Thus plainly and emphatically does the word of God declare the responsibility of parents for the training of their children "in the nurture and admonition of the Lord."

The same responsibility is otherwise apparent.

II. It is the recognised duty of a parent to promote the welfare of his child, and to fit him for his part in life. This is an instinct of natural affection, and is enforced by universal conscience. To sacrifice a child's real interests and happiness for any selfish end, is universally considered unnatural and wicked. The pains, labour, and expense necessary to fit a child for his sphere in life are so univer-

sally regarded the bounden duty of a parent, that their faithful provision finds little commendation, while any neglect is indignantly condemned. This is true of the provision requisite for the body. Who commends a parent for providing food, and clothing, and recreation for his child? He has done that only which it was his duty to do. But he who through indolence, intemperance, or heartlessness, fails to make this provision, is counted "worse than an infidel." It is equally so with the training of the mind. The best education attainable by a parent is only what we expect. The covetousness, indifference, or narrowness of mind which withholds it, is a subject of reproach. The same is true of a child's social position. To suffer him to drop out of the associations of refinement and taste to which he is entitled, and, through want of development, to be fitted for only low-bred society, is an acknowledged violation of parental duty. Nor has it less application to moral character. To seek a child's happiness by the culture of his moral sensibilities, and to fit him for an honourable course in life by wise establishment of moral principle, is the acknowledged duty of a parent. To neglect, still more to debase, him in these respects, is estimated the foulest of wrongs.

All these things establish a principle on the basis of common consent. The groundwork of any such common consent must be in man's moral constitution, and so be indicative of the will of the Creator. The principle thus established is, that promotion of a child's happiness, and training him for his appropriate career in life, are the natural and irrepealable duties of a parent. Why, then, restrict the application of this principle to man's lower nature? The highest happiness of that child, even in this world, his sole happiness in the eternal world to come, lie in the right state and relations of his soul. To reverse the soul's corrupt tendencies by spiritual regeneration, to illuminate its darkness by the light of divine truth, to establish peaceful and heavenly affections within it, to remove the just curse of its sin through the blood of Jesus Christ, to cast out its natural fear and hatred of God by love and confiding trust—these are indispensable to true happiness. These can make one happy amidst bodily weakness and pain, mental inferiority and social discomforts. Without these, health, riches, rank, taste, science, may all lie on a pillow of thorns. How, then, can a parent have done his duty towards the happiness of a child, while the wants of the soul have been uncared for? How incalculably, also, do the soul's immortal nature and destiny transcend all earthly interests! All these are but the scaffolding for the erection of that spiritual temple—but the school-days which prepare for that real life. He is but a ruined fool who has gained the whole world, and lost his own soul. What, then, shall be thought of the

parent who has trained his child to do it? For he who has suffered his child to grow up without "the nurture and admonition of the Lord," has as much trained him to lose his soul as he who suffers him to grow up without industry and self-control has trained him to lose this world. The universally-recognised duty of a parent, and the immortality of a child's soul, thus taken together, establish the obligation of the careful, diligent, religious training of a household.

III. Additional force is given to this obligation by the fact, that God has made children so subject to good or evil impressions, especially from their parents. All know how impressible is the soul of childhood. All its sensibilities are acute. Its soft clay yields to every touch of the potter. Good and evil alike wield easy and permanent influence. It almost seems as if the child were given up without restraint to the power of early associations. Doubtless, there is some limit to this power. On the one side, the Spirit of grace, by His secret operations, withstands the influence of association with unmingled evil. On the other side, the native depravity of the heart holds out against every accumulation of good impressions. But although these limits do exist, and are fixed somewhere in every case, they are quite hidden from view, both in position and effect, by childhood's visible associations. They serve to account for those exceptional cases in which good comes out of all evil, or evil defeats all good. But the result, as a rule, is according to the advantages or disadvantages of early training. Many cases, moreover, which seem to be exceptional, do in reality but exemplify the rule. How often, when one whose whole early training seemed to be evil, is notwithstanding, converted and brought out a decided and shining Christian, will it be found that some one heavenly influence had been left to plead for God, some trickling spring, drop by drop reaching the hidden root of a plant which blooms, apparently by miracle, amidst rock and gravel. How often, when in the very garden of the Lord, no care or culture can save the withering vine, will it be found that the secret worm had left in its very germ the poisoned sting insuring ultimate decay and death. Almost at the mercy of early influence, the soul has thus been left by its Creator. Rather, by these early ministries it is that the unseen God has chosen Himself to work upon the soul. "He hath mercy on whom he will have mercy" by ministries of love upon the youthful heart. "And whom He will, He hardeneth" by youthful abandonment to snares of sin.

Most of all does this apply to the influence of parents. Susceptible and eager of impression from every quarter, the child still turns with native instinct to its father and its mother. Thither, as naturally as it seeks nourishment from the breast, it looks for the

tuition of its ignorance and the example of its conduct. Inquisitive of all, it here seeks authoritative response. Imitative everywhere, here is its natural standard of comparison, its final court of appeal. Father! mother! have you ever thought of the eternal influence on your children's souls of even the gesture, the glance, the tone of voice, which their keen senses note, and lay up in memory for imitation? Would God have thus formed the child, had he not designed this fearful power to be used for good? Can so momentous a trust be received without proportionate responsibility? No responsibility can rise higher than that which accompanies the gift of children. No other relation deals so closely and effectually with the destinies of souls; and, therefore, in the very susceptibilities and affections of our children the finger of God hath written the solemn admonition: "Ye fathers, provoke not your children to wrath; but bring them up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord." How awful the account of those who have habitually broken this commandment! What a meeting, when they face their children at the judgment bar of God!

IV. This responsibility is made still greater by the fact, that if children are not trained up to serve the Lord, they become almost impervious to subsequent religious impressions. Even where parental fidelity has not been blessed in youthful conversion, it must not be esteemed without effect. It has left a groundwork for later influence, a preparation for future culture. It has sown seeds which some future ploughshare may throw up to the surface, and subject to quickening influence. It has "offered up prayers and supplications, with strong crying and tears," which are registered in heaven, and will not remain for ever unanswered. How great the difference to be discerned in the unconverted adults of any congregation, between those who were blessed with early religious training, and those who were not. A familiarity with the word of God, a power of comprehending religious truth, a susceptibility of conscience, a perception of the obligation and value of piety, and a hope and purpose of its ultimate attainment, are found in the one case which do not exist in the other. Is there a more truly pitiable object than the man who had no youthful instruction in the things of God, and has reached mature age without having been moved to seek in Christ the salvation of his soul? All his spiritual senses have been lost through want of use. His soul can neither see, nor hear, nor taste, nor feel. He is quite unconscious that he has one. Within his active body and vigorous mind it lies entombed as in a living sepulchre, preserved unto the second death. Fires of divine vengeance sweep by it, zephyrs of divine love breathe over it, glory, honour, and immortality open in boundless prospect before it;

but it stirs not, feels not. It is dead. Corruption has claimed its prey; and hell stands guard around the portals, lest it should be delivered. What can be done for such a soul? With God nothing is impossible; but miracles are few. And how seldom is heard in this sepulchre of the soul the voice that can bring forth "him that was dead, bound hand and foot with grave-clothes." When one looks over a Christian church, and sees the same seats occupied year after year by those whom no arguments can persuade, no appeal arouse, no vision entrance, hope dies away, and the gay assemblage seems transformed into a funeral of dead souls. Yet each encoffined soul that sits before the preacher, a living mourner at its own burial, was once a tender, gentle child, whose sensitive conscience might have been aroused to a sense of sin, and whose affectionate heart might have been won by the voice and smile of its Redeemer. Originally plastic clay in a parent's hands, whereof might have been fashioned "vessels of honour, meet for the Master's use," but now, spoiled, misshapen, useless, they lie hardening in the gospel furnace, "vessels of wrath, fitted for destruction." Think of this, ye parents, and feel the solemnity of your position! Think of this, and realise the responsibility which rests upon you! Think of this, and enter into faithful covenant with God, like him of old: "As for me and my house, we will serve the Lord."

Such are the responsibilities of parents. Such a sacred trust has God committed to your hands in every child whose birth brought love into your dwelling; saying, as He gave the treasure, "Take this child away, and nurse it for me; and I will pay thee thy wages." How have you discharged that trust? Have your purpose and labour been to bear them with yourselves in faith's pilgrimage to a better country? or have you been dragging them down with yourself to the worm that dieth not, and the fire that is not quenched? What heavier millstone about the neck will sink ungodly sinners in the lake of fire than lost children's souls? What brighter jewel will adorn the crown to be laid at Jesus' feet than children taught to know and love a father's God?

JOHN ANGELL JAMES.

FOR some time past Mr. James's health had been failing, chiefly through the infirmities of age, accelerated, no doubt, by a long course of constant labour, and intensified by the wearing force of that "care for all the churches," which specially characterised him. His own consciousness of an exhausted constitution had been often betrayed by declared anticipations of coming death during his more recent public appearances. When the Congregational Union assembled at Aberdare, he was obliged to content himself with a patri-

archical message to his brethren by the mouth of the Rev. Thomas James; and, when the Evangelical Alliance, of which he was the first president, met the week after in Belfast, he, by letter, requested an interest in the prayers of its assembled members, in terms, the remembrance of which, will make the intelligence of his decease not less sorrowful, but less surprising.

Mr James's death was, however, at the last, very sudden and unexpected. He had been indisposed and feeble for some ten days, and the watchfulness of anxious and trembling affection had discovered that his physical infirmities were perceptibly and rapidly increasing. But on the Sunday morning previous to his death he had preached an eminently characteristic, and, as we are informed, vigorous discourse, at the Edgbaston Chapel; and in the evening he was present at Carr's Lane. Indeed, in the midst of all his physical weakness, his mental vigour seemed to remain unimpaired, and he wrote and studied as usual up to the hour of his last seizure. The sermon he intended to preach at Carr's Lane Chapel, on the next Sunday evening, was prepared. The dread, perhaps the morbid dread—not of death, but of pain—which he had previously experienced, seemed, during the past fortnight, to have passed entirely away. He was cheerful and happy, under the consciousness that his end was approaching. He talked much of heaven, and seemed to anticipate, with great satisfaction, "the rest that remaineth for the people of God." The gloom which had previously sometimes clouded his mind, especially when he thought of leaving his afflicted daughter, had entirely passed away. During the week his friends were struck with the elevation of his religious joy, and were not without their fears that the end could not be far off. On the Friday, however, he seemed stronger; and a lady, who happened to be staying with him, read to him in the evening the whole of the *Missionary Chronicle* for the month, to which he listened with an interest at which we cannot wonder, when we see that a large part of it refers to China. In the course of the day he penned several letters, in one of which, addressed to his brother, the Rev. Thomas James, of London, he wrote thus:—

"My condition just now is very low, not my spirits. I thank my Heavenly Father I am peaceful, I may say happy, quietly and contentedly waiting to see how it will go with me. My appetite entirely fails. Through mercy I get tolerable nights; but I believe it is the beginning of the end."

On that day, also, Mr James corrected the proofs of the last production of his pen, a review of the life and labours of the Rev. Richard Knill, which is about to appear in the memoirs of that good man now in the press. He forwarded it to the editor, the Rev. C. M. Birrell of Liverpool, accompanied by a letter, in which

the following interesting and touching words occur:—

"I think it probable that with these few notes on dear Knill's life and labours, I shall lay down my pen, which has written much; would God it had written better. But while I say this, I am not without hope, yea, I may add conviction, that it has in some degree written usefully. In some humble degree I have aimed at usefulness both in my preaching and writing, and God has, to an amount which utterly astonishes and almost overwhelms me, given me what I have sought. It seems a daring and almost presumptuous expression, but with a proper qualification it is a true one—that usefulness is within the reach of us all—the man who intensely desires to be useful, and takes the proper means, will be useful. God will not withhold His grace from such desires and such labours. Oh! my brother, how delightful is it, notwithstanding the humbling and sorrowful consciousness of defects and sins, to look back upon a life spent for Christ. I thank a sovereign God I am not without some degree of this."

As he was about to retire to rest he became indisposed, having apparently been attacked by indigestion, and Dr Evans, an eminent physician residing next door, was called to his aid. He prescribed for his venerable friend, and assured his family there was no need for alarm. When Mr James was about to seek his bedroom, Dr Evans wished to assist him up stairs—a trouble which Mr James was very unwilling to give; but when the doctor persisted in proffering his aid, he turned to him affectionately, and quoted the text—"Inasmuch as thou hast done it unto one of the *least* of these, thou hast done it unto me." During the night he was restless, and frequently sick, but slept from half-past four to six o'clock in the morning. Then he awoke, and it was plain that the time of his departure was at hand. He lay calmly for a little while, held out his hand to his son, who, with his medical advisers, was standing at his bedside, and then again sank into a slumber, which in a few minutes became the sleep of death. So peacefully passed away this honoured servant of Christ. Had he lived much longer, it is almost certain that he would have been destined to protracted martyrdom, as latterly he had been afflicted with a most distressing malady, which time would have aggravated to torture. All this he has been mercifully saved. A *post-mortem* examination has disclosed partial ossification of the heart, and proved that death was actually caused by the rupture of a small vessel in that organ.

Mr James was twice married, first to Miss Smith, the daughter of a physician, and secondly to Mrs Neale, a lady who was honoured with the special friendships of Rowland Hill and Matthew Wilks. He has left one son and one daughter to mourn their bereavement.

He was beloved by men of all parties and of all sects. He was a firm and uncompromising Nonconformist, and, when occasion required, could express and vindicate his convictions with startling boldness and power; and although he sometimes yearned for something like a modified Presbyterianism, he was, on the whole, an Independent of the right stamp; yet multitudes of Churchmen as well as Dissenters, Wesleyans of every complexion, Presbyterians of every school, honoured and revered him as a patriarch of the Church. We have no man left whose voice can command so wide and respectful a hearing. Almost every philanthropic, civilising, and humanising enterprise shared in his sympathies, and, as far as human resources would admit, in his active co-operation; but the evangelising associations of his age and country engaged his utmost efforts, both in his own town and throughout the kingdom. He entered upon his ministry just at the period when the London Missionary Society, the British and Foreign Bible Society, and the Religious Tract Society, were rising into importance, gaining public attention, and commencing their noble efforts for the salvation of the world. To these Mr James devoted all his best energies, and rendered most valuable and important service through a long series of years. In all parts of the kingdom he lifted up his voice in sermons and speeches on behalf of these and kindred institutions. His great delight, no doubt, was in furthering the cause of Christian charity, most of all by the direct preaching of the gospel; but also in the circulation of the Scriptures and other publications of a truly scriptural sort, in the corporation of different denominations for the common ends of their denominational existence, and in bringing the benignant influence of true godliness to bear upon the condition of the destitute and the depraved, the afflicted and the forlorn, the forsaken and the oppressed. Thus the anti-slavery cause enlisted his warmest energies, and his anxiety for the evangelisation of China in his latter days was as a fire continually burning in his heart.

The name of Angell James will be remembered as a preacher while the town in which he exercised his great gifts shall hold together. As a writer of practical and experimental divinity, he may be more truly said to have achieved immortal fame than many authors to whom that envied distinction has been assigned. Viewing oratory as the art of persuasion, he cultivated it with singular success, and exemplified it with a rare perfection. Whether in speaking or in writing, he neglected no gift. His natural endowments were diligently improved by discipline, and were studiously enhanced by acquirements nicely calculated to give them the most useful application. Nothing which might tend to the formation of a manner at once attractive and impressive was deemed beneath his notice. From ex-

perience he had found this faculty so valuable, that when advising candidates for the ministry he was apt to make the confession that he owed everything to manner. This was an extreme putting of the case; but competent judges will agree that he owed much. The remark is equally just as to his written style. Remarkably successful as most of his books have been, some of them having gone through many editions, and one—we mean his "Anxious Inquirer"—having been translated into many languages, they owe nothing to the novelty of the themes discussed, but little to originality of treatment, and not much to what we hear a great deal of in these times under the name of *power*. The general acceptance which they have found among all evangelical denominations is traceable to their scriptural tone, their practical character, their lucid order, their moderate length, their neat composition, and their entire freedom from any pretensions or technicalities which could overtask the faculties, or overshoot the habits, of the multitude of religious readers. Nearly all of them were executed with so much judgment, and finished with so much taste, as to place them at the head of modern books of their own kind, and to confer upon some of them a standard value, with something like a classical rank. All who were accustomed to hear him in his best days must remember the extraordinary fascination and power of his voice. It was one of the grandest instruments God ever gave to man; it comprehended all the best and most effective tones of all the most remarkable orators we have ever listened to; and he used it, as he used every element of power with which nature had endowed him, to the very best advantage. Its melting pathos, its terrible thunder, its pleasant music, its trumpet-like call to duty, are ringing in our ears still. Even to the last it retained much of its old melody and power.

In his most recent publication, on "The Spiritual State of our Churches," Mr James thus contrasts the present prosperity of his church and congregation with its inactivity and lack of zeal when he first accepted its oversight:—

"When I became pastor of my church more than fifty-three years ago, the only object of congregational benevolence and action was the Sunday school, which was then conducted in a private house, hired for the purpose. There was nothing else; literally, nothing we set our hands to. We had not then taken up even the Missionary Society. We have now an organisation for the London Missionary Society, which raises, as its regular contribution, nearly £500 per annum, besides occasional donations to meet special appeals, which, upon an average, may make up another £100 a-year. For the Colonial Missionary Society we raise annually £70. For our Sunday and day schools, which comprehend nearly

usand children, we raise £200. We two town missionaries, at a cost of our ladies conduct a working society in mission schools in the East Indies, seeds of which reach, on an average, ar; they sustain also a Dorcas Society oor of our town; a Maternal Society, branches, in various localities; and Benevolent Society, for visiting the . We have a Religious Tract Society, ploys ninety distributors, and spends ly a year in the purchase of tracts. age Preachers' Society, which em- lve or fourteen lay agents, costs us anything. We raise £40 annually County Association. We have a en's Brotherly Society, for general and improvement, with a library of two volumes. We have, also, night- or young men and women, at small l Bible classes for other young men en. In addition to all this, we raise annum for Spring Hail College. We out £23,000 in improving the old nd building the new one; and the of school-rooms, the college, and in seven country and town small chapels. also formed two separate independ- es, and have, jointly with another ion, formed a third, and all but set th, and are at this time in treaty for es of freehold land, which will cost build two more chapels in the sub- he town." embers forming the church at Carr's r number nearly one thousand.—*The*

ABIDE WITH ME.

Edinburgh Christian Magazine.

With me! Fast falls the eventide;
knees thicken; Lord, with me abide!
Thy helpers fall, and comforts flee,
the helpless, oh! abide with me!

Its close ebbs out life's little day;
joys grow dim, its glories pass away;
and decay in all around I see:
who change not, abide with me!

Brief glance I beg—a passing word;
Thou dwell'st with thy disciples, Lord,—
O, condescending, patient, free—
not to sojourn, but abide with me!

Not in terrors, as the King of kings,
aid and good, with healing in thy wings;
or all woes, a heart for every plea,
Friend of sinners, and thus abide with me!

Thy head in early youth didst smile,
ough rebellious and perverse, meanwhile
st not left me, oft as I left Thee:
O close, O Lord, abide with me!

Thy presence every passing hour;
ut Thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
O Thyself my guide and stay can be?
In clouds and sunshine, oh! abide with me!

No foe; with Thee at hand to bless,
e no weight, and tears no bitterness.
Is Death's sting? where, Grave, thy victory?
Oh still, if Thou abide with me!

Hold Thou thy cross before my closing eyes;
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies;
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows
fly;
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me!

H. F. LYKE.

REVIVALS IN IRELAND AND SCOTLAND.

DURING the reign of Charles I., a bitter persecution was carried on in Scotland, and the royal court was determined to enforce conformity at any cost of treasure or life. The persecution no doubt incited the people of God to more fervent prayer and earnest labours, and Divine grace was bestowed with most signal power for the advancement of vital piety. A great revival, continuing more than five years, first commenced in Stewarton, and spread to many parts of the kingdom. Fleming, in his "Fulfilling of Scripture," thus speaks of it:—

"This was by the profane rabble of that time, called the *Stewarton sickness*; for in that parish first, but afterwards through much of that country, particularly at Irvine, under the ministry of Mr Dickson, it was remarkable, where it can be said that for a considerable time few Sabbaths did pass without some evidently converted, or some convincing proof of the power of God accompanying His word. And truly this great spring-tide, as I may call it, of the gospel, was not of a short time, but of some years' continuance; yea, thus, like a spreading moor-burn, the power of godliness did advance from one place to another, which put a marvellous lustre on those parts of the country, the savour whereof brought many from other parts of the land to see its truth."

Most readers have doubtless heard of the wonderful effects produced by the preaching of a Mr Livingstone, a minister of rare eloquence and piety. Fleming gives an account of one of his most memorable sermons:—

"In no individual instance, probably, was the power of the Spirit more signally displayed than at the *Kirk of Shotts*, on Monday, the 1st of June 1630. It appears that John Livingstone, a young man about twenty-seven years of age, who was at that time domestic chaplain of the Countess of Wigton, had gone to attend the dispensation of the Lord's Supper at the Kirk of Shotts. There had been a great confluence of both ministers and people from all the adjacent country, and the sacred services of the communion-Sabbath had been marked with much solemnity of manner, and great apparent depth and sincerity of devotional feeling. When the Monday came, the large assembly of pious Christians felt reluctant to part without another day of thanksgiving to that God whose redeeming love they had been commemorating. Livingstone was prevailed upon to

preach, though reluctant, and with heavy misgivings of mind at the thought of his own unworthiness to address so many experienced Christians. He even endeavoured to withdraw himself secretly from the multitude, but a strong constraining impulse within his mind caused him to return and proceed with the duty to which he had been appointed.

"Towards the close of the sermon, the audience, and even the preacher himself, were affected with a deep, unusual awe, melting their hearts and subduing their minds, stripping off inveterate prejudices, awakening the impenitent, producing conviction in the hardened, bowing down the stubborn, and imparting to many an enlightened Christian a large increase of grace and spirituality.

"It was known, as I can speak on sure ground, that nearly *five hundred* had at the time a discernible change wrought on them, of whom most proved lively Christians afterwards. It was the sowing of a seed through Clydesdale, so that many of the most eminent Christians of that country could date their conversion, or some remarkable confirmation of their case, from that day."

In the same year a revival of equal power prevailed through the North of Ireland. Most of the ministers under whose labours the work was carried forward were emigrants from Scotland—Brice, Glendenning, Ridge, Blair, and others. The province of Ulster was then in a deplorable state of ignorance and ungodliness. A large part of the people were openly profane and immoral, and inattentive to the institutions of the gospel. Stewart says of them :—

"From Scotland, and from England not a few, yet all of them generally the scum of both nations, from debt, or breaking, fleeing from justice, or seeking shelter, came hither, hoping to be without fear of man's justice, in a land where there was nothing, or but little as yet of the fear of God. Most of the people were all void of godliness, who seemed rather to flee from God in this enterprise than to follow their own mercy.

"Thus on all hands atheism increased, and disregard of God; iniquity abounded, with contention, fighting, murder, adultery, &c.; and as they had nothing within them to overawe them, so their minister's example was worse than nothing; 'for from the prophets of Israel profaneness went forth into all the land.' Thus it was, that when any man would have expected nothing but God's judgment to have followed this crew of sinners, behold, the Lord visited them in admirable mercy, the like whereof had not been anywhere seen for many generations."

In this general state of ungodliness a band of devoted ministers settled in Ulster and gave themselves wholly to their sacred work with surprising results. Mr Blair gives a brief account of their labours :—

"Seven ministers constituted the first band, who laboured with apostolic earnestness to remove the ignorance, formality and profaneness which characterised the greater part of the early colonists. Possessed of the true missionary spirit, and inspired with a holy zeal to propagate the gospel, they commenced with vigour the work of evangelising the land; and though few in number, and beset with many difficulties, they were favoured with an extraordinary, if not unprecedented measure of success.

"It was not long before their labours began to be visibly blessed. A remarkable improvement in the habits and demeanour of the people was speedily effected. The thoughtless were roused to serious inquiry on the subject of religion, and the careless were alarmed; the profane were in a great measure silenced, and the immoral reclaimed; while the obstinate opposers of the gospel were converted into its willing and decided supporters. This spirit of religious inquiry and reformation, which in a short time pervaded a considerable portion of the counties of Down and Antrim, was no doubt the result of that devotedness and fidelity by which the ministers in this part of Ulster were so eminently distinguished.

"These religious agitations continued for a considerable time. The ministers were indefatigable in improving the favourable opportunities thus offered for extending the knowledge and influence of the gospel. The people, awakened and inquiring, many of them desponding and alarmed, both desired and needed guidance and instruction. The judicious exhibition of evangelical doctrines and promises by these faithful men was in due time productive of those happy and tranquillising effects which were early predicted as the characteristics of gospel times. Adopting the beautiful imagery of the prophets, the broken-hearted were bound up and comforted, the spirit of bondage and of fear gave way to a spirit of freedom and of love, the oil of joy was poured forth instead of mourning, and the spirit of heaviness exchanged for the garments of praise and thankfulness. As the people emerged from the anxiety and alarm produced by the stern preaching of the law, and gradually experienced the hope of the gospel, they would be naturally led to maintain among themselves a closer religious fellowship than they had done; and this proved to be the case. Hence originated those monthly meetings at Antrim which afterwards attracted so much attention, and which in the meantime tended materially to strengthen and consolidate the good work that had been commenced."

The amount of labour devolved on the ministry was crushing, but God gave them strength equal to their day, and the abundant fruit gathered in inspired them with unflinching courage and hope. Mr Blair gives an in-

sight into his general method of working in Bangor, where he was settled :—

"My charge was very great; about six miles in length, and containing above twelve hundred persons come to age, besides children who stood greatly in need of instruction. This being the case, I preached twice every week, besides the Lord's-day, on all which occasions I found little difficulty, either as to matter or method. But finding still that this fell short of reaching the design of the gospel ministry, and that the most part continued vastly ignorant, I saw the necessity of trying the more plain and familiar way of instructing them; and therefore, besides my public preaching, I spent as much time every week as my bodily strength could hold out with in exhorting and catechising them. The knowledge of God increasing among the people, and the ordinance of prayer being precious in their eyes, the work of the Lord did prosper in the place. And in this we were very much encouraged, both by the assistance of holy Mr Cunningham, and by the good example of his little parish of Holywood; for knowing that diversity of gifts is entertaining to the hearers, he and I did frequently preach for one another, and we also agreed to celebrate the Lord's Supper four times in each of our congregations annually, so that those in both parishes who were thriving in religion did communicate together on all these occasions."

The influence of that great revival has been felt in Ireland to the present time. The province of Ulster, where it prevailed with such wonderful power, has been the greenest spot in the island, in all that pertains to education, and religion, and social prosperity; and in the same province the great work of grace began which is now in progress, and which is attracting the attention of the religious world.

PLANS FOR THE FUTURE.

At this season of the year all classes of persons, in the city especially, are occupied more or less in arranging their plans for the coming months. It is the first and most natural impulse, after returning from weeks of comparative rest and vacation, thus to forecast the probable activities of the ensuing season, and to endeavour to reduce them to some suitable rule; to organise them beforehand, according to a natural and practicable method. A great help has been gained, toward the successful and easy accomplishment of them, when they have thus been anticipated and classified, and are harmonised in the best order of time and place. The merchant, therefore, lays out his plans; the lawyer his; the housekeeper hers; the lecturer, the minister, the student, the artist, the teacher of children, the children themselves, all sorts and conditions of men and of youth, have each some scheme of things to be done

and of objects to be secured, or at least of vigorous efforts to be made for them, during the six or eight months to come. By the light of their past methods and experience, and in the view of their present opportunities, they seek to measure beforehand what they can do, and then to decide on what they will attempt, and even, as we have said, on the relative order in which they will attempt these. This is well and wise; since it is the very prerogative of man, "able to look before and after," thus to shoot forward his thoughts over the future, to knit that future into the present by his prophetic and comprehensive plans, and to give to all his life a oneness of intelligent harmony, instead of leaving its actions isolated each from the rest, and supplying to it no order except such as the haphazard influence of circumstances may seem sometimes to give it.

But now what men do, so naturally and generally, in regard to merely secular affairs, that the Christian should do, as certainly and intentionally, in regard to his special religious work; both so far as that work affects himself, and so far as it reaches to others around him. He ought to plan *now*, if he has not already carefully done so, what he will do, or attempt at least, in the months that are opening before his steps, and the series of which will have passed so swiftly, before he is aware of it; what portions of the Scripture he will study attentively, searching them into their deepest meaning, with the help of commentaries, and illustrative tables, maps, or books; what works of Christian biography and history, or of general Christian instruction, he will seek to overcome, with faithful, zealous, and prayerful effort; and what he will seek as earnestly to cherish, or to gain altogether if he has not now the principles of them; what hours he will give to his religious duties; whom, in the circle of his associates and friends, he will specially fix upon as objects of Christian solicitude and prayer, and of wise and kindly Christian influence; what part of his time he will give to the poor, or to mission-school work; how much money he will expend, on an average, every week, for strictly religious and charitable uses; in a word, he should plan what he will seek to gain and accomplish in the work of his Master, as other men plan what they will strive and press for in the world. He who will do this may very possibly find at the end of the winter that he has not done all that which seemed to him desirable and possible when he looked forward from its beginning. But he will quite surely find that he has done far more, ten times or twenty times more, for himself and for others, than he would have done if he had made no plan at all, but had simply lived on in a crude, heedless way, at the mercy all the time of impulses and of circumstances. And the very effort to make and to realise such a

plan will have disciplined his powers, and have made all his future Christian successes more ample and more easy.

THREE FOOLS.

I WILL shew you three fools. One is yonder soldier, who has been wounded on the field of battle,—grievously wounded, well-nigh unto death. The surgeon is by his side, and the soldier asks him a question. Listen, and judge of his folly! What question does he ask? Does he raise his eyes with eager anxiety, and inquire if the wound be mortal, if the practitioner's skill can suggest the means of healing, or if the remedies are within reach, and the medicine at hand? No, nothing of the sort. Strange to tell, he asks, "Can you inform me with what sword I was wounded, and by what Russian I have been thus grievously mauled? I want," he adds, "to learn every minute particular respecting the origin of my wound." The man is delirious,—his head is affected! Surely such questions at such a time are proof enough that he is bereft of his senses.

There is another fool. The storm is raging, the ship is flying impetuously before the gale, the dark scud moves swiftly overhead, the masts are creaking, the sails are rent to rags, and still the gathering tempest grows more fierce. Where is the captain? Is he busily engaged on the deck, is he manfully facing the danger, and skilfully suggesting means to avert it? No, sir, he has retired to his cabin; and there, with studious thoughts and crazy fancies, he is speculating on the place where this storm took its rise. "It is mysterious this wind; no one ever yet," he says, "has been able to discover it." And so, reckless of the vessel, the lives of the passengers, and his own life, he is careful only to solve his curious question. The man is mad, sir; take the rudder from his hand; he is clean gone mad!

The third fool I shall doubtless find among yourselves. You are sick and wounded with sin; you are in the storm and hurricane of Almighty vengeance; and yet the question which you would ask of me this morning would be, "Sir, what is the origin of evil?" You are mad, sir, spiritually mad; that is not the question you would ask if you were in a sane and healthy state of mind. Your question would be, "How can I get rid of the evil?" Not, "How did it come into the world?" but, "How am I to escape from it?" Not, "How is it that fire descended from heaven upon Sodom?" but, "How may I, like Lot, escape out of the city to a Zoar?" Not, "How is it that I am sick?" but, "Are there medicines that will heal me? Is there a physician to be found that can restore my soul to health?" Ah! you trifle with subtleties, while you neglect certainties.—*C. H. Spurgeon.*

THE GOSPEL.

THE gospel tells us not that greatness and depression, that ignominy and glory, that the mortal and the immortal nature, were confounded in the person of Jesus Christ. It simply informs us that God, in the depths of His infinite wisdom, knew how to unite depression to greatness, glory to ignominy, the mortal to the immortal nature. This is a mystery inaccessible to reason, but against which reason has no title to murmur.

The gospel does not tell us that God, who is unsusceptible of either suffering or death, suffered and died, but that the subject susceptible of suffering, united to the impossible, suffered; that the mortal, united to the immortal subject, died; and that, in virtue of this union, His sufferings and death possess an infinite value. This is a mystery inaccessible to reason, but against which reason has no title to repine.

The gospel does not tell us that Jesus Christ, considered as nailed to a cross, as suffering, as dying, is worthy of adoration, but, in virtue of His intimate union with Deity, that He is an object of adoration to men and to angels. This is a mystery inaccessible to reason, but against it reason has not a title to reclaim.

The gospel does not tell us that man, a being so mean, vile, grovelling, could have merited this prodigy of love; but that God has derived it from Himself, as an independent source, and that He considers it as essential to His glory to acknowledge no other foundation of His benefits, than the misery of those to whom He is pleased to communicate them. This is a mystery inaccessible to reason, but against which reason has not a title to reclaim.—*Saurin.*

THE CHRISTIAN'S STRENGTH.

THERE is a supply of strength somewhere in reserve for the Christian. There is strength available for him when his need comes,—strength which he may have. "As thy days, so shall thy strength be," is the language of One who knows where a store of strength lies, and who sees a way of communication between it and the person he addresses.

Ask, then, where the Christian's promised strength lies, where that reserve of strength is which is to come to him in his future days and carry him to heaven; I answer,—just where his wisdom, just where his holiness, just where all the springs of his spiritual life lie,—far above him, and the things around him,—in God. In God is boundless, everlasting strength; and that is the strength, every page of Scripture tells me, I am to draw on, and hope in, and look on as mine. It has been placed at the disposal of Christ my Saviour, that it may be mine. This promise does not mean that my own strength shall

kept up, never fail me, hold out to the
it; it means that there are fresh supplies
strength in store for me, that my strength
all be continually renewed; and this be-
cause the Lord himself is become my strength,
and my sufficiency is of Him. There is a
communication between the living God on
his throne and me in my struggles and sor-
rows here; a communication opened by my
viour on His cross, and kept up by His in-
cession and His Spirit; and that commu-
nication, that outpouring of the Godhead into
my heart, makes God "the strength of my
art, and my portion for ever."

The strength in reserve for the Christian
abundantly sufficient for him. He not
only may have strength, and shall have it,
but he shall have enough of it, enough to
meet his utmost necessities,—strength equal
his day, be his day what it may. "As thy
days, so shall thy strength be,"—there shall
be a correspondence and proportion between
them. Thou shalt have at all times the kind
strength thou requirest, and thou shalt
use as much of it as thou needest.—*Rev. C.
Adley.*

HYMN.

My God, I love Thee; not because
I hope for heaven thereby;
Not because they who love Thee not
Must burn eternally.

Thou, O my Jesus! Thou didst me
Upon the cross embrace;
For me didst bear the nails and spear,
And manifold disgrace;

And griefs and torments numberless,
And sweat of agony;
Even death itself—and all for one
Who was Thine enemy.

Then why, O blessed Jesus Christ!
Should I not love Thee well?
Not for sake of winning heaven,
Or of escaping hell;

Not with the hope of gaining aught;
Not seeking a reward;
But as Thyself hast loved me,
O ever-loving Lord—

Even so I love Thee, and will love,
And in Thy praise will sing,
Solely because Thou art my Lord,
And my eternal King.

—*Francis Xavier.*

FRAGMENTS.

If religion is in the heart, it will shine out
those around like the light of a candle.

Those who neglect their own salvation will
never care for that of others.

Take away self-love from a man, and you
destroy the standard on which the declaration
made, "Thou shalt love thy neighbour as
thyself." The more the heart is cultivated
at home, the better is the action abroad.

Partnership in suffering does much some-
times toward the union of souls, and knitting
our affections.

Pages for the Young.

ARTHUR AND ALICE.

ARTHUR is a little boy who lives in a large
house in one of the widest and cleanest streets
in N——. There is but one small family in
the house, so that they have plenty of room
and air, and other like comforts. Arthur's
father has a horse and carriage, and gives his
little boy many a pleasant ride into the country
among the green fields, and fresh flowers, and
sweet-singing birds.

Alice is a little girl who lives almost neigh-
bour to Arthur, in a narrow dirty alley that
starts from the main street near his father's
house. Her parents are very poor, and hire
one little room in an old rickety wooden build-
ing for themselves and their five children.
There are five other families in the same house,
each having like them only one apartment for
washing, cooking, eating, sleeping, and living;
so that it is a very crowded, bustling, dis-
agreeable place, and in the summer a very hot
and unwholesome one. No wonder that the
children like to get out of such dwellings into
the open air.

One summer day, when her mother was
washing, and the stove was very hot, and the
room very wet and dirty, Alice took her two
youngest sisters, of whom she had the charge,
into the street. The sun was oppressive, and
she soon grew tired of walking about. The
door-step of her house was already crowded
with children, so she went up the little alley
and sat down on the shaded marble steps of
Arthur's house. She thought it was very
pleasant there, so did her little sisters, and
Alice spoke tenderly to them, and they were
all very happy. She did not wish for the cool
and elegant parlours near her, which Arthur
could enjoy; she was satisfied with the seat
upon the steps.

Just then, Arthur came home from school,
and as soon as he had caught sight of them,
called out, "Go away from there. Go right
away, you Paddies." They went slowly down
the steps into the street and stood there,
without saying a word. Arthur was very
thoughtless and selfish; he was not pleased
with the ragged and dirty appearance of the
poor little girls, and without thinking whether
they were to blame for it or not, or whether
he was doing right or wrong, he drove them
back into the hot dirty alley. Wasn't he a
bad boy? Yes, he was. And yet if you had
seen him at home, you might have thought
him very good, for he was affectionate and
obedient to his parents; and when with his
companions, he was obliging and agreeable;
but he was proud, and had a wicked dislike of
poor people, especially if they were Irish.

Alice returned to her mother's wet and un-
comfortable room with a sense of injustice.

and a feeling of discontent in her heart. "I can't have anything. Why can't I? A'n't I just as good as others?" she said to herself. She felt very angry with Arthur. Why should he call her a Paddy with such contempt? and surely he needn't have pushed her out of the pleasant street; she had a right in it as well as himself.

Arthur often went down the alley to order his father's horse, which was kept at a stable there, and his manner to the poor children was always very insulting, so that Alice grew to hate him, and sometimes even to wish him some evil.

One day a good lady met Alice in the street, and took her with her to Sabbath-school. She had not gone there long before she heard the blessed lesson which Jesus taught, "Love your enemies; bless them that curse you; do good to them that hate you, and pray for them that despitefully use you." It was new to her. Love her enemies? Pray for them who used her badly? She thought it was impossible to do it; that she never could love that proud Arthur; she should always hate him. She was troubled by the holy words, and at last ventured to ask her teacher how people could love those who hated them, and whom they hated?

She was told that she must ask help from God; they must seek for a new heart, a heart of love; and if they really want to obey Christ, they will soon find that it is not hard to do so. If they will do good to those whom they have hated, their hatred will soon be changed to love.

"But how can you do any good to rich people?" asked Alice, still thinking of Arthur. "The very humblest can help the highest. If we want to do good and watch for a chance, we shall always find one."

Alice did not forget this lesson; she thought it over again and again. Her conscience reproved her; she had felt unkindly and revengeful towards Arthur; she must learn to love him, and she determined to do him some good, if she could.

Once, when the wind was very high, she saw his hat blow off; she ran and picked it up, and handed it to him; but the ungracious boy said in return, "Why didn't you let it alone? Take your dirty hands off from it."

Alice turned away disappointed. How could she learn to love Arthur? He would not even let her shew him a kindness. She told her teacher about it, and learned from her the Scripture, "Let us not be weary in well-doing, for in due season we shall reap if we faint not."

After this, she saw Arthur looking for something he had lost. "What is it?" asked Alice. "You don't think I'm going to tell you? for then you'd be finding it, and keep it." "No, indeed, I wouldn't; I should be glad to give it back to you," said Alice.

Arthur was unsuccessful in his search, and when he had gone away, Alice looked carefully and found a piece of money. It was what Arthur had lost. It pleased her very much to return it to him, and though he did not thank her, he said nothing unpleasant; he even looked ashamed; and Alice found soon that she had come to feel kindly towards him. And she was a great deal happier than when she had hated him and wished him ill. Oh, it is indeed a very blessed, a very wise teaching, "Do good to them that hate you!"

Arthur could not help being struck by the honesty and good-nature of Alice in finding and returning him his money; and he felt so much respect for her that he no longer insulted her when she came in his way.

A sad accident at length happened to Arthur. He fell and injured his knee, so that he was very lame, and could not walk without a crutch. Now it was easy for those whom he had ill-treated to revenge themselves upon him, if they were wicked enough to do so; and as he was going down the alley, a bad boy hastily snatched his crutch from under his arm, so as to throw him violently upon the pavement, and then ran away with it. Poor Arthur! Who would help him now? He had no claim to any kindness or compassion from the children who gathered around him, for he had shewn them none; but Alice was learning to be like Christ, and she went to him and gently helped him up. He did not tell her to go away then; he did not care for her poverty and miserable looks; he needed help from the poor then, as the rich very often do.

"How can I get home?" said Arthur, "I am so badly hurt, and so lame." "Lean on me," said the stout-hearted Alice, "I can almost carry you." There was no other way for Arthur; and bending under his weight, with the help of another child, she got him to his father's steps and rang the bell. Arthur did not drive her off now. "Wait," said he, as she went away, "you are a good girl, and my mother will pay you." "I don't want any pay," she answered. "But you must have some," said Arthur. "That would spoil all," she said. "I am glad that poor people can do good as well as others."

When Alice went back to her mother's wretched room, it did not seem half so wretched to her as it used to be. There were comforts and pleasant things there she could not notice. It had two good windows opening on the street, and old Biddy's attic had only one high window, from which nothing but roof-tops could be seen. They had sea enough for all the family, while one of the neighbours had only two chairs. The lot which had grown up in her heart had made new light in her eyes to find blessings and pleasures around her; and she was now not only content with her lot, but thankful.

Messenger.



A FAMILY MAGAZINE FOR SUNDAY READING.

REVISED BY THE REV. NORMAN McLEOD, D.D., GLASGOW.

WEEKLY NOS. ONE HALFPENNY.]

[MONTHLY PARTS, THREEPENCE.]

CONVERSION, AS A MATTER OF EXPERIENCE.

BY REV. DAVID E. FORD.

OFTEN have I heard the remark that little dependence is to be placed on sudden conversions. But real conversion must always be sudden, and in fact instantaneous. It may take days, weeks, months, and even years, fully to evolve the evidence that conversion is genuine; there may be about the convert so much of ignorance, hesitation, and inconsistency, as to render his case a difficult one for decision, both to himself and others; but a Christian is a Christian, notwithstanding his imperfections.

In the general complexion of character, that which is excellent may be so weakened and neutralised by things of an opposite cast, and that which is doubtful may be so relieved by divers considerations which commend themselves to the judgment of charity, that a finite mind may sometimes be utterly at fault to distinguish between him that serveth God and him that serveth Him not. But, nevertheless, that distinction is real and essential. The servants of the householder might be unable to distinguish between the tares and the wheat, but this would result from their want of skill, and certainly not from the circumstance that the tares and the wheat were identical, Matt. xiii. 24-30. And since there is no middle world between heaven and hell, there can be no middle state between conversion and non-conversion. If a congregation, or a district, were suddenly swallowed up by an earthquake, or buried in the ashes of a volcano, each soul there would speedily awake to its own immortal destiny, and that destiny would accord with its previous condition; the catastrophe in question imparting no new character to any, but proving the introduction of eternal happiness or misery to all.

Every human being, indeed every subject of moral government, must, of necessity, be in

a state either of acceptance or of condemnation before God; in a condition either of spiritual life or of spiritual death. Take the former representation:—Man is a rebel under sentence. Should that sentence ever be revoked, its revocation must be instantaneous; for either it stands against him, or it does not; it is still in force, or it has been rescinded. To say that it may have been revoked, but without his knowledge, is nothing to the point, because the subject of inquiry now is the nature of the change and not the evidence by which it may be evinced. Or, to advert to the latter ground of comparison:—He is naturally dead in trespasses and sins. Should he ever be made alive, the transition, let it occur how it may, must, like the final resurrection of the dead, be “in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye.” As in the vision of Ezekiel, the preparatory process may be gradual. A shaking among the dry bones may indicate their approaching reunion; and next, the sinews, the flesh, and the skin, may clothe them; but till the breath of life ensues, the loveliest subject there is but a skeleton or a corpse, Ezek. xxxvii. 1-10.

I would by no means maintain that, in order to the genuineness of conversion, the individual must be able precisely to mark the day and the hour when he first embraced the hope of the gospel, although such instances are usually the most satisfactory. An experience of more than twenty years has given me to understand that the trials of a minister and the disappointments of a church, are mostly found in relation to cases where nothing remarkable attended the alleged transformation of the mind and heart. Still I have known undoubted specimens of piety, the origin of which it was difficult to trace. The mind perhaps was inattentive to its own move-

ments; so much so, that the final stand had not only been taken, but efficiently maintained and defended before the man was aware that he was "on the Lord's side." This would be very likely to occur in connexion with a ministry which faithfully expounded the word of life, but was deficient as to personal appeals. The man might apprehend, obey, and love the truth, as truth, irrespective of his own interest in the matter, and afterwards might gradually waken up to a settled conviction that he so knew the truth, that the truth had made him free, John viii. 32. Or, perhaps, parental piety received the fulfilment of its wishes and its prayers so early, that maturity retains no remembrance of a second birth; but in every such instance the individual concerned should be doubly on his guard against self-deception. No amount of evidence as to conversion can justify remissness in any one; but the hopeful child of many prayers, who has gradually, and it may be almost imperceptibly, glided into his position in the church, has special reasons for watchfulness; and his aim should be not to content himself with a trembling hope, such as the dubious character of his past experience may seem alone to warrant, but with others whose evidences of conversion are more striking, to "shew the same diligence, to the full assurance of hope unto the end," Heb. vi. 11.

The unsatisfactory piety of many who have seemed to be religious all their days, may well suggest the inquiry—how far it is possible for imitation to be taken for principle, and the absence of temptation for purity of heart. Mere indolence of character may produce an apparent resemblance to that which is excellent, as well as to that which is base; and in both cases many swim with the stream, only because it would require an effort to stem the tide. If some are gay and worldly because their friends are so, others are serious and religious for no better reason. But there are lengths which imitation cannot reach. The outward decencies of religion are matters which all may simulate, the peculiarities of a creed, or sect, any one may adopt or defend, but "hereby we know that he abideth in us, by the Spirit which he hath given us," 1 John iii. 24.

Many things pass for conversion, with which it has little to do; and others which of necessity it must include, are so confounded with it, that a part is oftentimes regarded as the whole. Take, as an instance, the admission of religious truth.

An intelligent man reads some treatise on the authenticity of the New Testament—the resurrection of Christ, or the rewards and punishments of a future world; and he rises from the perusal with a conviction that the writer not only has the best of the argument, but that he has proved his point;—that the matters for which he contends are facts, and as such are worthy of universal credence. But

this will not constitute him a Christian. He may acknowledge the authenticity of the New Testament, and yet disparage its contents, John xiii. 17; he may hold that Jesus rose from the dead, yet never walk in newness of life, Rom. vi. 4; he may admit that there is a world to come, and yet have no meetness for the inheritance of the saints in light, Col. i. 12.

The fact is notorious, that for some of the most elaborate defences of Christianity, at present extant, we are indebted to the labours of unconverted men, who, though they could reason well, so far as facts and evidences were concerned, had no sympathy whatever with "the preaching of the cross." And the pleasure which the pious and intelligent reader would otherwise derive from their masterly productions, is sadly diminished by the painful reflection, that, like the men who assisted Noah to build the ark, but perished in the deluge, they laboured for the benefit of others, and themselves remained unsaved. Many a professional guide to heaven has been a mere directing post, which bore a correct inscription, was read by thousands without mistake, stood in the same place till it rotted there, and then was cast into the fire.

The term conversion is often used for an alteration of sentiment, a change of religious opinions, as in the case of a Romanist who relinquishes his peculiar views, or of a Protestant who goes over to the Papal communion. This meaning, however, is nothing to the present purpose. "God forbid that I should change my religion!" said an ignorant old woman, when she was exhorted to abandon her notions of self-righteousness, and to betake herself to the hope of the gospel; "You object to change your religion," replied her instructor, "has your religion changed you?"

Conversion, as explained by the apostle of the Gentiles, comprehends "repentance towards God, and faith towards our Lord Jesus Christ." Acts xxvi. 18; xx. 21. Repentance, then, is its first indication. But the question arises, WHAT IS REPENTANCE?

It is not depression of spirits; if it were, each lunatic asylum would be a penitentiary. But mere depression has nothing to do with religion. Physical causes alone may give rise to habitual gloom; and a man of most melancholy temperament may nevertheless make a mock of sin. Thousands have done so, and to forget their misery have drowned themselves in destruction and perdition.

Nor is it seriousness of deportment. Few cant phrases in the religious world are more objectionable than that which denominates a Christian a serious man. The unconverted are not all remarkable for merriment; and mere seriousness is no indication of moral worth or religious character.

The fear of hell is not repentance. Few have been accustomed long to hear the gospel without occasional apprehensions as to their

future prospects. Indeed it seems impossible for an irreligious man, in any wise to believe the existence of future punishment, without occasional alarm. Infidels themselves have their misgivings and their terrors as to that subject, and perhaps, among even the most hardened, there is scarcely one who has so completely exterminated his conscience as never to tremble at the apprehension of futurity. Some years ago, an individual, well known and highly respected in the religious world, narrated, in my hearing, the following incident:—In early life, while, with a college companion, he was making a tour on the Continent, at Paris his friend was seized with an alarming illness. A physician of great celebrity was speedily summoned, who stated that the case was a critical one, and that much would depend on a minute attention to his directions. As there was no one at hand upon whom they could place much reliance, he was requested to recommend some confidential and experienced nurse. He mentioned one, but added—"You may think yourself happy indeed should you be able to secure her services; but she is so much in request among the higher circles here, that there is little chance of finding her disengaged." The narrator at once ordered his carriage, went to her residence, and, much to his satisfaction, found her at home. He briefly stated his errand, and requested her immediate attendance. "But, before I consent to accompany you, permit me, sir," she said, "to ask you a singular question. Is your friend a Christian?" "Yes," he replied, "indeed he is,—a Christian in the best and highest sense of the term, a man who lives in the fear of God. But I should like to know your reason for such an inquiry." "Sir," she answered, "I was the nurse that attended Voltaire in his last illness, and, for all the wealth of Europe, I would never see another infidel die."

Repentance is not sorrow for sin, or hell would be the most penitential world in the universe. Not a lost soul there but is sorry for the course which led to so fearful termination. Scarcely ever has a culprit brought himself to the gallows, without being sorry for his crimes. I have conversed with many a hardened profligate who has assured me that he was sorry for his sins, and I have given him credit for sincerity in that acknowledgment. Yes, he was sorry for his sins, but he would have been more sorry to part with them; he was sorry for his sins, but he was much more sorry to know that "the wages of sin is death." Rom. vi. 23. The rich young man was sorry to go away from Christ, but he went nevertheless, for he thought it a greater deprivation to part with his possessions. Matthew xix. 22.

It is not amendment of life, or multitudes would be saints who make no pretence to that sacred appellation. Few are the men of the world who, at forty years of age, have not put

away some of their youthful follies and some of their youthful sins. Of these, it may be that some have been found expensive, some disreputable, and some inconvenient; and so they have been laid aside. But with this alteration of conduct, with this actual improvement of character, religion has had nothing to do. Not one of these evil practices has been relinquished because *God* required it to be given up, and even if it had, this by itself would afford little evidence of a change of heart. A man may burn his idols, and yet remain a heathen. Balaam refused the house full of silver and gold, but still he loved the wages of unrighteousness and perished in his sins. Judas relinquished the price of blood, but died a traitor. Amendment is never satisfactory unless it is attended with deep humiliation before God and man. When a notorious transgressor happens to lay aside the particular vice to which he was addicted, and instead of manifesting self-aborrence at the recollection of his former life, makes a parade of his reformation, and actually prides himself on having relinquished that which it was an abomination ever to have indulged, "there is more hope of a fool than of him." Prov. xxvi. 12. "When the unclean spirit is gone out of a man, he walketh through dry places seeking rest; and finding none, he saith, I will return unto my house whence I came out. And when he cometh, he findeth it swept and garnished. Then goeth he, and taketh to him seven other spirits, more wicked than himself; and they enter in and dwell there, and the last state of that man is worse than the first." Luke xi. 24-26.

Repentance is a change of mind, a thorough revolution of the soul: not a reformation, but a second birth; not amendment merely, but a new creation. 2 Cor. v. 17.

"Repentance to salvation" is moreover connected with "godly sorrow," chap. vii. 10; that is to say, with *sorrow according to God*, for such is a literal rendering of the phrase, (*κατὰ Θεὸν λύπη*); a sorrow which respects His claims, which acknowledges His justice, and which springs from His grace and mercy. I have met with instances where, amidst the most agonising convictions of sin, the fear of hell was accounted nothing in comparison with the anguish of self-condemnation, for having, as one recently expressed it, slighted so good a God and so gracious a Saviour. This, indeed, is the most striking characteristic of incipient piety; the very thing which distinguishes genuine penitence from the sorrow of the world which worketh death. "I have heard of thee," said Job, "by the hearing of the ear, but now mine eye seeth thee; wherefore I abhor myself and repent in dust and ashes." Job xlii. 5, 6. Here we have, at once, the secret and the source of all correct apprehensions of sin. The enormity of the offence is seen in the light of infinite purity; and while the convict trembles at the sight, all his

false pretences, all his vain excuses vanish. New views of God produce new views of moral obligation. The very law which condemns the transgressor, approves itself to his inmost soul. Sins which before were hardly admitted to exist, or which, if perceived at all, were accounted venial faults, appear in something like their real loathsomeness, accursed of God, abhorrent to man.

And the alteration is not merely an intellectual change. The tastes and feelings, as well as the convictions of the awakened sinner become at once enlisted on the side of holiness. The pleasures of sin lose all their charms, and the things which recently afforded him delight, become incapable of yielding him the slightest satisfaction. His former life he regards with shame, and perceives in his whole history, from the cradle to his present standing, nothing but a growing fitness for everlasting burnings. And now, could he weep for ever, he knows that such polluted tears would never wash away his sins, and that even were it possible for him to pour forth his life-blood on the altar of sacrifice, a voice from the excellent glory would reply—"Who hath required this at your hands to tread my courts? Bring no more vain oblations."

Let none suppose that such convictions as these belong exclusively to the abandoned transgressor as he becomes awakened to a sense of his guilt and danger; they are strictly appropriate to every anxious inquirer, and they have often been felt where a worldly moralist would perceive nothing but unblemished innocence, perhaps in its loveliest mode. I have some acquaintance with an individual, then a little boy, who had never designedly done a single thing which, in the estimation of the world, would be thought censurable, but who, when the light of Divine truth broke in upon his mind, perceived that in neglecting the great salvation, he had, at the age of fourteen years and eleven months, accumulated an amount of guilt which rendered him a monster in creation;—that, in fact, he had insulted and rejected a divine and compassionate Saviour, and had been madly attempting to force a passage to hell through the arms of heavenly mercy. To that discovery succeeded a fortnight of mental anguish, which brought him down to the gates of death. Yet, amidst his sufferings, such were his views of the goodness of God in extending to any the blessings from which he apprehended himself for ever excluded, that much as he dreaded everlasting burnings, he assured himself that he would gladly have submitted to eternal misery could he in that way have made compensation for the insult which his rebellion had offered to the Majesty on high, or healed the wound which his ingratitude had inflicted on the heart of infinite love. That child found peace through the blood of the cross; and now, after thirty years spent in the service of God, and by far the greater por-

tion in the "ministry of reconciliation," he can perceive, in these his early views of the exceeding sinfulness of sin, nothing at variance with sober truth and sound induction.

In the most overwhelming feelings, in the most agonising convictions of the newly awakened sinner, there is nothing outrageous, nothing irrational, nothing removed from strict propriety. Let him feel so deeply that sleep shall forsake his eyes and slumber his eyelids, for successive days, and nights, and even weeks; and still his anguish is only in accordance with the most enlightened perceptions of violated moral obligation.

Let the world say what it may about excitement, where there is no excitement there is no repentance; and in proportion as the facts of revelation affect our understandings, our consciences, and our hearts, excitement will be the necessary result.

Tell the mother as she watches the dying agonies of her only babe, to beware of excitement; she has a husband left, and for his sake it behoves her to cling to life, and hope to be happy. Tell the widower, as he tears himself from the coffin of his best earthly treasure, to beware of excitement; his children are spared, and for their sakes he must return to the cares of life again. Tell the man, whose house is burning over his head, to beware of excitement; for calmness and self-possession may facilitate his rescue. But never tell the sinner who bewails his transgressions, who apprehends the terrors of the Lord, who trembles at the thought of judgment to come, who is uncertain whether the next moment of his life will not find him in hell,—never tell that man to beware of excitement—(for what can you set before him to countervail his anxiety?)—but caution him against a spirit of slumber, caution him against a return to indifference, tell him that the struggle is for immortality, and that the alternative is death, certain, remediless, and eternal.

But shall the awakened sinner be abandoned to his fears? Assuredly not, "for with the Lord there is mercy, and with him is plentiful redemption." Psalm cxxx. 7. Let it, however, be remembered, that the antidote to despair is found, not in the extenuation of guilt, but in the apprehension of pardon; not in the blasphemous falsehood, "that we have not sinned," but in the glorious truth, that "if we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness." 1 John i. 9, 10.*

DANIEL LEGRAND, THE PHILANTHROPIST OF FRANCE.

BY PROFESSOR DE FELICE.

MR DANIEL LEGRAND belonged to an honourable family in Switzerland. He was born in Basle in 1783. His father was for some

* From the author's earnest and powerful little work, entitled, "Damascus."

time director, or president, of the Helvetic Republic, and rendered brilliant services to his country in his high station. When political events obliged him to return to private life, he went into Alsace, and founded a famous ribbon manufactory. Young Daniel Legrand shared the business of his father. He had received a solid education, according to the system of John James Rousseau and of Pestalozzi. His conduct was upright, but his religious convictions did not then rest upon the foundation of the Word of God. He was merely *moral*, not truly pious.

Providential circumstances induced Mr Daniel Legrand to visit, in 1812, Ban de la Roche. Here he met the celebrated and venerable Oberlin, and was so touched by the preaching of this pastor, by his devotedness, by his benevolence, that he came and settled near him, in the village of Fouday. He removed there his ribbon manufactory, and passed there the last forty-seven years of his life.

Mr Daniel Legrand completely abandoned the infidel spirit and maxims of the eighteenth century. He embraced cordially the gratuitous salvation offered to us in Christ crucified. His favourite text, which he continually repeated, was, "God so loved the world that he gave his only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on him might not perish, but have everlasting life; for God sent not his Son into the world to condemn the world, but that the world through him might be saved." (John iii. 16, 17.) Whenever he uttered these words, his countenance lighted up with joy. He knew, he believed that Jesus Christ was the Saviour of men, *his own* Saviour, and this precious belief gave him a peace beyond all conception.

Mr Legrand's piety bore the stamp of that simplicity, of that frankness, which characterises the Christians of German Switzerland, and of Alsace. No sectarian tendencies; no passion for controversy or dispute. He willingly united with pious persons of every denomination, and gave his hand to dissenters as well as to the members of the national churches. The Rev. Frederick Monod, who was a cordial friend of Mr Daniel Legrand, says of him in the "Archives of Christianity":—"Among men who have had the privilege of knowing him, who does not preserve a lasting remembrance of that animated face, in which were depicted an affectionate kindness, an expansive charity, a Christian peace and joy—the work of the Holy Spirit—that nothing in this world seemed to be able to disturb? No Christian whom we know has ever seemed to unite to such a degree the maturity of the perfect man in Christ, and the simplicity of a little child. . . . No wall of separation in his heart or in his mind; whoever loved the Lord Jesus Christ was sure of finding in Mr Legrand a brother and a friend."

His liberality was unbounded. He thought that a Christian who possesses property should

devote *half his income* to the service of God and his fellow-men. He put this principle into practice literally, and even went further. First, his numerous workmen were treated as his children. He was always ready to make sacrifices for them. Convenient dwelling-houses, schools, means of moral instruction and development—he spared nothing to procure for those under him a sweet and religious life. He even refrained from introducing new machinery into his manufactories, so that the workmen might continue their manual labour, each in his own dwelling and in the bosom of his family. The crowding together of persons of both sexes in the same manufactory appeared to him a very serious evil.

Next, Mr Daniel Legrand devoted his time and efforts to obtain from the legislature a diminution of the number of working hours for children in the factories. He wrote letter after letter on this subject to the ministers of State, and other men of influence. His efforts were crowned with success. He had the pleasure of seeing, under the reign of Louis Philippe, a law passed which protected the health and morals of the children. This first victory did not satisfy him. He suggests an *international law upon manufacturing labour*, so as to prevent the dangers of rivalry between different nations for the working-classes. At the time when the representatives of the European powers formed a Congress at Paris, Mr Legrand asked especial audience of the diplomatists, that he might lay before them his plan. Thus far the King of Prussia is the only one who has tried to satisfy his philanthropic wishes; but we hope that the prayers of this excellent man will some day be fully answered.

It is superfluous to say that all our Christian societies, all our benevolent institutions, had a generous benefactor in him. Mr Daniel Legrand was one of the first in France to aid in the distribution of the Scriptures. He loved also to compose small tracts, containing Bible texts and pious warnings, and these he scattered abroad, through the post-office, or other means. This good work still interested him upon his deathbed.

The last moments of this faithful Christian were worthy of his life. He endured great bodily sufferings; but his faith triumphed over them. Surrounded by all the members of his family, full of resignation and peace, he gave testimony to the last, to the mercies of Him whom he called *his dear Saviour*. His last directions related to good works to be done; and he died saying, "May the Saviour dwell with all my children!"

His funeral ceremonies were touching. The inhabitants of Fouday, and the neighbouring villages, flocked together to pay him the tribute of their veneration and their mourning. The streets were strewed with branches. The pupils of the five infant schools which he had founded were there, each one carrying a crown

of leaves or flowers, and these crowns were successively thrown into the grave, which was half filled with this touching testimony of love and gratitude.

HABITS AND CUSTOMS IN BURMAH.

BY MRS INGALLS.

It was noon-day. The sun was pouring down its scorching rays, making it one of the hot days of Burmah. The poor Burman dog had dug his bed under the shadow of a shrub, or beneath the ladder-steps. The house cat had left her wonted sunny bed, and sought a resting-place close by the water-jar; and most of the natives had sought a shelter from the rays of the scorching sun. Even the parrot bird drooped its green wings, and clung to the very bottom of his cage for a shadow. At this hour a Burman man, of about thirty-five years of age, might have been seen slowly plodding his way to the city. For a turban, he wore some four yards of the finest book muslin. His polka jacket was of jaconet; and a piece of fine blue plaided silk was wound round his body and limbs, and was fastened in front by a loose knot, allowing the ends to hang down in a graceful fold. His feet were incased in green sandals, and he carried over his head a leaf umbrella. His outer appearance was that of a respectable Burman. He walked slowly along, seemingly unconscious of the excessive heat, though he was evidently suffering from it. He scarcely raised his eyes from beneath his knitted brow, and only paused a moment at the door of a hovel to relight his cigar, ere he entered the town.

He passed on, but suddenly his footsteps were arrested by the hand of a familiar friend beckoning him to enter the zayat, (an open shed, erected for the shelter of travellers, and where the priests go to give religious instruction,) in which he was sitting. He hesitated a moment, and, turning round, gazed at the poor bamboo hovels which he had just passed, and then turning again, he ran his eye along the group of zayats and monasteries, and then lifting his eye to their graduated roofs, with their curious carvings and glittering spires, gazed on the golden pagoda in the centre, and the tall flag-staffs interspersed here and there, from which float the long gauze streamers, which point the people to the holy place. The ground round most of these places was the highest, and about them grew the lofty palm, the cocoa-nut, and various fruit and flowering trees, which, from their variety of shade and form, gave the place a most beautiful appearance. The Burman seemed lost in thought as he compared the wretched bamboo hovels, and the splendour of the scene before him; and the call of his friend was unheeded.

"Why do you not come and visit us? Are you becoming Jesus Christ's man?" The

last words struck upon his ear, and he turned his feet to the zayat, assuring his friend that he was not Jesus Christ's man. The yellow-robed priests relighted their cigars, which had wasted from their long slumbers, adjusted their pillows, and with their strings of black beads, which answer the purpose of rosaries, placed themselves in the attitude of listeners.

The old Burman pushed the cup of water to the traveller, Moun Sway Pau, and then began his inquiries of, "Where have you been? Do you think the white foreigners will drive us from our home? And why have you not attended our feasts, and made offerings to the gods of late?" "The bells are falling from the pagoda," answered Moun Sway Pau, dissembling as he spoke: "and it needs regilding. The people are getting slack. I fear, becoming heretics; for I hear the American teachers are daily receiving the calls of many of our people, and I often see them with those little books. One of the heretics passed here a few days since with a large bundle of tracts, and pressed me to take one; but I quickly told him I would not soil my hands with one of them. He attempted to leave one, but I told him I would make kites for the children of it, so he left, saying his God could open my heart without books."

Seven or eight of the priests had jealously watched the countenance of Moun Sway Pau, and conjectured that he knew more of those books than he admitted; so they drew near, and in their sacred language (pali) expatiated long on the beauties of their religion. They pressed him to seek for merit, and told him if he would only replace one of those soiled book-muslin streamers which floated from the flag-staff, he would get great merit. As many times as it floated on the breeze, so many times he would be king of the earth. He could not conceal his contempt for this folly, and told them, yes, it was only the natural course of things: if he hung his head-dress on the staff, it would float if there was any breeze. Then adjusting his silken garment, and carefully concealing a small book which he had in the fold, he left; and a half-hour's walk brought him to his abode.

His sister unrolled a mat for him, and his nephew, a boy of six years old, with a good share of the milk of human kindness beaming from his eye, stumbled over the mat, spilling the cup of water which he was wishing to give his uncle.

A smile lit up the face of Moun Sway Pau, as he picked up the little boy; but his brow became knitted, and throwing himself upon his mat, he pressed his aching head and sighed deeply. His sister, Mah Doke, brought in her vegetables, and began dressing them for the evening meal. As she glanced at her brother, she saw from the quick heaving of his bosom that he was troubled, and throwing down her knife, she was soon at his side, asking him if he was ill. He replied, no and

yes, in the same breath ; and then said he did not believe their god could save them from hell. Their religion was all give, give ; and he saw they would only receive poverty in return for all their gifts, and after death go down to hell. "I wish to worship the God who can save me from hell." "What!" exclaimed the sister, her eye flashing with shame and anger, "will you leave the religion of your forefathers for that of the foreigners? You will bring shame and disgrace upon your sister!" And she returned to her cooking.

Moung Sway Pau now drew from the folds of his dress a small book, which he carefully opened, and began perusing with eagerness. It was the Gospel of Luke, the 9th chapter, 26th verse : "Whosoever shall be ashamed of me and of my words, of him shall the Son of Man be ashamed, when he shall come in his own glory, and in his Father's, and of the holy angels."

The tears rushed to his eyes, and he smote his breast vehemently saying, "I denied Thee, was ashamed of Thee at the Kyoung, and I must go down to hell. I believe, O God, thou art the only true God! yet I denied Thee there."

The shades of evening drew nigh, Moung Sway Pau's brother returned, and when the evening meal was finished, his sister told her husband that her brother had become a heretic. His brother-in-law, who was a learned man, lit his cigar, and with all the arguments at his command endeavoured to prove that the system of idolatry was a good one. Moung Sway Pau opened his book and read of the God who made the heaven and the earth, and everything therein. "This God can save us from hell," continued Moung Sway Pau, but Gaudama, our god, cannot. Gaudama does not exist, and even if he did he could not save us from hell, for in his own book he tells us, "If you have sinned, you must endure it."

The brother-in-law admitted the truth of the statement, but said it was a shame to forsake the religion of their forefathers. "Ah," said Moung Sway Pau, "your eyes are not opened to your great danger ; the children of murderers and robbers ought surely not to follow in the footsteps of their parents? It would be a virtue in them to forsake those sins, and follow after the good and wise." The noise of these discussions soon brought in the neighbours and friends ; and Moung Sway Pau to his surprise found himself surrounded by some fifty persons. For a moment his whole frame shook with agitation, but in two or three more, he gathered courage, and with the light and instruction he had received he pictured forth the wisdom of the God who created the world, and filled it with its millions of beauties and delights. He told them that this God had bestowed all these blessings upon man, "Yes," said he, "even upon us Burmans and Talings, who have never once raised our hands, in the attitude of praise and adoration, to the Giver

of them all." He tried also to tell them of Jesus Christ, God's only Son, but his views were not yet distinctly clear about the wonders of the cross and its agonies ; yet enough was told to strike the hearts of one or two of the listeners, and they resolved to visit the foreign teachers and learn from them more of this wondrous story.

Moung Sway Pau sought his mat, but it was not to sleep : his mind was too busy with the past and present. He recalled the days of boyhood, and those of riper years. Where was the wife of his youth? and the children she had borne him? His little ones were sleeping in the quiet grave ; and she had been driven from his home, for he had brought another to share the place in his affections she had so long held alone. His sin rose up before him as a thick cloud, and he groaned and wept in the bitterness of his soul, crying, "God be merciful to me a sinner!" He spent the night in deep repentance before God, and only closed his eyes just as the sun began to shed its first feeble rays of light. He was, however, soon aroused from his slumbers by the shouts of the people, and the tramp of multitudes. It was the waning of the moon, the day of worship for the followers of Gaudama. Business had been suspended, and young and old were busy in paying homage at the temples of Gaudama, and presenting offerings of rice and fruit and flowers. The people were dressed in their best attire, loaded with yellow cotton cloth and silk, and every now and then were borne upon the shoulders of men, small trees, with hundreds of branches from which hung handkerchiefs, pillows, mats, umbrellas, cups, flowers, fruits, and candles, offerings for the priests ; the whole producing a bright and gorgeous scene. These days had been the delight of Moung Sway Pau, and he had been wont to exult with pride over all this display, when he compared it with the humble worship of the foreigners and the heretics, but now his heart sickened at the sight. He had firmly resolved to become a Christian, and as the sun arose, he hastened to the foreign teachers to receive instruction, and to tell them of his wish to worship the eternal God. The teacher's heart beat with joy as he heard the glad news. The native preachers were called together, they all sought the mercy-seat. God was with them, and Moung Sway Pau became a rejoicing convert. As his heart overflowed with love, instinctively the image of his injured wife rose before him, and he longed to tell her of the joys of salvation through a crucified Saviour. The following Sabbath he was baptized, and the Monday following went in search of his neglected wife. He found her,—told her of his conversion,—confessed his sin, and humbly besought her to return to his home. At last she yielded, and before the Christian church they were again united. She is now seeking the favour of God, and soon, it is hoped, she will be numbered among His children.

THE HOUR OF PRAYER.

CHILD, amidst the flowers at play,
While the red light fades away;
Mother, with thy earnest eye,
Ever following silently;
Father, by the breeze of eve,
Call'd thy harvest-work to leave;
Pray!—ere yet the dark hours be,
Lift the heart and bend the knee.

Traveller, in the stranger's land,
Far from thine own household band;
Mourner, haunted by the tone
Of a voice from this world gone;
Captive, in whose narrow cell,
Sunshine hath not leave to dwell;
Sailor, on the darkening sea;
Lift the heart and bend the knee.

Warrior that from battle won,
Breathest now at set of sun;
Woman, o'er the lowly slain,
Weeping on his burial plain;
Ye that triumph, ye that sigh,
Kindred by one holy tie;
Heaven's first star alike ye see—
Lift the heart and bend the knee.

—*Felicia Hemans.*

READINGS FROM THE BEST DIVINES.

THE WISDOM OF GOD.

ARGUMENTS to prove that God is wise.

Reason 1. God could not be infinitely perfect without wisdom. A rational nature is better than an irrational nature. A man is not a perfect man without reason; how can God, without it, be an infinitely perfect God? Wisdom is the most eminent of all virtues; all the other perfections of God without this, would be as a body without an eye, a soul without understanding. A Christian's graces want their lustre when they are destitute of the guidance of wisdom. Mercy is a feebleness, and justice a cruelty; patience a timorousness, and courage a madness, without the conduct of wisdom. So, the patience of God would be cowardice, His power an oppression, His justice a tyranny, without wisdom as the spring, and holiness as the rule. No attribute of God could shine with a due lustre and brightness without it. Power is a great perfection, but wisdom a greater. The pilot is more valuable because of his skill than the galley-slave because of his strength; and the conduct of a general more estimable than the might of a private soldier. Generals are chosen more by their skill to guide than their strength to act. This is the salt which gives relish to all other perfections in a creature. This is the jewel in the ring of all the excellences of the Divine Nature, and holiness is the splendour of that jewel.

Reas. 2. The creatures working for an end, without their own knowledge, demonstrate the wisdom of God that guides them. All things in the world work for some end; the ends are unknown to them, though many of their ends are visible to us. As there was some Prime Cause, which, by His power inspired them with their several instincts, so there must be some Supreme Wisdom which moves and

guides them to their end. As their being manifests His power that endowed them, so their acting according to the rules of their nature, which they themselves understand not, manifests His wisdom in directing them. Everything that acts for an end, must know that end, or be directed by another to attain that end. The arrow doth not know who shoots it, or to what end it is shot, or what mark is aimed at; but the archer that puts it in, and darts it out of the bow, knows. A watch hath a regular motion, but neither the spring nor the wheels that move know the end of their motion; no man will judge a wisdom to be in the watch, but in the artificer that disposed the wheels and spring by a joint combination to produce such a motion for such an end. Doth either the sun that enlivens the earth, or the earth that travails with the plant, know what plant it produceth in such a soil—what temper it should be of—what fruit it should bear—and of what colour? What plant knows its own medicinal qualities, its own beautiful flowers, and for what they are ordained? When it strikes up its head from the earth, does it know what proportion of them there will be? Yet it produceth all these things in a state of ignorance. The sun warms the earth, concocts the humours, excites the virtue of it, and cherishes the seeds which are cast into her lap—yet all unknown to the sun or the earth. Since, therefore, that Nature that is the immediate cause of those things doth not understand its own quality, nor operation, nor the end of its action, that which thus directs them must be conceived to have an infinite wisdom. When things act by a rule they know not, and move for an end they understand not, and yet work harmoniously together for one end that all of them (we are sure) are ignorant of, it mounts up our minds to acknowledge the wisdom of that Supreme Cause, that hath ranged all these inferior creatures in their order, and imprinted upon them the laws of their motions, according to the ideas in His own mind who orders the rule by which they act, and the end for which they act, and directs every motion according to their several natures, and therefore is possessed with infinite wisdom in His own nature.

Reas. 3. God is the fountain of all wisdom in the creatures, and therefore is infinitely wise Himself. As He hath a fulness of being in Himself, because the streams of being are derived to other things from Him, so He hath a fulness of wisdom, because He is the spring of wisdom to angels and men. That being must be infinitely wise from whence all other wisdom derives its original; for nothing can be in the effect which is not eminently in the cause. The cause is always more perfect than the effect. If, therefore, the creatures are wise, the Creator must be much more wise. If the Creator were destitute of wisdom, the creature would be much more perfect than the

Creator. If you consider the wisdom of the spider in her web, which is both her house and net—the artifice of the bee in her comb, which is both her chamber and granary—the provision of the ant in her repositories for corn—the wisdom of the Creator is illustrated by them; whatsoever excellency you see in any creature, is an image of some excellency in God. The skill of the artificer is visible in the fruits of his art; a workman transcribes his spirit in the work of his hands. But the wisdom of rational creatures, as men, doth more illustrate it. All arts among men are the rays of Divine wisdom shining upon them, and by a common gift of the Spirit enlightening their minds to curious inventions. “I, Wisdom, find out the knowledge of witty inventions” (Prov. viii. 12)—that is, I give a faculty to men to find them out. Without any wisdom, all things would be buried in darkness and ignorance. Whatsoever wisdom there is in the world, it is but a shadow of the wisdom of God—a small rivulet derived from Him—a spark leaping out from uncreated wisdom. “He created the smith that bloweth the coals in the fire, and makes the instruments” (Isa. liv. 16). The skill to use those weapons in warlike enterprises is from him—“I have created the waster to destroy.” ’Tis not meant of creating their persons, but communicating to them their art. He speaks it there to expel fear from the Church of all warlike preparations against it. He had given men the skill to form and use weapons, and could as well strip them of it, and defeat their purposes. The art of husbandry is a fruit of Divine teaching (Isa. xxviii. 24, 25). If those lower kinds of knowledge that are common to all nations, and easily learned by all, are discoveries of Divine wisdom, much more the nobler sciences—intellectual and political wisdom. “He gives wisdom to the wise, and knowledge to them that know understanding” (Dan. ii. 21). Speaking of the more abstruse parts of knowledge—“The inspiration of the Almighty gives understanding” (Job xxxii. 8). Hence the wisdom which Solomon expressed in the harlots’ case was, in the judgment of all Israel, “the wisdom of God” (1 Kings iii. 28)—that is, a fruit of Divine wisdom, a beam communicated to him from God. Every man’s soul is endowed more or less with those noble qualities. The soul of every man exceeds that of a brute. If the streams be so excellent, the fountain must be fuller and clearer. The First Spirit must infinitely more possess what other spirits derive from Him by creation. Were the wisdom of all the angels in heaven and men on earth collected in one spirit, it must be infinitely less than what is in the spring—for no creature can be equal to the Creator. As the highest creature already made, or that we can conceive may be made, by infinite power, would be infinitely below God in the notion of a creature, so it would be infinitely below God in the notion of wise.—*Charnock.*

RULES FOR MORAL WARFARE.

A SIMPLE “yes,” or an emphatic “no,” may cost you a fortune—may cost you a troop of friends—may cost your political promotion—may cost you your character—may cost you your soul! How many a public man has had his whole career decided by his course in some trying emergency, or on some one great question of right. He is led up into the mount of temptation where some gigantic iniquity bids him bow down and worship it, and promises in return “all the world and the glory thereof.” From that mount of trial he comes down a hero or a fool. The die is cast. If he has honoured justice and truth, then justice and truth will honour him; if not, his bones will be left bleaching on the road to a promotion he can never reach.

That was a hard struggle for Nathaniel Ripley Cobb of Boston, when he decided to accumulate no more than 50,000 dollars during his life, and to give all the surplus to the treasury of the Lord. But after the noble resolution was once taken, selfishness was a conquered lust in that man’s breast for ever. He had come off more than conqueror. How many a minister of Christ has been charged upon and overcome by this accursed spirit of “worldly wisdom!” He was put to the decisive test, not in Nero’s judgment-hall, or before Agrippa’s tribunal: not before a Popish inquisitor, or in sight of Smithfield’s fires of martyrdom. But in his quiet study, when some timid friend counselled a treacherous silence in his pulpit on some vital question of right, his “yes,” or his “no,” has either called from his Master the precious benediction, “*Well done, good and faithful servant!*” or else the fearful anathema, “*Ye were ashamed of me and of my truth, and of thee will I be ashamed before my Father and his holy angels!*” We all have our moral Marengos and our Waterloos, where we win or lose the crown of Christian character. When these decisive conflicts come on between our conscience on the one hand, and some selfish scheme or Satanic iniquity on the other, then try to remember a few simple rules of moral war:—

1. Never change your position in sight of an enemy. This was a fatal policy to the allies at Austerlitz. It has cost many a disgraceful defeat in spiritual warfare.
2. Never place on guard a doubtful or a questionable principle. Your sentinel will be sure to betray you.
3. Never abandon the high ground of right for the low lands of expediency. Before you are aware, you will be swamped in the bottomless morass of ruin.
4. Get your moral armour from God’s Word; and “put on the whole armour.” An exposed spot in character may admit the fatal weapon of the foe. Ahab was wounded through the joints of his harness. Do not

mind blows in the face. Heroes are wounded in the face; cowards in the back.

5. But whether wounded by foes or deserted by friends, *never surrender*. It is said that not one of the old Imperial Guard survived the wreck of Waterloo. Toward the sunset of that long, bloody day, when the surviving remnant of the Guards was summoned to lay down their arms, the scarred veterans of fifty victorious fights cried out, "The old Guards can die; but they never learned to surrender!" The glorious CAPTAIN OF OUR SALVATION could die for us; but He could not desert us. Blessed is he who is found faithful! He shall wear the crown of amaranth in the paradise of God.

PROSPERITY AND ADVERSITY.

"THE Lord will command His loving-kindness in the day-time, and in the night His song shall be with me."—Psalm xlii. 8. (In the night will declare it.)—There is not leisure to hear in the time of trouble; listen while it is well with you; hear when it is well with you; learn, when all is tranquil, the instruction of wisdom, and lay up the Word of God as food. When any one is in trouble, that should be his help which he has heard when in security. For in prosperous things God commands His loving-kindness, if thou servest Him faithfully; for He delivers thee from trouble. But it is in the night that He declares to thee that mercy which He sent to thee in the day. When trouble shall come, He will not leave thee; He will shew thee the truth of that which He sent to thee in the day. His help would not be known to thee unless trouble came, from which thou shouldst be delivered by Him who made His promise to thee in the day. Therefore let us imitate the ant. For as prosperity is signified by the day, and adversity by the night, so also is prosperity signified by summer, and adversity by winter. And what doth the ant? It lays up in summer what it may use in winter. Thus, when it is summer—when it is well with you, when you are tranquil—hear the Word of God. For how should it be that, in the tempests of this life, you should cross the whole sea without tribulation? How could it be? To whom among men has it happened? If it has so happened to any one, that very calm was more to be feared. Ver. 8: "And my prayer unto the God of my life." (With me is prayer to the God of my life.)—This, then, I do, a hart thirsting and panting after the water brooks, remembering the sweetness of that voice by which I have been led through the tabernacle even to the house of God: so long as this corruptible body presseth down the soul, "with me is prayer to the God of my life." For, that I may make supplication to God, I am not about to buy aught from *places across the sea*; nor, in order that my

God should hear me, shall I set sail to bring frankincense and spices from afar, or the calf or the ram from my flock. "With me is prayer to the God of my life." I have a victim within that I may sacrifice; I have incense within that I may offer: the sacrifice of God is a troubled spirit. Hear the utterance of this sacrifice of a troubled spirit. Ver. 9: "I will say unto God my rock, Why hast Thou forgotten me?"—For I am troubled, as if Thou hadst forgotten me. But Thou triest me thus; and I know that, though Thou delayest, Thou takest not away from me that which Thou hast promised. Yet, "why hast Thou forgotten me?" Such also was the cry of our Head, speaking with our voice—"My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken me?"—*St. Augustine on the Psalms.*

LIFE THOUGHTS.

The frozen ship which, last week, came struggling towards New York harbour, is a figure of a man's soul before grace enters it.

Look at her condition! Her ropes and rigging encased in shining ice; her men mailed in ice—ice in their hair, ice on their beards, their feet and legs clad in the frozen mail, the gauntlets on their hands heavy and stiff with the same cold armour, and their hearts freezing in them from long struggling and despair. The pumps must be worked incessantly, to keep the ice-loaded ship afloat; but the strokes fall slower and slower, for the life is congealing in the arms of the hopeless mariners.

Hark! a hail. See! a pilot-boat is near. Another moment, and the pilot is on board.

"Give me the helm," he says to the worn-out man at the wheel. "I know just where you are, and will get you safe into port in a few hours."

The men find themselves suddenly endowed with new powers of motion. They rush about the decks, obeying the pilot's orders. They pull at the ropes; they rattle the icy shrouds, they make the crust fly from the tackling. Up the slippery ratlines they climb; they dash from the frozen rigging masses which before they could not move. The cordage creaks and groans, and its shivered mail rattles down upon the decks; sails are reefed and unreefed, they hoist this sheet, and take in that, all with the same stiff and frozen hands and limbs which, an hour before, were yielding to the torpor of death.

The soul is that ice-bound vessel; its renewed powers are those ice-clad helpless men. Grace is the pilot, whose coming renews the life and hope of all.

And grace alone can encourage one who has once seen himself to be in the wretched condition which has been described. Grace can strengthen and cheer; it can guide the soul into the safe haven. Without it there is no

—only frost and ice, and hopeless and doom, ending in eternal death.

—fulness is on all faces, hope in every They have got a pilot. He will guide o port. Their lives are saved.

men—good men after a fashion—re is nothing in the world so hard hey are not so high now as they have heir pride and their vanity suffer. the trouble, friend; can't you walk re?

"es."

you procure enough to eat?"

"es."

you not shelter?"

"I have."

clothes?"

yes."

you get along comfortably?"

but then I used to live in a four-ouse, and move in higher society. children are not where I intended should be," &c.

are you a child of God? Have you uheritance of the universe by rever-ly wait a while. Have you not the and love of your Father, and a t to eternity? What are you at? Stand upright like a man, a lift up your front and say in true s, "I can afford to stand in the val-ink I could stand safely on the top ountain, but there are many there d not afford to stand in the valley

s no honour toward God, either in of man or woman. Suppose that I go into a school and take some young one the least hackneyed in the ways d, calling upon her the attention of mpanions and teachers, declare that was base, mean, and vulgar; that she ut natural affection or human feel- she regarded not the good of or sister, and that she returned the of father and mother with ingrati- contempt. Why! she would not ent bear such charges—she would ould suffocate with shame! Yet I e, and I charge upon you young and young men, upon every one of hose eyes I look—if you have not r hearts to Christ—conduct infir- re than this; because 'tis towards e more to you than any earthly friend bly be. I charge upon you the he most base and unnatural conduct e imagined; but you sit calmly z, you look me in the face and do , and not a feeling of shame stirs in y because this atrocious behaviour ned towards God!

Pages for the Young.

FAIRY TALES.

"COME, papa, do tell us a story," said little Edward and Mary to their father, on New Year's evening.

"A story—a story! always a story," said the father. "What shall it be about now?"

"Oh, something wonderful," said Edward; "I like your real wonderful stories, like the Arabian Nights—about palaces in the air, and about genii that can bring up great dishes of gold and diamonds."

"Yes," said little Mary; "and where they live, the trees are all covered with pearls and precious stones."

"Rather poor eating, I should think," said her father, "unless they have extraordinary teeth."

"And then, papa, these genii can go anywhere in a minute—up to the sun, and down to the bottom of the ocean; they can lift up great mountains, and pile up rocks, and they have long flashing swords."

"It seems to me," said their father, "that you know all about them already. I don't need to tell you a story about them."

"Oh, but we always like to hear, even if we do know."

"Well," said the father, "then I will tell you a story about two little children, whose father was a Spirit King."

"What, a genius?" said Edward.

"I don't know exactly what you mean by a genius. He was a spirit, and a great, powerful king, and he could do all those things that you say the genii can, and a great many more. He could lift up mountains, if he chose; he could raise up all the great waves of the sea, and make dreadful storms, if he only spoke to them; and as to bringing up pearls and diamonds, he knew where every pearl and diamond was to be found that is anywhere in the world, or even down at the bottom of the ocean, or in the deep dark caves in the middle of the earth; and he could bring them all up only by speaking to them."

"Where did he live, papa?"

"Oh, far off—up, up in the sky; beyond the stars was his home; there he had a beautiful palace."

"Oh, do tell us about it."

"Well, then, the walls of the palace were built of jasper"—

"I have read something like this in the Arabian Nights," said Edward.

"But I don't know what jasper is," said Mary.

"A very clear, bright crimson stone," said her father; "and it was polished till it shone like a looking-glass; then every door in the palace was made of one whole pearl."

"What wonderful pearls they must have been!" said Mary.

"Oh, such things are very common in these stories," said Edward.

"So you may think," said his father. "How beautiful all these doors would look, carved out of white glistening pearl!"

"And had they gold hinges?" asked Edward.

"No doubt," said his father. "Then all the foundations of the palace were set full of sparkling precious stones; for instance, one foundation-stone would be full of diamonds, and the next would be of bright yellow topaz, and the next would be sparkling green emeralds, and the next would be clear blue sapphires, and so on, all the colours you could think of; so that the foundation looked like a dazzling rainbow."

"Oh, this is a real fairy story," said Edward; "better than any I ever heard."

"Then," said his father, "this palace was not one small house, such as we live in. In Europe, where the kings have palaces, they often take up two or three squares of a city; but this palace is a city itself; it has streets through it, and these streets are paved with gold, and the gold is polished so smooth and clear that it is just like a looking-glass, so that you can see everything in it."

"And who lives there?" asked Edward.

"O, all sorts of beautiful spirits; you know I told you that this was a Spirit King," said his father.

"But you have not told us anything about the king; was he very beautiful?"

"Yes, my boy, he was very beautiful; so beautiful that those who saw him among all these splendid things forgot to look at them, and looked only at him."

"How did he look?"

"That I cannot tell you. It is said that his robes were all dazzling and bright. I can only tell you that he was more beautiful than all the most beautiful things you ever saw together."

"Well, papa, and what about those children?"

"Why, there were two little children once, and this great king was their father. They never had seen him."

"Never seen their father? How strange! Did he love them?"

"Yes; he loved them very dearly, and took excellent care of them, as you shall hear."

"But, pray, where did these children live?"

"What should you say if I told you that you were these children?"

"We, father?"

"Yes, my children; have you never heard of a Spirit King, who covers himself with light as a garment, who stretches out the

heavens as a curtain, who layeth the beams of his chambers in the waters, who maketh the clouds his chariot, and walketh upon the wings of the wind?"

"Oh, papa, we know *now*," said the children.

"But that is out of the Bible," said Edward; "I have read it a great many times. I thought you were telling a *fairy story*."

"And what is that about his palace?" said Mary.

"Do you not remember the twenty-first chapter of the book of Revelation, where the beautiful city is described?—'And her light was like unto a jasper stone, clear as crystal, and the building of the wall of it was of jasper, and the foundation of the walls of the city were garnished with all manner of precious stones, and the twelve gates were twelve pearls, each separate gate of one pearl, and the street of the city was pure gold, as it were transparent glass.'"

"Oh, yes; I remember," said Mary.

"Well, now, my dears," said their father, "I want you to remember one thing. There is nothing that you read of in fairy stories that is as strange and wonderful as what is true about *you* children."

"About us, papa?"

"Yes, my children; you are children of One greater than any spirit king; you have a Father who knows everything, and can do everything, and who can make more beautiful things in an hour than ever you read of in any fairy tale; and you will live as long as He does—for ever."

The little children looked at their father with a serious air; they were struck with the tone in which he pronounced the words, "*for ever*."

"But," added their father, "you will not only live as long as God lives, but you may become yourselves more beautiful, and bright, and glorious than the sun or stars in yonder sky."

"Does the Bible say so, father?" said Mary.

"You know," said their father, "that our Saviour says, when speaking of the day of judgment, 'Then shall the righteous shine forth as the sun in the kingdom of their Father;' and it is said in Daniel, chapter xii. verse 6, 'And many of them that sleep in the dust of the earth shall awake, some to everlasting life, and some to shame and everlasting contempt.' 'And they that are wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament, and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars for ever.' Now, my little ones, I do not forbid your reading these wonderful fairy tales, but I want you to remember, when you read the strangest and most wonderful things that are told in them, that things more strange, more wonderful, are true with regard to *you*. To have a Father in heaven, to have a soul that never can die, to hope, through your Saviour, to live for ever in heaven, is more wonderful than all the wonders of fairy-land."



A FAMILY MAGAZINE FOR SUNDAY READING.

REVISED BY THE REV. NORMAN M'LEOD, D.D., GLASGOW.

WEEKLY NOS. ONE HALFPENNY.]

[MONTHLY PARTS, THREEPENCE

FOOTSTEPS OF THE LORD.

THERE are times when the chords of the human spirit seem to be touched by invisible fingers, as the Æolian harp is touched by the evening wind; when "a floating whisper" seems to be wandering and lost in the gathering night, and there is a muffled sound as of some mysterious presence gliding past. Perhaps this is merely an idle fancy, the effect of an excited imagination—of an overwrought brain. But is it *all* a dream, that these faint whispers are from that invisible realm which girds us round like the air?—nay, that these soft treadings in the darkness are the footsteps of the Lord? The effects are of a kind to warrant such belief. All the faculties of the mind are quickened and exalted. The intellectual vision is clearer, and the spirit of man is raised to higher thoughts and better purposes. Whence come such celestial impulses, but from that Infinite Spirit, who is the Source of all light and knowledge and virtue? Who can tell all the ways of the Lord; how that Spirit, whose touch is gentler than the wind, whose tone is softer than music, can breathe upon the harp-strings of the human soul? Who can say how the Divine mind glides into ours; calming its feverish passions, waking it to a higher, purer life? The Being who pervades creation by His presence, may have a thousand ways of communication with the soul of which we know nothing. Who can tell how the forces of nature act? How does the sap go up into the trees? How does electricity pervade all substances? How does the vital principle act? Nay, what *is* that principle? Of its nature and essence we know nothing. Yet we see it supporting all living bodies—resisting the chemical and dynamic forces which are constantly tending to decay. So if we seek for God, we know not where to find Him. And yet we know Him to exist and to pervade all minds. He is the vital principle of

souls. In Him they live, and move, and have their being.

Of the *direct* action of God upon the mind, we are totally ignorant. He *may* act in many ways—by quickening the perception of truth or the moral sensibilities. He may enlighten the judgment, or soothe the passions, or awaken the conscience, or arouse man's hopes and fears. But leaving that great realm of mystery, there are certain channels—fixed laws of the mind—through which we feel a divine influence flowing in upon us. In general, we may recognise God in every scene in nature, and in every event of life, which is fitted to awaken serious thought, or calm, pure, humble, or devout emotion.

A sensitive mind finds a strange power in the scenes and lessons of Nature. This globe, on which man passes his probation, which gives him food while living, and a grave when dead, is itself a Bible, covered with inscriptions of Divine wisdom. Who can enter the retired woods, where the naked branches over his head, and the rustling leaves beneath his feet, silently speak of that law of decay which is passing on nature and on man also; or can wander by the streams, and think how they glide away to the sea, and that so his life is running on to eternity, without having a shade of deep and solemn feeling cross his breast? Of the devout man it is yet more true than of the poet, that

"To him the meanest flower that blows can give,
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears."

The commonest blessing that drops from the hand of God, the very air he breathes, the evening wind that cools his feverish brow, are tokens of that Infinite and unfailing Love which made and supports all things. These meditative moments are moments of inspiration. These gentle musings naturally glide into thoughts of deepest solemnity.

So God touches the soul through the springs of memory and anticipation. At twilight, when the sun sinks behind the horizon, like a good man going to his rest, who can help thinking how the shadows of the grave are stealing over him, and of that heavenly city which seems to lie far down in the West, into which the sunset opens? Beyond the horizon of time there is a world reserved for all the good. In the mild evening, when our passions are hushed, and our better feelings awoken to a new life, when thoughts of the dead come back to us, there will come, even to the most sceptical, the hope of another life, an untroubled existence beyond the tomb. Then God is with us. In the awful silence of midnight, when the hosts of heaven keep their watch over the sleeping world; and the solitary beholder feels as if cut off for a time from human beings, and alone with the universe and God; then the world sinks down like an island in the ocean, and the waves of eternity, breaking over the landmarks of time, seem to beat against his breast. Then wisdom cries within us, and God calls to us from the silent earth and the moving sky.

The revolutions of time are all designed to lead men to reflection. How often, when the cares of the day are over, does the man who has come home weary and sad, sit by his window and thus reason with himself: "Another day has come and gone. Its joys and sorrows are ended. Hours, which I might have spent in doing good, have been trifled away in folly. How idle my thoughts; how foolish my words, perhaps bitter and cruel. Now the day is gone. Its hours are past—never to return. Its angry passions, its rash words, its wicked conduct, cannot be recalled. All is recorded on high, and sealed up till the judgment day. And now I am nearer to the grave. The days, as they keep their round, will bring the end of this mortal scene. But what report do they bear to God, at whose bar I soon must stand? Oh! when shall I begin to live? May God incline my heart to wisdom before my time is past, and death is standing at the door."

But the lessons of Providence impress us more than the teachings of Nature, because they appear to be more special and designed. They seem to be addressed to us personally. How varied is this heavenly discipline! God tempers trials to those who are to bear them. He touches the heart by mingled kindness and severity. At one time He makes a man's cup overflow with blessings. His business is prosperous; his home is happy. The Creator would win his heart by the common instinct of gratitude. But selfish men are not disposed to be grateful for favours bestowed upon them. Then, perhaps, they are tried by affliction, and made to feel what weak worms they are. Riches take wings, and the proud heart is made to know how poor man is without a Friend in heaven.

Or God may leave a man wealth, and yet lay him upon a sick-bed, where he cannot enjoy it. Then what a mockery of "independence" to be surrounded with riches, and yet tossing in agony! A bed of down cannot give him one night's quiet sleep, such as visits the poor man's cottage without money and without price. In such distress he cannot help feeling a scorn for that wealth which he has spent a life in acquiring, but which can give him no relief when he needs it most. But there is a God in heaven who can raise him up. And there is a world where the inhabitant shall no more say, I am sick. And he sighs for the land where there is no more pain.

But the most touching whispers of Providence are those which come to us from departed friends. When that little circle, where our affections centre, is broken; when a familiar countenance is missed from the table, and a loved voice is silent, we are overwhelmed with grief. The heart is thrown back upon itself. The world cannot satisfy it. It longs to bury itself in the bosom of God, and weep, and find relief. Then is a hand outstretched from the invisible world that touches the mourner. It draws him back from the earth. It beckons him to heaven.

Everything connected with death is solemn. What sound in childhood struck upon the ear like the tolling bell? It seemed to make a pause in existence. It broke upon the air as if the sepulchre had given back a sound to this world—

"Far, far o'er hill and dell,
On the winds stealing,
Listen to the tolling bell,
Mournfully pealing."

But the most uniform and impressive influence which reaches us is Christian worship. "God's way is in the sanctuary." Here He dwells—His sacred presence fills the place. Here the truth is preached. Here man is taught his religious obligations. His sluggish sensibilities are aroused. His conscience is called into activity. Here are effected the most radical changes of character. The vicious become reformed; the proud humble, and the profane devout. Such are the blessings which come to men through those divinely-opened channels whereby the eternal life of God flows into the bosom of humanity.

When God thus come nigh to us; when we hear His footsteps in the sanctuary, what heart can be so dead as not to recognise that awful presence—what spirit does not thrill with love and gratitude? Happy is he whose pure mind is sensitive to the "gentlest breathing of the spirit," and whose soul, as God moves upon it, vibrates at His sovereign breath; and, like the *Æolian* harp, when touched by the evening wind, gives forth a low, soft melody.

RECOLLECTIONS OF REV. ROWLAND HILL.

No man has been more misrepresented than Rowland Hill, who died nearly thirty years ago, and left behind him the reputation of having been for sixty years the most useful minister of his day. It is true, that he was somewhat eccentric, and would occasionally make his hearers smile, even from the pulpit. But his doctrine was always pure, his manner intensely earnest, and his aims holy. He once defended the loudness of his voice, by saying that, some time before, he had seen a man in danger from the falling of a sand-bank, and by exerting his voice he had brought help from the distance of a mile, and saved the poor man's life; no one blamed him then, and why should they do so when he sought to save souls?

We may add here, that Mr Hill, in all his eccentricities, never forgot that he was a *gentleman*. The vulgar tales told of him as to insulting his wife in public about her dress, had no basis on which to rest; neither had the rumour of his taking off his linen to give it to a poor sick man.

Very few ministers ever regarded order in his sermons less than did Rowland Hill. His sermons were generally of the slap-dash kind. When he once went to Edinburgh to preach a Sabbath, one of the elders, after the morning sermon, gently hinted that they were in the habit of hearing sermons with heads and particulars in them. "Very well," said Rowland, "I will endeavour to remember that." After reading his text to some three thousand people in the evening, he began, "I understand that you did not approve of my sermon this morning, but want to hear 'heads and particulars.'" Well, I shall now have four 'heads,' and I know not yet how many 'particulars.' First, I shall go round about my text; secondly, I shall come up to my text; thirdly, I shall go through my text; and, fourthly, I shall go away from my text." It was said that he managed the last head decidedly the best. It is but justice to him to say, that occasionally he was both happy and careful in the divisions of his sermon, and was most apt to be otherwise when he preached before such of his brethren as he thought were more precise as to the arrangement of their sermons than their substance.

In his intercourse with society, Mr Hill could often render a word of rebuke equally caustic and witty. Thus, when a preacher of no very good reputation met him in the vestry of a church where he was going to preach, and seeming very uneasy, lest his servant should not arrive in time with his cassock, Rowland said, "Sir, you need not be uneasy, for I can preach without my cassock, though I cannot preach without my character."

Few men ever understood human nature

better than did Rowland Hill. Surrey Chapel, at one period, was often infested with pickpockets, so that it became necessary to guard the congregation against their nefarious designs. After having one evening reminded the pickpockets of the All-seeing Eye which was ever upon them, to whom all hearts are open, and from whom no secrets are hid, he added, "But lest there may be some present who are altogether careless about this great truth, I beg leave to state that there are also two police-officers from Bow Street on the look-out."

In the earliest part of his life Mr Hill used to ride much on horseback, by which exercise he promoted very vigorous health. On one occasion, when asked by a medical friend what physician he employed, his characteristic reply was, "My physician has always been a horse."

His brother, Sir Richard Hill, once told Mr Jay of an early instance of Rowland's adroitness, even when a lad, at Eton College. As he had already begun to feel the importance of divine things, he was zealous in doing good to others, and with his usual fervency manifested his interest in the religious welfare of an old woman who often acted as his servant. She one day rather reprov'd him for his zeal, saying, that persons should not be righteous overmuch, and should be careful to avoid extremes in religion. Some, she said, were too cold, and some were too hot. "Then," said young Rowland, "I suppose you think we had better be lukewarm?" Yes, she said, that was the proper medium. He then read to her from his New Testament the Saviour's address to the church at Laodicea—"I would thou wert cold or hot. So then because thou art *lukewarm*, and neither cold nor hot, I will spew thee out of my mouth." At which his *tepid* admonisher looked not a little surprised.

It is well known that Mr Hill first visited Scotland to engage in itinerant preaching in 1797. At Dunbar he and his companion, the late Robert Haldane, were welcomed to the hospitable mansion of Mr Cunningham, a well-known Christian gentleman. On the morning of Mr Hill's intended departure, his horse was found so lame as to be utterly useless. As the horse had carried him many thousand miles in his Master's service, the good man was much grieved, and sent for a skilful veterinary surgeon, who, however, gave him no hope whatever of the horse's recovery, and strongly recommended that he should be shot. This was at once declined, and he waited for the recovery of the poor animal for several days, but apparently in vain. On the first evening after the discovery of the said lameness, in conducting family worship, Mr Hill prayed with much reverence and fervour for the recovery of his horse. On rising from their knees, Mr Cunningham very plainly expressed his dissatisfaction with the petitions relating to the horse, but the preacher stren-

usually defended the propriety of his conduct, urging that the providence of God extended even to the falling of a sparrow; that the lower animals are made for the use of man; that no events are small in the sight of the Infinite Being; and that, in the case of his own horse, his usefulness to him in enabling him to travel in preaching the gospel fully justified his desire for his recovery. Under these circumstances, prayers were continued, both morning and evening, during Mr Hill's stay. Still the preacher had to leave Dunbar without his horse. One morning, a few days after, while Mr Hill and Mr Haldane sat at breakfast in the Black Swan Hotel, York, they heard the sound of a horse's feet in the yard below, and on looking out, saw the servant, who had been left behind, just arrived with the favourite horse entirely sound and well. Mr Hill always contended that this was an answer of prayer to Him to whom *all* our concerns should be committed, and who, even in temporal matters, hears and answers prayer.

He once had an anonymous letter sent to him to be read from the pulpit, which he found, when he had nearly reached the end of it, was unfit to be read in such a place. When he had ended the reading, he added, "If you wish me in future to read your anonymous letters, you must enclose a five pound note in them for some good charity."

Once preaching on the importance of the union of Christians, he said, "I do not wish the walls of separation between the different bodies of Christians to be entirely destroyed, but only *lowered*, that we may more easily shake hands over them."

One Sabbath, when preaching for Mr Jay, of Bath, he read the words, "The Jews have no dealings with the Samaritans." Looking from the book, as though he saw the parties themselves, he said, "But the devil had dealings enough with both of you."

While once preaching at his country church at Wotton-under-Edge, the only time, Mr Jay says, when it seemed possible to be drowsy under his sermons, he saw several persons sleeping; and making a considerable pause he said, "I have heard that the miller can sleep while the mill is going, but if it stops it awakens him. I'll try this method." And so sat down, and soon saw an awakened audience.

A man once applied to Mr Hill for admission to his church, and began an account of his religious experience by relating a dream. Mr Hill replied, "We will tell you what we think of your dream after we see how you go on now you are awake."

One more fact shall be given from Mr Hill's own pen, and suitably close our paper.

"Once, when I was returning from Ireland, I found myself much annoyed by the reprobate conduct of the captain and mate, who were sadly given to the scandalous habit of *swearing*. First, the captain swore at the

mate, then the mate swore at the captain, then they both swore at the winds; and I called to them with a strong voice for fair play. 'Stop, stop,' said I, 'if you please, gentlemen, let us have fair play, it's my turn now.'

"At what is it your turn?" asked the captain.

"At swearing," I replied.

"Well, they waited and waited, until their patience was exhausted, and they wished me to make haste and take my turn. I told them, however, that I had a right to take my own time, and swear at my own convenience. The captain replied with a laugh, 'Perhaps you don't mean to take your turn?' 'Pardon me, captain,' I answered, 'but I shall do so as soon as I can find the good of doing it.' I did not hear another oath on the voyage."

EGYPT—ITS PEOPLE AND MISSIONS.

BY A RECENT TRAVELLER.

BEFORE leaving Egypt, there are a few things I should like to say as regards the people and the present state of the missions in that country. Nowhere in the world—at least on this side of the Persian Gulf—can one see the demoralising effects of bad government so strongly marked as among the subjects of his excellency the Viceroy of Egypt:—a peasantry trembling and cowardly, the higher classes rapacious and immoral, and the army insolent. However bad the Turk may be, yet he has the spirit, at all events, to be a robber, and has a certain bravery in his villany. The Neapolitan will resent an injury, and give blow for blow. The Greek, if he has little principle, has generally courage. But the poor "fellah" has long ago had all manliness bastinadoed out of him. If he makes money, he must hide it in the earth; for if he shews any improvement on the mud and rags, the taxgatherer will be down on him; and if he has it not, he must be content to be beaten for his poverty. The consequence is, that the greater part of the resources of the country is absolutely lost for all practical purposes, confidence is destroyed between man and man, and the peasantry so cowed and ground down as to be slaves in all but the name. Often one's blood is made to boil from the way they are used. I remember, shortly after arriving at Cairo, seeing an old man driving before him his donkey, as worn with age as himself, and loaded with charcoal. As he was going along, a high phaeton came up the road behind, in which was seated a half-French, half-Egyptian-looking official. The "sais," or groom, running to clear the road in front, called out to my old friend to move off, which he did with all the alacrity he could, and used all the persuasion possible, with stick and voice, to make the stiff old donkey

go aside quickly. But it was not enough for the "sais." Up he came, and with a powerful stroke upset the old donkey into the ditch, expelling the whole of the charcoal. Nor was that all; for, as the phaeton went past, the cowardly rascal driving it—and who was himself probably some offscouring of Italy, and glorying in the name of Pasha—rose and dealt the poor man a savage cut with his whip across the naked shoulders. The act was shameful and cowardly; but, what was saddest of all, and gave one a heavier sense of the broken-heartedness of the poor, was to see the un-murmuring way in which the old man bore it, as, with no resentment in his countenance, but the melancholy of habitual endurance, he began extricating his rickety donkey. And this sad helplessness is over the whole country. Their bravery is endurance. The man who will stand the longest beating before he will pay his tax is the champion of the village for that year. One European would be enough to frighten even a district. I have seen a dozen grown-up men, following us, turn and run off as fast as they were able if one stamped or shouted at them. As might be expected, the Government is as arbitrary as such a state of society permits. Never shall I forget one scene I saw in Egypt—the conscription of boys for the army. The manner in which this is done is as follows:—All the boys of a certain age in a district are ordered to be at the town on a certain day, and, without reference to class or anything else, those that suit best are chosen. The Pasha wants so many, and so many are taken. When a boy enters the army, he is looked on as dead by the simple Fellaheen; and great is the fear when it is known that the Nizam is to be recruited. At Essiout, as we were riding up to the town, we heard in the distance a noise like that of an excited multitude, and thinking there was some bastinado or execution going on, we went to the quarter from which it proceeded, when we were witnesses of one of the strangest and saddest sights imaginable. A crowd of many hundred women, all in the most violent state of grief, were gathered together in front of the barracks, and expressing their anguish in the fervent and excited attitudes of the East. All, with hair dishevelled, old women with white hair and arms shrivelled with age, and young wives and sisters, beat their naked breasts and cheeks, and cast dust on their heads, while the tears streamed down their besmeared faces. Some sat in a circle, swaying their bodies back and forward, closely veiled, and uttering a low sad coronach. Others walked wildly up and down, with loud lamentations, with hands raised high above their head; or perhaps some old mother, like one of the witches in "Macbeth," with hair all loose and clotted with mud, and the thin arms stretched out bare, would point and hiss out curses toward the governor's house; while others,

again, sat weeping silently. The conscripts were being chosen inside the barrack square, and, oh, how anxiously the friends watched as the gate opened, and some boy would rush out to take a hurried farewell, with choking tears, or another would run in joy to tell of his escape! Never shall I forget the wild grief of one poor girl of about thirteen, as she walked rapidly up and down, with hands aloft, and weeping as if her heart would burst, or as if combating some dark destiny that was crushing her down. Perhaps her sorrow was for her brother, her playmate, or it may have been, poor young thing! for her betrothed. The "ground was kept" by a lot of Arnaout soldiers in their short white kilts, and armed with heavy whips, the most assassin-looking set of police in the world. I went into the court of the barracks and saw the recruits—absolute boys. One could have wept for them—thus torn in an hour from their happy homes, their palm-sheltered villages, and free life in the fields, to be handcuffed and huddled on the deck of a steamer, and carried away in the dark cold night to Cairo. No wonder they hate the service, and that every third man in Egypt has either knocked out his teeth, or cut off his finger, to render him unfit for selection. That same evening—it was almost sadder still—when riding back after a visit to the mountains, we saw the groups of mourners returning to their villages. We watched them as they wound along by the hill of the tombs, still casting dust on their heads, while their sorrowful lamentations came to our ears long after they had disappeared. In the morning they had come along that same road with the loved son or brother—"hoping against hope"—and now they returned alone, and he as good as dead. One old woman I saw sadly carrying the few tattered garments her boy had worn.

I noticed that the chief agents during the conscription, all the clerks and secretaries, were Coptic Christians. From their superior quickness, education, and (if report be true) from their easy moral principle, they stand generally foremost in all the subordinate offices of law, and are, at least, blamed for being the principals in one of the vilest traffics in the East. It is impossible but, with such persons as the representatives of Christianity, the Fellaheen, ignorant and bigoted, should most heartily hate and despise the "Nazarenes." Indeed, we find, with the exception of one or two Roman Catholic stations, no missionary from Cairo up to Wady Halfeh, and the people in general as keen and superstitious Mohammedans as can be. Of those under the sway of the Viceroy, the Nubians seemed to be the people to whom a mission would be most likely to be useful. They are braver, more manly and independent, and the creed of the false Prophet is said to hang but loosely upon them.

The most flourishing missions in Egypt are

at Cairo. There are there the agents of four missionary societies—two of these are American, and two English. Mr Lieder, who is connected with the Church Missionary Society, seems still to indulge the hope of quickening life from within the Coptic Church; the others have given that up as impossible, and avowedly proselytise. There is an excellent school of the London Jewish Society, under Mr Reichard; and the three American missionaries have likewise schools. These gentlemen seemed to me to be labouring very devotedly, with an unpretending zeal and perseverance truly apostolic. But how miserable are these endeavours compared with the work to be done! One feels absolutely humbled, when up a back lane, in an enormous city like this, you find a little school of perhaps forty or fifty children—and then think of the self-glorifying at home on the wonderful exertions of Protestantism! The weakness lies at home, not abroad. It lies in the false appetite for exciting reports, for interesting cases, for beautiful experiences, that we never look for at our doors; as if so many pounds spent must command so many conversions. It lies in the want of a broad intelligent faith in the Christian Church. Intelligence and common sense are needed, on the one hand, duly to estimate the difficulties, and wipe away the whole colouring of romance and unnatural picturing with which people seem always to invest far off, and, above all, Eastern countries; and strong Christian faith, on the other, to bear all discouragements, and feel that there is a hard work to be done, but that God's glory must prevail. From one or two establishments just struggling for existence between difficulties there, and absurd notions and penuriousness at home, in the midst of a demoralised population of 300,000 or 400,000, what can one expect, commensurate to the greediness for "results" on the part of those who, at their own doors, with no such difficulties in their way, see but few such "results," ay, or even expect them, from year's end to year's end. I trust we will be content to "labour, and to wait," and fire off no annual salvoes to our own honour, but, feeling how miserable are our sacrifices, how low our hopes are, and with what little faith we support this mission and others, seek rather to found institutions worthy of our Protestantism—equal, at least, to those of the Church of Rome—and not in the spirit of rivalry, but of Christ, do the work given us, and leave the results to God.

COWPER'S GRAVE.

It is a place where poets crowned may feel the heart's decaying;
It is a place where happy saints may weep amid their praying;
Yet let the grief and humbleness, as low as silence languish!
Earth surely now may give her calm to whom she gave her anguish.

O poets! from a maniac's tongue was poured the deathless singing!
O Christians! at yon cross of hope a hopeless hand was clinging!
O men! this man, in brotherhood, your weary paths beguiling,
Groaned in 'ly while he taught you peace, and died while ye were smiling!

And now, what time ye all may read thro' dimming tears his story,
How discord on the music fell, and darkness on the glory;
And how, when one by one, sweet sounds and wandering lights departed,
He wore no less a loving face, because so broken-hearted.

He shall be strong to sanctify the poet's high vocation,
And bow the meekest Christian down in meeker adoration;
Nor ever shall he be, in praise, by wise or good forsaken;
Named softly, as the household name of one whom God hath taken.

With quiet sadness and no gloom, I learn to think upon him,
With meekness,—that is, gratefulness to God, whose heaven hath won him,—
Who suffered once the madness-cloud to His own love to blind him;
But gently led the blind along where breath and bird could find him.

Wild timid hares were drawn from woods to share his home-caresses,
Uplooking to his human eyes with sylvan tendernesses;
The very world, by God's constraint, from falsehood's ways removing,
Its women and its men became beside him true and loving.

But while in blindness he remained, unconscious of the guiding,
And things provided came without the sweet sense of providing;
He testified this solemn truth, though frenzy desolated,
Nor man, nor nature satisfy, whom only God created.

Like a sick child, that knoweth not his mother while she blesses,
And drops upon his burning brow the coolness of her kisses;
That turns his fever'd eyes around—"My mother! where's my mother?"
As if such tender words and looks could come from any other!

The fever gone, with leaps of heart, he sees her bending o'er him,
Her face all pale from watchful love, the unwearied love she bore him.
Thus woke the poet from the dream his life's long fever gave him,
Beneath those deep pathetic eyes which closed in death to save him.

Thus,—oh! not thus! no type of earth could image that awakening,
Wherein he scarcely heard the chaunt of seraphs round him breaking,
Or felt the new immortal throb of soul from body parted;
But felt those eyes alone, and knew "My Saviour!—not deserted!"

R. B. BARRETT.

TWO PORTRAITS.

BY THOMAS FULLER.

I.—THE ATHEIST.

THE word "atheist" is of a very large extent: every polytheist is, in effect, an atheist; for he that multiplies a deity, annihilates it; and he that divides it, destroys it.

But, amongst the heathen, we may observe, that whosoever sought to withdraw people from their idolatry was presently indicted and arraigned of atheism. If any philosopher

saw God through their gods, this dust was cast in his eyes for being more quick-sighted than others, that presently he was condemned for an atheist; and thus Socrates, the Pagan martyr, was put to death *as atheos*.

At this day three sorts of atheists are extant in the world:—

1. In life and conversation.—“God is not in all his thoughts;” not that he thinks there is no God; but thinks not there is a God ever minding or heeding Him in the whole course of his life and actions.

2. In will and desire.—Such could wish there were no God or devil; as thieves would have no judge nor jailer. *Quod metuunt pericula expetunt.*

3. In judgment and opinion.—Of the former two sorts of atheists, there are more in the world than are generally thought; of this latter, more are thought to be than there are;—a contemplative atheist being very rare. . . .

*First, he quarrels at the diversities of religions in the world;—*Complaining how great clerks dissent in their judgments, which makes him sceptical in all opinions: whereas such differences should not make men careless to have any—but careful to have the best—religion. . . . He keeps a register of many difficult places of Scripture; not that he desires satisfaction therein, but delights to puzzle divines therewith; and counts it a great conquest when he hath posed them. Unnecessary questions out of the Bible are his most necessary study; and he is more curious to know where Lazarus’s soul was, the four days he lay in the grave, than careful to provide for his own soul when he shall be dead. . . .

He furnisheth himself with an armory of arguments to fight against his own conscience, —Some taken from

1. The impunity and outward happiness of wicked men.

And no wonder if an atheist breaks his neck thereat, whereat the foot of David himself did almost slip, when he saw the prosperity of the wicked; whom God only reprieves for punishment hereafter.

2. From the afflictions of the godly;—Whilst, indeed, God only tries their faith and patience. As Absalom complained of his father David’s government, that none were deputed to redress people’s grievances; so he objects, that none righteth the wrongs of God’s people, and thinks (proud dust!) the world would be better steered if he were the pilot thereof.

3. From the delaying of the day of judgment;—With those mockers, whose objections the apostle fully answereth. And in regard of his own particular, the atheist hath as little cause to rejoice at the deferring of the day of judgment, as the thief hath reason to be glad that the Assizes be put off, who is to be tried, and may be executed before, at the

Quarter-Sessions: so death may take our atheist off, before the day of judgment come.

With these and other arguments he struggles with his own conscience, and long in vain seeks to conquer it, even fearing that Deity he flouts at, and dreading that God whom he denies. And as that famous Athenian soldier, Cynægirus, catching hold of one of the enemies’ ships, held it first with his right hand, and, when that was cut off, with his left, and when both were cut off, yet still kept it with his teeth; so the conscience of our atheist—though he bruise it, and beat it, and maim it never so much—still keeps him by the teeth, still feeding and gnawing upon him, torturing and tormenting him with thoughts of a Deity, which the other desires to suppress.

At last he himself is utterly overthrown by conquering his own conscience.—God in justice takes from him the light which he thrust from himself, and delivers him up to a seared conscience and a reprobate mind, whereby hell takes possession of him. The apostle saith, that a man “may feel God in His works.” But now our atheist hath a dead palsy, is past all sense, and cannot perceive God, who is everywhere presented unto him. . . . However, descending impenitent into hell, there he is atheist no longer, but hath as much religion as the devil, to confess God and tremble:—

“On earth were atheists many,
In hell there is not any.”

All speak truth, when they are on the rack; but it is a woful thing to be hell’s convert.

II.—THE HYPOCRITE.

By hypocrite we understand such a one as doth “practise hypocrisy,” (Isaiah xxxii. 6,) make a trade or work of dissembling: for otherwise, “It is the lot of very few, if of any at all, to be free from every stain of hypocrisy.” The best of God’s children have a smack of hypocrisy.

A hypocrite is himself both the archer and the mark, in all actions shooting at his own praise or profit.—And therefore he doth all things that they may be seen. What, with others, is held a principal point in law, is his main maxim in divinity,—to have good witness! Even fasting itself is meat and drink to him, whilst others behold it.

In the outside of religion he outshines a sincere Christian.—Gilt cups glitter more than those of massy gold, which are seldom buried. Yea, well may the hypocrite afford gaudy facing, who cares not for any lining; brave it in the shop, that hath nothing in the warehouse. Nor is it a wonder if in outward service he outstrips God’s servants, who outdoeth God’s command by *will-worship*, giving God more than He requires; though not what He most requires, I mean, his heart.

His visard is commonly plucked off in this

world.—Sincerity is an entire thing in itself; hypocrisy consists of several pieces cunningly closed together. . . . Now by these shrewd signs a dissembler is often discovered: First, heavy censuring of others for light faults. Secondly, boasting of his own goodness. Thirdly, the unequal beating of his pulse in matters of piety; hard, strong, and quick, in public actions; weak, soft, and dull, in private matters. Fourthly, shrinking in prosecution; for painted faces cannot abide to come nigh the fire.

Yet sometime he goes to the grave neither detected nor suspected:—if masters in their art, and living in peaceable times, wherein piety and prosperity do not fall out, but agree well together. Maud, mother to king Henry II., being besieged in Winchester Castle, counterfeited herself to be dead, and so was carried out in a coffin, whereby she escaped. Another time, being besieged at Oxford in a cold winter, with wearing white apparel she got away in the snow undiscovered. Thus, some hypocrites, by dissembling mortification, that they are dead to the world, and by professing a snow-like purity in their conversations, escape all their lifetime undiscovered by mortal eyes.

By long dissembling piety, he deceives himself at last.—Yea, he may grow so infatuated, as to conceive himself no dissembler, but a sincere saint. A scholar was so possessed with his lively personating of King Richard III., in a College-comedy, that ever after he was transported with a royal humour in his large expenses; which brought him to beggary, though he had great preferment. Thus the hypocrite, by long acting the part of piety, at last believes himself really to be such a one, whom at first he did but counterfeit.

God here knows, and hereafter will make hypocrites known to the whole world.—Ottochar, king of Bohemia, refused to do homage to Rodolphus I., emperor, till at last, chastised with war, he was content to do him homage privately in a tent; which tent was so contrived by the emperor's servants, that, by drawing one cord, it was all taken away; and so Ottochar presented on his knees, doing his homage, to the view of three armies in presence. Thus God, at last, shall uncase the closet dissembler to the sight of men, angels, and devils, having removed all veils and pretences of piety: no goat in a sheepskin shall steal on his right hand at the last day of judgment.

THE CHRISTIANS OF JERUSALEM.

THE Christians of Jerusalem are divided into many sects—the Roman and Greek Catholics, Armenians, Copts, Syrians, and Abyssinians. Each of these sects has its separate chapel in the Church of the Holy

Sepulchre, besides others scattered over the city. The "Scarlet Lady" is well represented here, as elsewhere, and has made good use of her overflowing coffers, in erecting churches and other public edifices. The Roman Catholic monks are generally the originators of the traditions with which the Holy City abounds; shall we, therefore, engage this polite old monk as our cicerone during a visit to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, with every part of which he is no doubt familiar?

We find both the court and building thronged with pilgrims from all parts of the world, engaged in their devotional exercises. On a raised divan near the door the Turkish guards are seated, who make it their business to keep these Christians in order; and not unfrequently are their instruments of punishment brought into requisition during the festivities of Easter, when nothing is more common than a riot among the unruly multitude within. A short distance from the door is the stone of unction—a marble slab upon which Christ is said to have been laid for his anointing. A little further is a circular enclosure, marking the spot occupied by the holy women when witnessing the crucifixion. The Holy Sepulchre itself is a small building of white marble, standing beneath the dome of the church, and overhung by a star-spangled canopy. It is crowned with a cupola, and the doorway is supported by slender spiral columns. Within, the air is laden with the perfume of flowers, and the ceiling hung with gold and silver lamps—the gifts of kings and princes. This too is thronged with pilgrims. Some, prostrating themselves on the floor; rub their foreheads in the dust of the pavement, while others press their lips upon the cold marble of the tomb.

We now ascend by a flight of steep steps to the scene of the crucifixion; a gaudy chapel, in which our guide points out a fissure in the rock, under the altar, caused, he tells us, by the earthquake that occurred at the death of Christ. Descending into the subterranean part of the church, we enter the chapel in which the cross was found. Here, it is said, the Empress Helena caused workmen to dig for the three crosses, which, after a diligent search, they are said to have found, and were enabled to select that on which Christ was crucified, by its miraculous powers of healing.

The Tomb of Joseph of Arimathea, is also shewn. Indeed, the traditions connected with this huge pile of buildings are endless; and soon becoming weary of these long dark corridors, gaudy chapels, and absurd traditions, we are glad once more to gain the street.

No one but an eye-witness can conceive of the scenes enacted within its walls, during the festivities of Easter. Multitudes come from distant lands to witness the gross deception and ludicrous farce played off by the Greeks, who pretend to bring down fire from heaven.

This practice was originated in the following manner:—

Many years ago, a devout bishop, on making his accustomed examination of the lamps of the Church of the Sepulchre, prior to the Easter ceremonies, found that every drop of oil had been exhausted; he filled them with water, and prayed that success might attend the experiment. After earnestly putting up his petition, he was rewarded by seeing the church flooded with light—fire having descended from heaven and miraculously ignited the water. This encouraged him to repeat the experiment, which his successors have continued to perform, on every recurrence of Easter, to the present day. They extinguish all the lights, and then conceal themselves within the sepulchre, having first supplied themselves with matches and alcohol. Meantime the expectant people are impatient to behold the wonderful miracle, which they firmly believe is about to transpire. While in waiting, there is anything but order preserved—they crawl on the floor—pray loudly for the descent of the fire, and mount one another's shoulders—forming moving pyramids of human beings. Meanwhile, the emissaries of the false prophet lustily apply the whip on all sides, but without the desired effect; men run and jump, and gallop to and fro, through the church. To increase the attractions of the juggling show, some are dressed in Jewish costume, and these are treated with a mock display of anger. The multitude unite in heaping upon them all manner of insult, and drive them through the church with derisive shouts of laughter, to shew the low repute in which they are held. A procession is now formed of priests and bishops, bearing crucifixes, torches, and other paraphernalia. They halt before every image, picture, and flower-adorned altar, to beseech the aid of Heaven in the miracle. The announcement being made that the multitude may soon expect the appearance of the heavenly flame, all eyes are directed to the circular windows of the sepulchre; and now, from one of them, the fire is seen to issue forth. A sudden rush is made, and, not unfrequently, some are killed, and many wounded, in the struggle of the mighty mass to reach the flame. Some apply it to their beards, hands, and faces, while others burn the edges of the linen intended for their burial clothes. By means of a cord, even those in the gallery succeed in lighting their tapers. Those not as successful as others knock down their more fortunate brethren, and, by force, deprive them of their torches. The bishops, who were concealed in the sepulchre, now leave their hiding-place, and are borne aloft by the crowd with frantic shouts of joy.

How hideous the spectacle that reigns throughout the building—the air dense with the smoke of thousands of burning tapers—

the people furiously rushing to and fro, each one loudly shouting and giving thanks in his own language, and the whips of the Turkish soldiers in full performance of the duties of their office!

A shout is heard from the court! It is the imperious demand of the Bethlehemites for admission. They have been despatched by the Patriarch on the fleetest horses his stable affords, to obtain some of the holy fire, with which to light the lamps of the Church of the Nativity.

The more enlightened portion of the Greek Church acknowledge that this famous miracle is all a hoax; but, then, to confess this openly, would greatly endanger the craft of the priests. Well may the poor deluding priest say with Macbeth:—

"I am in blood
Stept in so far, that, should I wade no more
Returning were as tedious as go o'er."

At another time, during holy week, a scene equally painful and revolting occurs, when the service of the crucifixion is enacted by the Roman Catholics—other sects taking no part in the performance, except by doing all they possibly can to annoy them. The Franciscan monks commence the ceremonies by forming a procession, and making the circuit of the church, chanting the "*Miserere*," and wafting incense before each altar. The wax figure, representing the Saviour, is taken down from the cross, and the nails extracted from the hands and feet, while the people gather around it and weep. Having wrapped it in a linen sheet, it is laid on the slab of unction and anointed. Many discourses being delivered, and the body taken the grand rounds of the church, it is sprinkled with rose water, and carried to the sepulchre, there to remain until Easter, when another mockery will be performed called the service of the resurrection.

Such are the unhallowed scenes presented to the eyes of the Jews and Mohammedans by the so-called Christians. Such being the exhibition of Christianity in Jerusalem, no wonder that the unbelieving Jew, and scoffing Mohammedan, still continue in their obstinate rejection of Christ! Oh, that this city may soon be fully supplied with true missionaries of the Cross, who will faithfully exhibit the Gospel both in their lives and teachings!—
Three Years in Jerusalem.

THE WHOLE ARMOUR.

Not a part of the armour, but the whole of it, Christian soldier! You can lay aside a part when you are at rest, but not till then. In the meantime you are to put on "the whole armour of God," and, with such an outfit, you are expected to fight until the conflict shall be terminated in victory.

You need *the helmet*. It serves to protect

the head from the blows aimed at your reason, your judgment, and your convictions of right and duty. The conscience needs to be well guarded. A clear and intelligent understanding of Divine truth, a true perception of spiritual things, a tender and enlightened conscience, are essential to the Christian. Many have made a fatal mistake by not keeping their head cool, their reason clear, and their mind pure. False reasoning, specious pretences, glittering philosophies, and doctrines that please the ear, and the pride of the heart, have made ruin of millions. The helmet was either not of the right metal, or it was cast aside.

You cannot fight without a shield. The blows of the adversary fall thick and fast around you. If you have not the shield to preserve you in the contest, you may be stricken down at any moment. Let that shield of faith be bright and polished. If Paul could do all things through Christ, that strengthened him, so can you. Paul did a dozen times more than falls to the lot of ordinary soldiers. In prison, in bonds, in scourgings, in fastings, in shipwreck, in the dungeon, and in the presence of magistrates, governors, and Cæsars, his faith in the Captain of his salvation was always strong and always at hand. He carried his shield with him, and not a blow that was ever struck upon it but made it ring with the truest sound. But the shield of the apostle is only the same shield which you can have if you will. If you go to battle without it, you will fail; and, if an enemy should find you accidentally by the wayside, and it is not on your arm, he will watch his time to deal a deadly blow.

Keep that breastplate on. It should cover the vital part, which the slightest thing can destroy. It should guard your heart from every thrust of the foe. Those affections which are by nature so earthly, and those desires which are so warm, are to be kept out of the heart, by all means. The sacred temple of the emotions, where love burns on the altar, and peace, and hope, and charity chant their offerings of praise, must be well watched and protected. The defence must be broad and strong. The enemy has a broad mark for his blows. The breastplate is made to wear over the heart and the lungs—not on the shoulders, and across the back. The organs of circulation and respiration—the heart and lungs—must be kept from injury. We must enjoy the blessings of salvation, spiritual and yet real, by prayer in faith, and faith in prayer.

"Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air,
His watchword at the gates of death—
He enters heaven by prayer."

So it is with the whole armour of the true soldier. Not one part should be wanting. *The sword of the Spirit—two-edged, and*

piercing to the dividing of the soul and spirit—the feet shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace, and every part of the armour kept ready for use.

Do not lay that shield aside. It will become rusty and defaced, and may require much pains and care to burnish it again for use. Do not put that sword in the scabbard. It should be drawn, and in the hand, for constant defence. Be sure that the breastplate is strong, and without any flaws.

The Captain of your salvation has appointed the armour. It is that which is the best suited for the warfare in which you are engaged. He has left no warrant for your making a choice of your own. The Christian army should not be a body of spiritual fasticals, each man equipped according to his own caprice and humour, or convenience, but a well-disciplined army in uniform, marching on under the banners of love.

The weapons grow brighter and stronger by use. The conflict gives strength to the arm, sharpness to the sword, massiveness to the shield, breadth to the breastplate, and resistance to the helmet. Other weapons than those appointed will be found delusive and worthless.

With the whole armour, the Christian shall triumph, as in the words of the hymn we so often sing—

"Thy saints in all their glorious war
Shall conquer, though they die;
They view the triumph from afar,
By faith they bring it nigh."

PROCRASTINATION.

It was in the spring of 18—, that the beautiful town of N. was visited with a powerful revival of religion. During the progress of the work, one of the pastors of the village called at the shop of a young man, and introduced to him the claims of Christ. The young man's parents were both professors of religion. "I am not to be driven into religion," said he. "When the excitement is over, it will be time to attend to these matters."

The revival subsided, leaving a large number of persons in the village and adjoining districts, with evidence satisfactory to themselves and to others, of a divinely wrought change.

The second summer following, the pastor heard that young Mr — had been taken violently ill with fever. He sought access to his room; but as he entered, and saw by the dim light that fell upon the bed, that his face was the face of one whom reason had deserted, he exclaimed to himself, "Alas! it is too late." Two strong men could scarcely hold the sick man in his struggles.

The pastor stood anxiously waiting for a lucid interval in which to pour the words of truth upon his ear. At length, in a lull of the

storm, he spoke of Jesus. The sick man's eye fell upon him. "Did you ever hear that name before?" inquired the pastor. "I—don't know—think—I have," and turned away his head.

The lull was over. Madness rushed upon him once more, and subdued him. Often during the remaining four days, did the pastor seek an opportunity to point him to Christ. The young man died after a terrific struggle with the king of terrors, leaving no evidence that Christ had become his righteousness.

The heart that cannot open to the eye of man, goes naked and open into the presence of its God. There, all the sealed fountains are unclosed; there, all the secrets which must ever be secrets from the nearest and most beloved earthly friend, are disclosed, and the shrinking and sensitive soul has no reserve. Thus, we have sat down in the forest on a summer's day, and as long as men and boys tramped by, and the clatter and clash of business was heard, there was no movement in the forest; but when the din had ceased, when the footsteps had died away, and we sat motionless as the tree which supported us, there was a twitter overhead, and then an answer from another tree-top. Then out hopped a bird, and lifted up its voice in song, and then a squirrel ran along the ground, and one by one all the mysteries and confidences of the forest were revealed to us. Thus unfolds the soul of man when none but God is near; when it is hungering and thirsting after either the higher or the lower wants of life; when it is yearning for its father, or when it is home-sick for heaven.

DEATHBED OF BRUCE THE REFORMER.

"THAT morning before the Lord called him to his rest in a very easy manner—for he had little sickness or pain, but a weakness through age—he came to breakfast at his table. After he had eaten, as his use was, a single egg, he said to his daughter, 'I think I am yet hungry; you may bring me another egg,' and instantly fell silent; and after having mused a little, he said, 'Hold, daughter, hold! my Master calleth me!' With these words his sight failed him, and he called for the Bible as has been noticed; but finding he was not able to read, he said, 'Cast me up the eighth chapter to the Romans, verse 28 to 39,' much of which he repeated, particularly, 'I am persuaded that neither life nor death shall be able to separate me from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus my Lord,' and caused put his finger upon them; which was done. 'Now,' said he, 'is my finger upon them?' They told him it was. When he said, 'God be with you, my children. I have breakfasted with you, and shall sup with my Lord Jesus Christ this night,' and straight gave up the ghost, without one groan or shiver. Thus this great champion for the truth and interest of his

Master, who knew not what it was to be afraid of the face of man, was taken off the field as more than a conqueror, and had an abundant entrance administered to him into the everlasting kingdom of his Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ."—*Wodrow's Life*.

Pages for the Young.

SHORT SERMON FOR CHILDREN.

TRUST IN GOD.

"O Lord, thou art my trust from my youth."—
PSALM lxxi. 5.

MY DEAR CHILDREN,—God our Father loves us, and wishes us to trust Him. Now I will explain to you what is meant by trusting God.

Once upon a time a house took fire in the Old Town of Edinburgh. All the people escaped. But, somehow or other, a family in the second storey did not awake until the flames almost entered their room. The father and mother seized their children and rushed down stairs with them to the street; but, just as they reached it, they discovered that their little boy, Willy, had been left behind, for the father thought he was with his mother, and the mother that he was saved by the father, and so, amidst the noise, confusion, and terror, the poor boy was left alone in the burning house. The moment he was missed, his father ran back through fire and smoke to save his child. But, alas! the wooden stair, was burning—indeed, most of it was already burnt—so that it was impossible to reach the storey where little Willy was left. But, just as his father returned in agony to the street, the boy was seen standing at one of the windows, weeping bitterly, and evidently in great fear. Not a moment could be lost. Yet what could be done? There was no ladder near—in a few minutes the flames would reach the child. The father shouted to him to leap down, and he would try and save him. Little Willy was afraid to take so terrible a leap; but the fire was raging through the building, sending out long red tongues of flame, clouds of smoke, and millions of sparks up to the sky; and no wonder Willy was terrified as he heard the roaring and crackling around him, and, looking down, saw every face in the large crowd gazing up to him. He knew, however, that there was no hope if he remained where he was. "Jump, my boy, and trust me!" cried the father, with tears. In a moment something white was seen, like a flake of snow, falling from the window. Not a word was spoken by the crowd; every one held his breath, and many, I daresay, prayed that God would preserve the child, for it was he who had sprang from the window in obedience to his father's command, and trusting to his father's power and love! His trust was not

put to shame, for he was received in his arms, and clasped to his bosom; and while the crowd gave a loud cheer, the father thanked God that his little Willy was safe?

You see how Willy *trusted* his father.

Now, dear children, you cannot help trusting some one or other every day of your lives. When, for example, you lose your road, and ask some person to direct you, and you follow their directions, then you *trust* that person as a guide. When you sail in a vessel, and perhaps take a long voyage across the ocean, you are obliged to *trust* entirely to others, day and night, for safety, and for reaching your destination. When in sickness, you ask the physician to find out your complaint, and to give you the best remedies for curing it, if you believe what he says, and take the medicines which he gives, then you *trust* him. When you go to school, you *trust* the teacher, that he is able to instruct you, every day and hour. You *trust* your friends who love you, and, above all, you *trust* your father and mother, who must love you best of all, to take care of you, feed you, clothe you, guide you, choose for you, and to do you all the good in their power. Do you not understand now what is meant by *trusting* a person?

Now, to trust God is just to have confidence in Him, as little Willy had in his father, and as we all have in a guide, to direct us on our journey—in a captain of a ship, to bring us safely on our voyage—in a physician, to heal us in our sickness—and in our dear friends and parents, to help us in everything; only *we must trust God better* than we can do them, and I shall tell you why.

First of all, *God loves us much more than any one on earth can do*. Although a father and mother may love us with all their heart, yet their heart is not so great in love as is the heart of our Father in heaven.

Secondly, Those whom we trust on earth, though they may wish to help us, *may not be able to do so*. For example, when we need their aid, they may be far away, and not able to give it. But *God is always with us day and night*, as the Psalmist says, "Thou knowest my down-sitting and mine up-rising; thou understandest my thoughts afar off. Thou compassedst my path, and my lying down, and art acquainted with all my ways. For there is not a word in my tongue, but, lo, O Lord, thou knowest it altogether. Thou hast beset me behind and before, and laid thine hand upon me. If I say, Surely the darkness shall cover me; even the night shall be light about me. Yea, the darkness hideth not from thee; but the night shineth as the day; the darkness and the light are both alike to thee."

Thirdly, Friends may be with us, *without the power to assist us*. Willy's father might not have been able to have caught hold of his boy, nor the guide we spoke of to direct us in our journey, nor the captain in our voyage;

and the physician may neither know our complaint, nor be able to cure it. But it is not so with God. *He has all power*, and does whatever He pleases; and if we trust Him, it will please Him always to do whatever is best for us, in order to make us good and happy. Therefore say to Him, "My Father, I am weak and helpless; I cannot take care of myself; I know not what may take place in a single hour. But Thou seest me, and Thou knowest all I speak, think, and do. Thou art able to help me always, and to bless me in everything. Thou lovest me; therefore, my God, I put my trust in Thee, and I am sure that I shall never be put to shame. Save me, guide me, heal me, and enable me always to love, trust, and obey Thee, as Thine own child, for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen."

HOW TO BE WISE.

A GREAT many years ago there was a little boy whose father was a heathen, but who had a pious mother and grandmother. In those days there were no printed books; and as all the books had to be written with a pen, there were very few books to be had. You may suppose, then, that it must have been no easy thing for this little boy to learn to read. But he did learn to read. Let us go back eighteen hundred and forty years, and look in upon that little family. We do not see the father. He might have been there, but we do not know. But we see there two ladies and a little boy. One is a motherly old lady, casting a kind encouraging look upon the little boy, as the mother unrolls before him a large parchment, and directs his attention to the characters written upon it. And when he tires, she stops and reads to him the story of Cain and Abel, of Abraham, of Joseph, of David and Goliath, of Ruth, or of Esther; and his eyes brighten as she proceeds, till at length he calls to her, "Stop, mother! teach me the letters again, that I too may read these pretty stories." And thus he proceeds, till he masters his letters, and learns to read.

This little boy has none of the simple story-books that are now printed for children. But he has his grandmother's roll, containing Moses and the prophets; and these he reads and re-reads, till he has them by heart, and can tell every story they contain, repeat every precept of the law, and rehearse those beautiful psalms composed by the "sweet singer of Israel," while following his father's flocks in the mountains of Judea.

But what good did all this do him? I will tell you. In consequence of his knowing the Holy Scriptures when he was a child, his name has come down to us to this day; and all the Christians that have lived since his day, for eighteen hundred years, have known and honoured his name. He became a Christian minister; and now he sits among the holy apostles, the honourable and the great ones, in the kingdom of the Lord Jesus.



A FAMILY MAGAZINE FOR SUNDAY READING.

REVISED BY THE REV. NORMAN McLEOD, D.D., GLASGOW.

WEEKLY NOS. ONE HALFPENNY.]

[MONTHLY PARTS, THREEPENCE.

REMEMBER THE POOR.

I HAVE heard of a wild Italian legend which tells us that the Lord is still a tenant of our earth, and, with His beloved disciple, annually arrives, an unknown wanderer, among the mendicants at the gates of Rome. Brethren, there is a meaning in the fable! It is among the poor ye must seek these divine features; it is beneath the garments of poverty ye must learn to recognise and venerate the Lord of life!

Oh, beloved in Jesus Christ! we feel not how divine a thing is sorrow, when we forget who it was that once voluntarily chose it as His own. A man of moderately pious sensibility would surely feel a strange pleasure, and a kind of natural dedication to holiness, if he could be assured that, by some happy caprice of nature, his outward face and form were accurately moulded to the image of those of Jesus of Nazareth; the Christian mourner wears the dress—the chosen dress, and form, and feature—of that divine Redeemer's soul! "The poor ye have always with you, but me ye have not always." Nay, Lord, in the poor we have Thee,—Thee in thine humble image. The poor man dwells in the same moral climate his Saviour inhabited; breathes the air his Saviour breathed: is there not something altogether sublime in sorrow, thus for ever brightened, glorified, transfigured by Him who rejected every other state to wear it for our sakes?

Transcendent mystery! A God was to come among us. The heavenly portals open wide that He may issue forth, and millions of adoring angels accompany Him as He leaves the skies. They dare not—they cannot—look upon that awful face; they know it only by the light it sheds, as with timid eyes they watch its far-off radiance, and hang upon the skirts of its glory. He touches the verge of earth, and they retire to their celestial home; but ere they vanished back, their song was heard that night

by the waking shepherds of Bethlehem! And now he is among us! Arise and welcome him, O earth! bring forth all that thou hast of precious and wonderful to lay at His feet—crowns, and sceptres, and regal purple; the glory of the throne, and the camp, and the senate; temples of incense, illuminated cities, and the shout of kneeling thousands. They are here; He has but to put forth His hands, and all is His; but one majestic miracle, and the world is paralysed to subjection. Let "the thunder of His power" be but heard, and every nation and tongue shall do Him homage. East and west, the haughty Roman, and the soft son of Asia; Scythian and African; yea, the far undiscovered lands, burst open by the flashing of His presence,—all will struggle who shall be the deepest slave. But how is this? The offering is untouched, unheeded. The gorgeous vision slowly fades away. In its place arise a few bare hills, dotted here and there with the mean abodes of penury; in the foreground a poor man more destitute than even they;—he is weak and wayworn, exhausted with weariness and watchings, with hunger and thirst, with cold and nakedness; he pauses at one of those miserable dwellings, and some few faint words are heard, and then the sullen repulse;—and the wanderer turns away with a groan, lifts his eyes to mark the gathering storm, and sighs as he resumes his path of pain. "The fowls of the air have nests, but the Son of man hath not where to lay his head." Mighty Lord, who wast thus rejected that we might live! teach us, teach us to understand and feel this mystery of woe! teach us to love what Thou hast made Thine own; to honour the misery which Thou hast selected; to look with respect and awe upon the Christian poverty whose sorrows whisper us of Thine!

"Why paint us *now* these pictures of unreclaimed destitution? Public legislation has

now superseded the necessity of private charity; a fiat has gone forth from the high places of the land that forbids any man to starve; we contribute to this fund of statutory charity, and our consciences are satisfied." Brethren, this is a subject in which the pulpit should not be silent. For those who sincerely and conscientiously desire to do the will of God, there are probably few more important points of practical instruction at the present crisis. In this conviction I must plainly tell you, that your consciences ought not to be satisfied with any consideration that supersedes liberal, voluntary charity; that in doing so you forget the law of Christ in the law of the land; and idly imagine that you are bearing the easy yoke and light burden of the Saviour, when you are really working in the harness of compulsory civil enactments. What! are all those texts of our book that make the life of the Christian one incessant out-breathing of benevolence, that declare God himself to be love, and love the fulfilling of God's whole law,—are all these to be obliterated because we pay so many pence in the pound to the district collector? Are we to commute with Christ, and refer Him for His high exclusive claims to the books of the parish officer, where we are debtors to the law, and pay because we cannot help it? Are these to be the agents of our gentle Christian charity, the men who enforce (and justly) our tribute-money with the stern sanction in the rear of legal processes and penal inflictions? No, brethren, you must not confound these things! What you pay to the public collector for our poor, pay with cheerfulness, with hope, with prayer, that a blessing may rest upon its distribution; but never forget that in doing so you are "rendering unto Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's," not rendering "unto God the things that are God's." I repeat it, on your peril confound not these obligations! The Church's charity to her poor rests on a ground altogether transcending the enactments of earthly policy, a basis eternal as the mind of God himself, which no legal interferences can either strengthen or enfeeble. The Church's charity is God's own divine poor-law, with its spring deep in the regenerate human heart, and its diffusion wide as the world. Alas! were that law as practically efficient as He meant it to be, no other need ever have entered our statute books; Christ's spirit would have solved the question that so long perplexed our statesmen, and no poor-rate need have existed but that which once drove destitution out of the Church of God, because "these Christians so loved one another." But as it is, and since these remedies must be, I warn you that you imagine not that your payments to the state are to release one fraction of your payments to the treasury of Christ. Poor-laws exist because selfish men would not save a brother from starvation without them; but poor-laws

are nothing to the Christian disciple. "The love of Christ constraineth him." "Commandments" which "are not grievous," which are only the more powerful the more his "heart is set at liberty," are his secret laws; the voice of the poor he hears as the voice of Christ, their miseries as the miseries of Christ; it is Christ who groans upon the fevered couch,—it is Christ who cries in the despair of hunger,—it is Christ who is naked and asks for clothing, who is sick and must be visited, who is in prison and must be "come unto." These are the bonds of Christ Jesus, which are his, which are yours—no matter what poor-law compels you to charity! Misery enough will still exist to make needful all, and more than all, you ever gave; and your Christian obligation to relieve it by voluntary aid, no earthly legislation can any wise affect. Thank God it *will* exist; for were it not in the world, our indurated hearts could never be disciplined for the eternal charities of heaven!

For look to this, beloved brethren! you are here *educating* for immortality; love is the main principle of the education, for "never-failing" love is to be the main characteristic of immortality. The poor are forbid "to cease out of the land," that this preparatory love may never in this world cease to have its appropriate objects. The more you learn to love the brethren, the more you come to resemble the living God; for—once more to recall the memorable epistle of the day—"God is love; and he that dwelleth in love, dwelleth in God, and God in him." Every sacrifice for our fellows, every heartfelt intention for their happiness, works our nature yet more and more into the bright similitude of God, and fits our spirits to be eventually the loving tenants of a land of love.

Cannot you, then, feel that no public compulsory enactment can for a moment suspend the necessity for carrying on this *discipline* of your own hearts? Need I ask you, how is any man's nature the better for giving what he cannot escape giving? how does he rise in the school of love who pays through fear? And though much may be done towards sanctifying a compulsory gift through resignation, and making that an act of the pure will which cannot at all events be evaded, I need not remind you how deceptive and uncertain is such a process as this,—how little we can depend on it as an instance of genuine benevolence—how, in short, we can depend on nothing as a training in the love of man and the likeness of God, but constant, habitual tenderness of heart; charities liberal, disinterested, unostentatious, unforced—wrought through the deep feeling of the communion of all men in the same nature, of the communion of all saints in the same regeneration, and as all partakers of the same divine love.—W. A. Butler.

BLIGHTED LIFE. A TRUE STORY.

AN old man who had accosted me by the wayside asking alms, after answering some questions I put to him regarding his condition, added with a deep sigh, "It's a weary world this, and I am sure I have had my share of its trials, if it were the Lord's will to take me to a better." "Do you feel," I said, "that you are prepared to enjoy a better?" "Well," he replied, "I canna just say; but we must all trust to a merciful Judge, you know." "And are you sure that it will be a merciful Judge before whom you will be called to appear?" I inquired. "Oh, yes!" he said; "we must not doubt that the Almighty is merciful." "I would not like," I said, "to suggest such a doubt to your mind. He is most merciful, and His mercy extends to all; but there is a time when the reign of mercy must cease, and the work of just judgment begin; and unless we learn now what He would teach us by His mercifulness, I fear we shall look in vain for clemency when the judgment is set and the books are opened. Do you understand what I mean?" "No," he said, "I canna say I do." "You acknowledge yourself a sinner, don't you?" "I won't deny I have been a great sinner; but then Christ is a great Saviour, and I hope He will appear for me." "My friend," I said, "you seem to be looking to a future period for *that* which you ought to be enjoying *now*. Christ has already appeared for you. He has taken your nature, even that nature which had so grievously sinned against God, and in it He has fulfilled all righteousness; in it He has borne the punishment due to sin; and the cry of agony on the cross which proclaimed the hiding of His Father's face, which He bore in the sinner's stead, announced to you and all the seed of Adam, that now the banished might return; that now the barrier which sin had raised between man and his Maker was removed; that if God so loved the world as to give His Son to die for it, He would withhold no other good thing, but with Him also give the power of His Spirit, whereby we might be enabled to perfect holiness in His fear, and thus be prepared to meet His righteous judgment without alarm. This is the salvation which God offers,—a present salvation from an evil condition,—not a future preservation from deserved punishment."

"Well," he said, "I never rightly understood this before. I thought we were sinful creatures, and must be such always, and that God, for Christ's sake, would be lenient with us if we did our best."

"You were right in thinking we are sinful creatures, and must, while here, be ever coming short of God's glory; but you are very wrong in supposing that the work of Christ could produce any change in the feeling with which God looks upon sin;—*that* He must

ever regard as the abominable thing which His soul hates,—and, in the death of Christ, this hatred is especially expressed, inasmuch as, while His loving compassion sought to rescue the seed of Adam from the righteous doom which their own disobedience had brought upon them, the inflexibility of His justice demanded that the punishment due to their transgressions should be borne in their nature; and that it might be so borne by one who could magnify the law and make it honourable,—by one who, having no sin of His own, could, by His suffering, make atonement for the sin of others,—He scrupled not to give up, even unto the death, His only-begotten and well-beloved Son."

While I spoke he shifted his staff frequently from one hand to the other, and gave various indications of a wish to be gone; and I thought his expression betrayed a feeling that I was more willing to instruct than to aid him with the temporal supply which he needed. I therefore ceased, and giving him a trifle I had in my hand, I bade him, if he passed the same way again, to call at my dwelling, which was near, that I might give him some articles of clothing, of which he stood much in need. Not long after, it was announced to me that a man to whom I had promised some old clothes wished to see me. He expressed much thankfulness for what I gave him, and then reverted to the subject of our former conversation, which he had evidently been carefully reflecting on, and concluded by saying that it would be a grand thing if we had faith.

"And why have you not faith?" I said.—"You know," he replied, "faith is the gift of God," which he seemed to think a sufficient justification of his want of it. "Well," I said, "so is every faculty and power we exercise; and its being God's gift, is just what makes us inexcusable if we do not possess it, because God never calls us to do anything which He does not give us power to perform. God did not create all the beauties of nature around us, and call on us to admire them and praise Him for His wonderful works, without giving us eyes to see their greatness and excellence. He did not provide food, and ordain that our bodies should be sustained by partaking of it, without forming our hands and fashioning our mouths to convey and receive that food,—much less does He declare that this is the record, that He has given us eternal life, and this life is in His Son, and required us to believe that record without giving us power to do so." "I doubt," he replied, "He has not given me that power." "And why should you think so?" I said. "You had power to believe my word when I told you to come for what you felt you needed and desired to have;—if you can believe the witness of man, surely the witness of God is greater,—if you could trust my word, and come for what I promised, would you doubt God's if you were really

anxious to receive His gifts, and be delivered from your sins?" He made no reply; and I again said, "God has commanded you and all men to believe; and it were blasphemy to suppose that He would so command, if He knew that you were incapable of obeying;—if you believe not, the Scripture tells you that you make God a liar, because you doubt the testimony He has given concerning His Son,—the guilt is all your own, and you must not seek to cast it on your merciful Creator. He has done all that could be done for His vineyard; and most assuredly, in the day of righteous judgment, every mouth shall be stopped, and every condemned sinner compelled to acknowledge that he is on the left hand of the Judge, not because God withheld anything that was needful to his salvation, but because he neglected the calls of God's mercy, and resisted the strivings of His Spirit,—because he loved darkness rather than light, his deeds being evil."

Again I paused, but he made no reply; and as he stood before me, way-worn and desolate, a desire more permanently to add to his comfort led me to put some questions regarding his previous history, and the cause of his present destitution. In answer to these he gave the following detail, which teaches much that men who know no temporal want would do well to ponder.

Born in a remote country parish, he had been there educated and trained to the business of a tailor, by which he had supported himself in comfort and respectability for many years, even when a wife and four children were to be provided for; but from this house of his childhood and riper years he was at last driven out, by the resolution of the landlord to diminish the number of cottagers on his estate, by allowing their houses to become uninhabitable.

Bewailing bitterly the lot which thus separated him unkindly from scenes associated with all the happy remembrances of youth and early manhood, he took a last sad look of the hills which surrounded his cottage; he sat once more on the garden-seat, where he was wont to spend his Sabbath evenings with his wife and children around him, and gazed with intense emotion on the opening leaves of the white rose-bush, which he had planted there a little twig—which he had tended from year to year—and which must now be left to run wild and be trodden under foot by cattle; and he then sought the loaded cart which was to convey his family, and all he possessed, on their way to the great city where they were compelled to take up their abode. Here all seemed discord and confusion—here no familiar face greeted them—no friendly hand was ready to help, and some time passed ere he could procure any employment; and when secured, the payment was at so low a rate as to preclude the possibility of his providing, as he had done, for those depen-

dent upon him. In hope of better days, he struggled on, grudgingly drawing from a little store, saved in times past, what was needful to keep his children from starvation, but very inadequate to provide all the nourishment they required, until he saw his board exhausted, and read in those wasted and worn faces the truth, that such poverty brings in its train always disease. And what now was to support life, sickly and pale as those rosy cheeks had become? He had toiled early and late, and was willing still to toil for them; but often work failed him, and at all times it was inadequately paid; and now the pawnshop seemed the only means of relief. He thought of this, and then of the various articles of decent furniture and clothing which he had prided himself on possessing, and his heart sickened at the thought of so parting with them; and he desired to work harder and sit later than ever before; but, alas! no work was to be found, and he could no longer save them;—the cry for bread could not be heard unheeded while the means to satisfy it remained, whatever be the sacrifice at which it was to be purchased, and a fearful sacrifice he felt it to be. "I felt," he said, "as I bundled up my Sunday clothes, and walked out with them under my arm, that I had taken the first step on that fatal road by which thousands had been led to ruin. And, alas! how short that road is when so entered on!—how brief the period when all he possessed must thus have disappeared! Again and again something fondly clung to must be surrendered to meet the demand for rent, or to allay the pangs of hunger; and within a few short months, his abode is indeed desolate,—and still his burden and its desolation were to be increased by the entrance of disease. His eldest boy was first seized with typhus fever, and tended in secret lest they should be compelled to send him to the hospital, and resign him to the care of hirelings. For him whatever remained, whether clothes, furniture, or blankets, were willingly parted with, that he might not lack what was needful to restore his strength. But it was all in vain. Nothing now could rally his wasted frame; and they felt, with a bitterness which cannot be told, that they had not the means to give him what they considered a decent burial. His mother, worn and exhausted by attending on him, next became the victim of disease; and now, compelled by dire necessity, her husband prepared to part with her, hoping that elsewhere she might be better and more comfortable in her illness than he could make her under his own roof. He saw her carried from his dwelling to the hospital, and he returned to weep with his children around an almost extinguished fire, in a room where there was neither chair, nor table, nor bed, save a little straw, which he would once have thought a scanty supply for the comfort of his pig. But he had now

little leisure to contemplate the present, or reflect on the past; for his youngest child was evidently fast sickening, and must soon follow her mother. For two days he watched her, while he toiled hard to provide food for the others; and on the third, he wrapt her in his only remaining blanket, and carried her to the hospital also. But this blanket too must, ere long, be disposed of; and then disease entered again, in its most loathsome form, and one of the children who had hitherto escaped was seized with small-pox. To carry him forth he had now no covering, and he was compelled to wrap him in the garment he was sewing; and when he had left his precious burden in the care of strangers, he returned to finish his work, that he might receive his wages; and he carried back the over-coat, which he had thus used, saturated with disease, to be purchased, at a cheap shop, by some one who grudged the honest labourer his hire, and encouraged those who (by what is called in this trade the sweating system) wring from him his life's blood. It was the last work which he did; seated as he had been on a damp floor, in a cold house, without proper food for the body, and enduring mental agony not to be told, he had been gradually laying in his frame the seeds of disease, and next day he was stretched powerless in rheumatic fever. He, like the others, was removed to the infirmary, and the only remaining joy was left alone to shift for himself as he best could. At the age of eleven, left so to shift, he was ere long led into the paths of vice; and when his father, some months after, was able, in a feeble and distorted state, to leave the place where he had found shelter during his illness, he learned that his son had been committed to Bridewell for a petty robbery. His wife and younger children he never saw again; disease had lain heavy on them, and, wasted by previous want, they had no power to resist it. All three had been carried forth to a pauper's grave, and no eye of affection had followed them there; nor had he been able to learn amid the multitude of such in what spot the remains so dear to him had been deposited. Having sought for this in vain, he left the scene of so much misery, and had travelled and begged his way to his native parish; there his helplessness, occasioned by disease, entitled him to support from the poor's funds, and this was given him; but he could not rest there, and he had wandered forth again hoping to add to his insufficient means of support, and to ease, by moving from place to place, the mental misery he endured.

While I listened to this tale of woe, I felt an increased desire to convey to the poor wanderer the knowledge of that love in God which alone can soothe such sorrow, and relieve such suffering. And when he ceased, I again entreated him to hear the voice of mercy which, amid all this affliction, had still

been addressing him, "Turn ye, turn ye, why will ye die?"—"Come unto me, all ye that are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest." I pointed out to him how truly his condition was portrayed in these words, how absolute the command given to all such to seek the Lord, and how unrestricted the promise of rest to all who should obey; and I besought him no longer to put from him such entreaties and commands, lest that fearful sentence should go forth,—“My Spirit shall not always strive with man, for that he also is flesh.” And then we parted, it may be not again to meet until this mortal shall have put on immortality.

As my eye followed his weary steps retreating through the bright shrubs and flowers, gay with the first blossoms of summer which surrounded me, my mind reverted to the sad history to which I had just been listening, and I thought how vain and mad the folly of those who, in the spirit of Cain, say, “Am I my brother's keeper?”—and wilfully turning a deaf ear to all the suffering and sorrow that encompass them, feel in the pride of their heart as if the miseries of others could never extend unto them, although God has so bound by His providence the bands of humanity, that one member cannot suffer and the others remain uninjured. And who can tell, I said, what mission of chastisement the fruit of such sorrow as this poor man has detailed may have carried to some proud heart, which, amid its abundance, never asked whether the poor around lacked clothes or bread?

Who can tell to whom that infected garment, fashioned amid disease and want, may have conveyed the very suffering which he cared not to relieve in others? May it not have been, that while some rich man rejoiced in his cheap purchase, heedless of the sacrifice to others at which it had been provided for him, his frame shuddered and his heart sickened because of the infection it had already conveyed? Another thought also especially struck me in connexion with what I heard. A dread of increased poor-rates in the proprietor of this poor man's native soil had driven him from his home; had he remained there, in all human probability he would have reared in decency and independence his children, and he would have added to the little store already laid aside for the wants of latter days, and he might have lived and died without needing alms, or, at all events, only needing them in extreme old age, when the demand could only be of short continuance; but now, hurried by disease and want into premature helplessness, he returns in a short space to be a heavy burden, probably for many years to come; while the boy who might have been his comfort, and, in some measure, his support, has become also a public burden in a worse and more hopeless way.

Nothing strikes one more, in mingling with certain classes of society, than the con-

tinual reference made to the social burdens of this country, especially those connected with the maintenance of good order and of the poor; and the satisfaction expressed by the same persons when they can procure, at the lowest possible price, such things as they themselves require.

It seems as if the connexion between cheap articles of manufacture and the necessities of the lower orders had never once suggested itself to their minds,—as if, in fact, no such connexion necessarily existed; while to any one who will fairly set himself to consider the subject, *that* connexion must at once be manifest; for if it require a certain sum to maintain, in healthy existence, a labouring man and his family, and if you reduce the rate of wages below that sum, then, as a matter of necessity, the deficiency must either be made up by that system of dishonesty which renders the children of some poor families so expensive a charge to the state, requiring such an extended and minute police establishment; or the want of needful lodging, food, and clothing, will originate disease in the family, and bring them a burden on the poor-rates; and thus that which we grudge to give to honest industry, is wrung from us in the form of poor-rates and municipal taxes.

There was a time when men of affluence and station would have regarded these cheap purchases as unbecoming their condition; but this feeling seems all but universally passed away, and all ranks are found flocking to places where cheap goods are to be disposed of;—and those who can heartlessly wring the life's blood from the people whose necessities compel them to seek employment, their hands are thus encouraged; while the upright and conscientious man, who feels that he is bound to do justice to those he employs as well as to those whom he serves, is discouraged, and, in a great measure, deprived of his trade.

VERA.

LABOUR.

PAUSE not to dream of the future before us;
 Pause not to weep the wild cares that come o'er us;
 Mark how creation's deep, musical chorus,
 Unintermitting, goes up into heaven!
 Never the ocean wave falters in flowing;
 Never the little seed stops in its growing,
 More and more richly the rose-heart keeps glowing,
 Till from its nourishing stem it is riven.

"Labour is worship!"—the robin is singing;
 "Labour is worship!"—the wild bee is ringing;
 Listen! that eloquent whisper up-springing,
 Speaks to thy soul from out Nature's great heart.
 From the dark cloud flows the life-giving shower;
 From the rough sod blows the soft breathing flower;
 From the small insect, the rich coral bower;
 Only *man*, in the plan, shrinks from his part.

Labour is life!—'tis the still water filleth;
 Idleness ever despaireth, bewalleth;
 Keep the watch wound, for the dark night assaileth;
 Flowers droop and die in the stillness of noon.

Labour is glory!—the flying cloud lightens;
 Only the waving wing changes and brightens;
 Idle hearts only the dark future frightens;
 Play the sweet keys, wouldst thou keep them in time!

Labour is rest!—from the sorrows that greet us;
 Rest from all petty vexations that meet us,
 Rest from sin-promptings, that ever entreat us,
 Rest from world-sirens, that lure us to ill.
 Work—and pure slumbers shall wait on thy pillow;
 Work—thou shalt ride over care's coming billow!
 Lie not down wearied 'neath woe's weeping willow!
 Work with a stout heart and resolute will!

Droop not though shame, sin, and anguish are round thee!
 Bravely fling off the cold chain that hath bound thee!
 Look to yon pure heaven smiling beyond thee,

Rest not content in thy darkness—a clod!
 Work for some good—be it ever so slowly!
 Cherish some flower—be it ever so lowly!
 Labour—true labour is noble and holy—
 Let labour follow thy prayers to thy God!

FRANCES S. OSGOOD.

A SABBATH AT ATHENS.

BY CHESTER N. RIGHTER.

In the morning early, I went, in company with a friend, to attend the services of the Greek Church. The first we entered was very small and humble in appearance, designed for the poorer classes, yet it was fully attended. They seemed very degraded and bigoted in the observance of form, devoutly kissing the pictures of the Virgin and saints, and pressing them with their foreheads, holding lighted candles, and crossing themselves incessantly. Their worship is very like that of the Romish Church, consisting of reading the liturgy, and nasal singing by priests and small boys, burning incense, swinging the censer, and various outward rites. They have the lower forms of the Roman Catholics, without their soul-inspiring music and splendid cathedrals.

We then sought out the large church of St Irene, in the central street of the city. This is principally attended by the higher classes. It is massive and finely built, though still unfinished. A high gallery above is assigned to the ladies. The paintings of the Trinity and saints were conspicuous above the high altar. The service was similar to the former, on a more elevated scale. The priests and bishops were engaged in consecrating three loaves of bread, by burning lighted candles, and swinging incense over them. This was afterwards passed around, and received as the body of Christ by the multitude. Such is the superstitious ceremony and observance of the Greek Church.

I then went to attend the Protestant-Greek service at Dr King's chapel, which is built upon his own grounds, and has recently been opened, after being closed for a period of seven years. The audience consisted of forty or fifty persons, assembled to enjoy the worship of God in spirit and in truth. Though it was a strange language in a land of strangers, yet it was delightful to feel that there was the same spirit of faith and love to Christ

our common Saviour. The doctor took for his text these solemn words—"To-day, if ye will hear His voice, harden not your hearts." His manner was earnest and eloquent, and the truth reached the hearts of his hearers. Never did I see a more attentive congregation. Every eye was directed upon the speaker throughout the discourse, as though all were listening for their lives.

And much, indeed, did I enjoy this scene and influence of spiritual worship in contrast with what I had just witnessed of dead and soulless formality. Dr King is greatly encouraged in his labours at present, so that he cannot feel it his duty to return home while such a work is springing up around him, though he spoke with tears in his eyes of his desire to go out and gather his separated children in one family, that he might give them a father's counsel and blessing, and die in peace.

He has a class of eight Greek students in theology, sent to his house, and supported by the Western Asia Missions' Aid Society. To them he delivers three lectures a-week on biblical interpretation and systematic theology. They are thus abundantly qualified for religious discussion, and to exert a favourable influence upon all with whom they come in contact. Indeed, it seems a remarkable providence that has brought them here just at this time. I have no doubt but it is the dawning of a better day for Greece.

He is not molested at all in his work, but, through faith and perseverance, has overcome every form of persecution. A Greek priest came to him a few days since, and said, "I believe you preach the truth. We must return to the Bible." The lawyer who was engaged on his trial has become his warm friend, and the government is no longer hostile. The truth of his life and preaching has thus triumphed over all opposition.

In the afternoon I went out with my Bible in my hand, and ascending the steps cut in the solid rock, stood upon "Mars Hill," where Paul preached eighteen hundred years ago, and there read the sublime discourse of the apostle "to the men of Athens," wherein he set forth to them the Unknown God, whom they ignorantly worshipped, and declared to them that the Maker of heaven and earth dwelleth not in temples made with hands, neither is the Godhead like unto gold, or silver, or stone graven by art and man's device, for we are His offspring: in Him we live, and move, and have our being.

Standing here upon the very rock where he stood, and in sight of the ruined temples to which he then referred in all their magnificence and beauty, I realised as never before the boldness and impressive eloquence of the great apostle to the Gentiles. Around him was the high court of the Areopagus, the Epicurean and Stoic philosophers, and the idle crowd that had followed him from the Agora

to hear what "this babbler would say." Before him were the altars of many gods, goddesses, and heroes of pagan mythology, and above him rose the Acropolis, crowned with marble temples, and devoted to heathen worship, and filled with statues and idols of gold, silver, and stone, exhibiting all the refined art of Greece in the days of her proudest glory. And in the midst of all Paul stood up and preached to them Jesus and the resurrection, repentance and judgment to come, while "some mocked, and others said, We will hear thee again of this matter." As I stood alone amid the memory of such scenes as this, and saw around me these splendid ruins of human greatness and power, I felt that God only was great, and man and his works were mortal and perishing. I felt, too, the truth of the same resurrection that Paul preached, and our need of the same Jesus that he declared, to deliver us from death and the grave, and clothe us with immortal life.

I remained long in contemplating the scene, and holding communion with the invisible God, and then returned at evening through the crowded streets of the city to my room, filled with impressions of the Sabbath that will never be forgotten.

The following Sabbath we attended church at the English chapel connected with the British embassy. The Rev. Dr Hill performed the service, and delivered a very excellent discourse from the words of Paul, "I press toward the mark, for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus."

It was indeed most cheering and encouraging to the Christian heart far from home, thus to join with the people of God in His house of prayer, and sit together in heavenly places in Christ Jesus. In the evening I was invited to be present at the religious exercises of Dr Hill's school. The smaller girls were first assembled, and Scripture exposition, singing, and prayer conducted in Greek. Then the older pupils were gathered in the parlour, and their devotions held in English. I was much interested to see these Greek girls listening with earnestness to the reading of the gospel and the words of exhortation the doctor addressed to them, then joining in singing an evening hymn of praise, and all bowing in prayer and thanksgiving to the Father of Mercies, from whom cometh down every good and perfect gift.

The school at present numbers between three and four hundred Greek girls and children, under the efficient and systematic direction of Mrs Hill. It has been in operation more than twenty years, and has exerted a wide and lasting influence upon the educational and spiritual interests of Greece.

Through such agencies as these at work, and the Scriptures introduced and taught in all the government and public schools, there is much hope for the future of this ancient classic land.

READINGS FROM THE BEST DIVINES.

THE REDEEMER'S TEARS WEPT OVER LOST SOULS.

If the Lord of heaven and earth do now look down from the throne of glory, and say, "What! sinner, wilt thou despise my favour and pardon, my Son, thy mighty, merciful Redeemer, my grace and Spirit still?"—what can be the return of the poor abashed wretch, overawed by the glory of the Divine Majesty, stung with compunction, overcome with the intimation of kindness and love? "I have heard of Thee, O God, by the hearing of the ear—now mine eye seeth Thee; wherefore I abhor myself, and repent in dust and ashes." So inwardly is the truth of that word now felt, "That thou mayest remember, and be confounded, and never open thy mouth any more because of thy shame, when I am pacified towards thee for all that thou hast done, saith the Lord God." (Ezek. xvi. 63). But, sinner, wilt thou make a covenant with me and my Christ? wilt thou take me for thy God, and Him for thy Redeemer and Lord? And may I, Lord? yet, may I? O admirable grace! wonderful sparing mercy! that I was not thrown into hell at my first refusal! Yea, Lord, with all my heart and soul, I renounce the vanities of an empty, cheating world, and all the pleasures of sin. In Thy favour stands my life. Whom have I in heaven but Thee? whom on earth do I desire besides Thee? And O thou blessed Jesus, thou Prince of the kings of the earth, who hast loved me, and washed me from my sins in Thy blood, and whom the eternal God hath exalted to be a Prince and a Saviour, to give repentance and remission of sins, I fall before Thee, my Lord and my God; I here willingly tender my homage at the footstool of Thy throne. I take Thee for the Lord of my life. I absolutely surrender and resign myself to Thee. Thy love constrains me henceforth no more to live for myself, but to Thee who diedst for me, and didst rise again. And I subject and yield myself to Thy blessed light and power, O Holy Spirit of grace, to be more and more illuminated, sanctified, and prepared for every good word and work in this world, and for an inheritance among them that are sanctified in the next. Sinner, never give thy soul leave to be at rest till thou find it brought to some such transaction with God (the Father, Son, and Spirit) as this; so as that thou canst truly say, and dost feel, thy heart is in it. Be not weary or impatient of waiting and striving, till thou canst say, This is now the very sense of thy soul. Such things have been done in the world (but oh, how seldom of latter days!)—so God hath wrought with men to save them from going down to the pit, having found a ransom for them. And why may He not yet be expected to do so? He hath smitten rocks ere now, and made the waters gush out; nor is His hand shortened, nor His ear heavy.

Thy danger is not, sinner, that He will be inexorable, but lest thou shouldst. He will be entreated, if thou wouldst be prevailed with to entreat His favour with thy whole heart.

And that thou mayest, and not throw away thy soul, and so great a hope, through mere sloth, and loathness to be at some pains for thy life; let the text, which hath been thy *directory* about the things that belong to thy peace, be also thy *motive*, as it gives thee to behold the Son of God weeping over such as would not know those things. Shall not the Redeemer's tears move thee? O hard heart, consider what these tears import to this purpose.

1. They signify the real depth and greatness of the misery into which thou art falling. They drop from an intellectual and most comprehensive eye, that sees far, and pierces deep into things, hath a wide and large prospect; takes the compass of that forlorn state into which unreconcilable sinners are hastening, in all the horror of it. The Son of God did not weep vain and causeless tears, or for a light matter; nor did He for Himself either spend His own, or desire the profusion of others' tears. Weep not for me, O daughters of Jerusalem, &c. He knows the value of souls, the weight of guilt, and how low it will press and sink them; the severity of God's justice, and the power of His anger, and what the fearful effects of them will be, when they finally fall. If thou understandest not these things thyself, believe Him that did—at least believe His tears.

2. They signify the sincerity of His love and pity, the truth and tenderness of His compassion. Canst thou think His deceitful tears—His, who never knew guile? Was this like the rest of His course? And remember that He who shed tears, did, from the same fountain of love and mercy, shed blood too! Was that also done to deceive? Thou makest thyself some very considerable thing indeed, if thou thinkest the Son of God counted it worth His while to weep, and bleed, and die, to deceive thee into a false esteem of Him and His love. But if it be the greatest madness imaginable to entertain any such thought, but that His tears were sincere and inartificial, the natural, genuine expressions of undissembled benignity and pity, thou art then to consider what love and compassion thou art now sinning against; what bowels thou spurnest; and that if thou perishest, 'tis under such guilt as the devils themselves are not liable to, who never had a Redeemer bleeding for them, nor, that we ever find, weeping over them.

3. They shew the remedilessness of thy case, if thou persist in impenitency and unbelief till the things of thy peace be quite hid from thine eyes. These tears will then be the last issues of (even defeated) love, of love that is frustrated of its kind design.

Thou mayest perceive in these tears the steady, unalterable laws of Heaven, the inflexibility of the Divine justice, that holds thee in adamant bonds, and hath sealed thee up if thou prove incurably obstinate and impenitent, into perdition; so that even the Redeemer himself, He that is mighty to save, cannot at length save thee, but only weep over thee, drop tears into thy flame, which assuage it not; but (though they have another design, even to express true compassion) do yet unavoidably heighten and increase the fervour of it, and will do so to all eternity. He even tells thee, sinner, "Thou hast despised my blood; thou shalt yet have my tears." That would have saved thee—these do only lament thee lost.

But the tears wept over others, as lost and past hope, why should they not yet melt thee, while as yet there is hope in thy case? If thou be effectually melted in thy very soul, and looking to Him whom thou hast pierced, dost truly mourn over Him, thou mayest assure thyself the prospect His weeping eye had of lost souls did not include thee. His weeping over thee would argue thy case forlorn and hopeless; thy mourning over Him will make it safe and happy. That it may be so, consider further, that,

4. They signify how very intent He is to save souls, and how gladly He would save thine, if yet thou wilt accept of mercy while it may be had. For if He weep over them that will not be saved, from the same love that is the spring of these tears would saving mercies proceed to those that are become willing to receive them. And that love that wept over them that were lost, how will it glory in them that are saved? There His love is disappointed and vexed, crossed in its gracious intendment; but here having compassed it, how will He joy over thee with singing, and rest in His love! And thou also, instead of being involved in a like ruin with the unreconciled sinners of the old Jerusalem, shalt be enrolled among the glorious citizens of the new, and triumph together with them in eternal glory.—*John Howe*.

THE CALL OF THE HOUR.

THE summer is ended. In the calendar published, not in the almanacs, but in the fashions and usages of society, October ends it. While the harvests of nature pass, Christ's spiritual and supernatural harvests for the year begin. How do they begin this year? With what promise? With what spirit in the reapers? What preparation has been made by the heats and chills of the season? Have all the heats been in the eager pursuit of admiration, entertainment, honour? Have all the chills been on our devotion, our zeal for the Blessed One—benumbing prayer, blighting new-born hopes, and

nipping the graces of last spring's converts in the bud? Have the labourers of pulpit, Sunday-school, and charity-visitation come back to their posts with a slackened nerve, abated faith, energies dissolved by the frolics and dreams of country and sea-shore? Or are the recruited forces of body and mind to be now given only to a more determined and unremitting application to gain-getting and the absorbing enterprises of commerce and wealth? Is sober autumn only to transfer Christian people from their comforts or excitements of rural resorts, and public boarding-houses, and parties of travel, to those of evening assemblies, elegant parlours, or scenes of unhallowed amusement? Are these to be our returns to the gracious God who has led us out and in so safely, made the summer beautiful, kept the music of children's voices ringing, and delivered us from the destruction that wasteth at noon-day and the pestilence?

Suppose, on the contrary—to say nothing of the indifferent class with whom religion has never been made a real concern—that all those in our parishes who have "tasted the good word" and "named the name of Christ in sincerity," should just at this point, with holy gratitude and fervent entreaty, re-dedicate themselves to the Master's service with solemn joy. Suppose every man, woman, and youth should look about to see how these waiting opportunities can be best turned to spiritual account. Lay out your plans. Divide your time. Look about your neighbourhood. See what the Lord would have you do here and there, for this one and that one, in the vestry, among the poor. Are the hours of the Sabbath all appropriated? Have you yet offered your services as a Sunday-school teacher? Have you called on your pastor yet to ask him what use he can make of you for the Redeemer's work? Are there no vagrant, idle children near your residence that you can gather into a circle to hear of the way of life? Do you think that He who said, "Except a man take up the cross and come after me, he cannot be my disciple," will excuse you from these labours, because they demand self-denial; or because you "have a good deal to do;" or because you "have not thought much about it;" or because "you work hard all the week, and want to have Sunday to yourself;" or because false modesty suggests, "It is unusual, or would look officious, or will distress your reserved habit?" What would have become of the kingdom of heaven on earth, if excuses like these had been suffered to restrain the apostleship, and damp the fires, and emasculate the faith of the glorious believers who have given heart and life for the service of the gospel?

This coming year is put into our hands, that ministers and churches should make it memorable for great triumphs of the cross,

mighty revivings of piety and charity, grand movements of faith and action. Nor are these to begin afar off, nor up in the clouds, nor in some strange, abnormal, unhuman way, probably. They are to begin by somebody's going to work just where he stands; by a little handful of praying people getting together somewhere to pray oftener and more heartily. Why not you? How do you know but the immortal honour of initiating some benignant work, for which men and angels shall sing praises through eternity, may belong to your society? At least there are individual souls waiting, beyond doubt, to be turned from Satan unto God, from darkness unto light, and thus turned into your "crowns of rejoicing in the day of the Lord Jesus," by your agency, whether you are minister, layman, or one of the Lord God Almighty's daughters. Will you not think who these lost ones, perishing from lack of your efforts and intercessions, may be? Do not consider only how much this year is to add to your estate or income, your reputation or style of living; but rather what souls, at the end of it, shall owe their awakening and eternal life, under the grace of God, to your fidelity. *Select the objects of your prayer.* Revise your domestic habits. Re-examine your indulgences. Reponder your example, and the consequences flowing from it. Start anew.

It is a time for Christ's ministers to consider again the uses of their office; their manner of study; their methodical arrangement of hours; their plans of usefulness; how many moments they idle away in book-stores or gossiping conversations, getting neither exercise nor knowledge, spirits nor strength; what is the character of their fellowships; how to acquire more boldness and skill in "standing up for Jesus;" how to reach and influence the young. These breaks in the steady current of our days seem to be granted us for this very end—that we may cease from whatever is false, selfish, worldly, artificial, formal, in our discipleship, and enter boldly upon fresh, fairer, loftier, holier paths. The Head of the Church is certainly committing vast responsibilities to His true followers in this land. The evangelical cause was never in a position so commanding. Prevalent and fascinating forms of error and unbelief are evidently breaking up from sheer discontent and religious infirmity. The interest in preaching was never greater. Multitudes are turning their eyes away from the mazes of Pantheistic speculation and Rationalistic delusion to a more sure, stable, encouraging standard—to regions of comfort and peace in the faith of the Son of God. He who gave the everlasting Word can make great the company of them that publish it, and make them mighty. "Pray ye the Lord of the harvest that he will send forth labourers into his harvest." The summer is ended. Let a new harvest begin!

CONVERSION OF A MOHAMMEDAN YOUTH.

RELATED BY A BRITISH NAVAL OFFICER.

IN the year 1829, Muhamed Ali, Pasha of Egypt, sent twenty Egyptian youths to England, in order there to acquire the art of ship-building. Among their number was one Mahmoud Elkeso, a lad of twelve years of age, who had been carefully trained to Mohammedan piety, by his God-fearing mother. He hoped to be saved by alms-giving and fasting, and hated Christ and His followers; for the scandalous conversations of nominal Christians in Egypt had inspired him with disgust at everything savouring of Christianity.

For that very reason—because he must go and live among the wicked Christian people—the separation from his native country proved all the more painful to him. "When Mahmoud was placed under my care," this Christian naval architect states, "I soon took notice of the dark and gloomy state of his mind, and his bitter rancour against everything he considered Christian. I accordingly improved every opportunity that offered, to point out to him the difference between true and nominal Christians, and explained to him occasionally, in the plainest terms, the doctrines of the gospel, dwelling particularly on the doctrine of sin, the corruption of the human heart, of Christ and the work of redemption, and especially on the doctrine of regeneration, which in fact made an early and deep impression upon him, and arrested his attention. Possessed of a clear apprehension, and sound judgment, he was never in a hurry to take up a thing lightly.

"As often as I had submitted a new consideration, his first remark invariably was, 'Prove it!' He took particular delight in conversing and questioning me on religious topics, his answers proving the ardent participation of his heart. He attended the preaching of the faithful Mr Griffin with peculiar predilection, while his mind and heart apprehended more and more of the truths of Christianity. Now he began to be aware that there was a something in the Christian religion beyond what he fancied to have discovered in it while at home in Egypt. All whom he found to be truly pious were dear to him, and their conversation appeared to him increasingly valuable. Every leisure moment from working hours he devoted to the one thing needful. He often accompanied me to the sick-bed, and read the Scriptures to the patients, now and then adding a word of serious exhortation himself. A young female confessed that the words of Mahmoud had first led her to see the necessity of a change of heart. This promising youth began to be ailing as early as 1832, and in July 1836, his sufferings became so acute that hope of his recovery could only be derived from the milder climate of Egypt.

"He accordingly made preparations for his departure, but was no longer able to accomplish it. In addition to his ordinary physician, another doctor was called in for the purpose of consultation. Mahmoud demanded his candid opinion; he replied, that human aid was out of the question. His sole business now remained, to prepare for his approaching end. With the calmest self-possession he distributed his little property, being specially intent on leaving a suitable token of remembrance to all those that he had been previously attached to, especially his tenderly-beloved mother and his young Egyptian friends.

"I had just retired to bed, Tuesday, August 2d, when he sent for me. On entering, he thus addressed me: 'Oh, I should like you to stay with me to-night! Don't leave me!' I stayed, and witnessed the childlike faith with which he clung to Jesus and His gospel. From that time he had but five days more to live, and the last words he lisped with a faltering voice were—'*Other refuge I have none! Hangs my helpless soul on Thee!*'"

It is deserving of notice that the other Egyptian youths, whom the Pasha sent to England with Mahmoud, also embraced the Christian religion.

S. R.

• TAKE CARE OF THE BEGINNING.

"ALL's well that ends well," is an adage which, although it sounds agreeably, is but partially true. It is of the highest moment to begin well, and to go on well. This is the best, almost the only, guarantee for ending well. Things may end well which began ill; that is the exception; the reverse is the rule. We therefore say to all young people, "Take care of the beginning!"

The Arabs have a fable of a miller, who was one day startled by a camel's nose thrust in the window of the room where he was sleeping. "It is very cold outside," said the camel; "I only want to get my nose in." The nose was let in, the neck, and finally the whole body. Presently the miller began to be extremely inconvenienced at the ungainly companion he had obtained, in a room certainly not large enough for both. "If you are inconvenienced, you may leave," said the camel; "as for myself, I shall stay where I am."

The moral of the fable concerns all. When the temptation occurs, we must not yield to it. We must not allow so much as its "nose" to come in. Everything like sin is to be turned away from. He who yields, even in the smallest degree, will soon be entirely overcome; and the last state of that man is worse than the first. The rule applies to habits, indulgences, company, and books. It is for every man to ascertain what is right, and then, by the help of God, to follow that course, and none other.

THE ELOQUENCE OF PIETY.

We do not study half so much as we ought to do the missionary literature of our day. Having so much of it, and obtaining it so cheaply, it is in danger of being neglected for the miserable trash provided merely for amusement. We have been lately looking over the missionary reports of our brethren in India; and while we have been charmed with the clear interposition of the hand of God in missions, and gratified with the simple and holy labours of the missionaries, we have been still more delighted with the elevated and devoted piety of converted idolaters. Nothing in the world can raise man like religion. It does indeed bring the most degraded of Adam's family from the dunghill, and set him among princes; so that we may adopt the beautiful language of the psalmist, "Though ye have been among the pots, yet shall ye be as the wings of a dove covered with silver, and her feathers with yellow gold." Let us look at two or three facts:—

A pious native Christian in India was asked, on her dying bed, as to the state of her mind. She beautifully replied, "Happy! happy! I have Christ *here*," laying her hand on the Bengalee Bible, "and Christ *here*," pressing it to her heart, "and Christ *there*," pointing towards heaven. Happy Christian! to whatever part of the universe she might be removed, Christ was with her.

Brindelbund, who died triumphantly at one of the missionary stations in India, spent more than sixty years in the service of Satan. He was a byragge; that is, one who professed to have subdued his passion, and who was, as they express it, *seeking some one who is worthy*. He went to Cutwa, and heard Mr Chamberlain's preaching and instructions, and said to him, "I have been many years from one holy place to another, seeking some one who is worthy, and to *offer my flower*." (The sweetest flower, they say, is the human heart; this is their figurative way of talking.) "I have been seeking some one to whom to offer my flower, who is worthy; but never have I found one till now. I have heard of Jesus; I give it to Him." The old man was faithful; he never took away his heart from Jesus.

A Hindu woman, who had been called by the grace of God, applied to the Rev. Dr Sutton for baptism. He tried her state of feeling, by representing to her the sufferings which must necessarily follow a renunciation of her heathenish creed; he set before her the loss of caste, the wrath of her husband, the disgrace, misery, and persecution she would probably be called to endure. "I know all this," she replied; "I considered about that before I came to you; I am ready and willing to bear it all. I am ready to sacrifice all to my Lord. Surely, sir, I cannot endure anything in comparison to what He suffered for me." Blessed woman! Would that we all cherished thy spirit!

Page for the Young.

WHAT IS THE USE?

"'Tis no use, and I shall not try to learn it," said an impatient little boy, throwing his book down upon the table.

"What is of no use, Henry?" said his mother, who was watching him.

"This hard lesson in geography, mother, about Egypt and Syria. I don't care anything about these places, nor who lives there, and never shall go there, so what is the use of learning about them? I believe people write hard books just to make children study them, and grow cross."

"Now, you are unreasonable, my son—but bring me the book, and let me look at this disagreeable lesson."

"O mother, you won't think it hard—you don't have to study and learn lessons now."

"My child, there are many lessons, and hard ones too, that are to be learned and practised each day, by every one."

"You too, mother! what are they, will you tell me?"

"We must learn to be like Christ, kind, gentle, patient, and useful—watchful over our temper, that we do not grow violent, sullen, or revengeful; study our own characters, and those of others, that we may know how to live a good example to others, how to do them good, and to profit by what we see excellent in them. These are not easy lessons, Henry, and old and young alike must learn them."

"But not you, mother, you are so good now?"

"No, Henry, I have not done learning yet, and your inattention and perverseness this morning has given me a lesson. I have been grieved and almost angry at your want of application, and impatience too, as I wished to devote this morning to other purposes. Of this your conduct has deprived me; and I must learn to bear this little trial with patience, and try and persuade you to be more attentive in future."

"O mother, I am so very sorry!" said Henry, tears starting to his eyes. "I will try again now, and perhaps you can go."

"Not this morning, my son; but now we will read this book lesson."

"But, mother, what use is it for me to study all this, if I never want to go to Egypt, and don't care who lives there?"

"Sometime you may have occasion to go, when you are a man, and you would appear very foolish if you, never having paid attention to geography, should tell your friends you should take the Hamburg steamer for Egypt, or, not having studied the history of the country, should suppose it was governed by Queen Victoria. But do you not remember anything about Egypt; what an old country it is, and who lived there thousands of years before Britain or America was discovered?"

"O mother, why Joseph and his brothers lived in Egypt—is this the very same place?"

"Yes, the same."

"Oh, I thought that was so long ago that nobody knew anything about the place now."

"Oh yes, it is the same country it was then; and the same river, by the side of which Moses was hid in his basket of bulrushes, still fertilises the whole land by its waters."

"The Nile, mother, do you mean, the great river? I know just where it is on the map; and is this the very same, where the little baby was left all alone, and his sister stood out of sight to watch him? Oh, I am so glad to know it, I shall like Egypt now, mother. But what is the use to study Latin and French, and all the big books Fanny and George have; and arithmetic, too, such very hard sums? I don't think I shall study them if I do go to Egypt when I am a man."

"If you did not understand arithmetic, you could not tell how many miles you travelled, how much money you would spend, how far you were from home, the day of the month, nor the time you would return. If you did not understand grammar, you could not write intelligible letters home to your friends, you would make sad mistakes which would mortify you and us all very much. The French language is spoken in other countries, much more than the English, and though you might possibly contrive to travel through Europe without speaking any language but English, yet you would be deprived of many agreeable acquaintances, and many sources of useful information. So, my son, you must certainly study French, if you mean to be a traveller."

"O mother, dear, how much we have to learn—and it is all of use, too! But I can never study so much."

"It has not to be done all at once, my child; years are given you to acquire this knowledge, if you choose to improve the time."

"Then, mother, I will read this lesson over three times more; then I must know I can say it, but I have learned a great many lessons, too, besides what is in the book, haven't I?"

"Yes, my son, and mother too I hope, and we will both try and remember them, so that they may be of use to us another time."—*Christian Register.*

BAD BARGAINS.

A TEACHER in a Sabbath school once remarked that he who buys the truth makes a good bargain, and inquired if any scholar recollected an instance in Scripture of a bad bargain. "I do," replied a boy. "Esau made a bad bargain when he sold his birthright for a mess of pottage." A second said, "Judas made a bad bargain when he sold his Lord for thirty pieces of silver." A third boy observed, "Our Lord tells us that he makes a bad bargain who, to gain the whole world, loses his own soul." A bad bargain, indeed!



A FAMILY MAGAZINE FOR SUNDAY READING.

REVISED BY THE REV. NORMAN McLEOD, D.D., GLASGOW.

WEEKLY NOS. ONE HALFPENNY.]

[MONTHLY PARTS, THREEPENCE.

THOUGHTS FOR THE CLOSE OF THE YEAR.

BY HENRY WARD BEECHER.

As there is something piquant and memorable in the novelty of first experience, so there is something sad, and even solemn, in the view of last times. And yet, the two antitheses in a man's own life, his birth and his death, are usually without experience or consciousness. Birth and death are alike blind and insensible. The first two years leave almost nothing to memory. Then come only a few clusters for the memory. We are five or six years in the world before we have brain enough and nerve enough to receive durable impressions. And, looking the other way, by far the greatest number of people die without apparent pain, without mental sensibility—apparently as little conscious of failing life as flowers are of the loss of their petals, when ripeness plucks them one by one.

But it is a very different experience that we have, when in full manhood—in strength, vigour, nerve—we take record, day by day, of change; passing from some things for ever, entering upon some, and palpitating with various emotions—sadness for the past or hope for the future!

But, as one may carelessly read a book and fail of half its meaning; as one may but glance at a picture and perceive not half its beauty; as one may part from a travelling acquaintance almost without any insight; so the periods and events of our life are irregularly dealt with. We glance off from events before we see even a tithe of their meaning; we hasten on to new things without reading yet more valuable lessons in the old. Should such things be put in a book as happening to each of us every day, we should hang over the chapters as if a strange enchantment possessed us.

When speaking of the end of time, we do not reflect that it is ending every day, every

hour. While we are looking forward to the close of our history, we neglect to look back and perceive that our history has been a series of closings; that the past is heaped up and crowded full of things—left, ended, finished for ever.

All the periods of time which have appeared days and years to us, are as effectually ended as they will be at God's last day, when the angel shall lift up his hand and swear before Him that liveth for ever and ever that time shall be no more.

Tell me what can you remember, and what recite, of your *first five years*? They are gone without a trace. To you the time is not only gone, but it left you almost without a remembrance.

Of the next five years, how much can you recount? A glancing thing, here and there, is reproducible in your thought. But the years—the years—they are rolled away, died out, and gone as have the clouds of last summer!

Then, year followed year. They came, grew, orb'd to the full, waned, died, and went like shadows! Years that wrought upon you like eternity—whose marks you will carry for ever—dissolved and passed like drops of dew. One by one, years are dead—twenty—thirty—forty—fifty—eighty! Go to the shore and call them. They shall not hear you, nor obey! Were they good, were they evil—were they misspent and poorly used? Nothing can retouch their period, nor add to their record. Is it a solemn consideration to look forward to that time when you shall stand on the brink of life, and look back on all your years? It is a great deal more affecting to you to stand in the freshness of youth, or mid-life, and look back upon what years are gone! They are registered and judged! Not

when God's judgment-day dawns will they be more fixed and judged, than they are already!

Not only is there room for solemn thought in the larger periods of time, but there is something affecting in the subdivisions of time. Every Saturday evening has, to my ear, a gentle knell. The week tolls itself away—one, two, three, four, five, six, and the perfect seven—and I can almost hear the sound dying away as if days had slipped their cables, and were drifting down the stream, but beating faint measures as they recede! And of every one I may say—Ended! gone! I shall see thee no more!

Days likewise have some voice in dying. They scowl and shut down drearily sometimes, but oftener die in gorgeous apparel. As the sun stoops in the west, passes the horizon, and is gone, I hear no audible voice. The scene speaks to the soul, as no voice may to the ear—"The day is gone—for ever." No temple was ever builded as some days are—of wondrous deeds, of strange thoughts, of marvellous fancies, of deep feelings, of strange experiences. All the frescoes upon the Vatican are not so wonderful as those which our experience paints upon single days—that move on to the horizon, sink and go to the bottom, with all that they have!

In like manner it is with seasons—the promise of spring—the flush of summer—the fulfilment of autumn, and the year's long sleep—winter! Each of them goes, with a gradual and lingering step, so that we cannot remark their exit; and we only know their departure after they have gone. Memory may glean them, but never renew. Upon the future we cast hopes—but none upon the past! Upon the future we throw good resolutions of amendment—but none upon the past! Upon the future we cast a fertile fancy, and fill it with thick deeds—but the past, upon that we cast only sighs, or tears, or faint joys, faint as dried flowers are fragrant of the summer that is gone!

But how much more marked are the completions of *experiences*—the era of early youth, the beginnings of things whose endings are with us yet; the seeds whose stalks are yet growing; the foundations upon whose walls we are still building! We can look back to days of sorrow that gathered as clouds for storms—that rained and drenched us; that threatened to overwhelm us; that passed and for ever left us, and now lie in memory, rounded out and completed things.

How many hopes, born, ripened, perished! How many fears that quivered, struck—like harmless lightnings in summer evenings—and ended! How many aspirations that flew, soaring high, till the head was dizzy with height! How many loves lighted the path of those who are gone, while the love shines on, like sepulchral lamps, fed by the living to cast their faithful light upon the ashes of those that are for earth no more!

How, when the whole reality comes back to us, do we stand struck with wonder at the deeds done—the events accomplished, the experiences ripened, the transitions completed! Of our youthful companions, how many are with us yet? What part of old companionship is left? If the school-room, where we used to sit, should be again filled with the former scholars, how many would sit there as spirits, and how many in body? Of our childhood home, how many would come to our summons in shadow, and how many in substance? How, as we advance in life, the past gathers treasures. What a magazine of things ended, laid up, perfected!

In the softened mood of such thoughts, how well it is for us to employ the last days of the year in solemn reflections! How wise it is to make an estimate of our own place, our character, our prospects!

Another year is gone. Before we enter the next, let us reckon with ourselves, earnestly and honestly, what the old year has done for us and with us. And should it be our last year, let us make such timely preparation, that, at whatever hour the summons comes, we may depart gladly, rise with triumph, and take hold of immortality in heaven.

THE LESSONS OF DEATH.

BY THE REV. G. B. CHEEVER, D.D.

How many, how constant, how powerful they are! Beneath us, around us, on every side, are the intimations of our mortality. And with them all there comes to us a voice, "Prepare to meet thy God!" We are all dying daily, some more slowly, some more rapidly, but all dying. The candle of life that is burning is but the physical frame dying; and every day snuffs off a new portion of the wick, and leaves less remaining. In a few days more it will be burned to the socket, and the process of dying will be finished, and then comes LIFE.

Every man is dying daily, but every man does not feel it, is not willing to acknowledge it. Happy are they who do feel it, and who, while day after day drops into the past eternity, are learning to die unto self and sin, are forming the habit of living unto Christ, and in Christ, the habit of that life which is hid with Christ in God. Happy are they who, as every day declineth, are taking so many blessed steps towards God in heaven, for whom, while all behind is shadow, all before is glory, and whose faces gather brightness instead of blackness, as they come towards the Great Day.

Richard Baxter was such a man. And one reason for Baxter's extraordinary and living piety was this, that God made him more sensible than most men to the intimations of death within him and around him. God laid him at death's door every day. He wrote

some of his works holding his pen in one hand, and the fleshless hand of death, the skeleton, in the other. What a vivid, powerful sense of eternal realities this helped to produce in him, any man may see by consulting his writings, any man may *feel* who watches his own experiences, whenever he himself finds that he is brought near to death, and is about to enter on eternity. Now, if we would all live under that sense of nearness to eternity, which for a long period so marked Baxter's experience, doubtless we should be much more holy, and should do much more for the advancement of Christ's kingdom in the world.

But this cannot be a happy state of mind, unless the soul is relying upon Christ, and living in delightful communion with Him daily. If a man feels himself dying daily without Christ, it is the most gloomy and terrible conviction that can be experienced. And in proportion to the dimness with which Christ is seen by the soul, and the distance at which the soul lives from Him, will be the gloom with which death is shrouded. But how desirable to have this gloom taken away! How desirable to look upon death as a friend, and not an enemy—as the messenger of Christ for our good, and not the sheriff of sin for our punishment! But none but Christ *can* take this gloom away. None but Christ *can* make death look friendly and pleasant to us. But, blessed be God, Christ *can*, and *will*, and *does*, for all who rest on Him. Baxter was very happy in his abiding impressions of death and eternity; and why should not every child of God be happy in the same way? Baxter used to feel that life had no charm for him, but to be spent in the service of his Saviour. Baxter used to sing to himself about the shortness of time, the decay of life, and the nearness of death, and to say within himself, "To be sure, I should love to live long, that I may serve my Saviour long, for His service is my happiness; but, then, if I die soon, so much the sooner shall I be with Christ, and He will give me the same pay as if I had lived and laboured threescore years and ten." "If life be long," sung the happy Baxter—

"If life be long, I will be glad,
That I may long obey;
If short, yet why should I be sad,
That shall have the same pay?"

Such was the happy greeting that a man like Baxter gave to death, when he shook hands with him, as it were, across his opened grave. Now, the lessons of death are not quite so near and obvious to all men as they were to Baxter beneath the hand of disease, but yet to all men they come thick and constant. We could not help feeling, while whirling the other day in the railway past a burial-ground in the outskirts of Worcester, how near death borders on life—the extreme of death's silence and forgetfulness on the extreme of life's noise and bustle. How startling the contrast!

Hundreds of living beings, in health and gaiety, shot past the mouldering coffins of hundreds who have gone to judgment! The furious whirl of life past the deep stillness of death! Sometimes the coaches seem to hurry past a grave-yard as if they were afraid of it. And yet life itself is but one great railroad, whose last station is in the deep and silent grave.

Alas, of what avail are these lessons, if men will not lay them to heart! Nay, men will moralise upon them, and yet remain in the same profound insensibility, just as if an idiot were drumming upon a piano! Men will write of death, talk of death, think of death, sing of death, and yet not lay to heart a single lesson of death, not take one step in preparation for death and eternity! Men will sing—

"Our hearts like muffled drums are beating
Funeral marches to the tomb,"

and never think of what is beyond the tomb! Out of such dread insensibility what can awaken the soul? From such fearful madness, what can deliver us? Who can bring either poet, or philosopher, or merchant, or mechanic, or farmer, or day-labourer, to his senses? Who but God?

So profound is the reigning insensibility to the lessons of death, and so fixed the earthly habits of men's souls in life, that methinks if death should march into every counting-house in the city, the first care of every man, after the immediate startle was over, would be to put his ledgers and his money into his salamander safe. There are also what are called Christian mammonists, whose attention is far more fixed, in spite of the lessons of death, in laying up treasures on earth than in heaven. Probably many men expect to enter heaven, whose hearts, up to the very hour of death, have never gone thither. Yet there is that sentence, "It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle." "Often as the motley reflexes of my experience," says Mr Coleridge, "move in long processions of manifold groups before me, the distinguished and world-honoured company of Christian mammonists appear to the eye of my imagination as a drove of camels heavily laden, yet all at full speed, and each in the confident expectation of passing through the eye of the needle, without stop or halt, both beast and baggage!"

THE WAGES OF THE POOR.

"How much is it?" asked the lady, as she drew out her purse, and poured from it into her hand a little pile of silver coins. Before her stood a pale, poorly-dressed, weary-looking woman.

"Two shillings, ma'am," was answered.

"Two shillings!" the lady's voice expressed surprise. "No, no, Mary; I can't give that price for three quarters of a day's work. You did not come until after nine o'clock, remem-

ber. If you want full wages you must do full work. Eighteenpence is all that I can give you."

"I'll have to take it then," said the woman, rather sadly. "My little Eddy was sick, and I couldn't get away as early as I wanted to this morning; but I have worked hard all day to make up. I think I have earned it."

"No doubt of that in the world, Mary," broke out the cheerful voice of the lady's husband, who was sitting in the room; "and here's a shilling extra to my wife's eighteenpence. She's a prudent woman, and tries to be careful of my money; but she's over particular to-night, it strikes me. Bury Eddy something that he will like, as you go home, out of the odd shilling, and say that I sent it to him."

"Oh, thank you! thank you, sir!" exclaimed the poor working-woman, a sudden light breaking over her face. "You are very good!"

Then she retired, and husband and wife were left alone.

"That wasn't just right, Mr Lawson," said the lady, speaking seriously.

"I know it wasn't, and therefore I corrected your error at once," replied Mr Lawson, as coolly as if he had not really understood the meaning of his wife's remark.

"It wasn't right, I mean, for you to interfere as you did just now. What's the use of my trying to be economical if you circumvent me in this way? Mary was not entitled to a full day's wages."

"I think she was," said the husband.

"How will you make that out? Let me see your calculation."

"I can make it out in several ways; can give you the figures, and prove the sum. First, then, she alleges that she worked hard all day to make up, and thinks she really earned a full day's wages. There's the sum worked out clearly. Now, as to proof of the result, I would first offer humanity; next, the woman's loss of strength in a day's hard toil, for she looked so pale and weary that the very sight of her gave me pain; next, her poverty; for the mother of three children, who goes out to do washing and house-cleaning in order to get bread for them, must be very poor; next, a sick child, who may need medicine, or some daintier food than usual. Do you want further proof that she was entitled to receive full pay for a day's work?"

There was a change in the countenance of Mrs Lawson before her husband had finished these sentences.

"Perhaps you are right," she said. "These poor women do work very hard for what they get, and I often feel sorry for them. I'm glad, at least, that you gave Mary the extra shilling. Still, Mr Lawson, we cannot afford to overpay people who work for us if they are poor. A shilling here, and a shilling there, repeated over and over again, daily, will amount to a

serious item in the year; and, when the shillings are not really earned, will prove, in most cases, but incentives to idleness."

"The other side of the case, my dear," answered Mr Lawson, "and very well stated. But let us be careful in our transactions with these poor people, that we do not withhold the shilling actually due in our over-nice calculations as to the time they may be in our service. At best, their labour is poorly compensated. They toil hard, very hard, for the small sum they ask for services rendered; and we can always better afford to give ten extra shillings in a week than they can afford to lose one. Let us not increase our comforts, or add to our possessions, at their cost; but let them be rather objects of our care, sympathy, and protection. The Psalmist says—'Blessed is he that considereth the poor; the Lord will deliver him in time of trouble.' There is a vast deal more to gain than to lose, I take it, in concessions to these humbler children of our common Father."

Mrs Lawson sighed as her husband ceased speaking. His words brought out from her memory more than a single instance where she had paid to the extremely poor, who rendered her service for hire, less than the price demanded, under the allegation of an excessive charge for work. In her over-carefulness about what was her own, she had withheld pennies, sixpences, and shillings, which really added nothing to her comforts, but diminished the comforts of the poor. Coming back upon her now, these memories troubled her.

"I am afraid," she remarked, looking with a sober aspect into her husband's face, "that I have not been altogether just in these matters. But you have set me right. I will try to be more considerate and more humane in future. I did not, really, perceive the meaning of what Mary said about having worked hard all day to make up for loss of time, nor feel the allusion to the sick child, or I could not have had the heart to withhold that shilling. Our very thoughtlessness sometimes leads us into wrong."

"There is, as a general thing," remarked Mr Lawson, "a disposition to reduce still lower than their present low rate the wages of the extremely poor, especially the poor who earn their living among housekeepers. The seamstress, the washerwoman, and the day's-work woman all have to toil very hard for their meagre wages; and the disposition is to take off the sixpences and the shillings whenever there is an excuse for doing so, instead of a generous concession in their favour. I remember an instance of this kind which happened to fall under my observation some years ago. A lady was quite indignant at what she was pleased to call an attempt at extortion on the part of a poor woman who had been cleaning house for her, in charging her half-a-crown instead of two shillings. The poor woman said that she always received half-a-

crown, and the lady declared that she never paid but two shillings, and would not exceed that sum in the present case. And two shillings was all she did pay. I noticed the dejection of the poor, wronged creature, as she retired from the house, and could not but feel a sense of indignation, which was in no degree lessened when I saw the lady hand the sixpence she had gained by oppression to an idle daughter, and heard her say, 'Here, Jenny, is a sixpence I have saved. You can treat yourself to an ice-cream to-morrow!'

"Are you really in earnest?" said Mrs Lawson, looking at her husband with a doubting air.

"What I have told you is literally true."

"Doesn't it seem impossible?"

"It is wicked and disgraceful. But such things are of daily occurrence," replied Mr Lawson. "There is a better way, however, and a more Christian spirit. Let us walk in this way; let us encourage this spirit. If we change the wages of the poor in anything, let it be to increase, not diminish them; for Heaven knows, they have been reduced enough already!"—*Steps Towards Heaven.*

"GO UP HIGHER."

THE Scriptures represent the Christian life as one of progress. It is "first the blade, then the ear, and after that the full corn in the ear." In the Bible, Christians are often exhorted to grow in grace, to go up higher, to go onward unto perfection, to press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus. We should expect such instruction, because sanctification is a progressive work begun in the heart at the time of conversion, and carried on under the teaching of God's Word and the discipline of His Providence and Spirit, till the believer grows to the stature of manhood in Christ Jesus, and exchanges earth for heaven. "Ever onward, ever upward," should be the Christian's motto, as well as an established law of progress. Feeling, with Paul, not as though he had already attained either, or were already perfect, he follows after it that he may apprehend that for which he is apprehended of Christ Jesus. What the great apostle desired and aimed to attain, I believe to be the desire of every disciple of the Saviour. For there is, deep down in the Christian's heart, an earnest longing after a higher and holier life, even perfect conformity to the law of God. But how to attain unto it, is an important inquiry, which we shall endeavour to answer. We are conscious, as Christians, that we are living below our privilege, and desire to go up higher and reach the Bible standard of holy living. Taking it for granted that there is this desire existing, and believing a higher life attainable, the question returns, How can we reach it in our Christian experience?

In order to do it, we must follow the plain

teaching of God's Word in preference to the instruction of fallible and erring men. There are many curious theories formed and published, which profess to point out the way in which Christians must travel to gain a higher eminence in holiness. One says, that the Christian "must have a second conversion;" another declares, that he "must be sealed of the Holy Ghost;" still another says, that he "must believe in complete perfection of Christian character in order to attain unto it." While each of these theories are maintained by able men, and contain much truth, they seem to be imperfect, and do not harmonise with the whole teaching of God's Word.

Such crude theories given to the Church, to guide her members to a holier life, represent the Christian's conflict to be of short duration, which may be closed in a day or an hour, so that ever after he will have fair weather and clear sailing across the sea of life, into the haven of eternal rest. But the Bible gives a different view, and represents the Christian's conflict with the world, the flesh, and the devil, as a life-battle in which "the flesh lusteth against the Spirit, and the Spirit against the flesh," so long as he lives on probation. In experience, does not the Christian find a law in his members warring against the law of his mind, which keeps up a contest within him while he strives to "crucify the world with its affections and lusts," and wages a continual warfare with the sinful propensities of his carnal nature? If this be true, then experience harmonises with the Word of God, which represents the Christian's warfare as a life work, in the performance of which he gradually subdues his evil passions, and overcomes sin and Satan; till, with the help of Divine grace, he comes off as a conqueror, and more than a conqueror.

Thus the Christian, through life's pilgrimage, must wage a good warfare against his spiritual enemies, and go ever onward and upward: "adding to his faith, virtue; and to virtue, knowledge; and to knowledge, temperance; and to temperance, patience; and to patience, godliness; and to godliness, brotherly kindness; and to brotherly kindness, charity." In this way he may go up higher and still higher in Christian attainment, till he becomes perfect in Christ Jesus, and exchanges earth for heaven. Besides, the Bible teaches the Christian that he, in order to advance in holiness, must increase in the knowledge of God and His revealed truth; must forsake and overcome his sins, and strive with the right exercise of all his powers to walk in the ways of holiness; must use aright the divinely appointed means of grace which God has given to help his children on in the way to heaven; must copy the example and exemplify the spirit of Jesus Christ; must make the law of God the man of his counsel and the guide of his life; must realise his entire dependence upon God, and look to him for strength to

enable him to go onward unto perfection. These are the old paths of the Bible saints, where is found the good way in which the patriarchs and prophets travelled, and attained unto eminent holiness, and found rest to their souls. If Christians of the present day would seek successfully for "glory, honour, and immortality," and rise higher and higher in their Christian life, they must "be followers of them who through faith and patience inherit the promises." Nay, if through the revolving ages of eternity they would go for ever onward, and rise from glory to glory in the courts of our God above, they must work out their salvation with fear and trembling, and walk in the way of God's commandments with an enlarged heart. H.

WHERE THE GOLD IS.

TOM JONES was a little fellow, and not so quick to learn as some boys; but nobody in the class could beat him in his lessons. He rarely missed in geography, never in spelling, and his arithmetic was always correctly done; as for his reading, no boy improved like him. The boys were fairly angry sometimes, he outdid them so. "Why, Tom, where do you learn your lessons? You don't study in school more than the other boys." "I rise early in the morning, and study two hours before breakfast," answered Tom. Ah, that is it. "*The morning hour has gold in its mouth.*"

There is a little garden near us, which is the prettiest and most splendid little spot in all the neighbourhood. The earliest radishes, peas, strawberries, tomatoes, grow there.

The soil, we used to think, was poor and rocky, besides being exposed to the north wind; and the owner is a busy business-man all day, yet he never hires. "How do you make so much out of your little garden?" "I give my mornings to it," answered the owner; "and I don't know which is more benefited by my work, my garden or me." Ah, "*The morning hour has gold in its mouth.*"

William Down was one of our young converts. He united with the church and appeared well; but I pitied the poor fellow when I thought of his going back to the shipyard to work among the gang of loose associates. Will he maintain his stand? I thought. It is so easy to slip back in religion—easier to go back two steps than to advance one. Ah, well, we said, we must trust William to his conscience and his Saviour. Two years passed, and instead of William losing ground, his piety grew brighter and stronger. Others fell away, but not he, and no boy perhaps was placed in more unfavourable circumstances. Talking with William one evening, I discovered one secret of his steadfastness. "I never, sir, on any account, let a single morning pass without secret prayer and reading of God's Word. If I have a good deal to do, I

rise an hour earlier. I think over my weak points, and try to get God's grace to fortify me just there." Mark this. If you give up your morning petitions, you will suffer for it; temptation is before you, and you are not fit to meet it; there is a guilty feeling in the soul, and you keep at a distance from Christ. Be sure the hour of prayer broken in upon by sleepiness can never be made up. Make it a principle, young Christian, to begin the day by *watching unto prayer*. "*The morning hour has gold in its mouth*;" ay, and something better than gold—heavenly gain.—*Child's Paper*.

NOTICE.

THIS No. of the "CHRISTIAN GUEST" concludes its first year's issue. In future it will be merged into "GOOD WORDS," the prospectus of which is printed below, and to which we beg to direct our Subscribers' attention. They will find the new Magazine all that the "CHRISTIAN GUEST" has been, with many important additions and improvements.

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ADDRESS.

It may seem unwarrantable in the minister of a large and populous city parish to undertake the labours and accept the responsibility of conducting a weekly magazine. I have been induced, however, to engage heartily and hopefully in this new and catholic enterprise by the cordial promises of literary aid which I have received from many well known and tried writers connected with almost every branch of the Church of Christ, whose "Good Words" have become as "household words" in our Christian homes.

"Good Words" will contain instructive and original articles on various topics of interest to the Christian Family: such as Expositions of Scripture for Sabbath-evening reading; Devotional Papers; Biographical Sketches of the great and good; Illustrations of the glory of God as displayed in His material works; Papers on Social Duties; Travels in Palestine, illustrative of the Bible, &c. &c.

It is unnecessary to add, that "Good Words" will have no denominational connexion, but is intended to be a medium of communication between writers and readers of every portion of the Church of Christ.

With these explanations and promises, I shall leave "Good Words" to find their way to those good hearts that are ready to receive them. May they prove winning words to the young, instructive words to the uninformed, comforting words to the afflicted, and to all words of truth, wisdom, and love, so that after they have been uttered they may leave behind "endless echoes."

NORMAN MACLEOD.

1. The first part of the document discusses the importance of maintaining accurate records of all transactions and activities. It emphasizes that proper record-keeping is essential for transparency and accountability, particularly in financial matters. The text suggests that organizations should implement robust systems to track every detail, from small expenses to major investments.

2. The second section addresses the challenges of data management in a rapidly changing environment. It highlights the need for flexible and scalable solutions that can adapt to new technologies and evolving business requirements. The author argues that investing in modern data infrastructure is not just a technical necessity but a strategic imperative for long-term success.

3. The third part of the document explores the role of leadership in driving organizational change. It stresses that effective leaders must communicate a clear vision and inspire their teams to embrace new initiatives. The text provides practical advice on how to foster a culture of innovation and continuous improvement, where employees feel empowered to contribute their ideas and take ownership of their work.

4. The final section discusses the importance of collaboration and teamwork in achieving organizational goals. It notes that no single individual can succeed in today's complex, interconnected world. Instead, organizations must leverage the strengths of their entire workforce, encouraging open communication and mutual support. The author concludes by reminding readers that success is ultimately a team effort, and that the most significant achievements are often the result of collective effort and shared commitment.

